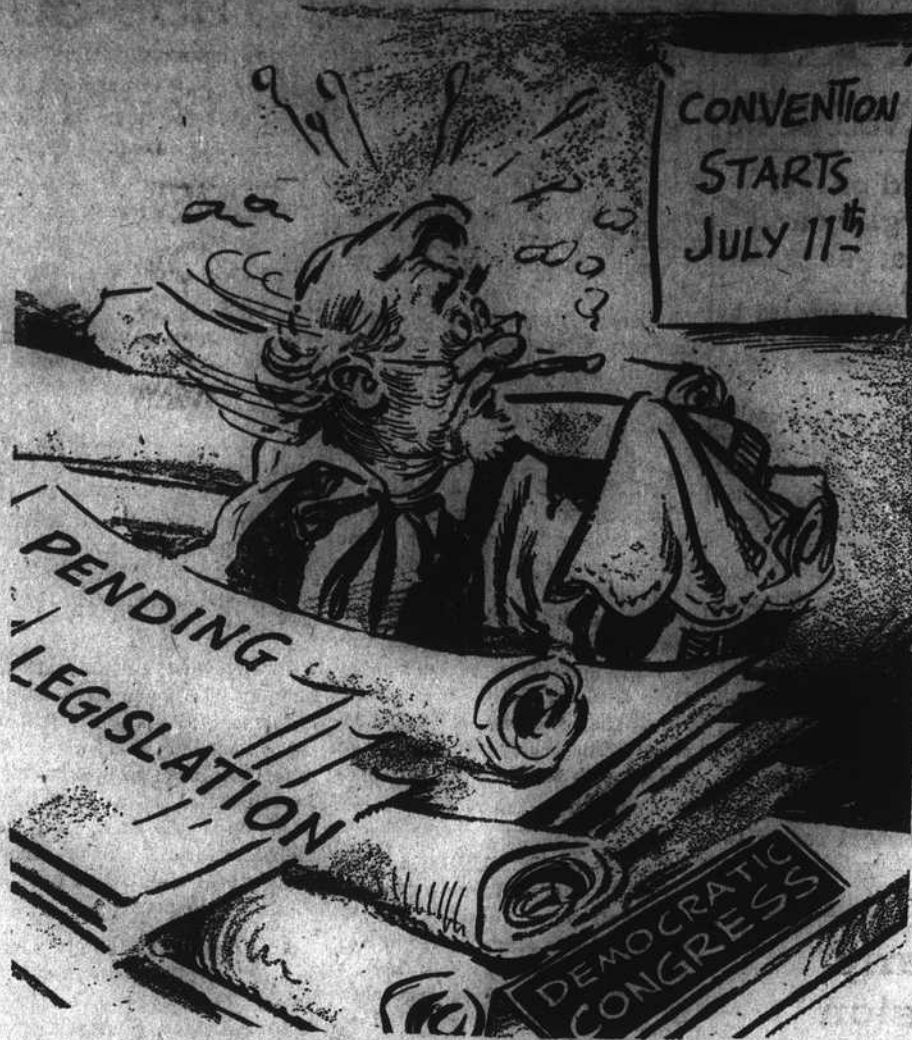


'What Have I Been Doing ... Or Not Doing!'



EDITORIALS

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

The Richest Villager

Our village is like the average village. We have our church and our bar. We have our poor and needy, a village drunk—even a village half-wit and as every village should we once had a rich man.

Longer ago than it seems now, a soothsayer came to town and caught the ear of our richest villager. He told our richest villager that it was sinful for him to sleep on a fine bed while the village drunk slept on straw; that it was wrong for him to feast while the widow's children went to sleep hungry; that it was a crime for him to doze before a warm fire while the village prostitute lived in a drafty hovel; that it was sacrilege for him to ride about the parish on a fine horse while the priest had to walk from door to door; that it was undemocratic for his children to go to private school while the rest of the villagers sent their children to a public school; that it was alarming in the eyes of the Lord for him to dress warmly against the wintry blast while the village miser shivered in rags.

And the soothsayer left, but our richest villager was troubled by what he had been told. After days of prayer our richest villager gave his bed to the village drunk, gave his food to the widow's children, surrendered his parlor to the village whore, gave his horse to the village priest, took his children out of the private school, and gave his warm clothing to the village miser.

The drunk traded his fine bed for drink, the whore kicked the windows out of his warm parlor, the widow's children gorged themselves and returned to their diet of gruel and gravy, the priest sold the horse and bought a sacred object for the church, his children married beneath their station and lived miserably until this very day and the village miser sold the warm coat and shivers still in his rags.

Our richest villager? He's in the mad house. Most villagers who remember him at all, curse his name, and spit on his memory because he was sorry for them.

Any resemblance between our richest villager and Uncle Sam is intentional.

Republic Vs. Democracy

The average American voter assumes that one is referring to a political party when the republican form of government is mentioned, and any average college graduate will tell you quickly that our form of government is a democracy.

Our government began as a republic and is now rapidly degenerating into a democracy, and the dividing line between democracy and anarchy is only guarded by the high wall of autocracy.

Applying the principle of democracy to the family unit, it would be necessary for mother and father to call a vote of all children each time they plan a trip, bought a car, built a home or shopped for supper. There are a few homes in which this principle is practiced, but the plan is too idiotic for mature consideration.

The republic compared to the family unit is a system in which certain members of the unit are charged with specific responsibilities. Son may decide if he's to play first base or center field, and daughter may choose between an Italian and a ponytail hair style, but mama and papa make the

major decisions.

This is not because mama and papa wish to "dominate" or "tyrannize" the members of their tiny one-family republic but because the weight of their experience generally equips them best to make important decisions.

In America today the voters vote for everything. They may disapprove a school bond issue and approve a swimming pool bond issue. They may frown on a sewage disposal plant and give an OK to the building of a civic auditorium. The voting masses quite frequently turn a brilliant student of government out to pasture and install a man in office who thinks congress is a deck of playing cards.

Theoretical democracy is a blissful state of political mind, but it cannot operate in an intellectual vacuum, which sucks into its maw the greeds, passions and prejudices of the mob. If that millenium is ever attained in which all voters are intelligent (not educated but intelligent) and in which those same voters can control their individual desires then an exercise in democracy

School Segregation

Now that the majority of North Carolina's Democrats have voted for gradual integration of our public school system it behooves those of us who believe in segregation to solve this problem perhaps with a different kind of segregation; one that might very well be a blessing in disguise.

The finest schools in the world for public school age children have a single common denominator. Whether in Switzerland, Germany, France, England or the United States the finest schools are segregated by sex.

Several of our states have found an amazing academic improvement when separate high schools for boys and girls were set up. This is nothing but natural. High school boys and girls are busy becoming men and women at the same time they are being educated in less fundamental processes.

Many heart-sick parents who have been confronted with a high school marriage, or a high school pregnancy, or at the very least a high school romance that was getting out of hand must yearn for an answer to this growing problem of promiscuity.

This, please believe us, is no inference

that the girls and boys of 1960 are any more promiscuous than they were in 1930 when we were in school, or in 1900 when our parents were in school. It is, however, acknowledgement of a basic biological formula: A given number of girls, plus a given number of boys added together for a given number of hours results in a given number of serious biological complications. There is nothing too wrong with this. Nature planned it that way, and it has been that way for millions of years and if the species is to survive it must continue to be that way.

But in a society that attempts morality and hopes for education, both would be better served with an educational system that would lessen the number of hours those forces mentioned above are permitted to operate.

We seriously suggest that school officials should give a long, look at an inexpensive, sudden and proven way of raising scholastic standards and lowering the number of sex problems that plague parents, school officials and, most importantly, the students themselves.

Cold War Declaration

Those starched and ironed brains in the State Department who are sniffing in their lace handkerchiefs because of Castro's seizure of American property should be able to recognize a Cold War when they see one, but apparently they can't.

The war between the socialist and one-time capitalist powers of the world is now being fought economically rather than militarily. With a press even more tightly controlled than the American press these socialist dictatorships can mislead the so-called free world in what ever direction is convenient for them on a given day.

If they want the United States and its allies to step nearer to the brink of bankruptcy for rocketry they can rattle their ICBM's. On another day after Good Old Uncle Sam is extravagantly committed to Cape Canaveral carnivalry they can confess that an old-fashioned, very-slow orthodox American airplane has been flying back and forth over their country despite every effort on their part to catch a "U-2".

Then all the unselfish capitalists who have heavy investments in the sale of such orthodox military weaponry as manned aircraft get their snout deeper in the federal trough again.

When the taxpayer begins to groan under the burden of both types of air hardware the Russians dispatch a couple of submarines along our coast to chill the native and warm the hearts of those who build the gadgetry that the "experts" say we must have to combat this threat.

So by exerting the simplest pressures they keep Americans in general and congressmen, who are concerned with a plant back in the home district, in particular in a constant state of preparedness panic.

If it's any consolation to the American taxpayer he may enjoy knowing that the Russians suffer the same kind of fright, and now the question is simply: Which country shall bankrupt itself first?

And for those who scream about the American farm program it might be of passing note to mention that it is in food and fiber alone that we have the edge at this moment over Russia. Consumer goods is the nightmare that keeps the boys in the back room if the Kremlin awake nights, and first on the list of consumer goods is food and drink.

might succeed.

Alas, these conditions exist nowhere today and are not expected on any tomorrow that is now in sight.

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PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS BY JACK RIDER

Americans have substituted money for statesmanship. No where is this more evident than in the fight for nomination each four years of the presidential standard-bearer of our two major parties. Today politicians are sold like soap, with Madison Avenue polish and lavish use of the media of communications.

This year Senator Kennedy accents this trend; for Papa Kennedy is determined to see his son run for president if it takes the last of his estimated \$200 million fortune. West Virginia, where the Protestant-Catholic issue ghost was supposed to have been put to rest by the Kennedy victory, never saw so much money in so short a period as the last week before the Humphrey-Kennedy vote. Humphrey in Wisconsin and West Virginia was "pacing" Kennedy.

Humphrey never had the ghost of a chance of nomination but by serving as a "pacer" for Kennedy he shoved the Massachusetts millionaire so far ahead that such powers as President Truman are now throwing themselves under the Kennedy steamroller.

Eight years ago the nomination of Eisenhower was purchased and Senator Taft was destroyed. Wendell Wilkie was the instrument first used to show how a nomination can be purchased.

This year Tricky Dickie Nixon is shivering in his loafers because the same controlled kind of lightning that created Wilkie, Eisenhower and Kennedy is crackling around his noggin—but not for him, Nelson Rockefeller is supposed to be baiting his trap for 1964, but when all of those easy-to-buy delegates come marching to the Republican convention Nixon had better have them locked in a room without telephones if he doesn't want them purchased out from under him.

On a much smaller scale we had the same thing last month here in North Carolina. Well over a million dollars was spent in nominating Terry Sanford to a job that pays \$22,500 per year for four years.

What did all those folks put up so much money for? The power, telephone and gas companies wanted a utilities commission that "would listen to reason". The school teachers, state employees and their families wanted a pay raise. The labor-union labor wanted an "open door" policy to organize the largely non-union labor of North Carolina. The NAACP wanted a chief executive that would not fight its program of racial integration.

A quick glance might cause one to wonder how such cold-blooded groups could
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