

Never Forget That These Editorials Are The Opinions Of One Man, And He May Be Wrong.

On Our Friend Cletus Brock

Cletus Brock, editor of the Mount Olive Tribune, is a tried and true friend of this paper in more ways than one and in addition to being a friend we consider him as fine a person as we've ever known, but lately he has been vaccinated with the same rabid disease of other Brethren of the Press. To wit: an absolute blindness to reason when the word beer or whiskey is mentioned in his neighborhood.

Cletus is a practicing dry. He belongs to that devout clan that never has learned the greater glories, and necessity of ice water. He is utterly sincere in his fight to defeat an election to legalize the sale of beer in Mount Olive. But he is just as bad an influence on the healthy thinking of his fine community as those "sinful souls" who are trying to corrupt the children by legalizing the sale of beer.

Cletus, in his spasm of righteousness, has gotten so high up in the air that he has started doubting the integrity, intelligence and public interest of people who differ with him. He is doing his best—which is pretty good—to hang by the thumbs every man, woman and child who might differ with his strict upbringing, and continued thinking.

Now we would not attempt to set ourselves up as being as "good" as Cletus, for we take an occasional drink and do not feel that a glass of beer corrupts us in any way. But we do believe that over the long pull of our life-span that we, and other "heretics" who differ with Cletus and his "believers" will stack up some where near as well morally.

As any reader who has followed to here must know, we belong to that group which believes that nothing is bad, but

that man's abuse often makes many things bad. Including the Freedom of the Press which Cletus is using to its most clever advantage to hedge and hide and hinder the efforts of the people who may treat their families as well as he.

For instance, we don't smoke cigarettes, which is almost heresy in this tobacco land of Eastern Carolina. Cletus used to smoke all the time. He may have gotten to be such an "anti-" now that he has quite nicotine. There are a great many people who, if they had their way, would put an end to tobacco in every form. Cletus would call them foolish fanatics. Hitler was a vegetarian and one of his plans for the "Herrenvolk" was a super-race nourished on herbage alone. Up in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, there's a group violently opposed to automobiles. In New Jersey there's another group that opposes clothing.

To bring this thing to a close let us try to point out that if you look the world over, or even your own neighborhood you can find some people who are opposed to anything you can think of, and even if you have a fertile imagination.

So, this point: Can this world be legislated into a pattern that would please each and all of these sincere and fanatical groups such as Cletus belongs to?

We feel that it cannot. We feel further that we have spent too much of our energy and too much of our intelligence in the past generation in abject surrender to the multitudinous minority groups that buzz about with their various "worthy causes."

Give the majority a Chance!
Make mine a "Bud."

The "J. Edgar Hoover" Threat

Firstly, let us make eloquently clear that we feel FBIman J. Edgar Hoover personally is NOT a threat to our system of government, but is to the contrary a pillar of strength in many, many ways. What we have to say, however, has to do with the philosophy that so many unthinking Americans have fallen into so quickly.

The recent "Harry Dexter White" case illustrates as nearly as possible exactly what we have in mind. In this affair both the Democrats and Republicans had one thing in common: They both were leaning very heavily on the almost reverential regard that is paid to J. Edgar Hoover and his Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Both felt that the public would accept without question anything that Hoover supported. What is more; the American Public WILL accept Hoover and his Agents in just that manner. This is flattering to Hoover and his men, but it is dangerous to our fundamental political principles.

There are many among us today who would very readily turn this nation into a "police state" if they were assured that Hoover and his practices would be continued. Those "witch hunters" on every side of the political fence—to the right or left—who resent and would put an end to any opposition, loyal or otherwise, would vote quickly to having our house put "into proper order by J. Edgar Hoover."

Of course, the Germans turned from the "messy democracy" of the Weimar Republic to Hitler because he and his

financial backers held out the tempting bait of stabilization. Mussolini caught the Italian Rabbit with the same attractive bait. He made the Italian trains run on time.

But the greatest single strength of Democracy is also its single greatest weakness.

To make the pattern, even of perfection, and to attempt to force man's mind and even his body into that pattern is nice from the point-of-view of those wanting orderly government but it is exactly opposite from the principles, and past practices of this, the United States of America.

Our trains do not run on schedule. But we may damn the railroads. Our taxes may be wasted to a degree. But we may damn those that waste them. True, our government lacks the drill-field precision of some that have been tried and found wanting, but when the blue chips are down our Nation has been able to rise to the occasion, over and far beyond the personal prejudices that often muddy our political waters in less stormy times.

Each of us should do a little soul-searching in this day. Ask yourself if you have not been one of those who may have recently said, "If I had my way, I'd turn the whole mess over to the FBI and put every Red on their list on a boat and send them to Russia."

If you have, a more careful analysis of the thought might reveal to you that you are among that growing body that would back us into one kind of dictatorship while running away from another.

Consistency, Thou Art A Jewel, Indeed

The writer of this column makes no inhuman pretense of consistency; for he likes to feel himself reasonable enough to have his mind changed from time to time by new facts. But there are journalistic circles in which a premium price is placed upon that most illusive of qualities.

To mention one; let us consider Life, the picture magazine. Having been exposed to this omnipotent organ for several years we see that it shares something more with us than the loose robes of the scribe with trenchant pen in hand for it suffers from the same meandering moods of the moment.

As a case in point we offer for your casual consideration Life's attitude toward the late and recently discentered Truman Administration. Life, at the price of an ambassadorship and other good and valuable considerations, hammered full many a nail into the coffin of this gone-but-not-forgotten era of the Fair Deal.

And not the least of the materials that went into this casket manufactured by Messrs. Luce & Company was the fabric—perhaps fabrication would be a better word—woven from the looms of history located at Yalta and Potsdam. In the monotonous utterings of these

Short Snorts

"Business Week" magazine has this to say: "How far will the issues of corruption and communism be pushed? There's no telling. Much depends on the political necessities of the times. But there are hints that still more big-name Democrats will be spattered as time goes on. One official puts it this way: The Harry Dexter White incident is just one that has been turned up. Others will come along as Eisenhower officials comb the records of the old Administration." We wonder what they'll do when they come to that part of the old administration's record where Eisenhower, John Foster Dulles and other top dogs in the Republican Party were playing on the team?

Ed Johnson says Foster Gurley didn't think this story was funny one bit: Seems a man walked into an automobile dealer's showroom trailing a cord behind him. Said, "I want to trade for a new car." The salesman very politely replied, "Yes sir, and what do you have to trade in?" The man pulled in the rope and said, "This billy goat," which was found to be on the other end. The salesman said, "Yes sir. We'll allow you \$695."

We still think that the Un-American Committee in Congress ought to examine the "Un-Americanness" of convicting a dead man of treason and espionage on the testimony of admitted traitors. If this practice is accepted as correct then half of the battle of the Russians is won, for we have taken one huge step in the not-so-distant direction of that kind of dictatorship which we seek to avoid.

two words: Yalta and Potsdam, at least the Life Line was consistent, and as we see it, to a fault.

But let us turn another page in the Life of our Times and see what is on the other side, and at exceedingly high space rates too.

There, beaming impishly and imperiously in the best four-color style with florid countenance and lurid adjective is "Old Winnie," or if you want to go formal: Sir Winston S. Churchill.

Now we love "Winnie," perhaps not as lucratively as Life-Time-Fortune, but with a heart as pure and for reasons less promotion-wise. But try as we may, we cannot stretch our international tent to the point where it can at one and the same time cover Life's attitude toward Churchill and the recent Truman Administration.

Holy Water is sprayed about the Life editorial offices before and after each mention of Truman and Acheson, yet those same delicate little fingers which pound out curses by the ream over the Truman-Acheson-Roosevelt "surrenders at Yalta and Potsdam" turn and face reverentially to the east and to Sir Winston and eulogize this last Gibraltar of Conservatism with adjectives formerly reserved for Calvin Coolidge and Mark Hanna.

So, if we are mixed up in this muddled little world, we are not alone. Life is right there with us, with pictures. Saying that Roosevelt and Truman and Acheson were wrong as a \$3 bill and that "Winnie, Good Old Winnie" was calling his shots in every pocket and was right in every shot since the Boer War.

Which is rather like saying, "We agree with what you are saying but if your friends repeat it, it's a damned lie."

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Personal Paragraphs

by Jack Rider

Clyde Simmons has said, and I don't want to disappoint him, that this column this week would in all probability be about my new son. Or perhaps I should say our new son, since Muriel had a little something to do with this newest member of the Rider Clan.

Children are the nicest things we have around our house. Our oldest is six, the next three and now one just a week old. And looking back over this six year span during which our three have arrived I often find myself wondering just what I did, or we did before we had the three to fill up our hours with happiness and at times amazement.

I suppose I was no different than other first-time papas when our first was due, in that, I wanted a boy. But when "Libby" came—her name is Mary Olivia—she was such a darling that I certainly never spent a fleeting second regretting her sex. So by the time "Jan" came—her name is Janice Marie—I was sold on girls.

Of course, I have taken a lot of riding from pale and anemic begetters of boys such as Marion and Tom Parrott, not to mention Wheeler Kennedy, and in the six years I had just about gotten used to all of this kind of good-natured ribbing. But now I have passed through that "Unseen Portal" and have added a boy to the family. I'm happy, of course, for a lot of reasons: Happy that Muriel is getting along fine. Happy that Wilbur Jackson Rider, Jr., is a fine healthy specimen with an appetite comparable to his "pappy."

I suppose that if each of us were to tell the entire truth about "Why we want a boy" it would be more because of the vanity in us that wants our name to continue on after we have gone. Certainly, in the branch of the Rider family, which I belong to, it is something of a pressing problem.

Daddy (John Rider) has three sons, Bruce, who works down at the Post Office, and Ed, who works for the Atomic Energy Commission in Washington in some kind of a security job. Ed, the oldest, has three daughters, Bruce, the youngest, has two daughters and up until last week my two daughters made seven grandchildren that Daddy has and not a boy in the whole crowd. Now that is taken care of so this branch of the Rider Family is good for at least one more generation which may worry the hell out of some of my "friends" that would like to get rid of me and scatter salt over my "holdings."

But aside from the vanity that is in each of us and causes us to want our "name" to go on after we have gone on there are other aspects of that natural desire of a father to have a son. Although you certainly cannot possibly love a son any more than I love my two girls, I think it irrefutable that a father and son can have a relationship that is all but impossible between father and daughter. The same factor, of course, makes every woman want to have a daughter.

It is obvious that a man cannot have a "man-to-man" conversation with his daughter. And although some men try to make "boys" out of their daughters, taking them hunting, fishing and such like they never quite succeed and this act finally blows up when the daughter gets to that age where mixed parties become impossible because of some of the niceties of our society.

I have been forewarned by Keith Eustler, however, that there are dangers in raising boys that may never have occurred to one who up until now has been strictly in the girl business. Keith has been good enough to give me full details about where to stand when changing the diaper on a boy. I hope I don't forget and stand at the wrong end.