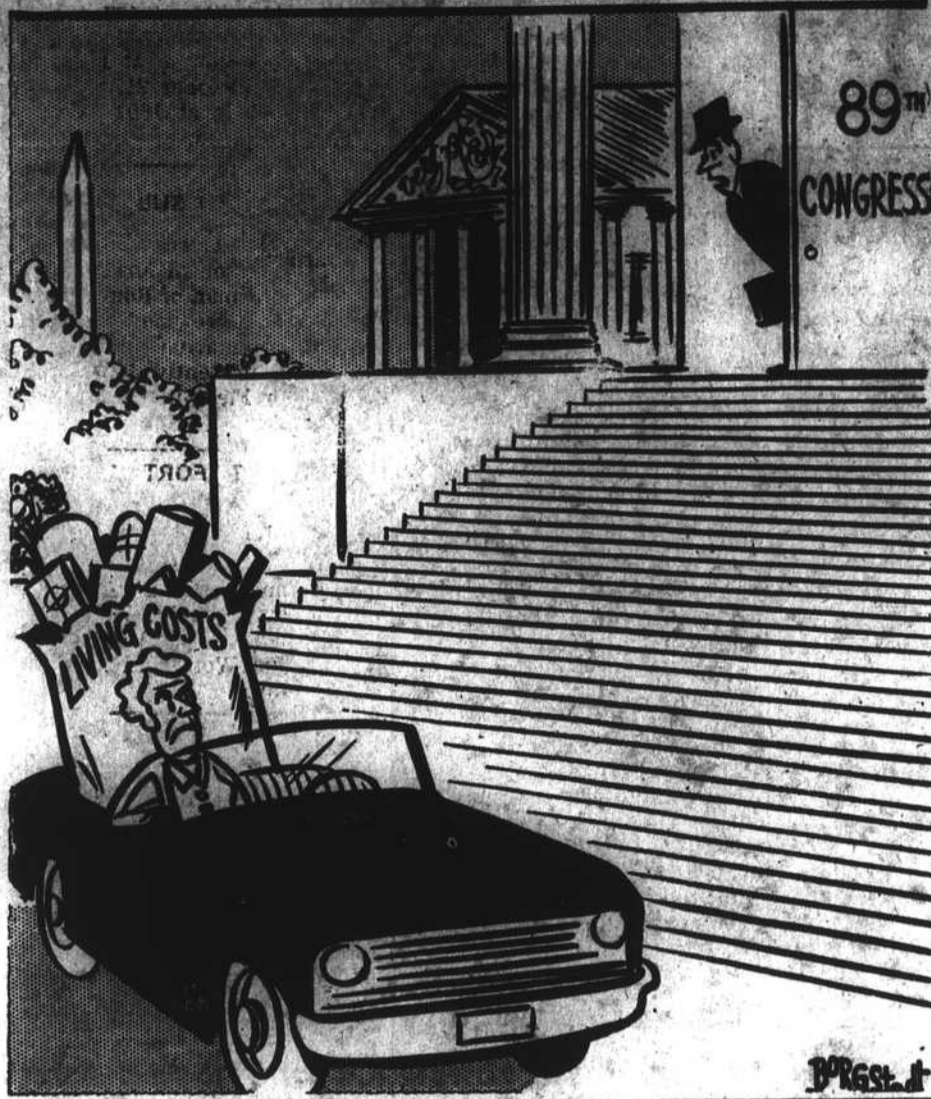


'Er, coming darling!



## EDITORIALS

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

### Election Guesses

One needs no special ability to predict that Democratic job holders in Eastern North Carolina will suffer their most severe shock in this century on November 8th. Some even may lose their spot at the public slop trough.

The North Carolina congressional delegation dean, Harold Cooley, is running scared and with very good cause.

Sixteen-year veteran L. H. Fountain is nervous about his political future for the first time since he retired John Kerr from the second district seat he now holds.

Freshman Representative, Walter Jones, so recently sent to congress, looks back to last winter when the same man he now faces got more than 40 per cent of the first district vote.

Senator Everett Jordan is absurdly complacent, despite his rubberstamp record for the LBJ program, and despite his blundering cover-up of the Bobby Baker mess. Jordan may join the "Tom Dewey Club" on November 9th.

Even the hear-no-evil, see-no-evil, speak-no-evil Democratic monkeys in Raleigh may wake up on November 9th to learn that East Carolina is no longer a voting preserve where the Democratic Party can expect the peasantry to automatically vote the "right way".

But this is merely the beginning. The real fireworks in Eastern North Carolina will come in November 1968, and all across the land, and especially in the southern part of the land there will be weeping and wailing from those who thought they lived in "safe districts".

The strange coalitions that now comprise both the Democratic and Republican parties will find another spicy ingredient in the political stew in 1968. His name is George Wallace. He is well financed, well organized and although he knows very well that he will never be elected president, he does know that he can quite possibly be in a position to personally dictate who will and who will not be elected to this particular job.

### The Cause of Inflation

The cruelest hoax President Johnson has tried to pull on the American public is putting the blame for inflation on such innocent segments of the citizenry as housewives, farmers, expanding industry and retail merchants.

The single cause of our dangerously high inflationary rate is congress.

A congress that even outspends such a confessed state socialist as the president himself. A congress that ignores economic basics and attempts to heal every wound — domestic or foreign with a "money plaster".

Raising the taxes of working Americans while expanding the waste by non-productive government drones is adding insult to injury.

In our tiny community, which represents about one three-thousandth of the entire nation, it takes no crystal ball to see exactly where the inflationary pressures have been generated. Several hundred previously gainfully employed people are now working in some phase of the "War on Poverty", and at wage scales far above the average pay in the community and far above anything any

of these "poverty workers" ever earned themselves before.

More people than ever before are working in the post office, and starting pay scales in the post office are twice as high as the starting pay scale for the average business in this area.

People in this area who do work under government contract not only have the federal government dictating to them the color of the workers they must hire but also the exorbitant wages these workers must be paid. Manual laborers are being paid over \$4 per hour under such federal government contracts.

So the pressures of inflation are being generated by a power-mad cliché of socialists in congress, whose deliberate plan is to spend our capitalistic system into bankruptcy so that the buzzards of state socialism may come down and gnaw the bones of what once was the world's strongest economy.

Government controls stifle incentive, raise costs, harass those who are willing to work and force many small businesses out of business, because they lack the time and the resources to cope with vast amounts of red tape.

### 'Preferential Treatment'

One of the most sinister phrases to creep into the political lexicon in our times is: "Preferential Treatment".

As a matter of individual enterprise there is absolutely nothing wrong with "Preferential Treatment", for it is to be expected that each of us will try more to please some than others. The sinister aspect of "Preferential Treatment" comes from fixing this as governmental policy.

The government of a free people must never vary its goal of equal and exact treatment to all, and the fact that government in the past — or in the present — fails in this effort is a poor excuse for supposing that two wrongs will correct an original wrong.

"Equal Justice Under Law" is a political slogan chiseled over the entrance to the home of the United States Supreme Court. Recently this has been corrupted in decision after decision by this court to mean "Unequal Justice Under Judicial Whim".

When the nation's highest court repeatedly says that law-breakers must not be punished because the laws they broke were "unjust laws" the ugliest evils imaginable swarm from this injudicious Pandora's Box.

This phrase crawled from under the social sciences log and is now moving into other spheres. Just this week a special committee from the University of North Carolina at Charlotte has asked "Preferential Treatment" for its branch of the Greater University to the end that it might catch up with its older sisters.

The absurdity of this concept ought to be recognized by such elders as university trustees. This is the philosophy of cutting off the feed to all the other pigs in the litter until the "runt pig" has caught up. Any farmer is wiser than this. Universities are living organisms. They cannot be put into a state of suspended animation while another "catches up".

The most pressing academic need of our time is for the maximum expansion — intellectually — of every institution of learning; from kindergarten through the graduate schools, and this spirit is poorly served by any thought of "Preferential Treatment".

### The Search for Peace

President Johnson has timed his search for peace to coincide with the congressional elections, but he did not need to fly 25,000 miles to find the key to peace. It lies unused on his desk in the White House: A pen he could use to sign an order calling all Americans out of Viet Nam.

Those among us who suffer a paranoiac fit at the mention of communism may construe such sentiments as cowardly, and others of a simple militaristic persuasion will counter with the allegation that World War Two began when the world did not hurl back Japanese aggression in Manchuria, Italian aggression in Ethiopia and German aggression in mid-Europe in the 1930's.

This is a historical misconception since World War Two actually began at the Versailles Peace negotiations in 1919, when unrealistic boundaries were drawn and when impossible indemnities were levied against Germany.

So there is no parallel between the civil turmoil that splits Viet Nam and the attacks of the Japanese, Italians and Germans in the years leading up to World War Two.

The Malaysian Peninsula has been the victim throughout recorded history, and perhaps even beyond of aggressions from the north. The Chinese have repeatedly overrun this rich collection of tribal domains that includes such principalities as Viet Nam, Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, Burma and Singapore.

The wave of passionate nationalism that swept the world since the end of World War Two has caused even such tiny states to dream of freedom. The Vietnamese fought for 10 bloody years to chase the French out of their land.

They will fight as many years as necessary to chase out the Americans who replaced the French. The issue in Viet Nam is not Red China versus the United States, but is the right of this tiny land to make its own political decisions; and if its decision happens to be for some form of socialism; who living in Ameri-

### PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS BY JACK RIDER

There is no nut like the sports nut. I know, I'm one. Drive 150 miles, climb in a high-priced boat, burn 10 gallons of gas, use \$2 worth of shrimp to catch 50 cents worth of fish, and sometimes not even 50 cents worth. But I laugh at people who pay \$500 to belong to a club which gives them the right to spend \$200 for a set of clubs that are used to knock a little white ball around a big pasture.

A hallmark of the sports nut is his certain conviction that all other people in other sports are nuts. Fortunately all of us don't suffer the same sports psychosis, although as this past weekend at Swansboro when the spot and hogfish were running it did look a little as if everybody had gone fishing.

A special sports nut that I sneer a lot about is the kind who'll get up in the early morning, drive 200 miles, walk four miles and pay \$6 to watch a football game for 48 minutes that he could have seen much better on television.

Locally, and fairly new is the drag strip nut. When they began plowing up Simon Jackson's wheat field and paving a strip with asphalt I thought somebody had lost their cotton picking mind. They had, but it was not the fellows who built the drag strip; it was those such as myself who thought that it wouldn't "go" around here.

Two weekends ago, returning from the mountains we accidentally happened to pass the track where some kind of auto race was being held. I never saw as many people in one place but once before in my life, and that was in the heart of London on VE day in 1945. I heard later on my car radio that more than 55,000 people had paid a lot of loot to watch those cars roar around that track near Charlotte. What nuts.

Then there are duck hunters who ride all the way to Hyde County, pay exorbitant fees for the honor of shooting a duck or goose that they try to give to their friends when they get back to town. It's ten times cheaper and easier to kill the legal limit of ducks in Lenoir County, but most of these hunting nuts insist on riding to Engelhard or even beyond, and freezing in a lonely blind all day long when the sport could be more comfortably and quickly done right in the local backyard, so to speak.

The experts predict that automation is going to force more and more leisure hours upon us spoiled Americans, and that we will have to find some way to spend these idle hours. Some say we should spend them reading the great literature, but most of us prefer to mix our serious reading with a little bit of outdoor entertainment. Golf, tennis, swimming, fishing, hunting, boating and hiking are a few of the ways already claiming the idle hours and deflated dollars of those of us who can't stand to sit in front of a TV set on a beautiful weekend, when the fish are running or the ducks are flying or the deer are leaping, or the golf links are open.

Outdoor recreation is the fastest growing business in America and those same experts I mentioned above say this will continue for a long time to come. So instead of raising the family heirs to be doctors, lawyers or industrial chiefs one might wisely consider aiming these younger sons and daughters in the lucrative direction of outdoor recreation, where they can be paid, and paid very well to take money by the billions off us sports nuts.

ca at this date in history can complain when we are sinking so rapidly into the bottomless pits of totalitarian state socialism?

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