

'Hey, how about me?'



EDITORIALS

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

The War on Taxpayers

When the war on poverty began the presumption was that the government was going to shoot down poverty whenever and wherever it reared its ugly head.

But now the war on poverty has turned into a war on tax payers. So far no noticeable victories have been gained over poverty because each time the legislative bodies are assembled they expand expenditures for the poverty stricken.

But there is a long and growing list of defeats suffered by the disorganized, leaderless taxpayers.

Tax payers, for instance are allowed \$600 per year to drag their heirs into adulthood. But a poverty stricken taxpayer is allowed \$800 per year of those dollars taken from the tax payer to care for his child.

The tax payer is not allowed any exemption for money spent educating his children, but the generals in the war on poverty this year are spending \$3,100,000 taken from the tax payers to educate just 202 domestic peace corps-

men. That comes to about \$15,342 per trainee, per year, which ought to make them among the most educated corpsmen who ever fought anything.

And at the fountain head of all this unwisdom the legions of General Sargent Shriver (a new military breed) have spent \$635,000 to baby sit for 450 children of "working mothers," or \$1,411 per baby per year.

Even in Jones County General Shriver's forces are setting up a beachhead with 20 baby-sitting units, employing 41 workers at a monthly cost to the taxpayers of \$7560 to take care of 100 babies. Senior baby sitters are to be paid \$200 per month and junior baby sisters are to get \$160 per month and the babysitter in charge of all the Jones County baby sitting will be paid \$360 per month. And the "patriots" who provide the roof under which the baby sitting is to be done will be rewarded in similar fashion.

The tax eaters are winning because the tax payers don't have enough guts to stand and fight.

The Hair Market

Competing closely with "Hondas" in the gross national product listing is the hair market; which further affirms that there is nothing new under the sun, or under a wig.

Back in the chill loneliness of our cave-dwelling ancestry some baldheaded Cro-Magnon found that a "hair piece" lifted from a truculent neighbor kept his sloped head warm and gave him a certain "Je ne sais quoi" with the girls on the cliffside when he went a courting.

Most aboriginal societies up to and even including those on the Mersey side have used borrowed hair for one Freudian reason or another.

Those brave men who won our country's freedom powdered their wigs and dusted it with flea powder when going off on important affairs.

But for nearly a century the dome divot was scorned by all except the painfully bald and intrepid CIA agents.

Now the hair market is as wild as a can of kraut. Nobody who's anybody

would be seen in public with her own hair. Beauticians grow lonesome, with no new gossip silently scrubbing and combing milady's wig, whilst milady gets another forty winks.

And that is not all; milady who is really hitting the balls well will have an assortment of wooly wampum to drape over her own closely cropped former glory. Wigs to match different colored ensembles, to match different mood s... dancing wigs, sporting wigs, boudoir wigs.

"Falsies" led to many an early divorce by some deceived young husband.

Wigs may lead to even shorter romances, because one may not be able to identify "his" even at close range if she does a quick wig switch between cocktails and dinner.

What a racket... and some cost more than a mink coat. Fortunately, the women don't have to be killed to give up their hair for La Belle Fashion — or do they?

My Goodness!

Sam Ragan is a member of that strange tribe that pitchforks out the Raleigh News and Observer each day.

Ragan wears his hair long on the side and scarce on top, but he insinuates himself into the "long hair" set by writing poetry, attending "writers' conferences" and affecting something very loosely called "Kultur."

Among the hall marks of current culture, either way it's spelled, is an unbending subservience to "brotherhood," racial integration, communist infiltration and "freedom."

Ragan is among the intelligentsia who deplore the General Assembly's curtailment of communist activities on state school properties.

Ragan is a permanent member of a permanent committee which seeks to establish the "Right of the People to unhampered access to public information."

Why so much about Sam?

In his "Southern Accent" column of recent date he emits one of the most plaintive bleats of the offended gliberal by protesting that:

"One of the most outrageous and dangerous developments in Community Relations Service, created by the 1964 Civil Rights Act, was reported the other day by Washington Columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Nowak. The plan is to have Big Brother force textbook and other publishers to give Negroes more favorable treatment in history books. In addition, pressure is to be brought on Hollywood to insert more Negroes in to films."

Heavens to Little Liza, they may even "pressure" Ragan's bleeding heart house organ of gliberalism to publish Negro obituaries and Negro weddings, and "pressure" might even rise to such a boiling point that they would suggest that this integrationist Raleigh rag practice what it preaches by hiring a Negro editor... even a Negro editor who writes poetry and wears his hair long around the ears... My Goodness!!

Catholic Brotherhood

Last week the "ecumenical council" of the Roman Catholic Church voted 1,763 - to - 250 to no longer prescribe as church dogma that Jews are rejected by God and accursed.

Today the most unfashionable avocation one can pursue is bigotry. This is the hour of "brotherhood"; when one is cautioned to put aside those childish "prejudices" of race, religion or national origin.

So reluctantly the Catholics are shedding their ancient bigotry toward Jews. Who knows; any day now The Pope may embrace the principles of Margaret Sanger.

But no bigoted, ignorant, prejudiced Southerner can put aside this Catholic renaissance without asking: Why so many priests and nuns march across the South to wash away the Southern sin of racial segregation, when for most of 2,000 years their church has held firmly to the undebatable premise that Jews are rejected and accursed in the sight of God?

If it has taken such anointed groups as the College of Cardinals and the High School of Bishops the best of 2,000 years to lay aside the Roman Catholic brand of anti-Semitism why won't they give us Southerners a few generations to get used to the idea of social and family racial integration?

Since time began running on the Catholic calendar no Roman Catholic could marry a Jew without immediately losing his membership in the religion of his choice. And even in the sweetness and light of this mid-20th Century there were still 250 Roman Catholic Bishops who apparently still cling to the bigoted, stupid notion that Jews are accursed and rejected by God.

But, of course, people who would presume to know what is on God's mind are capable of most any imbecility.

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PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

Elmer Brock of the Mount Olive Tribune is smarter than the average Brock, or for that matter, smarter even than the average editor. In the Tuesday issue of his paper Elmer wonders if the current rash of youthful protests against Viet Nam, the Draft and such trivia is not far more justified than meets the naked, easily critical eye. Most of us jump too hastily to the conclusion that these young people burning draft cards and deliberately dodging the draft are cowards, traitors or some kind of nut.

Some of all of these may be in this wild assortment but Elmer says it is small wonder that these young people are confused, frustrated, mad and willing to run the gauntlet of Big Daddy government. He asks, "Why not demonstrate?" After all the majority of our domestic affairs for the past 20 years have been dictated by "demonstrators."

How can young Americans taught the Monroe Doctrine principle accept mud, blood, death and frustration in Viet Nam, when our country has rejected the Monroe Doctrine by permitting Castro to import Russo-Chinese imperialism within shooting distance of our own shores?

What property, political or personal rights can these young people see in Viet Nam when our leader is giving away the Panama Canal to a bunch of revolutionists and panhandlers who "demonstrated" against our country last year, and who are now being given much, much more than even the wildest one of them ever imagined possible?

Why shouldn't young people spit on principle when they read great, ringing speeches in the history books in defense of unlimited debate in the United States Senate and then see the same man who made those immortal speeches against cloture talking from the other side of his mouth as the Number One Citizen of The Land.

Why not turn their back on country, flag and patriotism when turncoats are given greater recognition by government than patriots. General Edwin Walker is illegally jailed by the same attorney general who lionizes Bayard Rustin, the sex pervert, jail bird, draft dodger, who led the great march on Washington? What is honor?

Why not cut corner? Why not chase the fast buck? The president has parlayed his wife's \$87,000 inheritance into a \$15 million-dollar fortune. And all because she is such a smart business woman. Politics had nothing to do with Johnsons having one of the richest TV-Radio markets in the nation all to themselves. Most any barefaced Texas school teacher can rise this high if he happens to be majority leader of the senate, vice president and president. If Johnson had never spent a penny of his salary since he got his first government job, and if he had not spent a penny of his wife's \$87,000 inheritance... and if they had been lucky enough to have doubled all of this at the crap tables or in the stock market his gross net worth would not now approach one million, not to mention 15 million dollars.

So our young people have every right — almost a compulsion to be cynical... to wonder about the profits of patriotism, about the glory of public service, about the nobility of those patriots who serve for so little reward.

And this same cold cynicism reflects not just the ugly picture of government gone berserk... it also reflects the picture on the wall of private business putting profits ahead of ethics, of amateur athletics done to death by the lust of paunchy alumni and frightened school administrators.

After all they're children of this generation and we have not set the finest example for them.