

Nothing Left But The Corpse



EDITORIALS

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

Would Christ Recognize His Religion?

Several events of the recent past have combined to cause us to wonder: Would Christ Recognize His Religion if he returned to the earth today?

Perhaps the simple philosophies and eternal truths of Jesus are not lost in the maze of formal theocracy that has been built up over the past 1954 years, and perhaps, we are not the proper judge to sit in criticism of Christianity as it is taught, or even as it is practiced today.

The recent world-wide meeting in Illinois in which all of the Protestant faiths were represented caused me to wonder if Jesus would be admitted, or if Jesus would care to be admitted to such a ponderous display of paganism.

Firstly, how religious—in the profound sense—can any gathering be when other faiths within the church, or in other churches are not a welcome party to the search for world peace in both the military and philosophical senses?

Another straw in the religious winds came when we read an irate letter to the editor in a large daily paper which literally screamed because the United Nations General Assembly was opened one day with prayer by a Hindu.

How can we, of the so-called Christian World, hope to find any kind of peace—at any level—so long as we arrogantly deny to other men of other faiths our profoundest respect?

This writer makes no elaborate pretense of "goodness" and makes no pious

recantations of "badness", which puts him in about that category where the average man is found. But try as we may we cannot find the spark so vital to faith beneath the rich, sometimes awesome veneers with which religion in our time seems to be covered.

It may very well be the rankest heresy to say that we believe that the only man of the 20th Century of great stature who has lived the Christ-like life was not a Christian in the formal application of that loosest of adjectives.

Ghandi was a Hindu by birth, but the fine-lined trappings, and petty bigotries of his own faith could not contain so great a spirit as he possessed. And just so, no other faith beyond TRUTH could capture his imagination and command his respect. He believed in the teachings of Christ but abhorred the religion that was named for Christ. In short Ghandi respected all men and all principles that were true to themselves, and Ghandi, like a vast majority of the world today, rejected that which was empty of truth and fundamental decency.

The so-called Christian World is in a terrific tug-of-war between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic and both these segments combine in a more terrible tug-of-war with all the non-Christian people of the world.

Our study of and beliefs about Christ cause us to wonder if Christ would recognize the religion founded in his name?

The Pathway To Socialism

One extremely difficult position the American System now finds itself in is that of actual "Free Enterprise", to have or not to have seems to be the question we face.

This paper represents a kind of "Free Enterprise" that is not long for this world, it would appear and along with it there will very likely pass from the American Scene several other breeds of individualists who are caught in the squeeze of the times.

This week in Kinston one of our oldest and proudest businesses has hung

out the "Selling Out" signs, and as much as we hate to see it, we still wonder how they managed to hold out for as long as they did.

Several doors down the street is located the Kinston Branch of Sears, the world's largest retail sellers of just about anything one could possibly want, except groceries.

That giant, billion-dollar concern with unlimited resources, unlimited buying power and others like it will soon make the individual merchant a thing of the

Short Snorts..

We, again this year, are glad to see that the Lord has called the usual convey of tent preachers to the Kinston vicinity to save the sinners while they have a little tobacco money in their pockets. It is so much easier to "sin" with a pocketful of money and these fellows do perform a great Christian service by taking that money out of the hands of the weak and putting it into the pockets of the strong.

The Raleigh News and Observer with its usual keen interest in the downtrodden has smeared everybody in sight that had even the remotest possible connection with the death of a beserk woman prisoner some weeks back.

Which causes us to ponder on a most academic point: Who killed the most peasants? Ivan, The Terrible, who had no intent but to subjugate, them, or Marx and Lenin who sought their freedom?

Does such sympathetic nausea as this exhibited by the Raleigh paper help or hinder those who sincerely and intelligently want to improve our social order?

Therein lies food for much debate and we merely state the question; you may reach your own conclusion.

past.

And monopoly in one form breeds monopoly in another. In England, when the monopolies got so big the people marched to the polls and made state monopolies of the lot. The nasty word for that is "Socialism".

Socialism is the result of monopoly, not the cause. And because this paper believes in the "Free Enterprize" system and hates the idea of socialistic state monopoly, or plutocratic private monopoly we regret this crossroads which we now face.

All of our anti-trust legislation was aimed at this situation we find ourselves in today, and if this legislation had been enforced we would not now be faced with such a sorry alternative.

But a great war—two of them in fact, added to careful manipulations at the "very highest levels" has now permitted this war-created "Frankenstein" to become so huge, so powerful and so ruthless that the nation faces state socialism or the equal evil of being prostrate before the private monopolies.

In the automobile industry one merger after another has tried to fight the battle against hugeness but it has been a losing battle. In the steel industry merger is now the language of the day and so it goes in one key industry after another.

Then one cold day we'll wind up with one of each industry in this country and then we'll have to live with the evils of fascism or fight to attain the equally despised ends of socialism.

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JACK RIDER, Publisher

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PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

I've been pussyfooting around, trying to be sweet and nice about this business of getting some sidewalks for the City of Kinston, or for that vast majority of the town which presently has none. I've tried in every way that I know, except the real nasty way, I've been before the city council so many times that Mayor Guy Elliott recognizes me he says, "Yes, Jack, you want to make your monthly complaint about sidewalks?"

I've been before assorted Parent-Teacher Associations—once even after earlier in the evening attending a 40 and 8 meeting, and if you know anything at all you ought to know that a fellow fresh from a 40 and 8 meeting has no business at a PTA gathering. But I had promised to go and I did.

The PTA mamas and papas, of which I am one, voted very unanimously in favor of what I was asking, whether to get rid of me or to get sidewalks. I'm not quit sure. I've taken pictures, run 'em in this paper, I've talked about it on the radio and griped about it to everybody who'd stand still and listen.

It has almost become an obsession with me, but I promise you this it is a "Magnificent Obsession". And merely because so far I've gotten absolutely no results is no reason that I'm going to quit hollering and begging; in fact, I'm going to holler a little louder, and a little more nastily beginning right now.

The very personal affairs in the past year have made this thing even more pressing with me than ever before, and I've been hollering on the subject for Lo, These Many Years. The first came on West Washington Street one evening last winter. Between Hines Avenue and Terminal Street, in the dip back of Mallard-Griffin's place, I was meeting another car which naturally had its lights on. Happily, just as I got past the blinding lights of this car I was meeting, I saw—just in the nick of time—a young woman pushing a baby carriage. I came literally within inches of hitting them. She had to push her baby carriage in the street, you see, there's not a single sidewalk connection any part of Fairfield, with its several thousand people to the rest of Kinston.

To say that it scared me is quit beside the point. I've chased too many ambulances and seen too many pitifully torn bodies not to know what happens when a car travelling even 25 to 35 miles per hour hits a stationary body.

Then I moved to North Heritage Street—much closer to the school—just six blocks from Harvey School, but five of the six blocks between my house and the school have no sidewalks. I religiously instructed my daughter, Libby, to always walk up on the grass. But then Lo and Behold she came home one day and told me that a lady had chased her and several other kids into the street. I found out later it was Mrs. Tom Hewitt. To say that I blew my top is putting it rather lightly. But my wife, the cooler, calmer part of this Rider Partnership, prevailed on me to keep my big mouth shut, and I have until now.

But I presume that Mrs. Hewitt, or her gardener, will again this year be out shooting these tiny tots into the narrow streets with its heavy, fast traffic. And although I'm a sweet-natured country boy, who'd much prefer to get along nicely with everybody, I'd rather have Mrs. Hewitt stay mad with me from now on than to have my kids, or your kids EVEN RUN THE RISK OF GETTING HURT because she was trying to get grass to grow on the slope of the yard, which really is NOT her property at all.

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