

The Real Swinger



EDITORIALS

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

Civil Terror

A shiver is running across this land, touching every home and heart. It is a shiver of fear because the long unbridled passions of civil rights have turned into civil terror.

Business people, and simple householders share the common fear that their town, their business, their home or their very life may be next in this wave of federally encouraged anarchy that now holds our country in its grip.

This is the exact terror loosened upon the French nation by its misguided venture into liberalism in the waning days of the 18th century. And that was the terror that led France to accept Napoleon after he had disciplined the mob with a few well placed rounds of artillery.

If there is a worse terror than rampant anarchy it is the brutal alternatives people are willing — even anxious to grab. Today a growing number of our nation's major cities would welcome

martial law. Civil law has broken down, because people with utmost sincerity and nobility of purpose have tried to move too rapidly in attempting to right the wrongs of generations that some segments of the Negro race have suffered.

Now there is almost surely a tide setting in that will turn the Negro cause back a long way, and today there is also the sinister possibility that some American Hitler may loosen all the terrors of genocide on a gentle people, whose criminal elements are threatening their safety, as well as that of the entire nation.

Unfortunately, at this late date there are no alternatives available to our leaders at either the state or national level.

This terror must be put down, swiftly, sternly and surely; and the longer officials wait to face this unhappy duty the more costly it will be in lives, in property and in the ultimate welfare of every citizen of every color in every part of the country.

The Body Politic

Obviously in a "body politic" that stretches from the Western Pacific to the shores of Maine and from the North Pole to the Florida Keys there is a long time between the taking of snuff and the sneezing.

This week all across the South school officials are "sneezing" along with their feeble efforts to comply with an assortment of misguided guidelines imposed by federal blackmail upon the public schools.

Meanwhile, leaders of 45 organizations who purport to represent the majority of the nation's Negroes are calling for segregation rather than integration.

Still standing on the street corners with cup in hand are the white-collar Negro leaders whose grits and gravy have always come from white donations.

But the militant Black Muslim types are spitting vitriol in the eye of the white leadership. They have sponsored the

misguided effort to convert Negroes to white people through laws, sermons and subjective abuse of all the arts.

And in Washington a confused collection of congressmen ponder the mess they have made. The more they have given the worse the situation has grown. Every so-called "civil rights" law has spawned a new round of demands and another series of threats, and now the threats have been converted into action.

If any other ethnic group in this "Melting Pot" had ever made the wild demands and had committed the crimes of recent years that have been committed in the name of Negro rights the pogroms of Poland and Russia and Germany would have been mild by comparison.

But the nation has a gull complex — based to some degree in reality but to a far larger degree in mythology, which has led to the current mess. The white leadership has sponsored the

The Draft Goes On

In the past year 180 Lenoir Countians have been forced to enter the armed forces by the local draft board. Since 1948 there have been 11,563 young men forced to register with the local board on reaching their 18th birthday anniversary.

This is only a small per cent of the Lenoir Countians who are serving and who have served in the armed forces. Obviously a great many volunteer for duty rather than waiting for the draft board to exercise its brand of selectivity.

At present there are 417 Lenoir County boys deferred because they are in college and another 256 are deferred because they are still in high school. Another 40 are deferred because of what the draft board calls "critical occupations".

The majority of those 40 who hold such "critical occupations" in Lenoir County are school teachers. A few are engineers for Du Pont and one policeman enjoys such a selective sanctuary.

In the scheme of things as they exist in our nation today it is extremely difficult to understand the basis of these occupational deferments.

The "critical" nature of a teacher's job, or an engineer in a textile plant or a policeman is beyond the understanding of the average citizen.

Undoubtedly the clerks of each of the more than 4,000 draft boards in the nation try to do a fair job under the mountain of regulations they are forced to live with.

But the end product of this mass of regulations is still an unfair system which penalizes one group and patronizes another.

The most difficult job of the draft board is in months when a board has a quota of one or two men. How to go about choosing from dozens who may be equally able and equally liable for service is the question that has to haunt everyone involved in this exercise of power over the lives of our finest young men.

The Welfare County

The phrase: Welfare State has come to be pretty common in conversation in recent years. There is some logic in the assumption that Jones County may be rapidly earning for itself the dubious distinction of being called The Welfare County.

This year welfare spending in Jones County is at the rate of \$54.70 per capita, as compared to \$18.66 per capita in Lenoir County.

This, of course, does not mean that each citizen of Jones County will get \$54.70 this year in a welfare check, but it does represent the average cost to each Jones County citizen in state, federal and county taxes to support its county welfare program.

If that small per cent of Jones Countians who will get this \$54.70 is subtracted from the total population of Jones County it obviously means that those who DO pay these state, county and federal taxes will have to pay considerably more than \$54.70 as their part of their county's welfare bill.

Jones County is spending this year \$60,041 on salaries and expenses of its welfare office staff, while Lenoir County with six times the population to serve is only spending \$148,206 on salaries and expenses of its welfare workers.

This paper unfortunately lacks the resources to go over the entire Jones County welfare program in great detail, and there is, of course, the possibility that the comparison of Jones County with its sister county of Lenoir is unfair. If it is, we seriously would welcome a statement of clarification from Jones County welfare authorities.

We are not hopeful, however, that such a statement will come since the prevailing philosophy in Jones — and in all other counties is the assumption to "get all you can" from state and federal tax sources, since "somebody's gonna get it and we're gonna have to keep on paying state and federal taxes." This philosophy multiplied by 9000 counties is the basic cause of the sorry state of our government's social affairs.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

"I never even answer job offers (from the South). I hate the South because they put down Negroes there: it's as simple as that."

This is just a bit of the gibberish from this bearded bard John Berryman, who now postures about the world as a great example of the American poet.

In his vagrancy he has conceded to teach at Brown, Harvard, California, Wayne State, Princeton, Iowa and Cincinnati, but Berryman hates the South. A typical modern "liberal".

Berryman's Boswell who profiles him in last week's "Life" begins her adoration of this black magi with "Whisky and ink, Whisky and ink. These are the fluids John Berryman needs." And perhaps a wee drop of elderberry wine.

This 52 year-old thrice-married booze artist is one of the hottest properties in the Ginsberg tradition now operating off Broadway.

Poetry is only another thing of beauty that is totally in the eye, or ear of the beholder; so to each his peculiar own.

But there are some facts of life that "Life" and many it articulate ignore, either for alliterative or uglier reasons.

Principal among these oversights by those who "hate" the South is that the 10 million "put down" Negroes in the South enjoy more of every happy index of life than all the other 200 million Negroes on the globe, wherever situate.

This five per cent of the world's Negroes who live south of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi own more homes, more farms, more cars, more bank accounts, more college degrees, more college presidencies, more truly elective offices, more safety in their person and their property than all the rest of the Negroes in the world.

For the past 102 years and three months every "put down" Negro in this hated South has had daily opportunity to seek the Elysian fields to the North, west or any other direction his heart desired.

And after this century and a fraction the finest and most respected Negro community in the world is not in Harlem, nor Detroit, nor Newark, nor Watts, nor The Congo; not even in Washington, D. C., but is here in the "hating, hostile" Southland.

This hated white South never jalled an entire people as the flaming liberals of California did in 1941, with a helping hand from equally liberal patriots in Washington, D. C.

During four long years of this nation's most terrible war the white and black South suffered together, and not at each other's throats. Not until the evils of carpet bag days agitated freed slaves was there any violence between the races. Certainly none to compare with the Civil War riots in New York City in which white mobs tried to murder every Negro in that fair city.

But this is history, and modern intellectualism is more concerned with form than fact.

Fire hose are police brutality in Birmingham, yet automatic shotguns and rifles in Newark are a necessity.

Such a sodden tramp as this John Berryman is nothing new in the annals of American bigotry. He bears a marked resemblance to John Brown, whose body lies a smouldering in some corner of hell.

The South has survived, and will continue to survive such slobbering idiocies. The pain is only intensified slightly by such slanders being spread through the millions of pages of a photographic journal that does so with premeditation.

One may laugh, if a trifle harshly at the vagrancies of this alcoholic beatnik, but the continued weekly diggings of more sober, and less principled editors of "Life" cannot be laughed away.

JONES JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY JACK RIDER, Editor
Published every Thursday by The Lenoir County Press Company, Inc., 201 North Salisbury St., Kinston, N. C. 28501. Phone 338-2222. Second class postage paid at Kinston, N. C.