

Putting on the Spikes



EDITORIALS

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

The Humphrey Record

In May of this year Hubert Horatio Humphrey became 57 years old. He has spent 24 of those 57 years on some kind of public payroll. In fact the only time he was ever reluctant to receive government pay was during World War Two when he turned every corner in the book to avoid being drafted into the armed forces . . . even delaying a hernia operation until November of 1950 when he had been elected to the United States Senate.

In his long career of eating from the public trough he points with greatest pride to his infamous civil rights speech at the 1948 National Democratic Convention, when he sent many southern delegates from the hall, perhaps to throw up in the nearest rest room.

No later than January 13 of this year Humphrey was still busy spitting in the eye of the South, saying in a California speech: "Great Society programs are not being blocked by the Vietnam War, but by the old coalition of retreat — the old Republican-Dixiecrat coalition in congress."

In Philadelphia on May 12 this year this weasel endorsed the poor people's march on Washington, declared himself a "soul brother" and chanted "We Shall Overcome." This even as the outriders of anarchy were converging on the national capital.

Humphrey is staunchly for repeal of the law which permits many states to have a right-to-work-law which permits workers to hold a job without paying dues to a union.

Between now and November, when Americans are likely to have a chance to vote for or against this character let us all hope that enough of us will take the time to study his record, and once having studied that record, it is too much to suppose that a majority would ever vote for such a thoroughly disgusting type.

But then, the biggest majority in the history of American voting was cast for Johnson, and as bad as Humphrey is there's no use in pretending that he's any worse, or any better than Lyndon.

The 'Ins' and 'Outs'

Among the comic strips editors are exposed to are weekly "newsletters" from both the Democratic and Republican parties. It takes a humorist to write anything flattering about the eight years of the non-presidency of General Eisenhower, and the Republican National Committee has some of the best gag men in the trade.

Consider a little thought this week from the Grand Old Party: "Can the U.S. stand four more years of the kind of government it has been getting under the Democrats?" The Republican answer is a well turned: No. Naturally the party of the donkey just as loudly declares: Yes.

The funny part of this little question is: How in the hell can anybody tell the difference?

Eisenhower appointed Earl Warren chief justice of the supreme court.

Johnson appointed Abe Fortas and Thurgood Marshall to the same bench.

Who gets the most points on this little comparison is a difficult question to answer.

Eisenhower sat quietly by the bridge table while George Humphrey boosted the interest rate on the national debt by about 50 per cent; much to the joy of fatter cats of the nation, and somewhat to the discomfort of the masses whose nickels and dimes and dollars are collected each payday to pay this fantastic boosted interest on the national debt.

Johnson has also made his modest contribution toward inflation of the economy. He, like Ike, promised to cut the federal payroll, but both ended up with huge increases both in number of warm bodies on the federal payroll as well as the amount paid to the aforementioned.

Ike "got us out" of a war in Korea that is still costing us about three bil-

Another Lyndon Fit

The immediate frenzy about gun controls following the murder of Bobby Kennedy was bad enough but the post-operative fit being suffered by President Johnson is even worse . . . much worse.

Fortunately the wildness of this fit has frightened away more people than it has attracted. Instant demands for more law, on top of too much law for registration of every firearm in the nation, stringent rules for keeping or for buying any and every kind of firearm. This is the Johnson fit.

Fortunately every member of congress has not lost his mind at the same time Lyndon lost what little he ever had.

In all of this running gun control fit too few people have taken time to note, and little national mention has been made of the fact that California, where Kennedy was murdered, has one of the nation's most stringent gun control laws. Also New York has a very strict gun control law yet it is one of the worst places in the world insofar as the illegal use of guns is concerned.

We have to sound like a parrot, but the only logical way to control guns is not by adding another bureaucratic layer for nationwide gun registration but is to punish people quickly and severely when they misuse guns deliberately.

In all of the whining and crying since the murders of the two Kennedys and Martin Luther King there hasn't been a single bleeding heart to come out in favor of punishing the murderers. Only a wild, crazy mania to penalize every law-abiding gun owner in the nation because a tiny fraction of a per cent of nation's population abuses the public with guns.

It is too much, perhaps, to hope, and certainly too much to expect that a professional whiner such as Johnson will ever come out of the pink coma he suffers, but there is one small consolation: That we are only stuck with him until January 20, 1969. But his successor could be worse.

A Common Lie

One of the most common lies put forth by the socialists who work to destroy private property and individual incentive is that the rich are rich at the expense of the poor.

A favorite gambit of this particular breed of totalitarianism is to speak loudly about taxes designed to "Soak the Rich," and, of course, to "help the poor."

This is the old shell game, but for very big numbers. If every penny every American earned over \$10,000 per year were confiscated by the central government it would amount to just slightly more than 13 billion, which is less than the interest on the national debt this year.

The huge amounts of money to fund the socialistic schemes emanating from Washington can only be raised by soaking everybody, and in any system of taxation it is always the lowest paid worker who is hit the hardest.

The three per cent sales tax on food, for instance, hits the wage earner with a big family far worse than it hits the millionaire with one or two children.

And, of course, the simple arithmetic of this system reveals that all taxes of whatever variety come out of the pocket of the consumer, and there are far more consumers with small incomes than with large incomes.

Higher taxes on the baker add to the cost of a loaf of bread, and so it goes through the entire spectrum of necessities, (so when demagogues fan the flames by telling "poor people" that they are going to help them by "soaking the rich" this is just an excuse to cause the poor to look the other way while that same politician is picking the poor man's pocket.

lion dollars per year, plus several lives and most recently the loss of a ship and its entire crew.

Johnson was going to "keep us out" of war in Vietnam, where we are now investing the lives of about 400 of our finest young men each week and some more than 2 1/2 billion dollars each month.

Wallace couldn't do any worse. Of course he won't have the chance but he does have our vote.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

This is that particular edition each year that has to be just a little contrived, since it's printed a week ahead of time so that we can take a week off and get tired enough to come back to work and rest. So if the front page doesn't seem completely in step and editorial page is just a trifle stale blame it on the habit we have acquired over the years of folding up the family's business tent and sneaking away to Bogue Sound for the week of July Fourth.

As I sit here in the heat of Wednesday afternoon, thinking how hard it is to do anything a week in advance and trying to find enough words to fill up this page, I ran upon the rather melancholy thought that this is the 21st summer that our branch of the Rider family has enjoyed the delights, and suffered the occasional headaches of Broad Creek.

In that time my father has died — 10 years ago in September, and there's always an empty place in the skiff, and at the supper table and in our hearts for him. And this summer two of the kids who practically grew up there: Vaughn Fulton, whose mother, Mrs Dick Fulton, was Grace Rider, and our oldest daughter Libby are missing.

Vaughn is recuperating in Vietnam from a severe concussion he suffered last month at Khe Shan, and Libby is trying to earn herself some summer fun money and see another part of the Atlantic Coast by spending the summer on Cape Cod with some of her classmates at Carolina. But there are too many happy things to be done in one short week at Broad Creek to allow one's self to become consumed by nostalgia.

A lot of pin fish to be caught. A few crabs to be cleaned. Some shrimp to be eaten, some gin to be drunk, some just plain relaxing in the breezes to be done. Seaching the shops for garden fresh butter beans and corn for the pot, and fresh tomatoes and peaches for home made ice cream. With Little Jack, who ain't so little anymore, to do the cranking. Boats to ride in, to patch and paint up. Motors to tune up and cuss a little when they cough and spit.

And no telephone, no TV to interrupt the even flow of doing nothing. For a week we declare a moratorium on news gathering and news listening and news analysis. I suppose if a bomb were dropped on Washington we'd get word of it; if it were a real big one. But for 51 weeks out of each year it's a constant rat-race, trying to keep up with what is being done to whom with which and by whom, and sometimes why.

So a week of just watching sand fiddlers fiddle, sea gulls police the beach, youngsters ski, and oldsters relax is both good for the soul as well as the body.

When we first inhabited Rider's Roost at Broad Creek we had just one child. Now we have three, but one is gone this summer and next year it's likely that another will fly away to take a closer look at some other part of the world. And then the last and there'll be nobody left to fuss with except Muriel, and nobody to give orders to when some chore needs doing.

But I intend to enjoy it as long as I can, and when it gets beyond the point of fun I hope we can pass it on to somebody else who will enjoy it as much, and as long as we have.

JONES JOURNAL
JACK RIDER, PUBLISHER
Published every Thursday by The Lincoln County News Company, Inc., 65 North Heritage St., Kinston, N. C. 28501, Phone JA 4-2972. Entered as Second Class Matter May 5, 1948, 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.