

'How about YOU stopping the bombing?'



EDITORIALS

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

A Letter to George Wallace

Editor's Note: Following here is a letter received last week by George Wallace. It speaks eloquently for itself:

"There are three groups of people — rich, middle, poor. I am in the second group, that goes to work at 8 a.m., gets off at 5 p.m. I obey the laws and pay my bills, including taxes, try to live within the law and do right by others. "I keep the rich rich and feed the poor, who in many cases are attempting to deprive me of my right to earn a living or to walk the streets in safety. I am tired of having a dual set of laws. One that allows the rioters to destroy my property, attack and threaten my family and then get off almost Scot-free. Then another set of laws places me behind bars for exceeding the speed limit. "I'm tired of thin pocketbooks and fat, lazy politicians. I'm tired of seeing people retire on what appears to be ample income only to have inflation cut the dollar to a point that they can

hardly exist, let alone live their remaining years in the comfort they had hoped for and expected to enjoy. "I'm tired of our sons being sent to another country to defend people who won't defend themselves. I'm tired of feeding people both here and abroad who think this is a way of life and will not raise a hand to help themselves. "I'm tired of minority groups, who after six months of training refuse to lay bricks and want to be a bricklayers' boss. I am tired of paying tuition for students who prefer to tear the school apart rather than to get an education. I am tired of the students' attitude in general. "I'm just a little man with not much money and only one vote (two with my wife) but there are three things I can do in an attempt to correct the above: 1. Give what I can to help. 2. Vote for Wallace on November. 3. Talk to others and get them to do the same.

The Messy Mass Media

National Observer this week has an extremely interesting article on Yuppies, and it concludes that Yippiedom is a myth created almost out of smoke by a clever, aimless handful of young men who began an exercise in pulling the leg of the establishment and suddenly found themselves live copy to the messy mass media. And as seen with such freaks as Stokely Carmichael and Rat Brown all it takes to create national figures is national publicity. Now these young men — one a former Cincinnati reporter, are basking in the limelight and have every inclination to continue this macabre even up to the point of pulling down the temple walls around us all. Frighteningly there is an aptness to

their prank, based in the premise that if our society is so fragile it may very well deserve to be pulled down. If the vast majority of us are conditioned to that point where we ignore reality and traipse off into this drugged play world of these drop outs from civilization; then a new set of values is surely needed. Urban League Director Whitney Young pointed out months ago: "Sure, Stokely Carmichael has a following; about 200 misguided children and nearly a thousand reporters!" When into the addled, dis-oriented world of these freak outs a sudden flow of communist money is thrown we, indeed, come up with one helluva witch's brew. Recently a great many new words

Biting the Hand

Ever since its birth the United Nations has been very largely paid for by the American taxpayers, and all 200 million of us have the same one vote in that debating society as some equatorial fiefdom with less than a million "citizens."

It is bad enough to have painted ourselves into this ridiculous corner, but for the sainted communist supporter U Thant to keep up his steady drum fire of criticism while sitting in an office paid for by Americans, drawing a salary largely paid by Americans; this is really adding insult to injury.

There is no secret now, and has been none for a long time that U Thant is almost pathologically anti-American, and perhaps there is good reason for this Burmese statesman to feel this way. It only pains us to know that we are supporting him in his international campaign against our nation.

So far the UN has been an expensive experiment, largely paid for by Americans, who have leaned so far over that they now are prostrate on their backs while every backwoods potentate is permitted — even encouraged to walk across us roughshod.

This is not to say that the secretary general of the UN has to be a parrot of the United States, but it is to express the view that he could at least be impartial.

So far he has not opened his pinched little mouth about the Russian re-rape of Czechoslovakia, nor about the Chinese invasion, of India, but he bows toward the Kremlin each day and mutters a few more pious phrases about the wrongness of American stupidity in Vietnam.

We agree with him that the United States position there is wrong, but we'd like to hear him — just once — say a few well chosen words on the subject of Russian imperialism and stupidity. After all the United States does not have an absolute monopoly on either of these commodities.

For everyone's sake, for the sake of wildlife, our forests, our homes, our recreation use caution and common sense all the time with fire out of doors, but in tinder-dry times such as these super-caution and constant common sense.

have been coined: "Overkill" in the cryptic pedagogue of the military, and one of the newest is over-react, which was very loosely applied to Mayor's Daley's police force.

Until now the communications media have not looked into their own mirror and accepted the responsibility they must share for having over-publicized a collection of misfits, whose former occupation was bumming drinks in the assorted Bohemia of our major cities, chopping out mutterings that have come to be called the New Poetry and dissipating themselves into an early grave.

Without publicity they will quickly revert to type and crawl back under their private logs.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

This week an understandably concerned woman called to ask me: "What can we do to form an advisory committee to prevent things happening like this Saturday night murder of Woodrow Stanley?" Unhappily, my answer had to be, "Nothing."

There is no sure way to eliminate from the mind of all men the stupid notion that there is a short cut to riches, and that murder is just one of the tools used in this effort to get something for little. There is little . . . very little profit in reminding that bank robbers, and stick-up men of all varieties earn the very sorriest kind of wages. The majority are caught, of course, and work many years under prison conditions for the money they tried to snatch from another's labor.

And even those who are not caught seldom enjoy the fruits of their ignorance. Someone else a little smarter generally manages to take from them all they have stolen, and if their family happens to have any resources they are bankrupted as well, trying to keep such types from suffering the punishment they deserve. Easy come at a pistol point is generally quickly gone in a whore house, or a backroom poker game and on junked jaloppies.

Hopefully we can all strive for improvement in our court system; so that the guilty may be punished, and although we have to accept the cold fact that there is no way to end all crime there are ways to reduce crime. But it requires the help of every law-abiding citizen. Each of us must assume a share of the responsibility to uphold the law, to apprehend offenders and to punish them once they have been captured.

The 25,000 citizens of Kinston cannot expect 60 policemen to be everywhere at every moment, to know everything about everybody. And this is not a plea aimed at turning us all into a nation of tale-bearers, or stool pigeons. It is simply a reminder that no town, no nation can be any better than the overwhelming majority of its citizens want it to be.

Respect and support for law and order are not just something that one invokes when heinous crimes are committed. It is the willingness to support all the laws, to be willing to go into court and testify against people who willfully and wantonly disregard laws that are intended for the protection of us all. More people are killed on our highways than are murdered in robberies; and more perjury comes from the witness stand about speeders and drunken drivers than all the murders combined.

People cannot turn support for law and order off and on like a spigot because it might inconvenience them, or irritate a friend or lose a customer. It is the general climate of permissiveness that causes stupid young men, and women, to commit terrible crimes. And we as individuals cannot pass the buck by blaming the courts, or the police. . . for it is everlastingly true that we get the kind of government that the majority of us want, and until and unless the majority of us support law and order with our own daily habits we will never have it, and even in the most favorable support from the majority there will still be that small per cent who stupidly believe that it is easier to steal than to work for a living.

JONES JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY JACK RIDER, PUBLISHER
Published every Thursday by the Lenoir County News Company, Inc., 605 North Heritage St., Kinston, N. C. 28501, Phone JA 3-2573. Entered as Second Class Matter May 3, 1959, at Post Office at Trenton, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879. It is paid for as second class mail. Subscription rates payable in advance. Second class postage paid at Trenton, N. C.