

'Take a handful home for the folks, Stokely—!'



EDITORIALS

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

One Solution

There is very little profit in placing blame, or searching for reasons because neither of these will solve the problem of racial conflict that is now posed more seriously than ever before in the history of these United States.

The job at hand now is to find an answer, and to find it quickly before some kind of dictatorship is forced upon the entire nation.

There is one fairly simple solution to the Negro problem; that is to relocate them on a per capita basis all across the nation.

In the last census 10.5 per cent of the nation's population was Negro. Yet the distribution of Negroes ranges from the low of just 0.1 per cent in Vermont and North Dakota to the highs of 53.9 per cent in Washington, D. C. and 42 per cent in Mississippi. Only 17 of the 50 states have as much as their theoretical 10.5 per cent of the Negroes.

Since poor housing is being used as one of the excuses for the rioting that has been grinding too many of our cities into ashes a gigantic relocation program could be financed by the federal government with grants to start anew for all

those who cared to move; something in the order of an urban homesteading principle.

North Carolina had more Negro citizens in 1960 (1,118,021) than 28 other states combined. Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Washington, Oregon, Alaska, Hawaii, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, West Virginia and Kentucky combined had fewer Negro citizens than the single states of North Carolina, New York, Illinois, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas. As we all know in those northern areas where large groups of Negroes do live they are jammed into ghettos as in Harlem and Washington, D. C. and not spread evenly about.

The opposite answer being proclaimed by the black power advocates is complete separation of the races with a land carved out and all Negroes moved there. This would automatically qualify them for foreign aid.

Neither of these answers is acceptable but they do accent the problem.

Story Grows Worse

Three weeks ago we began a study of welfare programs; first comparing Jones and Onslow County, then all of the 100 counties of North Carolina and this week comparing — or perhaps contrasting would be a better word, the programs in the 50 states.

As we said in the beginning it ought to be assumed that the socialists who labor this program would be the first to insist upon a system of egalitarian concept, but our study has proven that exactly the opposite situation exists.

At the county level welfare clients in the identical circumstances may easily get enrolled in one county and just across a county line they would not qualify, and if they do they are likely to get considerably less than in the other county.

This same non-sensical spread, if anything, grows worse when state systems are compared; and if one keeps in mind the amazing spread that exists from county to county in North Carolina it is logical to assume that such spreads exist in other states.

children is \$25.76, but we have seen in last week's study of North Carolina that the range of payments goes from Anson County's low of \$19.76 per family member to the high of \$33.08 in Cabarrus County.

This week we see the spread between states goes from Mississippi's low of \$9.35 per family member to New Jersey's high of \$55.85.

If we assume that New Jersey's spread is comparable to North Carolina's this results in more shocking conclusions. . . Conclusions that are not jumped to without reasonable basis.

We have also seen in our North Carolina study a spread of even more astonishing proportions in the per capita rate of enrollment between Henderson County's low of 0.51 per cent and Jones County's high of 7.79 per cent.

Our study is not complete in the realm of enrollment rate but there is every indication that this, too, suffers a similar discriminatory spread, evidenced by the fact that California in April of this year spent 30.3 per cent of all welfare funds on the state with

Speculation

Over a hundred of our major cities have now been attacked by revolutionary bands and our soothsayers blindly claim there is no organization behind this; while the principle public organizer of this revolt confers with his leaders in Havana.

Consider the hand-wringing panic and frustrating delays that bounced back and forth between Romney and Johnson in the Detroit battle.

Suppose on a later date some other conspirator with the Castro Cell flipped another little switch around Niagara Falls at the same time these trained arsonists and snipers went to work on several major cities.

Suppose at the same time there is no power to pump water to fight fires a sniper picked off another president and frantic governors had no one in the White House except a clabberhead such as Hubert Humphrey to lean on.

Talk about panic!

Hubert Horatio would lose his head more completely than Robespierre, and Triple-H, too, would no longer be able "to lead a mighty good revolt"; the words he used in a speech last year in New Orleans.

Congress with its abdication of power, and its inability to move speedily would only be a millstone, dragging the country deeper into the sea of panic.

And then what?

Martial law would be the only alternative.

And military leaders would promise, as they have in many lands before to call for "free elections" when the situation stabilizes.

For a generation all who pointed to the dangers of the international communist conspiracy have been laughed down by the soothsayers so aptly represented by the Hubert Humphrey ilk.

Now that revolution is no longer in Russia, or Africa, or Latin America, but loose in nearly every one of our major cities this same blind coterie recommends fighting the war with cake and ice cream for the revolutionaries.

No Tax Raise

Few Americans would oppose tax raises of any proportion if they had confidence that this additional money would be used to bring and end to the waste of men and money that are taking place in Vietnam.

But the vast majority of us cannot possibly hold such a confidence, because the record is daily-fresh and it completely contradicts any such supposition.

The toll of American dead now nears 13,000 and another 79,000 have been injured in this no-win war that is costing us taxpayer's over 70 million dollars per day.

We see such utterly ridiculous decisions being made as to refuse our Air Force permission to bomb meaningful targets, our Navy refused permission to blockade enemy ports, and most recently the decision to reactivate a World War Two battleship at a cost of over 25 million dollars.

Another mountain of money to play with in shooting up sampans, and fishermen villages, but the Battleship New Jersey will not be permitted to steam into Haiphong harbor and sink the ships that are hauling the supplies that are killing our boys.

Congress has so long abdicated its responsibility that it is likely that it will continue to fund a war that it has not had the guts to declare.

But logic, both economic and military logic, neither support efforts to continue a war in which we first should not have been involved and one that we feebly operate without a will to win.

Giving more money to this ugly extravagance will cost more lives; not less. We repeat the weary but sincere argument that has been offered by so many others: That our boys should be given the tools and the permission to use those tools to end this war or they should be brought home and that war-torn little land left to its own tough resources. Our resources are being

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

Lit Mallard is one of those who unfortunately "enjoys poor health". Lit has been in poor physical condition for a long time now, but this has not stifled his wit; if anything it seems to have stimulated him; and those who know Lit readily agree that his wit is pretty good even without stimulation.

Lit told me Saturday of his somewhat pained reception of a visit made to him by his doctor, Kilby Turrentine, who is less well known for his wit, but who is the possessor of a dryness of rhetoric that on this occasion, at least, outmatched Lit's.

After listening to Lit's faulty heart and faint pulse Kilby scribbled out a pair of prescriptions which he handed to Mrs. Mallard, adding, "If he's still alive in the morning, Get 'em filled!" With tender loving care such as that Mallard just had to stay alive for the next visit, and he's still kicking. . . . Not very high, nor strong, but kicking.

Lit also says, with some little twist of the tongue in his cheek that Mrs. Mallard has tried to get him to stop buying cigarets by the carton. Seems she doesn't smoke. But Lit insists that any unused portion of a carton of cigarets that he leaves behind will be a "legacy" to some smoking member of his family.

The topic that brought up all of these medical reflections by Lit was the recent injury of Thomas Hewitt, who suffered a minor fracture of a shin bone when he stepped in front of a car on Queen Street. Moving car, that is. According to the gospel from "St. Lit", the first person who ministered to Hewitt after his losing battle with the bumper was Sam Brody. Brody's ministrations didn't bring full relief so Hewitt next repaired to Jerry Newton, the masseur at the Elk's Lodge, who is totally blind.

Finally, Lit reports, Hewitt had to seek the help of a man of medicine, none other than Dr. Oscar Cranz, who also possesses one of the sharpest wits, and tongues in the local pin and needle society. Hewitt was outlining the "treatments" he had undergone from Messrs. Brody and Newton, when Cranz rose up from his labors on the busted leg to inquire: "Well, you've been to a Jew and a blind man; why didn't you visit a priest?"

All of which brings back to mind a medical experience of my own of some years back, when I suffered an embarrassing condition, which I called "Ubangitus" for want of a better name. My lower lip would swell to about two or three times its regular size, and even at regular elevation I don't have the smallest lower lip in town.

Tom Parrott punched and probed, drew blood, analyzed other body secretions, listened to heart, lungs and my sad story and after careful contemplation of all these many findings reached an unflattering conclusion, that I was slightly nutty. . . . Well Tom didn't quite put it that way. He's too nice to be that blunt, and he mumbled some long words about neurotic and edema etc.

And when the end of the month rolled around I got a bill from Tom, causing me to call and remind him, "You've got a lot of nerve. Charging me to tell me that I'm a little on the nutty side, when there are dozens of people around town who have been telling me that free of charge for years; including some close members of my own family." But I found the notion that I was a trifle neurotic easier to support than the fear that I had a heart that was about to explode or some other vital organ that was about ready to blow a main gasket. Write and tell us your favorite Medicare Memory. I won't tell anybody except everybody I know.

JONES JOURNAL
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE LEASHE COUNTY NEWS COMPANY, INC., 60 NORTH HERITAGE ST., KINGSBORO, N.C. 28584. Phone JA 2-2001. Entered as Second Class Mail on May 3, 1966, at Post Office at Trenton, N.C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Postage paid at Trenton, N.C.