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EDITORIALS

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

The McCone Report

After seeing the summarization of the McCone report on the August riot in Los Angeles it is easier to understand how the Central Intelligence Agency was in such a mess under McCone's administration.

The riot was an "expression of deep economic and social frustration and it was triggered by the routine arrest of a negro drunken driving suspect. . . and unless revolutionary remedies in education, employment and police-negro relations are made the riot will be only a curtain-raiser for what could blow up one day in the future.

This report overlooks some basics: That the mumbo-jumbo socio-politics of our time has issued both a license and an invitation to every malcontent, regardless of his race, religion or national origin to "protest" against anything he happens to feel "unjust" on a given day.

Our schools, churches, government, courts and an amazingly high per cent of the population have accepted, and are preaching the philosophy of chaos under which the "common man" is worshipped as the "free man", and that as such he can do no wrong, and that he is the victim of society rather than the scourge of society.

The brute who murders his parents is "forgiven" because he is a "poor orphan."

Too many of us, especially in the South, see this as a black- and - white problem but it is much more profound

than racism, which is an ancient and an incurable weakness of man — both black and white.

Without order, without discipline man is no longer human; he is just another vicious and more deadly animal, with all the lusts and none of the physical and mental weaknesses of the so-called lower animals.

Civilization is not chrome and air-conditioning, nor college degrees; Civilization is not chrome and air - conditioning, nor college degrees; Civilization is by definition: An advanced state of human society in which a high level of art, science, religion and government has been reached?

Government is also defined as the authoritative direction and restraint exercised over the actions of men.

There is art in The Congo, and in Greenwich Village, and there was art, science and religion in Los Angeles last August, but there was not authoritative direction and restraint over the actions of men.

And this is a nationwide problem. Yet men who are fully aware of this and its pressing need for solution continue to complicate the mess by spreading the myth that the "poor criminal" is not responsible for his crimes, but is rather to be excused because those of us who abide by the law have not given him enough education and a good enough job to keep him from having a "deep economic and social frustration.

Industrial Confusion

For much too long the mere mention of a new industry for a small town is enough to throw its officials into a state of total mental shock, and to send its business leaders scurrying around as if it were the second coming of Christ. We like payrolls and prosperity as

much as the next but not at the sacrifice of sanity, legality and fiscal reality. Kinston is a horrible example of this industry hunting phobia run amok. On one side of town an "industrial park" has been bought at a fantastic price by public subscription and it is left dang-

Impossible Job

The 170 men and women of the North Carolina General Assembly face an utterly impossible job when they convene in special session on January 10th.

They will be charged with dividing North Carolina into 11 congressional districts with 414,000 people per district, into an unknown number of state senatorial districts that will reflect a ratio of one senator for each 92,000 people and finally divide the state into something completely new: "Representative Districts" that will distribute 120 representatives so that a ratio of one representative to each 37,000 people will exist.

This in substance is the order issued by three federal dictators named Al Butler, Ed Stanley and Jesse Bell; and if they have not done this utterly impossible job on or before January 31, 1966 these three appointed asses have announced that they will do the impossible job themselves.

If 37,000 people can be combined from several counties to create one "representative district", how will this illegal absurdity called "one-man-one-vote" be served in a county large enough to command two or more representatives?

Mecklenburg County with nine representatives under this rule will have to be carved into nine representative districts and into three senatorial districts. This means an end to multi-member districts such as the 7th under which the voters of Greene, Lenoir, Craven, Pamlico, Cartert and Jones counties elect two senators.

But most importantly it means the end to reason in constitutional affairs. It means that every comma and every word in the United States Constitution not embodied in the infamous and illegally ratified 14th amendment is void. It means that our country by these judicial clowns had been pushed from the sensible realm of a representative republic into the madhouse of anarchism sometimes called democracy.

If one state had the courage of Andrew Jackson long ago these judicial morons would be put in their proper place. Jackson said, "The supreme court has issued its ruling, now let it enforce it." That's what our state should say to Butler, Stanley and Bell, but it lacks the courage.

ing like a sore thumb with a huge mortgage against it and no income to even meet its ever-running interest.

Within an industrial stone's throw of this heavily mortgaged 80 acres of weeds the taxpayers of the county own over a hundred acres of land, also brought to help a late industry expand.

Then last month a new smoke stack was landed for the local horizon, but did it find a happy home in either the heavily mortgaged industrial park, or the publicly owned land joining at the air base.

No. That would have made too much sense. It goes to the other side of the river — far beyond the reach of city water, sewage treatment plants and accidentally just beyond the city's power lines and city taxes.

The taxpayers of the county are being tapped out for \$50,000 to drill a well and erect a tank to serve a company that may be in business one year or forever. The company agrees to buy the well and the tank — but over a period of years, and corporate stock is non-assessable.

And this particular corporate ownership could buy Kinston out of its collective petty cash.

Communities ought to encourage self-sufficient industry, but buying industry is as ridiculous as buying friends.

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PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

What has happened to the American sense of humor? Has it gone "sleek," "sick" or in hiding? We have become so intent upon having a good time, living the good life and enjoying the Great Society that we can no longer see how ridiculous we really can be from time to time.

Today there is nothing absurdly funny about a woman sacking it out and sending her "hair" out to be washed and curled for a dance that night where grown people will act as if they had St. Vitus' dance and fleas. Parents permit, or perhaps encourage their boys to dye their little locks and dangle it before their eyes like sheepdogs.

And every passionate little teen-ager is peeking out from behind a set of hair that looks like last year's barroom mop. Frowning, worried mechanics spend hours and fortunes tinkering with thousands of dollars worth of automobile to see whose car can run the fastest in 440 yards. . . and others ride hours, spent a week's wages to watch other men try to kill themselves on longer tracks where more people can be crowded to see the blood and the fire and the death.

Record shops fill their till with money poured out by suffering youth who want to hear suffering folk singers suffer off-key for a million dollars a year. I have been called rude by some very close relatives, whose name shall remain reasonably anonymous for laughing out loud and almost in the face of something is funny as hell to me. But everyone looked at me, and not at the freak I was laughing about.

Monday, in the lobby of the union building at State College — oops, State University — a teen-aged girl — I suppose it was a girl — it had long hair, heavy rimmed glasses and wore its hair stringy and all the way around its face. I chuckled — not a real belly laugh . . . just a polite chuckle and I was immediately asked, "What's so funny?"

If you have to ask, "What's funny?" when you see a pure Congoloid wearing a blonde wig with red lipstick and yellow slacks there's little I can do to help you. Your sense of humor is dead, dead, dead.

And then there's art . . . which once upon a long time ago was supposed to be a thing of beauty. But today art is revolting, unpretty, unfunny. Aimed at either making one cross - eyed or sick to the stomach, and some of it works both ways.

The theater has a message filled with sadistic misfits who get their kicks — not laughs — from torturing little old ladies on their way to a DAR meeting. Movies are generally nine-parts sex, one part fast fist fights and all the way out of reality. Even music, which was also once a thing of beauty has been turned into a hypnotic thundering, intended to awaken the dead and kill music as an art form. Dissonance is in, melody is no longer lingering on . . . nothing remains but the pulsing of drums, the roar of electronic chord banging and simpering handclapping.

It is an insult to the jungle chant to compare the "Mersey Beat" to The Congo, because in the jungle the flap of flat feet and tom-toms has some purpose, while the modern beat is distinguished by its very lack of purpose. There are tribal beats for war, for burial, for weddings, births, rain, sun, food, peace. But the "Mersey Beat" is just "beat." But nobody's laughing. It's either "cute" or with a "message." Nobody seems, however to get its real message: We've lost the ability to laugh at the ridiculous. Today we have to explain it, or adore it, or adopt it, elect it, or worship it.