

Timber—!



# EDITORIALS

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

## Summitery

One may be excused a mild spell of cynicism over recent successes in the inexact Science of Summitery. But even after suffering this attack one can still hope that some day on some summit some success will be had.

The record of Chamberlain's summit appearance with Hitler, or Eisenhower and Khrushchev is not one to raise high hopes in a world situation that offers more basis for hopelessness than hopefulness.

But talking is better than fighting, and if Ho Chi Minh and LBJ could come together a great many of the problems that now exist for our country, both foreign and domestic might become less. Certainly, they could get no worse.

The coy collision of Kosygin and Johnson at Glassboro, New Jersey was a bending of the knee of each to the other. One would not go to Washington and the other would not go to New York; so they met on the highroad between the two.

But it should be noted, and with hope,

that Kosygin had come from Moscow to New York before he refused to go that last 225 miles. The Russian economy is no more able to suffer a continuing support of the Middle East, Far East, or Near East arms race than the United States.

Our leaders are now softening us (they hope) for a big tax increase in the empty but hallowed name of "national defense". In Russia the decisions involve less effort in public relations, but they do involve more serious effort in the field of economics.

The industrial and agricultural base of Russia cannot compare to the American, and this makes it far more difficult for the boys in the Kremlin to play the arms-race game than for Americans.

But there is a ground swell inside both the communist and late capitalist worlds against even such major powers playing "god" for all the rest of the world. If summit climbers realize this, they may be able to reach something worthwhile for all the world.

## Religion?

Jerusalem is most frequently referred to as the birthplace of three major religions: Hebrew, Christian and Islamic. Each of which is based upon the life and teachings of the gentlest men.

Yet for hundreds of years men have been killing men in the name of these gentle founders of these great religions. They are still at it. Surely there cannot be much religion on either side in such perpetual warfare.

Lenin declared that religion was the opiate of the people. There is more evidence to support the belief that religion is the irritant of the masses than a depressant such as opium.

In truth religion is neither an opiate nor an irritant. Religion is man's eternal struggle with his own soul, but religion has been used and abused by sel-

fish men ever since the first witch doctor began practicing his black art in the dawn of time.

There is something utterly profane in a priest or preacher or rabbi praying for victory over his enemies. Yet it is done, and always has been done; but this kind of prayer is offered in the name of men's eternal greed, and not in the name of his eternal soul.

It is sad that man's noblest impulses can be, and often are subverted into the lowest practices. One wonders if this reflects a failure of religion or of man; or is it more likely a failure of those charged with the responsibility of bringing true religion to man.

The credibility gap not only exists between political leaders and their constituencies. It is even wider in some-

## Speculation Continues

None now alive, including the youngest infant, will outlive the sea of speculation that still surrounds the murder of President Kennedy. Books are still being written about Lincoln's death... and recently conjecture was reopened about Napoleon's death... and Lenin's and Stalin's.

This is a popular sport which the public apparently enjoys to the great profit of those who are making a career of this kind of ghoulism.

History is far from an exact science, because it is rather like beauty, largely in the eye of the beholder. And the eyewitness is not always the most reliable witness.

In the past few weeks television networks have spent huge amounts of money re-exploring even the most minute fragments of the Kennedy murder.

All have reached the same conclusion reached earlier by the Warren Commission: That Lee Harvey Oswald did the shooting, without accomplices.

Oswald is dead, and so is the man who killed him. But conjecture, both wild and rational will never die. What amounts almost to an industry has sprung up around this tragedy.

Lincoln, and Kennedy may belong to the ages, but the myths and mysteries that surround them are the property of this speculative industry.

## Law Is Still Wrong

Congress has repeated its past sin by passing into law for another four years the grossly inequitable thing called a "Selective Service System".

Every inequity that existed before is retained, and not one single improvement has been made. The president was forced to sign this continuing inequity into law since the old law expires on July 1st and there would have been no draft procedure if he had vetoed this latest imbecility of congress.

The president took note of the national discontent with the present law and had a presidential committee study the existing mess and make recommendations for improvements.

Not one of these recommendations was accepted by congress. This is a calloused disregard for the life and liberty of that small percentage of our young men who are snatched against their will into uniform, while their associates are left free to roam the countryside with either educational or occupational deferments.

Every member of congress who voted for this unprincipled law ought to be forced to enter the armed forces as a draftee and along with every child he has between the ages of 18 and 26.

But congressmen are exempted from military duty and their children manage to snag one or more of the deferments that are not available to young men in less exalted positions.

If this issue seems a trifle contrived it's because it is. Our shop is closed this week so our people can go off and get tired enough to come back and rest. Hope you're enjoying the July heat in the most comfortable way you can find.

Between now and July 15th is surely the time for every landowner who has land he wishes to sell for a hospital site to make this known to the trustees of Lenoir Memorial Hospital. But it is, almost a certainty that somebody will complain at great length about not having been considered when the hospital is about half built, despite the fact that he did not make known his willingness to sell his land for this purpose.

stances, between the priest and his parish than between the president and the press.

Any religious leader who supports in act or in principle the violation of another person, or another nation by his parish is guilty of the most dread heresy. Self defense, in law and in religion is the only basis for principled violence. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" is not a principle that ends at a national boundary.

## PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS BY JACK RIDER

I'm like the average doctor, or preacher; I don't always take the medicine I prescribe for others or listen to the sermons I preach. Last week I was talking about travelling by folder, rather than doing the actual travelling. On the weekend a group of us went to New York for a little show-going, night-clubbing and sightseeing. It was my first visit to Bagdad on the Hudson since January 1946, and in 21 years I fear I've changed more than New York.

We did see a lot of interesting sights, and although I was stationed there for several months during the war at La Guardia Field I went to some places I didn't see as a younger lad. The saddest sight was The Bowery, which you have to see to believe. I cannot describe it adequately, and if I did few people would believe it.

Imagine; a street about as long as Kinston's "Magic Mile". For its full length the buildings are old, many boarded up and long empty. Those that are not empty are a motley collection of bars, greasy-windowed restaurants, pawn shops, second-hand clothing shops and "flop houses". The decay of so much property in the heart of the world's largest and richest city is hard to conceive.

But the human decay is sadder still. For the full length of this "Tragic Mile" human derelicts sprawl on the sidewalk in drunken, doped coma, or just hunched against a doorway. Thousands of ageless, dirty, bearded men. This was at 10:30 in the morning. What it would be like at night only a Dante could imagine. If there is a hell of earth it has to be in skidrows such as this.

Here in Kinston we have some of the same. We call them Riverbank Smoke Drinkers, and our police and our community try to cope with eight or ten of these sad beings on an average day.

But in The Bowery the magnitude of the sadness hits one with an impact that our handfull here in Kinston cannot have. Suppose one were a Solomon, with wisdom and power: What could one do for, or with these men on the junkpile of humanity? Are they better off in jail, in a hospital, out of sight, off the streets? But then there is consideration for their rights.

We force hospitalization on people who have certain communicable diseases, and this is accepted; but alcoholism destroys more men, more women, more marriages, more homes, more children, more businesses than all of the communicable diseases put together.

In the midst of this sea of human flotsam there is one tiny island, a mission operated by The Salvation Army, where these sad men can get a bath, shave, a clean bed and warm meal. Not all of them, because it is estimated that on a given day there are about 5,000 such lost souls on this "Tragic Mile". How many can be reached each day by The Salvation Army Mission is not known to me, but I do know that they can only reach those who ask for help. They cannot drag them off the streets and force care upon them.

Huddled around this mission were several dozen of these men, cleaner and a little less miserable looking than those sitting on their haunches in filthy doorways. But how long will this overnight veneer last? Most will pawn the clothing given them by The Salvation Army and be back in the gutter as soon as the first Sterno center is opened. All of this is within sight of the United Nations, where men gather in the futile effort to govern the world, when almost at their doorstep is sad evidence that we cannot cope with our own problems as individuals.

JONES JOURNAL  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY JACK RIDER, PUBLISHER  
Company, Inc., 606 North Heritage St., Kinston, N. C. 28501, Phone JA 3-6375. 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. Subscriptions: retail payable in advance.