

Never Forget That These Editorials Are The Opinions Of One Man, And He May Be Wrong.

The Segregation Suits

It has been argued most expertly and lengthily at every level from the levee to the United States Supreme Court and the attitudes and emotions aroused are as vast and varied as the sands of the desert. Very few people, at either end of the line view the question in exactly the same light and such various reflections will continue for many years to come; no matter what the decisions of the court may be on the matter of segregation in the public schools of our nation.

This, of course, is an extremely unhappy situation and for a great many widely different reasons. It is unhappy to the white Southerners whose born prejudices and practices cannot be suddenly erased by legislation, executive order or judicial sentiment.

It is unhappy to the negro Southerners, the ping-pong ball batted innocently back and forth between the principles of religion and the Constitution and the inherent prejudices practiced in the South.

It is an unhappy situation in that the present efforts to force the end of segregation do not take into consideration the tremendous forward strides that have been taken in the direction of a better, if not happier way of life for the Southern negro. Steps that have been taken without coercion or violence but taken in a cooperative manner by two proud people who have worked and lived together in basic harmony for two hundred years.

It is an unhappy situation in that it ignores the lessons of history which reveal for all to see that some changes in the field of human relations must be evolutionary rather than revolutionary.

In three generations the negro of the South has made greater forward strides than any people in the history of mankind. Still today the principle seats of negro finance, culture and freedom are in the South. This has been due largely to the hardwork of the Negro himself but it could not have happened in a hostile atmosphere.

The only times in the history of the relations between the negro and the white man in which there ever loomed a possibility of an end to this cooperative climate have been when outside pressures stemming from even the loftiest principles have attempted to accelerate by force this matter of racial

assimilation.

The most eloquent testimony available today or tomorrow to the fact that this cooperative and respectful relationship exists is that in spite of 88 years passing since the end of the War Between The States—88 years in which there have been NO restrictions on the free movement of the negro, the vast majority of the negroes still remain where it was when the war ended.

The glories of Northern equality, of Northern non-segregation, of Northern love and adulation posed as they have been beside the "brutal, bigoted" negro abasement in the South have not been sufficient to materially change the racial population patterns of the South. True, many have migrated to the metropolitan areas but in no greater number and for no different reason than the millions of white boys and girls who have also moved in the same migration toward the bright lights and industrial employment.

Different States of the South will take different steps when and if the pressures of politics force the Supreme Court into making a ruling that it cannot enforce in North Carolina, in spite of some centralization, the school systems is still basically an organism financed and managed at the county level. Each county will perhaps seek the answer to its problem in a different direction. It is most unlikely that a majority of these will move in a happier direction. Chaos in the entire Southern public school system is about the best that can logically be expected to come if separate but equal schools are ruled out by the nine men on the nation's highest court.

This paper freely admits that the principle of segregation is most certainly wrong from a Constitutional point of view and no where in the Bible have we been able to find any mention of a segregated Heaven with separate but equal facilities. And so far as we're concerned we plead guilty to being victim to those prejudices and practices that we learned from the cradle upward.

We recognize the wrongness from a theoretical point of view of segregation but from every practical point of view we also fully recognize that the South is not yet ready to end it and very likely will not end it, even if this prejudicial attitude means the end of public schools in our section.

The Christmas Spirit

Each year at this time full many an empty sermon is preached from the pulpit and the editorial column, as well, on the awful commercialization of the greatest of all Christian Holidays, that commemorating the Birth of Jesus Christ. To such sad sermons we say, "Fie."

Something more than 1900 years passed between the birth of Christ and this writer, so our knowledge of Christ is secondary to say the least. The Bible must be the only key we have to the kind of man he was during his brief years in this veil of tears.

But from our reading of the Bible we have come to believe that Christ was the kind of fellow who would get a big kick out of the celebrations we hold today in memory of his birthday.

If the clang of cash registers is offensive to the ears of some of our current Christians we doubt that it would have been to Him. For the sound of those little bells ringing in the cash register is a sound of beauty and a joy forever, at least to the shop owners across the land, but even more they are bells of joy to the children—of every age—who on this day have had the happy privilege of opening those presents that came to them, announced by the joyful tinkle of the cash till bell.

We believe that Christ would love for everybody to have the very happiest possible time as they pause ever so briefly to remember his birth. If one finds happiness in giving or receiving presents, then let these voices of the tomb who speak to us on our simple heads.

To the best of our knowledge they do not have to indulge in this happy season by have every opportunity to retire to their cloister and meditate and fast and pray and be "happy in their own way."

If we, and the vast majority, do not feel that away inclined but prefer the joys of company, singing, brightly lighted trees, prettily wrapped presents and a sip at the cup that cheereth that is not felt off the prayer rugs of those who think we are wrong.

And so with this thought we extend to each of you the most sincere wish for a Happy Christmas, observed in the way that will make YOU the happiest and not observe in the manner that will please somebody else who quite likely will have a far different taste and a far different notion of just what really is a "Merry Christmas."

The sudden increase in every kind of theft from shop lifting through murder-robbery is a reflection, in part, upon the tightening economic situation throughout the nation. This, of course, does not excuse even the slightest of these crimes but it does make them a little more understandable. The past decade of almost riotous prosperity would become a terrible boomerang in a deep economic recession because people who have grown accustomed to having so much will never sleep to the scullery levels of the thirties. It may safely be said that as the economy tightens, so will the crime rate increase.

Scott Vs. Lennon

By the time the robins come next spring and voting time for various and sundry offices comes around, including that of the Junior Senator from North Carolina a great many changes can take place in the political picture.

Right now there's nobody in this wide land of the Tar Heel who'd give you two cents and a used chew of tobacco for the chance of Alton Lennon's reelection in the face of the formidable competition in store for him from Former Governor Kerr Scott.

To tell the truth we're getting right sorry for Little Old Lennon. Scott, in the past has always run as an "underdog" but this time he'll be running as the "top dog" and we wonder how the Man from Alamance will run in this position.

Of course, there's still a chance that there may be more monkeys trying to climb that senatorial tree.

Short Snorts

The elevation of Flake Shaw to the executive board of directors of the American Federation of Farm Bureaus is not only a recognition of the greater part of North Carolina is playing in national farm affairs but is also a further recognition of Flake Shaw, the Man, who has perhaps done as much for the welfare of the average North Carolinian as any single person in the history of our state.

President Eisenhower is, indeed, living in a "Fool's Paradise" if he thinks he can implement his legislative program with the scant Republican Majority he now has in Congress. We think that Ike will realize this, perhaps too late, once the session begins and he will see that he made a grave mistake in not asking congressional leaders from both parties to work with him in his recent legislative conferences.

Mount Olive has voted overwhelmingly against the sale of beer and wine. Wonder how many of those good and righteous brethren who voted the bone-dry ballot have a nip or two in the house, or out in the garage hidden from the preacher and mama?

For once we agree with the Nuisance & Disturber, sometimes called the News & Observer of Raleigh, which has suggested after reflecting on the recent double murder in South Carolina of a spooning couple and the more recent robbery-rape case in Lenoir County that "public petting areas" be set up under police protection. But peculiarly enough that's what we already thought drive-in theatres were primarily built for. We spend nearly as much time at drive-in theatres watching the show going on around us as the one on the screen. But, of course, they close after 11 and we recognize the need of other facilities of this nature.

The Post Office Department could easily balance its budget by raising the price on mailing Christmas cards one cent. And they could even show a profit if they'd up the rates on all this direct-mail advertising that gluts up the postman's sack. They might even declare dividends if they would boost the second class mailing rates to newspapers and magazines.

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Personal Paragraphs

by Jack Rider

Bill Herring, who among other things, is one of Lenoir County's biggest and best farmers, recently took me to task for some of the things I've said in this column and on the radio about farming. For one thing he ribbed me prettily strongly about trying to get farmers to cut their tobacco stalks as soon as the last priming is off.

Herring, of course, is as familiar with the reason offered for this as I am. The disease students say that cutting the stalk and turning the roots up to the sun is one of the best ways of controlling nematodes. Bill is not an expert on tobacco diseases but he will argue this particular point. At least he did to me.

He says that his reason for NOT cutting his tobacco stalks is based on something taught him by his father. That is the need of all land "to rest." Bill says his father always told him that if land was not given a chance to rest it would do it by itself. Bill's method is to not touch a tobacco field from the time the last pulling is off until just before it is time to start transplanting the next spring.

This, he points out, does not give a full year rest to the land but it does give it from late July or early August until April which is about two thirds of the year. Herring points out that this gives all of the vegetable matter on top of the soil plenty of time to rot and return what strength it has to the soil. He points out that a stalk above ground rots far more quickly than one ploughed in. Leaving the vegetation also eliminates a large part of the wind and water erosion that can take place during the stormier parts of the season between growings.

What I had said was something about like this: If you want a farm just pick out one that still has its tobacco stalks standing late in the fall and keep your eye on it because the fellow who don't keep up with the latest farm practices—especially in disease control—cannot long survive in the complicated farming of the present. Bill says that this made him feel particularly bad because at the time I was writing and hollering on the radio about this he didn't have a single stalk cut on any of his several farms. And he says he most certainly does not want to sell any land at this time, but to the contrary, is in the market for more. He says he might get some too from these folks that cut their tobacco stalks in August and plough up their land.

I'll now turn him over to Joe Koonce who knows more about this subject than I do and if Joe can't convince him, maybe Bill will lead Joe to the mourner's bench. At any rate, if I was so lucky as to own some good farm land, I think I'd cut the stalks, turn the roots up to the sun for a few hot days in August and September and then put some rye or oats on it to hold it down during the winter storms. But then that would not fit Bill's philosophy of giving the land time "to rest."

There's a lot about farming that I don't know, which is unusual. I should, of course, know a great deal about it, having never farmed. Usually the man most expert in a given field is one who has never worked at it. I have dozens of friends who can do a better job of writing columns than I, better newscasts, edit a better paper.

Then I'll have to admit that I have friends that are doing a mighty good job running their businesses and I'm sure that if they only had the good sense to seek my advice, they'd be doing a lot better than they are at present.

In fact I share a common sense. (Continued on page 1)