

**"Where I come from, comrade,
we don't hold with kibitzers!"**



EDITORIALS

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

Malcolm X

Fortunately all the people of the State of New York are not being indicted for the murder of Malcolm X as all the people of the State of Mississippi were indicted for the murder last year of three so-called civil rights workers.

But we suggest that a bill of indictment should be issued against Earl Warren and his judicial oligarchy, against each and all of the one-race propagandists from LBJ down to the crummiest member of Martin King's tribe.

The ancient question: Which came first, the chicken or the egg, can be paraphrased somewhat more bitterly today, with: Which came first, the racial unrest or the professional agitators?

It is the stated and repeated policy of international communism to capitalize on racial and religious differences in every part of the world. In Cyprus we see the classical example of communist strife as they stir up the Turkish minority against the Grecian majority. Again in Viet Nam where they turn

Buddhists against Catholics. In India where Hindu and Muslim are thrown at each other's throat and this is the pattern in every part of the world.

No one of minimum intelligence should be surprised about this Soviet game because it has been stated in the clearest language and followed with monotonous regularity.

There is some major cause for concern, however, when our supreme court, our executive and legislative branches of government permit themselves to be made tools of this ancient political practice of "dividing and conquering."

We do not suggest that Earl Warren is a communist. We don't think he has sufficient intelligence for this role; nor do we label our other executive and legislative leaders as members of the Soviet conspiracy. But we do seriously suggest that they are the dupes of Soviet foreign policy in every part of the world and no where more dangerously than right here at home.

A Pressing Need

There is no more urgent public need in Lenoir County than the addition of a trained person to the court system of the county to work with the dozens of domestic relations cases each year that cost the county untold amounts of money and misery.

Broken homes, neglected children, juvenile delinquency, moral depravity, illegitimacy, school drop outs and tremendous welfare case loads are each and all a part of the debris left when domestic relations break down.

In smaller counties where the tempo of life and the number of cases is less there is no need for such specialized court services. But in a county such as Lenoir that is moving from the sleepy agrarian into the bustling industrial era, such a specialized service is not simply a need, it is a crying necessity.

No judge can possibly render a fair and equitable sentence in such cases unless he knows as far as can be known the total family picture. Asking either of the partners of such a bankrupt marriage for the truth is rather like asking fighters to referee their own fight.

The judge needs to know the income

picture, the spending picture, as well as something of the health of both parties involved.

In a brief few minutes from the witness stand even the wisest judge cannot extract this information from hostile witnesses, who under the rules of evidence cannot be made to divulge more than they actually wish to.

Local officials are aware of this problem but their inaction is costing the county much in misery and in money. We suggest further that this is a total county problem and no attempt should be made to amortize it out of the usually depleted pocketbooks of those charged in criminal cases by adding "just one more dollar" to the criminal court cost in the county.

April 17th is not so far away as you might think. Go ahead and buy, or at least make a down payment on that season ticket for 72 Kinston Eagle baseball games. This remains the biggest entertainment bargain available anywhere in the sports world today.

'Nut House'

At the risk of sounding very nasty, we suggest that there might be some good reason for changing the name of the Agriculture Building to "The Nut House." Let us explain, and quickly.

This week the newsletter from the Lenoir County ASCS office announces that 385 farmers have signed up to take 8,399.4 acres of corn out of production for which they will be paid a maximum of \$317,824.

This week a hearing was held in the court house to determine the legality of setting up a drainage district in Jones, Lenoir and Craven counties to make thousands of acres of land more productive and into which project thousands of the taxpayer's dollars would be poured. This is another project involving agencies of the agriculture department.

So we see one hand of government throwing out millions of dollars to farmers for not using the good land they already have and another hand of government spending millions of dollars to put more land into production.

It is on this basic that we suggest that something is nutty around the "Ag Building." However, in fairness to the local patients in our own "Ag Buildings" it ought to be pointed out that they do not make the laws; this is done by congress, so don't blame the local folks.

Perhaps the motion should be amended to change not the name of the "Ag Buildings" but to change the name of congress, because actually there is the place from which "reason departed" long, long ago and billions of dollars away.

On Pickpockets

When Old Homo Yokel visits the big city he is warned to sew his money in the lining of his long-handled drawers, to beware of strange women and stranger men, and especially he is told of the artistry of the pickpocket, who'll steal his solid gold watch chain as well as his folding money.

But all pickpockets do not work the subway circuit. There are other, fancier thieves who roam the range and who do not wait for Ye Olde Yokel to come to the big town to see the bright lights.

One of the standard pickpocket routines is for an accomplice to bounce clumsily into the victim while the other deftly extracts the life savings from the sheep.

Consider pocket picking on a grander scale. The public is pushed around with "Civil Defense Drills" and ominous warnings of nuclear destruction are spoken of in hushed terms by the big men in the big town.

The style is simple. They scare hell out of old John Q. Yokel while they steal his eye teeth with an assortment of taxes that would make Shylock seem like Santa Claus.

They keep a little war running somewhere all the time to justify stealing 50 billion dollars a year in the name of "defense." It's rather like the bottle of castor oil sitting on the back of the old wood stove that used to make a lot of us go to school when we were running a high fever.

Civil Defense, Viet Nam, Korea, NATO, SEATO, United Nations, The Congo, Cuba, Panama; these are all "castor oils" to keep the taxpayer's mind off that long, greedy paw the taxpayer has in his pocket.

As we were saying, there is more than one kind of pickpocket.

Malcolm X said, "The chickens are coming home to roost" when a communist killed President Kennedy. It would appear that those same chickens are still looking a place to roost.

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PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY
JACK RIDER

This past weekend Muriel and I attended the Press-Radio-TV Institute at State College. (We left before the fires started.) And we had a good time, except for one really disturbing thing, which had nothing to do with the institute. What it was, was a one-man exhibition of "art" by a character named Musselwhite.

I walked through this "art" exhibit in the lobby of the student union building with a very mixed set of emotions. This trash that was posing in the name of sculpture included blocks of wood into which rusty railroad spikes had been driven, other pieces of badly welded metal that had neither form nor color and one pile of stovewood tacked together with an old tobacco truck wheel stuck on top.

We talked this "exhibit" over with Jack Hankins and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Goodman who were also amazed and amused by this Mongolian idiot type of art. Yet people buy this junk, and the "arty" set "oohs" and "ahs" about it as if it were something more than the effort of an idiot.

But then the thought struck me that maybe this fellow is not an idiot; that maybe he's a lot smarter than his works look. He had to be a grown man to handle the railroad ties and tree trunks that he had hammered railroad spikes into so unstylishly. So I wonder if he is not pulling the leg of the "avant garde" in what must rank as one of the best examples of this thing called "anti-art."

The February 18 issue of The Christian Science Monitor has an excellent article on "anti-art" by its book editor, Melvin Maddocks, who sums up the weird situation in this one sentence: "It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the avant-garde has become commercial; the far-Out is In."

In this "far-Out" art Maddocks points out, "No demands of rhyme, or even meter, cramp the lines of the poet today. The novelist no longer feels responsible to plot, nor the musician to melody and harmony. Even in the field of "entertainment" people glory in being abused. The first of the "sick comics," Mort Sahl, knocks down a third of a million dollars a year telling saloon audiences how crummy they really are. And even Sahl admits, "You can't go too far for audiences. They'll take anything. The only control is the discretion of the performer."

Consider an alarming example of what the paying side of society will permit. A current Baptist reading list for children includes the latest James Baldwin novel which describes with revolting preciseness the seduction of a white girl by a negro — much to her pleasure of course—in a Baptist church choir loft. This is sackcloth and ashes carried to the "Nth!" degree.

But there is some faint glow of hope on the artistic horizon and in the same wacky fashion it is being called "Anti-art." The worst thing that can happen to the "nouveau riche" or the pseudo-intellectual is to be mistaken for a "square," so these two groups have been pillaged and plundered by the wild assortment of "artists" who have sold them at fantastic prices such junk as that exhibited in the union building at State College.

I am both a square and a lover of art, but I never "dug" anti-art. If I look at "Nude Descending Staircase" I want to see something more than the smearings of color on a canvas by a dipsomaniac. Cubism, Daliism, "Pop art" and all of the other filth and junk that has been foisted on the gullible and stupid public have always left me very cold. And I never felt more chilly than at the railroad spike exhibition in Raleigh last Saturday.