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If you failed to Arthur Krock's brilliantly written article in the Sept. 7th issue of the Saturday Evening Post, you owe it to yourself to correct this oversight.

The piece is taken from his book, "Memoirs: Sixty Years On the Firing Line." Soon to be published, it is a volume deserving a place in every American's personal library.

Krock, for six decades, was Washington correspondent for the New York Times. He knew all of the Presidents of the last half century intimately, but great newspaperman that he was, he didn't hesitate to invite their wrath by writing objectively about them.

"The United States," writes Krock, "merits the dubious distinction of having discarded its past and meaning in one of the briefest spans of modern history." And then he elaborates on that assertion.

"Among these changes are a federal union almost replaced by a mass federal democracy controlled by an alliance of politicians and special-interest groups; fiscal solvency and confidence in a stable dollar driven from the national and foreign marketplace by continuous deficit spending, easy credit and growing unfavorable balance of payments in the international ledger of the United States; the free-enterprise system shackled by organized labor and a government-managed economy; the Republic transmuted into a welfare state subsidized from Washington; a self-reliant people widely seduced by federal handouts; spoiled generations --young and old--led to expect the government to provide for all their wants free of any of the requirements of responsible citizenship; a Supreme Court assuming overlordship of the government and all the people to fit the political philosophy of the current majority; and a Congress reflecting the people's apathy toward this assumption and foregoing the use of its Constitutional powers to curb the Court's seizures of jurisdiction in areas for which it has no warrant in the constitution or the statutes."

If these lines had been written by George C. Wallace, they could be attacked as the mouthings of a rabble rouser from the Deep South, but calling Arthur Krock a redneck would be preposterous. He not only has earned the respect of every outstanding leader of his time, but is a journalist of unquestioned courage and integrity.

"Tell it like it is" is one of the more popular slang expressions of our day, but for sixty years, quite seriously, this is what Krock has been doing. If he cared to display them, he could mount affectionately autographed photos from Presidents who later despised him because he didn't write in a manner that pleased them.

In his evaluation of Lyndon Johnson, Krock describes him as both compassionate and vengeful; considerate and unfeeling; lofty of aims, but incomparably egotistical in the conviction prevalent among Presidents that the ends that serve them and their potential interests equally serve the country. His pretenses of benignity, es-

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WAY BACK WHEN—The amazing world we live in today may lead you to believe that the yesteryears in New Bern were dull and uneventful. Don't kid yourself. There was plenty of excitement, especially when the Button and Atlantic fire departments played host to the State Tournament. In the photographs above, dating back to July 1910, New Bern's champion smoke eaters reel hose from a speeding wagon, and vie with visiting Tar Heel runners in a spirited track meet.

Little did the participants in these hectic contests dream that a time would come when men would soar through outer space in quest of the moon, and you could gaze at a screen in your own living room and read their messages back to earth and listen to their voices. Fifty eight years, it has been demonstrated, can bring a lot of changes, and extend our horizon. What about tomorrow?