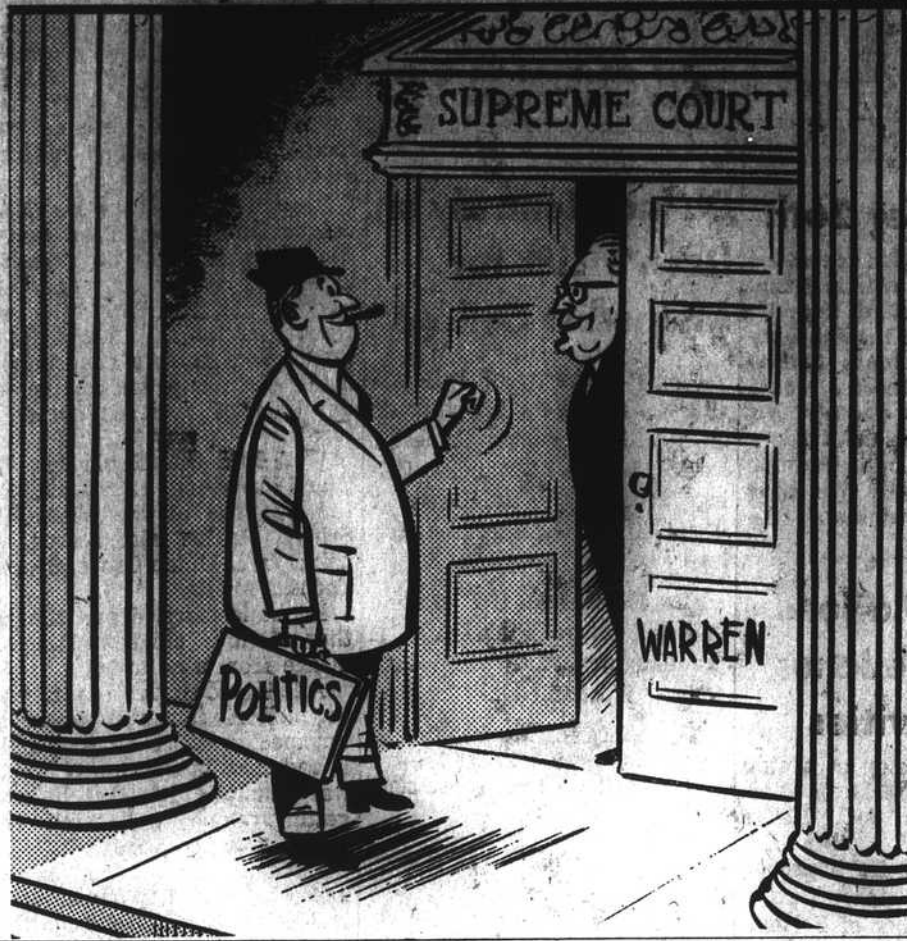


'By all means... do come in!'



# EDITORIALS

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

## Gun Controls

There is something bitterly unamusing about a man who has unleashed the most terrible firepower ever known on a tiny nation standing up in his most pursed-lipped fashion, with moist eyes and voice a quiver to talk about gun controls.

This certainly does not take one iota from the cruelty of one Vietnamese to another, for we of all people should understand that civil war is the worst of all possible wars. A lesson not lost on Spain in the thirties, nor more recently in a long list of emerging african nations.

But the world watched with little real concern when Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin used the lovely hills of Spain as a proving ground for their growing arsenals. Perhaps that lack of concern was more due to less sophisticated systems of propoganda than to man's inhumanity to man.

Today, however, in technicolor horror the gore of war is brought daily into millions of homes and only the awful sweet-rot stench of death is lacking.

Yet when all the horror and propoganda are peeled from this bitter asian fruit one hard core remains: that the world's richest and mightiest nation is tearing a tiny people into very small pieces — and sacrificing thousands of its finest young men and its own financial security in the same senseless act.

So we find ourselves as a nation debating the issue of individual gun controls while we stand guilty in the courts of common morality of not being able to control guns as an instrument of diplomacy.

We can no longer hide behind the claim that we are fighting communism — if we ever could.

Because we are signing treaties with, expanding trade with and encouraging international communism on a dozen different fronts — Foreign and domestic.

So to crusade against communism half way around the world in a tiny, destitute tenth power nation while making common cause with the real powers of the communist world is neither the fact nor the fancy of this untenable proposition.

Much more likely than the Vietnamese Problem being the result of any single intelligent decision is the probability — bordering on certainty — that it has come from a long series of miscalculations.

With our North Atlantic Treaty Organi-

zation and our Southeast Asia Treaty Organization we attempted an encirclement — or containment of eurasian communism.

This policy of containment has cost our nation uncountable billions of dollars, has added almost 100,000 dead or permanently disabled Americans to the Pyre of Sacrifice and has left us without one sure ally in a world much more deeply rooted in nationalism than in world federation.

The Berlin Air-lift, bribery to Tito, aid to a series of Grecian governments, re-building of West Germany, troops to Lebanon, aid to Israel and its hostile Arab neighbors, wheat to Egypt and India and Pakistan, armies still in Korea, war in Vietnam, war indemnities in reverse to the murderous, polite Japanese, missile bases in Turkey, dams in Iran, finally ended patronage to the hostile French — still sensitive because of their cowardice in 1940.

And while making this cruel sacrifice of men and money we have permitted — almost encouraged — the decay of our inner-cities, the frightening pollution of our water and air and the external excitement of our ethnic problems far beyond their ignition point.

We have forgotten that charity should begin at home — that only a fool tells his neighbor how to farm while his fields lie fallow.

We have sent forth hordes of missionaries; all eager and sincere in their effort to enforce American religion, American politics, American diet, American clothing, American music on cultures far older, and far wiser than our own.

But even this is nothing new under the political sun. The glories of Greece, the grandeurs of Rome, the Empire of Napoleon all founded on just such errors of navigation.

## Fitting Exit

The exit if it can be called that at this juncture — of Earl Warren from the supreme court is entirely in keeping with his lack of character.

After serving three terms as Republican governor of California, and being named chief justice of the nation's highest court by a Republican president this unprincipled judicial tyrant has made a cheap political deal with an equally

## PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

Sitting in the fluttering shade of a silver poplar on the bank where Broad creek joins Bogue Sound, and watching the endless search of those countless creatures of the salt sea for food; and letting the sea and landscape awe me with their changing beauties it was easy to become annoyed, and then thoughtful about the roar of Marine Corps Jets and the thunder of heavy Artillery to the Southwest at Camp Lejeune.

With so much beauty spread before me, and a steady westerly breeze to ease the July sun it was sad, in a way, to think of so many young men busy with their practice for destruction.

How much happier the world might be if those expensive swords they wielded could be beaten into plough shares, and they could pursue constructive purposes.

But really is that the natural state? History of man and the other animals and plants around us hardly supports the premise that peace is the natural state of any living thing — plant or animal.

From the moment of germination of every seed that ever was or ever will be there is that endless struggle for survival.

In that wide space of beautiful Bogue Sound there is no peace. Below the waves, on the surface and in the sky above that struggle goes on every second of every day. There is no armistice in nature.

So as we watch the ritual of great men gathered in splendid halls around vast tables before solemn documents should our reaction be hopeful or scornful? What is the history of such tortuously conceived pacts? Obviously they have not brought peace, because men in every age have smoked some pipe of peace, exchanged some sacred oaths — and still we have wars.

In nature, before the wicked little mind of man armed him with instruments of destruction which gave him dominion over the fields, forests and seas — and now even the skies the serenest of things alive were the huge things — dinosaurs, mammoths and even with us today such huge leftovers

unprincipled Democratic president.

So be it.

And now added to the uproar this crass political deal has provoked is the pious prejudice of Drew Pearson, who has thrown the blanket smear of "anti-Semitism" at any and all who object to the elevation of Abe Fortas to sit in the seat fouled for the past 15 years by turncoat Warren.

This page didn't know Fortas was a Jew until the papers pointed out that Johnson was looking for a Jew to replace Arthur Goldberg on the court.

And this page doesn't care in the least whether Fortas was circumcised by a Rabbi or a pediatrician. Our opposition to Fortas is based on his long association with the shadiest, seamiest underside of official Washington: His connections with Bobby Baker; his effort to block publicity about presidential-confidante Walter Jenkins being caught in a homosexual act in a public toilet across the street from the White House.

And more important than his choice of friends has been the Fortas work since he was approved for a seat on the nation's highest court. Without exception Fortas has voted against the constitution, against the protection of the public from criminal elements and against protection of the nation from the international communist conspiracy.

But in the final analysis, and perhaps with some political if not poetic justice it is fitting that a "fixer" of the Fortas ilk be named to further foul the nest of the chief justice. The odor won't bother Fortas so badly as it might some person accustomed to cleaner air.

as elephants, hippopotamus, rhinoceros and buffalo. Such giants content to peacefully roam, browsing on the tender plants that power such big machines.

But such giants cannot long survive because the protein starved masses that flit about them will slaughter them with tiny projectiles smaller than a man's finger.

So size is no guarantee of survival, neither is ferocity since those sciences concerned with such things tell us that the fiercest creatures ever to live on earth perished even as the placid grass-eating dinosaur.

What, then, is the key to survival? Adaptability cannot be last in any listing of survival priorities.

So, if adaptability occupies some high place on the survival scale of things man seems reasonably assured of staying around for a long, long time.

The polar Eskimo lives in a world so hostile none can conceive it who have not known it. And in the malarial rot equatorial jungles man survives, if briefly, as modern life spans go.

From sea level to Tibetan heights man has created instruments capable of ending all life — certainly all but sub-microscopic life. But here again isn't it just possible that man's ego has over-estimated his power and under-estimated the powers of nature?

Whether man has over or under-estimated the power of his manufactured fury there is terrible enough evidence of its deadliness at Nagasaki, and Hiroshima, on the Atolls of the Pacific, in the deserts of Africa, and China, and Russia, and New Mexico to encourage us all to find some system — at the very least to search for some system to keep this nuclear pandorean arsenal closed.

Some will say, and perhaps they are right, that it is too late — that the United States opened it over Japan in 1945, and it can never be closed again.

And many will argue that no country is safe from nuclear black mail if it does not also have the ability to rattle its nuclear sabers. This was the state philosophy of many Soviet spies — some caught but many undetected who felt it would be dangerous for the rest of the world if the United States alone possessed such terrible power. And they too, may have been right, but now we'll never know since we have at least five and possibly seven nations who have this monster in their stables.

So men gather about great tables and sign long documents on such labored phrases as non-proliferation treaty, but without the offices, good or evil of that nation whose signature is most needed: China.

In fact, if not in press releases, what we have seen signed last week is a treaty of containment aimed at China far more than at the proliferation of nuclear weapons, which have already proliferated to the extent that nearly every nation — certainly every major nation — either has such weapons, or the guarantee of the use of such weapons in the defense of its "national Sovereignty."

There was a time — a generation ago — when men trembled with reasonable terror from the peril of poisonous gases, and before that gun powder was the ominous thunder of universal destruction, and before that the crossbow, and the long bow and the spear, and the tomahawk, and the stone held in clinched fist.

But the waves still lap at all the shores around the world and the struggle for survival remains far more a monotonous, daily grind than a pocalyptic in its scope.

The fight against disease in all its forms, the terror of unleashed elements, the specter of ignorance in its every form — these far more than bombs or planes are the real challenge to mankind's survival.

And there is good reason to believe that on all these basic fronts progress is being made, despite the unfortunate, but perhaps eternal fact that modern man is hardly more capable of living peacefully with his neighbors than were his cave-dwelling antecedents.

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