

**'Play ball, dammit!'**



# EDITORIALS

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

## The Commissar Hath Spoke

Commissar Harold Howe has handed down another sermon from the Washington Kremlin to North Carolina Superintendent of Public Instruction Charles Carroll.

On April 14th Carroll and others presented their objections to the most recent "guidelines" issued by Commissar Howe.

On May 17th Commissar Howe slapped down Carroll's objections with a long diatribe (seven single spaced pages) in which he reasserts his autonomy over every little red school house everywhere in the Union of Socialist Soviet United States.

On page two of this fiat Commissar Howe tells Carroll, and all others similarly situate, "The responsibility to eliminate segregation rests with the school authorities and is not satisfied by rules or practices which shift the burden of removing discrimination to the class or classes of persons previously discriminated against."

And further along Commissar Howe reminds, "Where there is substantial deviation from these exceptions, and the

Commissar concludes, on the basis of the choices actually made and other available evidence, that the plan is not operating fairly, or is not effective to meet constitutional and statutory requirements, he will require the school system to take additional steps to further desegregation."

So there we have it, as clearly as bureaucratise can state it: "I, Childe Harold, Commissar of all Education, make the final determination."

Parents of children have nothing to say about where their children shall go. When so briefly ago negroes were being told that they were being given the right to send their children to any school they chose; now Commissar Howe, Order of Lenin with three stripes, says that neither parent, nor school official, nor chick, nor child, nor act of God, nor the United States Mail have any silent part in such vital decisions.

All Gaul was not divided into four parts. There are thin slices of gall eating out their substance on the taxpayers in Washington today, and not the least of these is Commissar Harold Gall Howe, Educator Supreme.

## Collectors or Protectors

Through the use of electronic gadgetry the North Carolina Highway Patrol has been converted into a corps of tax collectors rather than highway protectors and at the same time they have become ambassadors of ill will to thousands of out-of-state drivers who are fleeced each year by the whammy.

From the experience of this writer it is known beyond doubt that thousands of ill-will dollars are collected from tourists each year just in the small county of Jones from people using Highway US 17.

The "take" from Jones County multiplied by all the counties of our state adds up to millions of dollars taken from the pockets of visitors, which is a damned poor kind of "Southern Hospitality."

The on-the-beat patrolman, with car clearly visible is the best deterrent to hazardous driving that has yet been found.

Putting the bite on an innocent yankee

on a lonely straight stretch of road at two in the morning because he is going 70 miles an hour neither contributes to safety nor good will.

With one hand we spend millions of dollars to attract visitors to "Variety Vacationland" and with the other we harass them unreasonably.

If we could just get our patrolmen out of the bushes and onto the highway and cut the ridiculous amount of time they have to spend in slow-poke courts the really hazardous drivers could be watched more closely and gotten off the road before they commit "involuntary" mayhem.

Patrolling the highways, watching the honky-tonks, beer joints and swanky clubs that turn loose drunk drivers on the roads would be a much wiser investment of the time of good patrolmen than forcing them to sit in the bushes, playing the roll of the hated tax collector — which is a role they are forced to play far too much under the present policy.

## One Step At A Time

The journey to totalitarian state socialism is taken one step at a time. Such a step is now being taken in New York State where a law is about to be passed forbidding strikes against "vital public services."

In the mind of the socialist all public services are vital, and in the mind of the socialist all services that are not already public should be public.

In the complex society of today every service IS vital. Utility workers can bring the biggest cities to screeching halts. Garbage collectors can convert cities quickly into stinking heaps. Transportation workers, as recently seen, can make a crawling infant even of such a giant as New York City itself.

When any man, or any group of men are chained to their job freedom is a mockery. Freedom includes the right not to work as well as the right to work. Aside from the enforced labor of military service there is no room in the American System for enforced labor. Slavery is explicitly forbidden and holding any worker to a job against his will for any reason except penal or military duty is slavery, no matter how thinly the governmental baloney may be sliced.

But this is the natural and unavoidable result when big labor or big business make the mistake of thinking that they can be partners with big government.

Hitler played this Pied Piper's tune to the German masses as well as to the great German industrialists and then turned against them both and crushed them with a cynicism that should have been a lesson to the rest of the world.

A Little earlier Lenin led the Russian "masses" away from the haphazard slaveries of the Romanoffs into the computerized slavery of state socialism.

The dangers in the long pitch and run of history from irresponsible unionism are much less than from too responsible government.

But this is a lesson the masses always seem to learn too late.

## Pilston's Pleased

A press release from the department of motor vehicles says Commissioner Pilston Godwin is "well pleased" with the progress of the auto inspection racket.

We cannot avoid wondering if Pilston has had time to compare this year's traffic death toll with last year's? If he has he's found that already with just five months gone by we have managed to kill 50 more people in traffic accidents this year than last, which hardly commends auto inspection as a life-saver on the highways.

Pilston, who was raised in the back room of his father's Gatesville bank, can count money if he can't count dead people, since this same release points with pride to the fact that so far this inspection gimmick has taken \$956,791.50, of which the state got \$159,465.25 and the "inspectors" got \$797,326.25.

Pilston also takes considerable pride in the fact that the motoring public has also been relieved of \$1.19 million dollars for "necessary repairs". And all of this with just a little less than half of the vehicles in the state "inspected." On this basis it is safe to estimate that something close to five million dollars will have been milked from car owners in the state by the end of this year, and if everything goes as it is going right now we will have killed an extra 100 people on our highways this year despite this gimmick aimed at the motorist's pocketbook.

Pilston also takes doleful note of the fact that in April more than 22,000 cars were found to have defective brakes.

How an inspection in April 1966 is going to insure good brakes in March 1967 on that same vehicle is a mystery Pilston has not yet unravelled.

North Carolina already has more than enough laws on the books to take hazardous cars off the roads. All needed was enforcement of those laws. What North Carolina really needs is stricter driver licensing laws and enforcement of those.

It is safe to say that 25 per cent of the drivers in North Carolina should not have driver's license, but they do, for which the state dutifully extracts two bucks and fifty cents every four years. And so we go.

## PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

In another spot on this page I have paid my disrespect to Commissar Harold Gall Howe, The Third, educator supreme, 410 gauge dictator and horse's behind first class. But I wonder if I really do Childe Harold justice. Is he not Pavlovian proof that he is the end product of his environment.

Raised with a silver porridge spoon in his big fat mouth, tutored into the most exclusive private schools, graduate from the most severely segregated atmosphere in American Academia, appointed to "headmastership" of the swankest and most expensive and most severely segregated private school in Proud New England and thence unto the heady air of something loosely called the Learning Institute of the University of North Carolina.

Then plucked like a tender bud from this rare academic air and transplanted into the stables of Washington, where his genius has been fertilized with the manure of political power and watered by the Narcissitic excitement of his mirror on the wall. Now this tender plant that in an academic garden grew has blossomed forth into the ugliest bureaucratic ragweed that ever offended constitutional esthetics.

Childe Harold would be something less than intellectual if he were not suddenly to become one of those things that there are more of than horses. All his life he has been tutored in the gentle airs of the professional bookworm, and now he is turned loose with both the sword and the pen to lay about and to have the head of any heathen who doubts the gospels of St. Earl and Lord Lyndon and their satellite apostles of socialism.

Perhaps Childe Harold is more to be pitted than scorned. Nothing is more pathetic than a lapdog on a bear hunt, and Childe Harold is surely a lapdog beside the wolf hounds he is running with in Washington today.

But being true blue and all thoroughbred through and through, this powdered and manicured boudoir beagle runs along, yapping and wetting his share of the fire hydrants just like he is the biggest, meanest hound in the pack.

He apparently overlooked what happened to his immediate predecessor, one Francis Keppel, who make the mistake of cutting off federal funds to Chicago, a special Democratic voting preserve, and was kicked so far out of his kennel that he has not been heard from since. Our leader pulls the ears of two-legged as well as four-legged canines.

The entire apparatus of federal aid to education, the war on poverty and the civil rights kick is simply a tool for political pandering. Lyndon knows this. Earl understands it as well as one of limited intelligence can, but these young dogs that are called into the kennel have to chase a few red herrings before they learn what the game is all about.

In the South, there ain't gonna be no massive integration. Lyndon knows this. Earl knows it. Even Hubert, the Horatio, is beginning to get the message. All of this hokum is something to wave around the ghettos on election eve while the Judas goats lead the sheep to the polling places. Childe Harold, coming lately to the scene, and being newly hypnotized by all this campaign rhetoric has failed to get the message. He will. Or he will get the gate. Keppel didn't. Keppel got it.

Childe Harold may not be such a bad guy after all. I bet he smokes a heavy pipe, wears unpressed tweeds and speaks with Oxfordian ambiguity. Such a man cannot be all bad.

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