

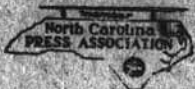
**JONES JOURNAL**

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Never Forget That the Editorials in The Journal are the Opinions of One Man, and He May Be Wrong.

**"Is Profit The Goal?"**

That question above was asked recently in an editorial in a local semi-daily paper by its chief keeper of the keys and utilities expert who has consistently urged upon the community a plan for electric power that would ultimately lead to the end of the road for the city-owned power plant which today pays 63 per cent of the bills for the entire rest of the city government after paying its own bills. In asking such a simple question a lamentable lack of understanding is exhibited on the civic "facts of life" that even cub reporters should understand.

If it is profit to have the finest city in Eastern Carolina, if it is profit to have the finest recreation program in the state, if it is profit to have a greater percentage of paved streets than any city in the state, if it is profit to have the finest fire department in the state, if it is profit to have a well-equipped and outstanding police department, if it is profit to give fast and efficient service to those who want water and sewer lines, if it is profit to give every municipal service available to any community in the state—plus many more—then profit may be the goal of the City of Kinston's electric power policy.

Not one cent of the "exorbitant prices" paid for power in Kinston is used except for the betterment of the community. This semi-daily paper, The Kinston Daily Free Press, which has come from a pauperized and staggering infancy into wealth and position while paying these prices for power stands today as the most valuable newspaper property in Eastern North Carolina including many in cities which have the cheaper power that its owner insists is the golden key to civic advance.

Under the program of improved Kinston facilities that have been financed almost totally by the "profits" from this power plant the town has caught and passed many cities and is still marching toward even greater successes.

The question arrives finally at one simple decision: Do the people of Kinston want to continue with the PROVEN POLICIES that have placed their town in such an enviable position or do they want to begin to examine with a meat cleaver the goose that has been laying golden eggs for so many years? It's just that simple.

**Scott's Paving Policy**

We have largely been a constant critic of Governor Keer Scott but in our less bitter moments we have been inclined to admire the man for his brash spirit which was refreshing in a sphere largely given to "sweet talk" and the patent language of the "double talk." Scott has been a man of extreme convictions and actions. He has above all kept about him, at most times, a rough-and-ready sense of humor that has softened many critics and silenced many opponents.

Nothing in his character, however, is sufficient explanation or excuse for his sudden and deliberate decision to spend an additional \$750,000 on the secondary road system of his native Alamance County. He says his county has been neglected under the 200 million dollar expenditure his administration has made on the state's secondary roads. He says if Alamance County does not get its "Fair" share while he is in office it is not likely to ever get an "even break."

Such a statement is a direct and slanderous insult to the Chairman of the State Highway and Public Works Commission and to the 10 district highway commissioners who have paid such abject homage to him throughout his administration. He says, in effect, to them, "you have not been fair in your allocation of funds so I must now go over your head to the tune of three quarters of a million dollars and correct your sins of omission."

Some central figures in the government have said that it was well within the power of the Governor to make such a grab. His insult has been swallowed and sanctioned by the very men he has so bitterly castigated since they have voted "aye" to his decision to right their wrongs.

We have not been in Alamance County since Scott has been Governor. We do not know if the county has been "wronged" by his administration. We make no accusations one way or another on this score. But we do say there are counties here in Eastern Carolina, including Jones, that have not had their fair share of that 200 million dollar road bond issue. We say they have not nearly received the allocation promised to them when the bond election was being waged. Does that also mean that it is within the power of the District Highway Commissioner, a native of Jones County, to reach into the till and snatch out such a hunk of cash to right the wrongs visited on his county?

We assert that the snatch may be legal but surely not moral.

**A Wasted Reminder**

Perhaps we could save a little space and time by skipping this annual piece of advice to those who are about to enjoy that sudden wealth occasioned by the sale of the tobacco crop. But we do feel that we should remind these lucky thousands of a few of the pitfalls that await them—some that are planned for their benefit.

**BOTH IN SAME STREAM**



Above all don't carry around a lot of cash. Leave it in the bank; it's as safe there up to \$10,000 as the Government of the United States.

If you insist on carrying around a heavy roll of bills, don't let the wad come into view of anyone, whether friend or enemy.

If you must have "a little wine for the stomach's sake," don't drive. Half the folks convicted of drunken driving are those who have just had "one drink or two beers."

If you have to drive, don't drink. When you go shopping don't leave packages in your car or truck unless there is someone there to watch them.

If you feel like you just have to leave some packages alone in the car—lock it. That won't help keep the thief out but it will slow him down considerably.

To the merchants who usually get stuck at this time of the year—don't cash checks for strangers without thorough investigation. Ignore us and you'll regret it.

**PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS**

I sort of held back this week to see if I was going to get a column as good as the one Attorney E. W. Price wrote last week. Even the highway patrolmen seem to have agreed with the most of what Brother Price had to say, except, they point out that they have made several hundred arrests on US 258 in the past year but most of them are made between midnight and daylight when the Marines come flying back to camp. That's an hour at which they hardly have an opportunity to see or be seen by lawyer Price.

It seems that out of the half dozen or so people who regularly read this column that there should be others who would like to get some argument off their chest and in the public's eye. You can have it anytime you like and I'll pay you to write. The only restriction, as I said before is that you not write libelously.

This is the time of the year when all of the sweat and doubt of months of hard labors pays off in this part of the world with a rich harvest of dollars. This is not only true of the men and women—and children, who sweat in the fields with the tobacco but is also largely true of those of us here in town who more or less coast along and try to stall off those we owe until King Tobacco opens his coffers and passes out his largess. All of us work throughout the year but we just manage to get by during the rest of the year and our "luxury money" comes in during the lush time when the auctioneer is singing his rich-toned song.

In Kinston since September, 1950, we have been living in a kind of mad industrial swirl what with all the dreams of DuPont and the bulging payrolls dropping into local cash registers from Stalling Field and the contract flying school operated there by Serv-Air, Inc. But now is the sobering time that all

of us must face, and face for many years to come, that farming is still the big boss in our neck of the woods and at the top of the farm totem pole is the aforementioned King Tobacco. In two and a half months last year more than forty million dollars were dumped out from local warehouses for the nearly eighty million pounds of tobacco that were sold on the Kinston market. For weeks on end more than a million dollars per day were paid out through Kinston banks for that fabulous nicotine weed that has such a big percentage of the people a slave to it in one form or another.

Last year a friend visited me and inquired what kept a town as large as Kinston going in spite of the fact that there were no large industrial payrolls in the town. I replied by pointing out that tobacco farmers in the Kinston trading area have an annual payroll of something near 50 million dollars. The size of this is better understood when one realizes that the Du Pont folks estimate that their annual payroll out at their plant will not be too much beyond five million bucks per year.

Add to this money received by the farmers the considerable payroll paid out to the men and women who work in local warehouses and tobacco factories and you still see what dog's tail is wagging this community. Some of us have been prone to forget, or at least minimize, the everlasting importance of a sound and stable farm program under the federal government.

I, like everyone else, get irked, and frequently, with some of the red tape that pours out of Washington but on the whole I'm a lot more pleased than I am maddened. Take for instance what the economy of this section would have been like today if scientists, largely paid for by the local government, had not perfected a strain of tobacco resistant to black shank and Granville wilt. We would have no tobacco economy. No single farmer could have footed the bill for the experiment and trials that led to the development of these disease-resist-

ant tobacco strains. Who can, or could argue that this facet of "big government" has not benefited us beyond the most fantastic borders of the imagination.

That peculiar and often belabored character known as the tobacco farmer can be about as ornery as any type we know, but let us not forget for one minute that he is the man that brings home most of the bacon eaten in this section where our table is placed. Knowing that this tobacco tyrant is the boss should continually cause us to seek to add other legs to our economy, farm and urban. It is frighteningly dangerous for any area to depend on just one crop or just one industry. Suppose those scientists had not found a tobacco strain resistant to black shank and Granville wilt. Where would we be today? Let us respect old King Tobacco, but let us work even harder toward a cash-bearing livestock industry in our section coupled with an ever-expanding industrial combine to absorb the labor that is being dropped by the way each year by mechanized farming.

**Sgt. John Langston Gets Bronze Star**

With the 7th Infantry Div. in Korea—Sgt. John W. Langston, whose wife, Mary, lives in Dover, N. C., was recently awarded the Bronze Star Medal in Korea.

He was cited for heroism in action with the 7th Infantry Division when he probed deep into enemy lines and sketched the positions of enemy artillery. These sketches were used for a series of important air strikes.

Sergeant Langston distinguished himself on May 8, 1952 near Chichon, Korea.

His citation reads in part: "On May 8, 1952, Sergeant Langston led a reconnaissance patrol into enemy territory with the mission of observing and identifying enemy activities and locations of artillery emplacements which had been firing on friendly positions. Aware of the danger involved in daylight patrols, Sergeant Langston, accompanied by another member of the patrol, began to penetrate deeper into enemy territory."

"Although at any moment they could have been discovered, Sergeant Langston unhesitatingly moved forward to a position 2000 yards in front of the patrol's original position. In this advanced position, Sergeant Langston accurately sketched the position of two previously unidentified artillery pieces."

"The heroic action of Sergeant Langston reflects great credit on himself and the military service."

He also holds the Korean Service Medal with one campaign star, UN Service Ribbon and the Combat Infantryman Badge.

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