

The President Points Another Picture



EDITORIALS

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

An Expensive Delay to Kinston Taxpayers

Kinston Attorney Jesse Jones, representing possibly a majority of the residents in the area that would be changed from Carolina Power & Light Company service to City of Kinston service with the purchase of all CP&L lines inside the city's limits, is fighting an expensive delaying action, aimed at preventing the purchase of these lines by the city.

Officials of CP&L have said that the income from the area served by these lines was around \$1,800 per month. The contract for the purchase of these lines called for a transfer on May 1, 1955, so now with the first of August just around a couple of more corners the City of Kinston has already lost — lost forever — not less than \$5,400.

The contract called for a price of \$20,000 to be paid by the city. CP&L had originally asked \$40,000 but agreed to the lower figure when it was permitted to retain operation of the service for an additional six month period so that it might recoup part of its investment, and further that it would retain its transformers and meters.

We are not able to determine if the city will be able to renegotiate this contract so that it might not suffer the entire loss of this delay. It is most obvious that the delay is profiting CP&L to the tune of \$1,800 per month, at its own estimate.

City officials say, and we believe up to a point, that CP&L has acted in good faith in this attempted change-over. So

we can only lay the full responsibility for this multi-thousand dollar loss at the door of the protesting parties, and their attorney, who has coupled his delaying move to the inert attitude of the state utilities' commission to cause the taxpayers of the City of Kinston to lose this considerable sum of money.

We have said before, and repeat again that the City of Kinston holds a charter from the North Carolina General Assembly which gives it the lone right to operate an electric power service within its city limits. The state utilities' commission is a child of that same General Assembly and we cannot see how in high name of legal common sense anybody can possibly believe with any degree of sincerity that the powers of the utilities' commission supercede the charter of the City of Kinston.

There can be no question of the final end to this controversy. The courts cannot but decide with the City of Kinston and against the handful of citizens. We suggest that if there is any possibility of the city bringing suit to recover its damages in this matter from those who have brought this suit that such a possibility should be given very close study.

If those who have financed this delaying action had known that they would very likely be held responsible for any loss the city might suffer because of their action, it is likely that they might have given the matter a little more study before jumping overboard.

Many Neros Fiddling While Our Schools Burn

Hardly a day passes in which the daily press does not carry another great item, quoting some North Carolina school official, or officials as saying that they believe the school problem will be solved by voluntary continuation of the present segregated school system. This is a fancy lead, indeed, for supposedly informed men and women to dwell in.

We believe, and have specific evidence to support the belief that the majority

of the negro people in the Kinston area are not only willing, but are almost insistent upon a continuation of the present segregation practice. This surely is an attitude supported by even a greater percentage of the white people of our area.

But unfortunately, in this day of the super-powered minority neither the majority of the negroes, or the whites, or their collective majority is going to have

a final word. The Supreme Court has completely and repeatedly ignored every kind of majority right, every principle of state sovereignty and every very simple and fundamental principle of our once respected constitution to place minority rights on a pedestal.

Upon that pedestal the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has lost sight of some very old truths. The NAACP and those who support its views have trampled over, broken and ignored every kind of right that ever existed under our republican form of government in their rule-or-ruin effort to enforce something by judicial decree that could never be obtained by legislation. What's more something that in a vast part of the South will be unenforceable.

So, as North Carolina's Assistant Attorney General Beverly Lake has correctly pointed out, the battle is not between the white and colored races at all, but between the combined best thinking of both the white and colored races against the outside interference and financing of the NAACP.

But so long as the kind of sub-intellect of the past several years holds sway on the Supreme Court the NAACP has the legal upper hand, which makes Attorney General Lake's advice not only appropriate, but the absolute and only avenue of relief for those among us who will not accept the order of integrated public schools. That very simply put is private schools.

School officials are reluctant, and we might say, understandably reluctant to accept this obvious handwriting on the legal walls of our time. Their unwillingness to accept this hard fact of educational life, does not, in the slightest, lessen the fact that public schools as we have known and enjoyed them — both white and colored — for the past generation are just two steps away from their graveyard.

Lake said the NAACP has in its power the ability to end public schools in the South. Lake did not doubt, and we do not doubt that the NAACP will exercise this power to ruin, rather than accept any kind of mutual pact of continued segregation that might be reached by better minds, truer motives and more practical elements of the two races.

In the light of this irrefutable logic and advice from the man who knows by far the most about this situation in North Carolina our school systems have no alternative but to immediately prepare for the change.

But instead of making plans in advance a vast majority of our school officials are mouthing platitudes, issuing prayerful appeals for calm and in short fiddling while the entire structure of our schools burns about them.

The Taft Memorial

We do not want to reflect in any way upon the late Senator Taft, one way or another, but we do want to say, as one who loves the beauty of the Capitol Building that it would be an esthetic blunder of the biggest variety to permit the erection of any kind of monument to Taft on the Capitol grounds.

We also think that it would be a political mistake for the actual associates of Taft to busy themselves with memorializing him. History is far too frivolous, and Taft was much too recently upon the scene to permit any such acts. His father served as president, and as Chief Justice of the once supreme court; honors far beyond the achievement of his son, yet no such monuments have been erected in his memory.

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JACK RIDER, Publisher

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Conover is guilty of insinuating in a very cheap kind of sentiment to even consider such a move. Taft himself would have been the last to ever dream of such an effort. The monument to Taft is his achievement in the legislative affairs of our nation and his inflexible integrity. No more is needed.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS BY JACK RIDER

I'm getting to be a first class sore-head, or perhaps sorehead should be rated in reverse, which would make me a last class sorehead, or as some might argue a half-classed sorehead. I'm beginning to almost think like a prohibitionist, but on a different subject, and for a different reason. I haven't turned my back, or my stomach on light wines, beers and bourbon; or gin for that matter, but I have worked myself into a fairly good-sized lather on cigarettes.

No, I'm not worried about folks getting lung cancer, tuberculosis, heart disease, tonsillitis, bronchitis or kidney stones from sucking on cigarettes. I just don't much care, within reasonable limits. You see, I quit smoking cigarettes September 5, 1933, which makes it difficult for doctors to determine what's wrong with me when anything does get wrong. They can't order me to give up smoking, obviously, so they wind up telling me to quit eating. Which I honestly believe is a damned sight harder habit to break than even smoking.

Well, perhaps you are wondering why I'm down on cigarettes? The reason to me is a simple one. The litter, the sloppy trashpiles, the stinking butts, the flying, scorching ashes — that's my complaint and case against cigarettes. I've reached the point where I've decided that I'd rather have a dope fiend around me than a chain smoker. At least the dope addict — or all I've ever known, respect the sensibilities of others. I've never known or even heard of a drug head who'd whip out his needle and bottle in the middle of a conversation and squirt "the stuff" in your eyes and over your furniture. The dope taker is a nice, neat type, who'll slip away into some secluded corner to sharpen his needle and his wits with a little jolt. He folds up his needle, tucks it neatly away and comes back out with no aches, or blood dripping on the carpet to become the life of the party.

Even snuff dipping was neater and less imposing than cigarettes. For instance, I've known some old ladies who could keep a little dab of "Sweet Society" tucked under their lip a half a day and no one around them was any the wiser. If they had to spit, which they did on occasion their aim was usually far better than the cigarette fend who flicks his ashes in the general direction of an ash tray and they wind up in everybody's eyes. And even if the snuff dipper's aim wasn't so good, they never burned a hole in the carpet or your best table top.

Take chewing tobacco for instance. Accuracy at the spittoon was almost a sport. The longer a fellow "Chawed" the greater his ability became to hit the target, but the longer one smokes cigarettes the sloppier their aim, or intention becomes.

Of course, this kind of talk breaking out in the middle of tobacco-land is borderline heresy and I may be hung from the nearest tier pole of a tobacco barn for saying such unkind words about the smoke habit. Which causes me to pause and ponder, if briefly upon the possibility of whipping up some little old kind of invention to take the fly ash strain off those non-smokers among us.

We can't bar smokers from our homes, and we can't avoid meeting in a business or social way those who are sticking to the weed, so we'll just have to devise some gadget or other device that