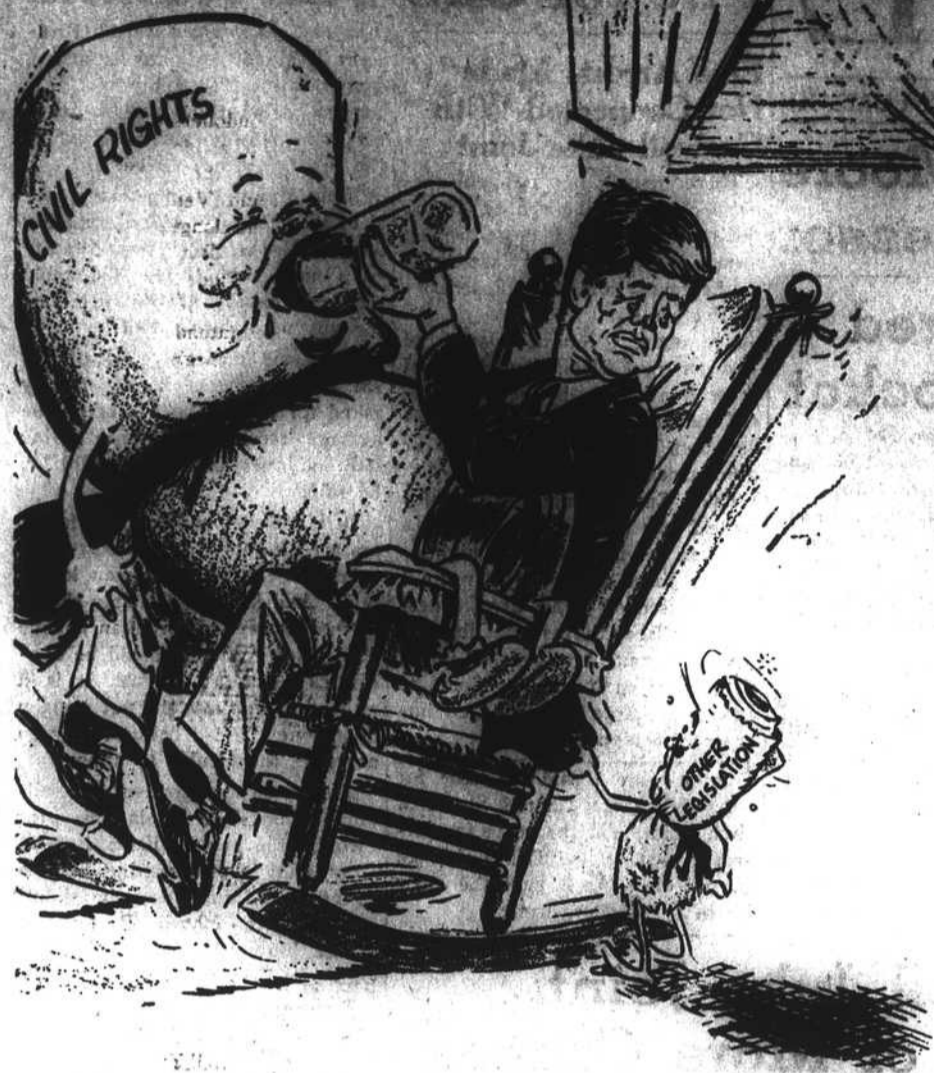


'How About Me?'



EDITORIALS

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

Dangerous Reasoning

It is dangerous reasoning that the public is being exposed to by the pseudo-liberals who have cornered such a major portion of our various communications media. These "gliberals" accept the United States supreme court decision banning religion in the public schools, while in the next breath denouncing the North Carolina General Assembly for banning communists in our colleges and universities.

This is an exercise in absurdity, but it is a dangerous absurdity because it has the seeds of destruction for the system under which this nation has grown.

Whether one is formally religious or not the precepts of the Christian system are an inherently vital part of our heritage. Honor, respect for one's oath, for the sanctity of human life are not common ethics in world society today, nor have they ever been.

Especially now with the Machiavellian ruthlessness of Soviet Russia's so-called communism competing for men's minds it is dangerous to disarm one's self spiritually,

while protecting those who would "bury us".

If we accept the "gliberal" premise that traitors have the same protection of the Fifth Amendment that ordinary criminals have, if we accept that freedom of speech, or "academic" freedom demands the appearance of traitors on college campuses and in the same inverted reasoning accept that separation of state and church forbids religion in our schools; then the American plum is ready for communist plucking.

Communism is not the first "ism" that has competed for world dominance against Christianity, but it is the mightiest of Christianity's competitors.

Whether our "gliberals" are communists, or fellow travelers or mere dupes of their own perverted reasoning the net result of their efforts is the same: They are undermining one of the basic pillars upon which our nation was built and upon which it has stood during this first 187 years of our independence.

Domestic Peace Corps?

Not so surprising is the growing sentiment across the nation for setting up something that is being called a domestic peace corps, modelled after the effort now being made by our nation to impress scattered backward peoples around the globe.

It is difficult to deny the burning zeal of the missionary spirit, whether it is exerted in the name of religion or politics, but we have always taken a very dim view of that particular weakness of mind and spirit that sent such zealots across oceans and over mountains to do good work when so many good works need to be done in the old home town.

Our churches spend a huge part of their gross annual income in these futile efforts to convert with rice and reasoning people of other faiths around the world.

Now our nation is embarked upon the same kind of program and for equally infangible reasons. There are people around the world who cannot read and write, who have no roads, no sewer systems, no art, no

schools, no bridges, no modern agriculture, no nothing.

Unhappily, we have some of all these things right here at home. So on that basis a case — even a federal case can be made for establishing the same kind of missionary programs here at home that we are wasting money and youth on around the world.

But there is another side to this business of "doing good" There are people here and abroad who are perfectly content to be illiterate, to have no roads, no bridges, no electricity, no clean water supply.

Nothing is more irritating about the average American than his blind belief that everybody is miserable who doesn't enjoy the same pursuits that make him happy.

We would impose our religion, our politics, our diet, our science, our ethic, our culture, our TV, our sports, our folk ways. We refuse to believe that there are people who are content with their own religion, their own politics, their own diet, their own science, their own ethic, their own culture.

Why can't we let people alone?

Not Foreign

The effort to associate the civil-rights muddle with international communism is a mistake in our opinion because the motivating factors are home-grown and not foreign.

Surely the communists are pleased and will lend whatever aid they can to any split that divides the people of our country, but we are giving them credit for too much influence to suggest that the planning is Kremlin directed.

The communists have moved within the labor movement, in the foreign policy field and in a majority of domestic fields, but they are aides not directors in all of these fields.

We are guilty of dodging our own responsibility for error and for venality if we attempt to stamp "Made in Russia" on everything bad that pops up in our 50 states.

The racial issue, now and in the past is most basically economic, and from that central beginning point it spreads through the fiber of national politics. Moralizing and sermonizing are merely reflections of the political demagoguery that is injected into the racial problem by persons who have a sharp economic axe to grind.

Anything that can be done to harass the South and to delay or even to halt the accelerated flight of industry southward; that is the basic goal of New England and North

Central States politics. Climate, raw materials, industrial water and cheaper utility rates are the factors working for the South to entice more and more industry from the frigid areas north of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers.

The racial bugaboo, which never really existed in the South except in the minds of frightened old maids and perverted journalists was dragged out and flaunted about, but in this era of instant communications this siren song has lured negroes by the million to the promises of Green Pastures in the north.

The north is confronted with a massive migration that it cannot cope with, so this makes it even more pressingly important to use the South as a whipping boy. This is pure Americana and nobody in Moscow directs it or even understands it.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS
BY JACK RIDER

At 45 memory is a lovely convenient thing. All of us are victims or darlings of that wonderful thing called the convenient memory — that has total recall of those wonderful moments, and a blank on those items that neither pleasure nor gratify our mortal prides and prejudices.

A few minutes ago I rode downtown and saw at one corner a covey of string-bean type callow youths gathered around a badly parked flivver, half blocking the street while they discussed some issue of international importance and a block away another more ambitious crew of the same age swarmed around, beneath and into a flivver that was being made ready for a sortie into that wonderful land of the teens.

With a typical 45-ish irritation I maneuvered around these boys, and stormed onward with an epithet or two on my mind on the general subject of these "brats;" their peroxided-hair, cigaret-hung lips, skin-type levis, air of worldliness and their aggravating youthfulness. And then as the steam blew out of my irritation and I reached back toward that time when I enjoyed that disrespectful, delightful, dilemma of teen-agerdom it struck me that 20 years ago I, too, walked that primrose path.

And I understood more what Kipling had meant when he wrote, "East is east and west is west, and never the twain shall meet." For those boys could not begin to appreciate the pressures that made a fat, forty-ish fellow stomp his air-conditioned car around their vintage vehicles — and this fat, fortyish ex-teen-ager could never really recall those terrible moments of late childhood when life seemed to hang on balance between a gallon of gas, a patched tire and an oil-hungry motor.

To each of us, in his own, good time comes those moments of rending decision when it's a present for "that girl" or pitching the whole wad for a new tire upon which that chariot can travel to see those eyes, to taste those lips and to hear those sweet nothings from that one and only one.

Nature has a devastating passion for orderliness. To each in his own good time, and according to his own ability. To youth are assigned those monumental decisions that turn on the toss of a dime, or the playing of another tune on a noisy juke box. To the fortyish are the problems of government, of family, of propriety, of civilization, of culture.

And I mused, it is a good thing. For ransling with jaloppies, counting pennies and coloring one's hair is surely not the proper exercise for a father of teen-agers, a minor pillar in a minor community. Now would any of these things be the reasonable province of the young in heart and the wild of spirit. So it is, to each of us, in his own good time; and the sad ones among us are those who would reverse this axiom of nature and live a different fashion and a different passion than naturally fits us.

That teenager who makes the all-out effort
Continued on Page 4

Soft Un-Sell

Already the sibilant nuances of the "smart thinkers" are being heard in the "right places" politically to short-circuit conservative thinking. This is part of the propaganda that will increase in volume as voting time 1964 draws nearer.

The line of thinking based in "You Never Had It So Good" is being offered as an excuse, if not a reason for the continuation of deficit financing, for the extenuation of dollar diplomacy and the perpetuation of racist controls over the total fabric of federal government.

Eighty per cent of us are in debt to one extent or another, 99 per cent of American business is predicated upon credit-buying. Most of us live in houses built by credit, and enjoy the necessities and a great many luxuries through the use and sometime abuse of credit.

So for this overwhelming majority any rattling skeltons in the credit closet is a nerve-jangling experience. This is the sensitive nerve end that is being lacerated by the "inside boys" who ask, "How would business be under a conservative like Goldwater?" and "How would you meet your commitments if deflation were to set in?" and "Isn't your take-home pay better after taxes now than it was in the thirties with no federal taxes?"

These are all questions that fall into the "Have-you-quit-beating-your-wife?" category. The basic issue at the national level today is not individual survival, but is the survival of our system. If we are going to put our own personal business ahead of the national welfare we are confirming what Khrushchev has said long ago, that Americans are too soft to fight an economic war. That we will be buried by state socialism and our own greed without a single shot being fired.

If we are not willing as those were in 1776 to "pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor" then it is fore-ordained that the free enterprise system is doomed, and that state socialism will win.

Now, as in 1776 the overwhelming majority prefer "business as usual" to "Give me Liberty or Give Me Death!"

Destiny, as ever, rests in the hands of the principled and courageous few, and destruction hangs within the grasp of the greedy, howling mob who would destroy the seed corn.

JONES JOURNAL

JACK RIDER, Publisher

Published Every Thursday by The Lenoir County News Company, Inc., 403 West Vernon Ave., Kinston, N. C., Phone JA 3-2375. Entered as Second Class Matter May 5, 1949, at the Post Office at Trenton, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879. By Mail in First Zone — \$3.00 Per Year. Subscription Rates Payable in Advance. Second Class Postage Paid at Trenton, N. C.

