

Playing Again with Fire



EDITORIALS

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

Now Is The Time

Reports from numerous sources say that black and white militants have set October 1st as the day they plan to switch from demonstration to terror tactics. Be that as it may; we say now is the time for all authorities . . . state, federal, city, county, school and private industry to draw a very clear line and say to these nihilists: This far, and no further.

And let it be clearly understood that the innocent bystander who gets hit by blood, bullets or billy stick is getting what he deserves for having placed himself in association with this riff raff which has the specific intent of destroying our government, our economic system and turning all 200 million of us over to the brutal mercies of some as yet undecided form of totalitarianism.

The FBI has indicated that its intelligence supports this October First threat, but the FBI is not equipped, nor inclined to contain this kind of problem. It must be met at the local level, with little or no expectation of assistance from any federal force, except in the area of information.

It is to be hoped that with a sensible man in the attorney general's office the local authorities will not have the whining, slobbering stupidities of Ramsey Clark to hinder their efforts to protect life and property as they did after the anarchy of the Democratic convention in Chicago and on numerous other occasions of this variety when Clerk put the soiled majesty of his office on the side of the law-breakers rather than on the side of law and order.

If President Nixon fails to understand that the vast majority of Americans voted against this kind of federal permissiveness in the courts, in the congress

and in the executive branches of all governments then he is far less aware of the facts of political life than we hope him to be.

It is to be regretted that such a threat has been posed, and reported and all of us — or nearly all of us — can join in hoping that such a confrontation will take place, but if it does it should be crushed quickly, firmly and certainly, because if it has to be open civil war between these militants and the rest of us the sooner the battle can begin the more quickly it can be ended.

What Real Purpose

Unless there is some almost unbelievable suspicion that murder was committed in the death of the young woman in Senator Ted Kennedy's car there seems to us to be no real purpose in dragging this sordid affair any further down the gutter.

Kennedy has pleaded guilty to leaving the scene of an accident in which personal injury was involved and has been sentenced under that plea, so unless such a crime as murder is suspected and evidence is available to support such a charge nothing of value can come out of digging up the unfortunate young woman and parading this illicit weekend all over again.

It is perfectly obvious that six young

False Hopes

This page said a long time ago that the Negro problem was neither political, nor religious, nor cultural but was cold-bloodedly economic. Nothing makes a man, or a woman feel more like a second class citizen than having a first class hole in the pocket and a hungry belly.

But politicians — white and colored alike — whose total interest in the colored man was his vote on election day preached a racial sermon based on a false text and it is small wonder that such a harvest of bitterness is being reaped.

What value is the right to vote, if one has to live on a welfare check?

What value is the right to ride on the front seat of a bus if one doesn't have bus fare?

What value is an integrated swimming pool if one cannot afford the price of admission or a swim suit?

What the colored people have needed and still need is jobs. Honorable jobs, with an opportunity for advancement as high as their skills will take them.

But instead of jobs they have been fed promises, and promises are the least nourishing of all dietary items known.

The agricultural revolution took jobs away from millions of colored people almost overnight and stupid politicians baited these displaced people into the hostile central cities where they could manipulate their votes and establish them in residence on welfare hand outs.

Today some Black Moses is needed to lead his children out of the asphalt wilderness and back to the good earth and to jobs and to neighbors that are oriented to the welfare rather than the exploitation of these people who have been transported through four or five generations to suit the convenience and venality of white men, and often, too, colored men, who also are willing to sell their people into some continuing form of slavery.

The colored family in a government apartment, eating on a government check and jumping through government hoops at government commands is less well off than his ancestors were on the average plantation.

married men were having themselves a summer fling with six young beauties brought up for that specific purpose. It is neither the first nor the last time that such affairs have taken place and involved important people.

It is not even the first time that such an affair has ended in tragedy, but it is the first time when some people purely interested in publicity insisted on gnawing the bare bones of the case all over again.

The Kennedys and the crowd they run with on Cape Cod have the general reputation of being a hard-drinking, fast-women, devil-may-care breed.

Such a large family has doubtless been involved in many more escapades, fortunately none that involved a death; but instances of drunken driving, wrecks, riotous weekends are a part of their legend. And it is a terribly sad legend, for they have suffered far more than any with whom they have been associated.

Even the poor dead girl is out of her misery, and no doubt her family is today far better off financially than they would have ever been if she had lived to ply her trade as a weekend party girl and a weekday 'secretary'.

The whole affair should be dropped and let fate continue to work its sad vengeance upon this bewitched clan of Joe Kennedy's.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

By JACK RIDER

As most who read this deathless prose each week know, I do a daily editorial over Radio Stations WFTC and WRNS and on Monday of this week I had a few blunt words to say on the specific subject of federal judges Algernon Butler and John Larkins trying to run the public school system of Eastern North Carolina, a task neither has the ability nor aptitude to do with any degree of success.

And also on those same radio stations five days of each week I do an open mike program called "Get The Answer" to which people call to ask questions, and just about as frequently to make suggestions or to voice their editorial attitudes, and one such caller suggested gently that if I didn't like the law I ought to pack my rags and get out of this veil of tears. Well, I ain't going, voluntarily, that is.

But on reflection this little exchange was more profit than loss, at least to me, because it crystalized the greatness of these sometimes not-so-United States of America. One can count on one hand — and certainly on two hands the nations in which one can loudly, and even wrong-headedly disagree with the government. Not even the greatest writers of Russia can safely offer the gentlest criticism of what the boys in the Kremlin backroom have decided to be good for 250 million Russians.

And our dear "democratic" allies in South Vietnam put their presidential opponent in jail more than a year ago, where he still languishes for having had the audacity to oppose the winner, who had things fixed to a degree that Mayor Daley wouldn't dream possible.

And aside from the overall political implications that are possible in this blessed land, there is the further personal consideration over which some people strangle: They question me: "But I thought you and John Larkins were good friends?" Well we are, and I hope to remain in that category because I never have conditioned my friendship for Larkins upon the premise that he agree with each and every opinion that I utter, and he dignifies our longtime relationship with the same allowance. I know that Larkins thinks he is right, and bound by the rules of judiciary, but I just as loudly and strongly insist that he is bound by nothing except the constitution which he swore to uphold and his own conscience. He says if each federal judge followed that path I outline there would be chaos; to which I inquire "What do we have now?"

So be it. I am not leaving either my home, or my political party or my wife, for if total agreement were a part of the marriage vows there isn't a marriage that would have lasted over 24 hours, and certainly not beyond the first week's cooking of the new bride for her spoiled brat husband who still wanted "mama's cooking."

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