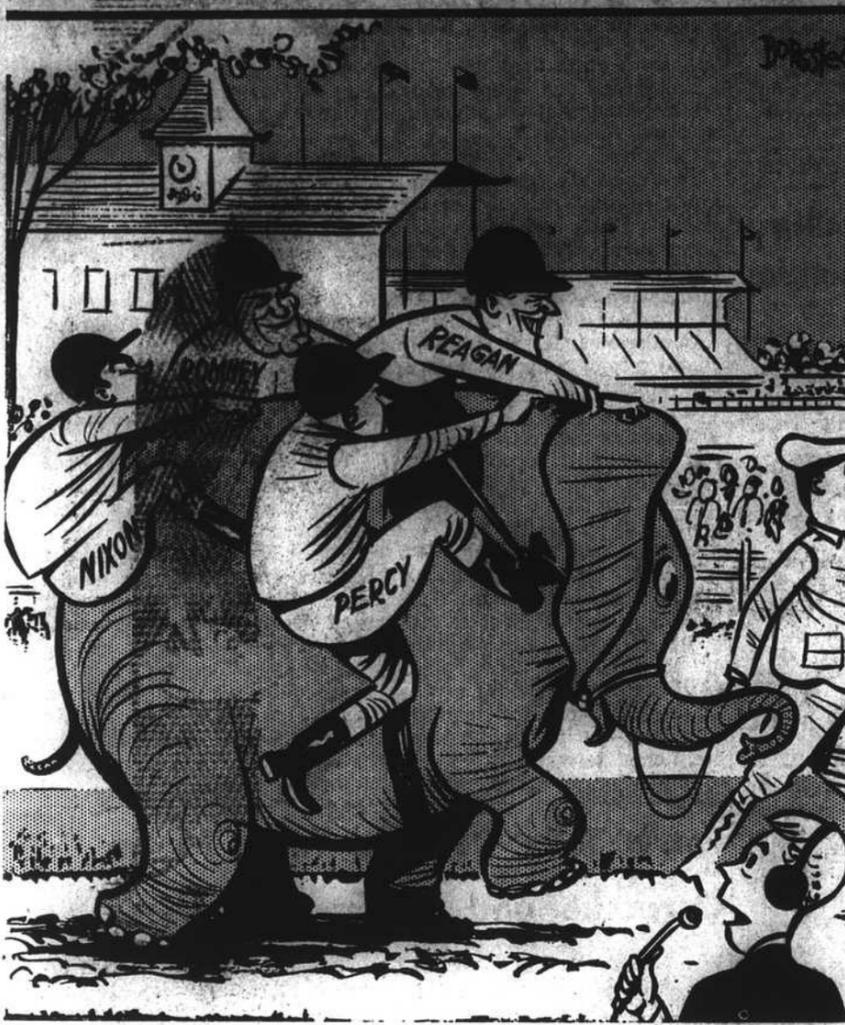


And in the saddle for the G. O. P. stables, folks. . .



EDITORIALS

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

Time Marches On

This is the first edition in the 20th year of the Lenoir County News and the second edition in the 19th year of the Jones Journal.

Time really does march on. At this point in our sometimes happy, sometimes hectic, two decades we are on the verge of finally moving into our own home . . . at 605 North Heritage Street, which we hope will have greater success for us than it had for previous occupants.

But a lot of sewage has flown under a lot of Neuse River bridges since we hung out this journalistic shingle here in May 1948.

How many zillion words we have banged out, may interest some, but we haven't the slightest idea, except that it's a helluva lot.

We have been right a few times, wrong a few times; but our heart has always been located in the right place, if not on the right side.

We have tried to fight for a better area, in every sense: Educationally, rec-

reationally, industrially, agriculturally, politically and even amusingly.

And it is our modest view that we did have some very small part in making this area better in every one of these areas in 1967 than it was in 1948.

About halfway down this 20-year journey the hop-skip-and-jump went out of our gait and we're not able to climb as many fences, jump as many ditches, chase as many ambulances as we did in 1948, but others have suffered worse fates than a walking stick.

We have had a lot of help from a lot of people, both from those who have helped us with their business, as well as those who have tolerated our ravings and rantings and occasional serenities.

A lot of pleasant memories trickle down to one's fingertips on such anniversary occasions, but the nicest is that the minor success we have had with these journalistic efforts has permitted us to be here with the people we love; in the midst of the most blessed corner of this universe.

Some District

Beaufort, Bertie, Camden, Currituck, Chowan, Craven, Dare, Gates, Hertford, Hyde, Jones, Lenoir, Martin, Pamlico, Pasquotank, Perquimans, Pitt, Tyrrell and Washington . . . that's a lot of counties, and that's the proposed First North Carolina Congressional District.

One sixth of North Carolina's land area, and about 90 per cent of its inland waters are included in this far-reaching congressional proposal.

Under the iniquitous, illegal rule of the United States Supreme Court congressional districts must be parcelled out on a "one-man, one-vote" basis, which is resulting in such monstrous efforts on the part of all state legislative bodies. In Oklahoma just seven of that state's 77 counties have a majority in both houses of the state legislature.

Congress is designed with one house to represent geographical units and the other to represent population; yet this clique of political thieves on the supreme court has ruled that what is legal

for the federal legislature is illegal in a state legislature.

If this same judicial idiocy were followed in the federal legislature just nine states — New York, California, Pennsylvania, Texas, Illinois, Michigan, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Ohio would have a majority of the seats in both houses of congress, yet they do not have a majority in either house of congress, since even in the house of representatives a state is guaranteed one seat, no matter how small its population may be, permitting Alaska one representative with only 226,177 people, while in other states the ratio of one representative to about 450,000 people.

And, of course, Alaska has two United States Senators for its 226,177 people, while New York has two United States Senators for its 16,782,304 people; which rather knocks the supreme court's stupid "one-man, one-vote" notion out of the legal ballpark.

This is by far the most dangerous usurpation of power yet indulged in by

Dodd's Doddering

One hears a great deal about Senator Thomas Dodd's stealing from us taxpayers, but most of us are not aware of another dangerous effort of this same character.

Senator Dodd is chief sponsor and major spokesman for an effort to disarm law-abiding citizens, while leaving the criminals of the nation free to roam the countryside with their sawed off shotguns, tommy guns and blunt-nosed pistols.

Even a thievish United States Senator ought to recognize that passing a law against ownership of firearms will not prevent the criminal elements of society from owning their own private arsenals.

So the frenzy the nation suffered after somebody shot President Kennedy in Dallas, Texas has taken form in a rash of laws to outlaw purchase and ownership of certain kinds of guns.

There was a time when one could lean on the United States Constitution which guarantees each citizen the right to bear arms; but today with the kind of state socialist majority that we have on the United States supreme court it is highly likely that any court test would be against the people and in favor of the all-powerful state.

Firearms registration in Western Europe made it childishly simple for Hitler to take over that part of the world, since all he had to do was look at the firearms registration books in each town hall and he knew where every shotgun, rifle and pistol in the area was located.

It may seem far-fetched to preach to the smug majority of Americans that a time may come when guerilla warfare might be the only choice Americans would have between tyranny and freedom.

As history goes it has not been a terribly long time since Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death!" And today the citizens of America are far more regimented, for more heavily taxed, far less represented and much more harassed by a distant government than the colonists of 1776.

Right Church, Wrong Pew

The task force from the presidential commission on law enforcement has preached a good sermon to the wrong people by criticizing the lower courts where 90 per cent of all criminal cases are heard.

Nothing could be more true than the fact that the major cause of the exploding crime rate in our nation is the court — The United States Supreme Court, and not the lower courts.

This is not to excuse the sorry judges of the lower courts for their many flagrant abuses of the law, but is to assign guilt where guilt exists.

It was not a lower court that ruled to turn confessed murderers and rapists loose in the streets. It was the United States Supreme Court.

It was not a lower court that ruled that mobs could commit no wrong so long as that mob used the veil of civil rights. It was the United States Supreme Court.

It was not a lower court that ruled that no state could have a law against treason. It was the United States Supreme Court which held itself aptly to be the only arbiter of treason.

It was not a lower court that ruled that known communists could not be barred from teaching in New York State, or from practicing law in California. It was the United States Supreme Court that turned anarchy and subversion loose in our society.

It was not a lower court that ruled diametrically against the United States Constitution in legislative apportionment. It was the United States Supreme Court that held it was illegal for a state legislature to be based on the same constitutional grounds as the federal legislature.

The root of our judicial evil today is not in a recorder's court, a JP court, a superior court or even in a state supreme court. The root of this evil is in the power-hungry unelected, ruling-for-life gang that comprise with Earl Warren a majority on the nation's highest court.

the nitwits who vote along with Earl Warren on the supreme court.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

As noted in another piece on this page; this marks the beginning of the 20th year for the Lenoir County News and the 19th year for the Jones Journal. 988 personal paragraphs ago . . . four editorials a week or something like 3952 editorial efforts . . . and if each averaged 300 words, more than a million and a half words. That's an awful lot of hot air.

I'm sure most of us in this editorial-writing trade must from time to time ask ourselves if we wouldn't be making a much bigger and better contribution if we were picking up garbage or digging ditches or taking in washing. But old devil ego keeps driving us back to the typewriter, to impose our prejudices and prides on others. Or at least to attempt to impose them.

I am not now the "Rough Rider" Skipper Coffin tried to polish in the journalism department at Carolina. Years have tenderized me physically, as well as editorially. Skipper said it would be that way, and long about the time I was ready to park the old Underwood I'd learn that a velvet glove works better than a brick bat. I'm still learning that lesson.

In the 21 years that I have been editorializing for a living (19 on this page, one at Ahoskie and another on the News of Orange County at Hillsboro (now Hillsborough) I have tilted with a lot of windmills, and just as Don Quixote, I have been dumped very hard on the ground, bruised, battered and bloody but always sure that I was hit a low blow by the opposition windmill.

Now as I begin this 20th year on this page it is a rather ironical twist of the typewriter turnip that I am trying to persuade folks to build a new hospital, when I still have knots on my hard head from fighting another hospital war 16 years ago. I was for a hospital then.

But then I wanted a new hospital on an adequate site . . . a hospital that could be expanded to keep up with the demands of our area. But that is all water under the bridge. I lost: The taxpayers — including myself — got stuck with a hospital that was inadequate before it was even designed.

So today I am saying there is no profit, not even any fun in crying over that million dollar's worth of spilled milk of 15 years ago. Some poet said a long time ago that time could not be turned back. We cannot use hospitals tomorrow that were not built yesterday.

This is the most expensive mistake we have made since I came back home after World War II. But all of us need to recognize that it was just simply that: A mistake, and now we are forced to correct it before too much more precious time has passed.

Looking back on these 19 years since we came back home the only really sad reflections are about those we loved and respected who are not here with us now. But this, too, is an inflexible law of nature; that none of us will be here forever, and if each of us is able to leave behind a few people who sincerely miss us then our brief period on the stage of time will not have been totally in vain.

One final reflection from Skipper Coffin: "Editorials cannot be written that everyone will agree with, but editorials can and must be written to make people think." I hope this page has succeeded in that direction in the past and that it will continue along that path in the future.

JONES JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY 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.