

'You mean you can't even read the first line?'



## EDITORIALS

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

### A Chilling Reminder

The pages of history are sprinkled with horror, but none compares with the deliberate horror of Hitlerian Germany; and though today the world is making an effort to accept Germans as something less than the instruments of so much horror it is undeniable that a majority of the people in the Western World have their thoughts largely controlled by those unspeakable German crimes between 1934 and 1945.

Many Americans honestly support the political premise that reunification of Germany is a requisite to European stability. Most Europeans prefer instability to the kind of "stability" imposed by recent excursions of German fanaticism.

A current book, just translated into English, was written by a boy who was shot and thrown into a pit near Kiev, Russia in 1944, and who miraculously survived to spend 20 years in research, tabulating the horrors of the kind of "stability" that Hitler's hordes brought to that city.

More than 200,000 citizens of Kiev — most of them Jews, were slaughtered and dumped into a single ravine under the orders of Hitler.

Let us review this most recent chapter of horror that all too many of us have chosen to put aside because, perhaps, of its unpleasantness, and because we don't want to believe such crimes possible by such "civilized" people as the Gentle Germanfolk.

Hitler said, and his generals carried out his rule, "The Poles are specially born for low labor. There can be no question of improvement for them. It is necessary to keep the standard of life low in Poland and it must not be permitted to rise. Poland should be used by us merely as a source of unskilled labor. Every year the laborers needed by the Reich could be procured from there."

And Hitler recognized that all Poles were not peasants and he added, "It is indispensable to bear in mind that the Polish gentry must cease to exist; however cruel this may sound, they must be exterminated wherever they are. There should be only one master for the Poles: The Germans. Therefore, all representatives of the Polish intelligentsia are to be exterminated."

And in Russia the proclamation was, "We are the Master Race and must gov-

ern hard but just. I will draw the very last out of this country. I did not come to spread bliss. The population must work, work and work again. We are a master race, which must remember that the lowliest German worker is racially and biologically a thousand times more valuable than the population here."

And more, "The Slavs are to work for us. Insofar as we don't need them, they may die. Therefore compulsory vaccination and German health services are superfluous. The fertility of the Slavs is undesirable. They may use contraceptives or practice abortion — the more the better. Education is dangerous. It is enough that they can count up to 100. Every educated person is a future enemy. Religion we have to leave them as a means of diversion. As for food they won't get anymore than is absolutely necessary. We are the masters. We come first."

And more from a minor murder camp, Mauthausen, "The 47 American, British and Dutch officers were led barefooted to the quarry. At the bottom of the steps the guards loaded stones on the backs of these poor men and they had to carry them to the top. The first journey was made with stones weighing about 60 pounds and accompanied by blows. The second journey the stones were still heavier and whenever the poor wretches sank under the burdens they were kicked and hit with bludgeons. In the evening 21 bodies were strewn along the road. The 26 others died the following morning . . ." This was testimony by a German eye-witness in the Nuremberg War Trials.

And a German contractor, working in the Ukraine told this eye-witness account of mass murder in the Nuremberg trials: "My foreman and I went directly to the pits. I heard rifle shots in quick succession from behind one of the earth mounds. The people who had got off the trucks — men, woman and children of all ages — had to undress upon the order of SS men, who carried dog whips. They had to put down their clothes in fixed places, sorted according to the shoes, top clothing and under clothing. I saw a heap of shoes of about 800 to 1,000 pairs, great piles of under-linen and clothing.

"Without screaming or weeping these people undressed, stood around in fami-

ly groups, kissed each other, said farewells and waited for a sign from another SS man, who stood near the pit, also with a whip in his hand. During the 15 minutes that I stood near the pit I heard no complaint or pleas for mercy.

"An old woman with snow-white hair was holding a one year-old child in her arms and singing to it and tickling it. The child was cooing with delight. The parents were looking on with tears in their eyes. The father was holding the hand of a boy about 10 years old and speaking to him softly; the boy was fighting tears. The father pointed to the sky, stroked his head and seemed to explain something to him.

"At that moment the SS man at the pit shouted something to his comrade. The latter counted off about 20 persons and instructed them to go behind the earth mound. I well remember a girl, slim and with black hair, who, as she passed close to me, pointed to herself and said: 'twenty-three years old'.

"I walked around the mound and found myself confronted by a tremendous grave. People were closely wedged together and lying on top of each other so that only their heads were visible. Nearly all had blood running over their shoulders from their heads. Some of the people were still moving. Some were lifting their arms and turning their heads to show that they were still alive. The pit was already two-thirds full. I estimated that it contained about a thousand people. I looked for the man who did the shooting. He was an SS man, who sat at the narrow end of the pit, his feet dangling in the pit. He had a tommy gun on his knees and was smoking a cigar.

"The people, completely naked, went down some steps and climbed over the heads of people lying there to the place where the SS man directed them. They lay down in front of the dead or wounded; some caressed those who were still alive and spoke to them in a low voice. Then I heard a series of shots. I looked into the pit and saw that the bodies were twitching or the heads lying already motionless on top of the bodies that lay beneath them. Blood was running from their necks. The next batch was approaching already. They went down into the pit, lined themselves up against the previous victims and were shot. And so it went batch after batch.

"The next morning I saw about 30 naked people lying near the pit. Some of them were still alive. Later the Jews still alive were ordered to throw the corpses into the pit. Then they themselves had to lie down in this to be shot in the neck. I swear before God that this is the absolute truth."

Those readers who have stayed with us this long must be wondering what we are trying to say, by reprinting eye-witness accounts of this terror.

European Jewry was not the first, nor, we fear, the last ethnic group to be used as the catspaw of a demagogue.

There is the chilling reminder, inherent in these terrible pages of history that even the most civilized nations can suffer an epidemic madness that can turn upon itself and commit unimaginable and unspeakable acts of brutality.

If a depression were to hit the United States in the near future, it would be easy to inflame the violent fringes of American society into blaming Negroes as Hitler blamed German Jewry, for every thing that has gone wrong.

You say this is impossible? You say Americans would not commit such crimes? You couldn't be more wrong. The brutal principles of dictatorship place a pistol in the back of each citizen's neck, forcing him to do things that sicken and corrode his soul, rather than to suffer that final blast into eternity.

Those who foolishly and recklessly play with the social and political dynamite involved in such affairs are potentially much more dangerous than those generals who play with hydrogen bombs.

JONES JOURNAL  
JACK RIDER, PUBLISHER  
Published every Thursday by the Lenoir County News Company, Inc., 403 West Vernon Ave., Kinston, N. C. 28501, Phone JA 3-2375. Entered as Second Class Matter May 5, 1949, at Post Office at Trenton, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879. By mail first class \$3.00 per year plus 3 per cent N. C. Sales Tax. Subscription rates payable in advance. Second class postage paid at Trenton, N. C.

### PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

I have before me a news release from East Carolina College, which offers rather confused confirmation of the absurdity so frequently confronted in modern education. Consider this paragraph:

"Awards and recognitions were given in the biological and physical science divisions of both age groups. Ten winners and six honorable mention exhibits were cited in the upper group. Two first, four second and six third-place winners were picked in each division of the junior group."

Let's lift that sentence out again: "Two first, four second and six third-place winners were picked in each division." Everybody wins a prize. There is a mental block in modern education which forces the system to confuse the student, confound the parent and consternate those in every department who are interested in scholastic excellence, rather than adjustment to the social living concept.

Grading on curve lifts the low and lowers the high all too frequently. This system got started as a real test of student ability, but it has fallen into disrepair, and now too often it is used to cover both the inadequacy of teacher and student alike.

But let us not forget that schools are not the only place that this "Everybody A Winner" system is working. In nearly every segment of society this levelling concept is operating. Unionism rewards the sorry worker as much as the excellent worker. Socialism is the apple that is tempting most of us Adams and Eves in this 20th Century Garden of Eden.

The system is that everybody will have two cars, two chickens in every pot and a matching pair of Phi Beta Kappa keys. Which, really, is no more silly than a science fair passing out "two firsts, four seconds and six third-place winners in each division."

Which is enough of my griping for one column, let's talk of more pleasant things. There were many lost, strayed and late shoppers for their license plate in Kinston this year, and among them was Mrs. Lewis McAvery Jr., who was told by her husband that they were selling license this year just behind the Colonial Frozen Food Locker Plant. So Mrs. McAvery went, and got in line and inched along patiently, wishing that she had not waited so late to buy her license.

After inching along for quite some time she got near the door and then noticed that people coming out of the "license plate shop" were carrying boxes of groceries. Nobody had to explain any further to her, since she then suddenly realized that she was in the line where surplus foods are passed out to welfare department clients. She suddenly surrendered her place in the line and went to the next building in the block where the license plate line was slowly inching along. I bet Mrs. McAvery is not the only person who got in the wrong line.

And I'd like to put in a word here for the best teacher I've ever had. Fellow name of Harvey Hines. He kindly offered to take me fishing last week down to Pitchkettle and show me how to catch hickory shad. We rose up early in the morning, and after having to borrow Bill Johnson's \$50 1950 Plymouth we got from Fort Barnwell to the fishing hole.

At the fishing hole there were other expert shad fishermen, such as Buzz and Jimmy Mitchell, Bird Nest Raspberry, Squirrel Miller who all pitched in to help Hines teach me the fine art of Shad fishing. My first cast caught a cypress knee, and Hines explained that I wasn't using enough "wrist". So I used a little more "wrist" and got a beautiful bouquet of Spanish Moss, and so the day went. The "Master" was not present, Curly Courtney Humphrey; which I regret deeply, for I have seen him teach briefly before and know that anybody who can teach Calvin Jackson could surely be able to help Jackson Rider, too. But Hines did the best he could with so many kibitzers.