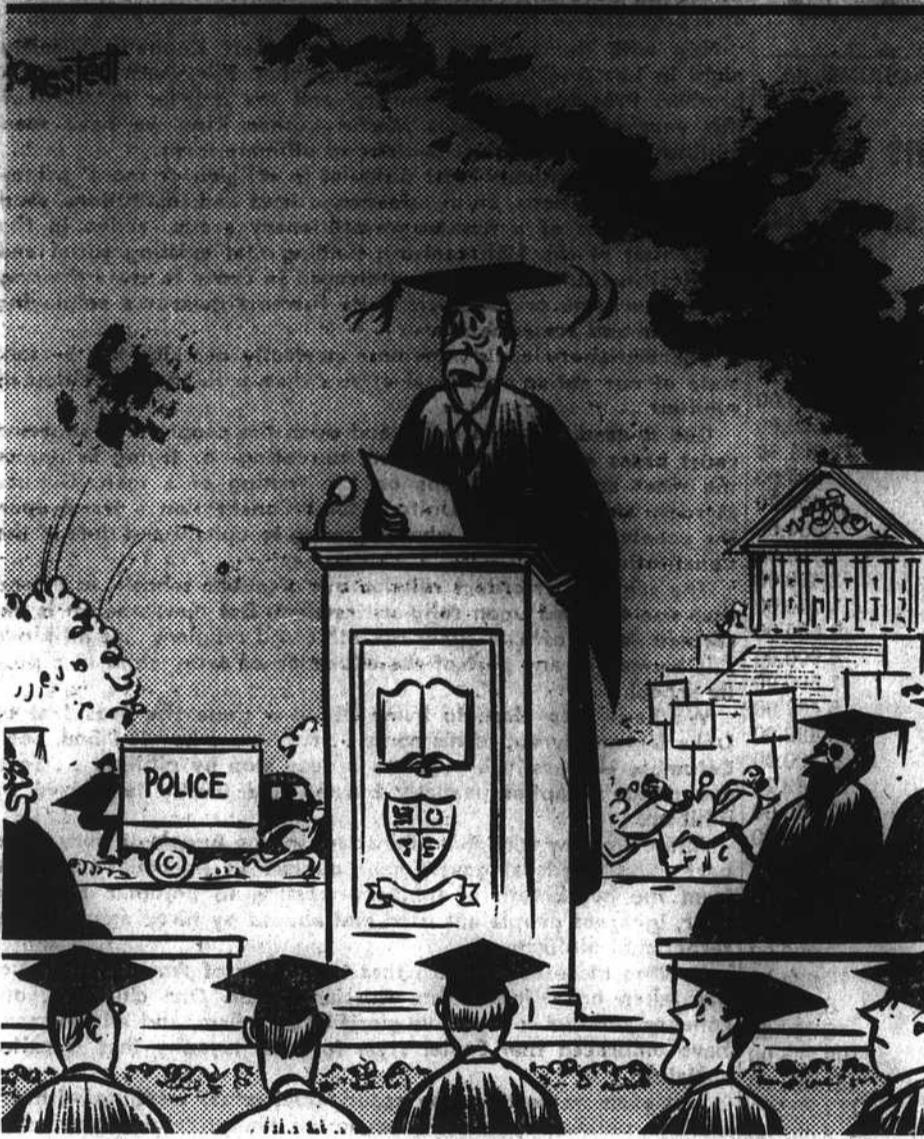


'As you leave these ivy-covered walls... I sure wish I could leave, too!'



EDITORIALS

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

The Decision

The decision now facing the American people is not a new one. It has been put into words before more eloquently:

"—That this nation, under God, shall have a birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

This is the classic constitutional confrontation now marching toward decision between the people, through their elected representatives, and the appointed life-tenure oligarchs of the supreme court who have leaped into the vacuum created by congressional cupidity and carved themselves a large chunk of freedom's flesh from the American body politic.

Power, however obtained tends to corrupt, and total power such as the thin majority of the supreme court has usurped has totally corrupted the entire constitutional balance in our nation. No longer do we have the serene support of the written law, but the entire nation must stagger from day to day under the transient whim of nine non-elective men, and worse the whim of only that thin majority of five of these power-maddened judges.

Here in the South there has been a tendency to over-emotionalize those court decisions pertaining to racial segregation, but on balance few of us with any reasonable attitude can attack the basic premise which has outlawed a legalized bi-racialism in a system of free men.

The most terrible blows to freedom have been made in the reckless destruction by this court of local government, because local government is the basic building block from which this representative government was built and on which it has so greatly prospered.

Interfering with the orderly processes of justice, of legislation, and over-turning such simple local ordinances as trespassing on up to and including the corruption of justice in the bloody realm of capital felonies; these are the treason-

ous crimes of this Earl Warren oligarchy.

Deliberately demoralizing the concepts of religion, giving aid and comfort to the unholy conspiracy of international socialism, which is sometimes mistakenly classified as Russian Communism; this, too, is the premeditated, malicious damage to American freedom this court has repeatedly committed.

Attempting to administer thousands of school systems, presiding over the organization of every state legislature, sitting as committing magistrate to every criminal—felon or misdemeanant, board of review to every civil claim, chief psychiatrists to the nation and case worker to every welfare problem . . . these are the basic listing of the impossible mountain of work this court has greedily clasped to its breast.

And, as ever, centralized government breeds the most hateful of all tyrannies; that of the faceless bureaucrat, with his mincing regulations, tight-lipped sincerity and platitudinous righteousness.

It is far better to be slaughtered by an Attila than to be slowly devoured by maggots on the dung heap of totalitarian socialism.

And so now congress after a generation of abdication seeks to regain its legal authority and to exercise its constitutional responsibility.

Voting in the senate last month 72-to-2 began curbing the lusts of this judicial tyranny, and this week the gauntlet is flung back full in the face of this overwhelming "sense of congress" with another batch of nit-picking technicalities which sets free more confessed, convicted felons from this Earl Warren court.

This is a classical constitutional crisis and its firm resolution can have only one answer among free men: That the will of the people through congress shall prevail and that this nation shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Agonizing Reappraisals

Since John Foster Dulles dropped the euphemism, "Agonizing Reappraisal" into the patios of American politics a lot of high-minded, well intentioned do-gooders have used it to cover changes of heart, and mind on their part.

The season is now moving into full blossom for those sainted souls who set out to "help the Negro", and who find that their kind of handwringing pity is utterly despised by that very Negro they seriously sought to help.

These self-righteous souls made the perfectly innocent mistake of assuming from their Olympian pedestal that everybody, and especially Negroes wanted to be white . . . to think white, marry white, worship white, eat white, dress white.

There were some of us, called "racists" or "Nigger Haters" who tried to caution them that their white snobbery would infuriate Negroes of pride and attract those "converts" who were eager to take the "missionary rice", no matter what kind of insulting package it might come in.

Now these learnedly pious are learning, the hard way, that Negroes are not the second class citizens that the United States Supreme Court officially declared them to be when it said with what little dignity an Earl Warren court could muster, that Negro schools were "inherently" inferior to white schools.

Hardly a week passes now when some liberal world remaker doesn't confess the error of his way, and point out as if he had suddenly found something new that Negroes need the cohesive force segregation brings in many fields of endeavor.

Those of us who now sit muttering, "I told you so." know now as we knew long ago that the American Negro was grossly wronged in countless different ways, public and private. But we tried to say then, and we now can more safely repeat that one cannot help Negro schools by destroying them, nor improve Negro neighborhoods by destroying them, nor build Negro pride—individually or collectively—by mouthing the white snobism that a Negro teacher cannot teach a Negro child as well as a white teacher. . . We told you . . . We told you so . . . We told you so . . .

The Car Problem

Americans suffer an almost totally schizoid tendency when it comes to the specific subject of automobiles. Consider: Behind the wheel this Homo Americanus wants the open road, with no old maid school teachers to slow his pace, no stop lights from coast to coast, no left-turn roads blocking his haste to get wherever he's headed.

But when this same panting, accelerator stomper reaches that safe harbor of home he wants no further traffic to pass by his doorstep. He wants peace and quiet, and curses to the darkest and deepest pits of perdition that "nut behind the wheel", who races a motor, or screeches a tire within earshot of his territorial imperative.

If the roads are to be built: Build them on the other side of town, and just provide me with a tree-lined lane to my own vine-covered cottage.

On my corner install four-way stop signs, cut speed limits to 10 miles an hour, erect "Protect Our Children" signs on every approach to that area where my children play in the streets.

But curses on that empty-headed traffic engineer who dares to litter my path to the office with stop signs, yield-right-of-way signs and those infernal slow-changing red lights!

At the doorway of a home, it's hats off, and gracious bows to the ladies, and sudden leaping to one's feet when little old ladies enter the room.

But on the village streets: What's that old biddy doing behind a steering wheel? Blow your horn, mutter curses at her as she pokes along looking for a parking place or to pick up a grandchild.

At the lodge hall its Brother Buddy, and have another short one, but on the streets it's "Get the hell out of my way, you lame-brain!"

We all love cars, but hate traffic . . . Kinda like sweet little infants and diapers, ain't it? Up until now nobody has

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

There is a little laugh to be found in the tid bit of news out of "Insurrection Village" that the leaders of the Poor People March are "roughing it" in a \$420 per week suite of motel rooms three miles from the muddle that has been made out of once beautiful Potomac Park.

And it is fitting, if also laughable that the Right Reverend Ralph Abernathy arrives, talking out of the side of his ear in an air-conditioned Imperial . . . not just a plain everyday red Cadillac convertible like the Poor People March marshals use to shepherd the poverty stricken around.

It's all rather reminiscent of the Late Lamented Patrice Lumumba, prime minister of The Congo until he was fricaseed by some of his big eating cousins. The departed Lumumba's first official act was to charter a jet for Washington where he was anointed with liberal oil and given six million of the American taxpayers' dollars to play with. His first purchase was six Lincoln Continentals, which he shipped back to The Congo by air-freight.

Poor nations and poor people have been used as the thinly veiled pretext for committing more commercial rape on the taxpayers of these not-so-united States than anyone flimflammy in the nation's history. And, the beat goes on . . .

There is still a very large part of congress, and perhaps an even larger part of the average population who believe

(Continued on page 6)

Some Worm

The political worm can turn faster than a sailor's head at a pretty girl.

Just a few weeks ago Emperor Charles of All Gaul was touring around behind the Iron Curtain telling the satellite powers how to tweak the noses of the boys in the Kremlin back room.

And last year his royal gallic highness was shouting "Vive Quebec Libre" while fanning nationalistic French fires on a state visit to Canada, which had the courage to match DeGaulle's gall with a little Canadian sauce for this aged goose, and sent him home before he got to see the sights of Expo '68.

And now this lofty alp among European political hills stands stripped of his power, and his grand dreams for La Belle France.

It is sad, for the same lack of purpose that waffled DeGaulle about the world with is imperial airs and insulting rhetoric has been adopted by his own people, and with little rime and less reason they have suddenly pulled his castle down around his king-sized ears.

So the political worm once again has suddenly turned.

And in America the first defeat of the Boston Kennedy Klan has been seen as the political worm took a sudden turn in Oregon, and pushed a dropout name of McCarthy back into prominence.

Of course the wormiest squirmer of all the political larva is Hubert Horatio Humphrey who has now passed from his pupal stage of flaming liberal, riot-provocateur and teetotal socialist to emerge in full color as the butterfly of Southern conservatives and Wall Street's "enlightened capitalists".

Not only does politics make strange bedfellows . . . It also creates strange beds in which these queer political worms incubate, or whatever it is that strange bedfellows do when they get in strange beds together.

found a way to have one without the other, but engineers are working on both problems. . . traffic and diapers, and the diaper engineers are in the lead at this writing.

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