

**'Please, Br'er Fox,  
Don't Throw Me In That Briar Patch!'**



**EDITORIALS**

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

**Political Magic**

Long ago it was proven that the hand is quicker than the eye, and last week President Kennedy gave further illustration by sending State Secretary Rusk to Germany to assure the gentle ex-Nazis that we were going to keep plenty of American troops there to protect them from the mean Russians, and in the same week the President sent Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell Gilpatric to Chicago to assure economy-minded mid-westerners that withdrawal of overseas troops might cut the estimated federal deficit.

One must assume, that economy-minded mid-westerners and frightened ex-Gestapo agents have one thing in common: They read papers, and just how they will square Rusk's assurances in Bonn with Gilpatric's promises in Chicago is one of those difficult-to-penetrate areas of political black magic.

When more than half of the 100-billion dollar federal budget is allocated to military waste, as well as military necessity it is much more than obvious that no real economies in government are possible without ma-

for surgery on the armed forces pocketbook.

But the clever location of military bases and the careful allocation of military contracts has hogtied a very large segment of congress to the point where opposition to military spending is political suicide. Add to this hogtied segment of congress those who seriously believe in the "over-kill" principle of maintaining the peace and one is immediately confronted with the magnitude of the task involved in trimming the fat off the military budget.

In view of the fact that "Our Man In Bonn" has apparently been elected and the further fact that Germans will not be permitted to vote in next year's presidential elections here in the USA it is safe to say from this cynical viewpoint that the Kennedy Boys will pull enough troops out of Europe to give to such groups as the economy-minded mid-westerners the illusion that something is being done in Washington to cut the deficit.

Rusk in all likelihood told the Germans more behind closed doors than he said when he spoke on the radio.

**Up To The Democrats**

Now that Charlie Jonas has announced that his Potomac Fever is incurable, and that he prefers being one of 435 members of the house of representatives to being the Governor of North Carolina the future direction of North Carolina politics remains as it has been since 1900 in the hands of the Democrats.

Jonas, of course, was no absolutely certain candidate for governor, but he is surely the closest thing to this that the Republicans have had in this century. He preferred the relative certainty of his legislative post to the uncertainty and brief tenure of the North Carolina governorship.

Now North Carolina will chase the end of the rainbow on down the Primrose Path of "gliberaldom" in the spring primaries or put the state government back on the track it ran upon so long of conservative common-sense government.

At this time it is too early to decide which candidate will best represent these political philosophies. All the candidates are not yet in. Obviously, between Dan Moore and

Richardson Preyer it is Moore that wears the conservative robe and Preyer the "liberal".

Of course the North Carolina variety of "liberals" is identical to the national variety in that they are anything but true liberals, since the basic connotation of liberal in the sphere of politics is an abiding opposition to growing powers of the state and lessening powers of the individuals; whereas the modern "liberal" is one who is utterly dedicated to the belief that bigger and bigger government is the answer to all the problems confronting mankind. In short the current "liberal" is really a socialist without guts. Whether Preyer is willing to accept the socialist philosophy completely and make his peace with state socialism remains to be seen since he has not had enough public exposure yet to really identify his political beliefs.

Moore also may not prefer to be identified with reactionary conservatism; but this issue will be decided for North Carolina in May and not November of 1964.

**The United Nations**

The United Nations has been under constant attack from its birth to the present, and the paradox of this effort toward world government is that its most bitter critics are from what we loosely classify the extreme left and the extreme right.

The UN is the most positive force for continuing general world peace that we have, but it cannot hope to solve every family squabble and every boundary dispute that springs up around the world.

We believe it is absolutely wrong that the taxpayers of the United States have to pay such a disproportionate part of the cost of operating the UN, but it is this or sacrifice the entire effort.

When the first idea of public police forces came into being only a small segment of the population contributed to the support of such police forces. Usually they were private police, but as society enlarged the scope of its outlook it came to be accepted that police protection is in the general welfare and should be paid for by all who share in the protection.

The UN idea today has not yet earned the support of all the lawless elements of world society. They quite understandably don't want to help pay the cop who may put them in prison.

Even such a frequent critic of the UN as Senator Barry Goldwater this week establishes quite clearly that he is not in favor of the United States withdrawing from the UN, but he is, rather, in favor of our nation staying in this organization and working and fighting and financing to make it better than it is.

Unfortunately there are very few perfect organizations in the world today. So those of us who would prefer to belong to the perfect organization must even resign from the human races with all of its imperfections. But the way toward that impossible goal of perfection is to stay in the fight and do all that is possible to make the imperfect better.

**Busy Little Bee**

Undoubtedly one of the busiest little bees in the hive at Washington is the one in charge of telling good dictators from bad dictators.

His job is not an easy one. Watching a cowboy picture one always knows that the fellow with a black hat and moustache is the bad man, and the smooth-shaved boy with the white hat is the good guy.

But picking dictators is not that simple. For instance Castro has a beard and he's a villain, yet Haile Selassie has facial foliage and he's a genuine good guy, from way back.

Then there's the moustache bit, Franco has a soup strainer on his upper lip and he's a good type dictator. While old smooth-head Nikita is a bad guy.

Some communist dictators are bad guys; like Perfidious Fidel, and others are wined and dined at the White House, like Tito.

Some who fight communism are kept in beans and rice by our foreign aid effort, such as Chiang Kai-Chek; while other purported foes of communism are in the Washington dog house; like Madame Nhu.

The characters who go around "imperialing" on other folks land are generally black-hat boys, but there are exceptions such as Sukarno, who takes our anti-colonialist yankee dollar and spends it on guns to take land away from such gentle folk as the Dutch, and the infant Malayan Republic.

The test of good and bad, insofar as it applies to dictators is most complex. Lincoln freed the American slaves a hundred years ago, but Ibn Saud out in the sands of Araby still has his Ethiopian eunuchs around the harem. But Old Ibn also has a lot of oil, so what's a few thousand slaves where billions of gallons of oil reserves are concerned?

This much has to be said; even with a score card it's damned hard to tell who's on whose side in this here ballgame.

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**PERSONAL  
PARAGRAPHS  
BY  
JACK RIDER**

Let me make clear that I'm just as guilty as the rest of neglecting the many blessings right on the local doorstep. The automobile has spoiled and made fools of a big per cent of us in recent years . . . that with a little more prosperity than we could stand.

Travel has become so easy and so universal that we feel we haven't been anywhere if we don't travel hundreds or even thousands of miles. This is a disease that is suffered in every part of the nation, and I doubt that this little confessional is going to cure many, or even me.

But Sunday was such a pretty day, after sweating out Hurricane Ginny for a week, and with the rest of the family playing football (Jack Jr.), sleeping (Libby), enjoying her birthday (Janice) and cooking a birthday cake (Muriel) I slipped off and had a wonderful two hours and never got more than 15 miles from the Rider backyard.

An uncle (Gilliam Parker) recently reminded me of something I knew but too frequently ignore: "We live in the garden spot of the world." Gilliam was born and raised and still lives in Woodington Township on the land that he and his family have tilled all their lives. He has a love affair with those rich acres that he has known so long and so well.

Sunday I renewed my romance with this blessed "garden spot". I rode out the Greenville highway to Northview, cut through to Tower Hill road, turned toward Oak Bridge, swerved on a quiet dirt road over to Grainger Station, to Sharon church where Sunday School was in session. Up past Airy Grove, where another church yard was filled with cars, to Wooten Crossroads for a brief stop with Ruben Davis and a chat about baseball for 1964.

On over to Dawson Station; to a brief look at Grey's millpond, to Wheat Swamp where another of the county's oldest churches had a big turnout. Through beautiful Institute with its lovely old homes so neatly kept and its modern new homes, indicating that some of the children from those stately old homes had stayed at home, rather than seeking their fortune over a distant horizon.

Through Institute and the rolling hills, painted in fall's brilliant reds and golds. Down to La Grange, back and forth a few times across the many crossings of Bear Creek. Through La Grange at just about the time a streetfull of churches was turning out. (Four churches in four blocks—Baptist, Free Will Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist). On down the road into the rich valley called Bucklesberry, past Jenny Lind to Hardy's Bridge—where I paused to look up and down the beautiful, quiet river. Empty skiffs nosing the bank, with one car parked and a trailer indicating that at least one fisherman was trying his luck. Turned on the river road, up to Moss Hill, back to Holy Innocents, where another big turnout was enjoying Sunday services. I stopped briefly to look at Isler Davis' big mill, the quiet millpond, the huge corn storage silos, the retaining wall being built to keep Holy Innocents' graveyard from sliding down the hill. Then across to Tull's Mill, where "wild" ducks slept at the edge and only one car was backed up to indicate fishermen—it was from Goldsboro. This headwater of Southwest Creek is the county's biggest lake, and it has a lot of fish that need to be caught.

From there to Salty Hill's little fishpond and barbecue place, back across Highway NC 11, to another Davis' mill, that of Ellis, where several children were fishing with reed poles from the spillway. Over to Noble's mill and back on 256 to Kinston. A beautiful trip, and never out of Lenoir County. Try it some Sunday.