

He Went That-a Way!



EDITORIALS

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

John Fitzgerald Kennedy

The loss of a great national figure, even by natural death, is always comparable to the death of a member of the family, because through the instant, intimate communications of our time such national figures come directly into our home; as the voice of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and the vibrant youthful vigor of John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

So when a mad man snatches such a family figure from our midst there is the first painful blow of real personal loss; even as with members of the family it may be one with whom we have argued and disagreed, but nonetheless there is that intimacy our age has with its famous, and even at times with its infamous.

The death of a Will Rogers, the kidnapping of the Lindbergh Baby, the silence of FDR's golden voice, the cruel murder of JFK; somehow the fate of these "members of the family" grieved us, and we believe, the nation more than anything in this century.

Then after we swallow that personal lump in our throat from the loss of such a "member of the family" there is the shocked realization that the loss has wider ramifications.

As with the kidnap-murder of The Lindbergh Baby, there is now the angry outrage we all must feel that a demented individual could be guilty of attacking and destroying such precious symbols.

President Kennedy was the first president born in the 20th century. Now he is succeeded by another, Lyndon B. Johnson. This paper did not share a great many of his views, but no sane person ever believes that political ends can be attained by the assassin's bullet.

Perhaps those of us who opposed Kennedy's political views grieved most over his wasteful, insane, sad murder by an inverted, lonely young man, who finally found that day in the sun he had been seeking for so long.

Those of President Kennedy's generation—the World War II types, of about his age, with about his family also share a bitter personal sadness that not only have we lost a "member of the family", the nation its President and the world a great leader; but

two small children have lost their father and a young wife has lost her husband.

That is why the grief was so real, the shock so deep and the loss so great; because it was not just the loss of an energetic young man.

President Kennedy's death also represents another loss; perhaps less significant for most, but still something to be reckoned with in the long, long pages of history.

And that is the loss, even so remotely vicariously of some of our self-confidence; some of our smugness; some of our superficial sophistication because it reminded us, so cruelly, that man at best is just an animal with a thin—very thin veneer of civilization.

Everyday the news wires carry stories of demented murders, who seek some release for their tortured reasonings in an outburst of violence. Fortunately these outbursts rarely penetrate to the top echelons of our society, and rarely strike down a "member of the family".

But in the lifetime of those who served in World War II we have had the attack on President-Elect Roosevelt in Miami, the wild attack on President Truman, the shootings from the gallery in the United States House of Representatives which wounded several congressmen and now the ultimate mad terror; the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the 35th President of the United States of America.

There is no solace to be found so soon in the analysis of this most recent tragedy, nor in reviewing the past presidential assassinations. But we may find hope, if not solace, by reminding ourselves that such terrible crimes happen so rarely when so many of our leaders expose themselves so frequently, and sometimes so recklessly to the people. A people who generally only want a memory to carry to their grandchildren: That they saw the president one day and perhaps touched his hand and saw his smile and heard his voice.

We can take hope in the fact that of all the millions President Kennedy ever exposed himself to there was only one whose reason had so completely deserted him that he sought glory, or vengeance through murder.

The Political Future

Now that the shock of President Kennedy's murder has worn off to a degree there comes the inevitable questions about the immediate political future of our country.

Firstly, it must be accepted that President Lyndon Johnson will almost certainly be the Democratic nominee in 1964, since no party has ever turned its back on the man in the White House who was eligible for or a candidate for this responsibility.

Secondly, it is equally obvious that the shift of the Democratic nominee from the populous northeast to the empty spaces of the Southwest will have great bearing on the man chosen by the Republicans.

Accepting these two theories; it is our view that this has seriously lessened the chance of nominating Barry Goldwater and has greatly enhanced the chance of Nelson Rockefeller.

Almost one fourth of the nation's population lives in the tiny corner of the nation called the northeast. It is impossible to conceive a slate for national office that does not take this hard fact of population and electoral vote into consideration.

Can the Democrats find a No. 2 candidate in this area who could do in 1964 what Lyndon Johnson did in 1960 for their party? Possible, of course; but who? Muskie of Maine? Ribicoff of Connecticut? The Magic of the Kennedy name from Massachusetts? Pastore of Rhode Island? Can anyone of these carry the votes of his area into the Democratic Party that Johnson brought in 1960?

Finally, and perhaps most important: Will the northeast accept a Southerner, who speaks with a slow drawl, and whose grandparents on both sides fought for the Confederacy in 1861? The South has been held up to the world as the cradle of all that is bigoted and prejudiced in politics and human relations, but a look at the religious vote in 1960 should convince all who doubt that prejudice is not the fee simple property of The South.

A Timely Reminder

The death of President Kennedy from bullets fired in a \$12 rifle bought from a mail order house has again raised the hue and cry for stricter controls on the sale of deadly weapons.

Reasonable people ought to realize that such regulations are only additional red tape and expense to the law-abiding citizen and offer no real barrier to the criminally intent among us.

Outlawing the sale of whisky did not lessen the sale of whisky, and outlawing the sale of firearms will not lessen the sale of firearms, but merely channel such sales from legal to illegal hands.

Aside from the fact that the Constitution of the United States guarantees all citizens the right to bear arms there is the historical fact that the first step toward the police state is the banning of weapons among the citizenry.

The fact that millions of American homes have rifles, shotguns and pistols is not a threat to the people, but it is a constant check on the ambitions of potential men on horseback who might prefer a dictatorship to a republic.

Registration of firearms on the surface seems perfectly logical and proper but in Western Europe—in France, Belgium and Holland where such files existed they were the first files to be used by the Germans when those countries were occupied in World War II.

Remote as the idea may be at this day and date in history and outraged as the nation certainly is over the untimely death of its chief officer; is there anyone foolish enough to believe that such an assassin could not have gotten a gun whether they were sold by a mail order house or by a bootlegger of weapons?

Let us not compound our misery by acting emotionally in the wrong direction over a

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PERSONAL

PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

I kept feeling that I would wake up and the nightmare would fade away, but it didn't. It IS true. Irony, bizarre, shocking, terrible, tragic, sorrowful, unbelievable are words that have been spoken and written over and over again since 1:35 last Friday afternoon.

And then as President Kennedy's casket was being moved to the Capitol rotunda the fantastic took one more unbelievable turn with the murder of the man charged with the presidential assassination.

The nation sat transfixed at television sets watching the first "live murder on television". The wild rumor became standard conversation. Madame Nhu was seeking revenge and had hired the assassin. Oswald was a Russian agent. Ruby was an accomplice. Dallas police set up the murder of Oswald. Even Monday as the cortege mournfully crept toward Arlington the rumor swept the nation that President Kennedy's father had died, and the rumor mills have only begun to turn.

Now, 98 years after the assassination of President Lincoln historians still are sifting the ashes of that era and are still widely divided on the motive behind his cruel death. It is not too far from reason to suggest that a hundred years from now the assassination of President Kennedy will also be under debate.

The murders of Presidents Garfield and McKinley have been filed and largely forgotten because the men who killed them were tried in an open court and, it is to be supposed, all their motives were exposed to the world, and accepted by the world.

But now the man charged with Kennedy's murder, just as the man charged with Lincoln's murder has been silenced by death. So history will have to make its guesses of motive as it still is doing with John Wilkes Booth.

Certainly, so far as the public knows there was none of the bitter discord in the Kennedy administration that some believe tore Lincoln's cabinet asunder and led to Lincoln's murder. If there is a "Stanton" in the Kennedy administration he is the best kept secret in public life today. Obviously, there is no "Stanton".

As an outspoken racial segregationist my first fear after the President was shot Friday was that some lunatic from the segregationist front had committed the act, and I hoped against fear that I was wrong; and perhaps the only good news that came out of this horrible weekend was that the man who almost certainly did murder the President was from the exact opposite end of the political rainbow.

But I believe that politics really had very little to do with the act of Lee Oswald. From my distant seat by the TV he struck me as being a complete egomaniac, who was willing to sacrifice his life just for a fleeting moment of publicity. The self-assurance, the pursed, almost sneering lips in every public view of him. His arrogance. And the almost ghoulish gnawing of a chicken bone while he sat waiting to murder the President of the United States.

I think the Russians recognized him as a mental case and refused him asylum in their country. If he had been rational, or even of practical service to them in a demented condition they would never have refused his application for citizenship; and most certainly would not have granted he and his wife exit visas.

But there do still remain many unanswered questions about Oswald: Who supported and transported him from place to place. What was he doing in Mexico? How could the FBI question a man with such a background and leave him unwatched in a building that overlooked the Presidential parade?

facet of a great national tragedy that does not support such an act when any reasonable analysis is given.