

**PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS**  
BY JACK RIDER

What I hope was a good friend of mine wrote me a flattering letter last week and asked me to write a column about sensual music and pornographic literature on the magazine racks in all public places. From me flattery will get anything I got, including columns, and the remarks that it is fortunate that I was not born a girl, what with flattery being able to talk me out of anything I got, or had.

But after musing and amusing myself for a considerable spell of consideration I don't know if I can deliver, or if I do deliver whether it'll be what this one of my seven fans ordered. The letter didn't say whether to give these items hell or to root for them. And after a very brief peek at the one, and an even briefer listen to the other I'm not 100 per cent sure where I stand.

Newspaper folks are supposed to get out their step ladder and climb up on their highest horse when censorship of any form is mentioned, and, of course, to take the pictures of the "nekkid gals" off the drug store shelves would be a form of censorship, and by the same token taking Elvis off the air waves would be a form of censorship. And since most newspaper folks are quite willing to stomp hell out of any other business, and particularly any other business that sells advertising it might be "in form" for me to get out my tom-tom and hit it a lick or two against this here "mounting music", if you know what I mean, and if you can read this far in this kind of stuff you probably are right with me, or a couple of jumps ahead of me.

But then, I'm a hybrid animal eating out of two mangers, including the typewriter and the microphone varieties, and in addition to this I'm a renegade type newsman who is opposed to stomping other folks for doing the same things I do because they may be making a greater margin of profit out of it than I am. So I won't stomp radio, or Elvis, or even the others whose names haven't reached my ivory tower, yet.

But I will have a word or two to say about the "nekkid women" pictures in drug stores, and soda shops and barber shops—which makes me wonder if the women have pictures of "nekkid men" in beauty parlors.

I'm opposed to these pornographic publications, but not on the usual ground. I don't think they're gonna ruin the county's morals; they're already shot to pieces because mama and papa have put fences around their hogs, shut up their chickens and put a ring in the old bull's nose and turned their children foot loose. So I ain't gonna blame the moral climate on nothing so innocent as a sheet of paper with a little ink smeared on it in just the right places.

I'm opposed to this kind of stuff because to me it's ugly as sin, or uglier if you want to split hairs because sin sometimes is a pretty little thing. But the naked human form just simply ain't pretty to me; not on public display any way. This goes for the painting of Rubens, the statues of Rodin or the cartoons in Esquire. But ugly as the form divine may be in total exposure it ain't half so ugly as some hoot owl with a badge pecking over my shoulder and telling me what to peep at, or print, or write, or think, or say. And so I operate thisaway; if some joint gets a little too rough for my taste either with the brand of whisky they are bootlegging or the kind of calendars they hang on the walls I just change joints.

I'm foolish thataway about my children, too. That's easy to say right now because I'm still big enough to beat my children — one at a time, and so long as that crude condition exists I'm gonna keep them out of the sod, saloons where their nasty little notions might get even nastier.

Which gets me around to the point where  
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**'I Felt Generous... YOU Can Be Economical'**



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**EDITORIALS**

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

**The Military Hair-do**

Two thousand years ago when the Roman soldier began to fatten on the Glory that was Rome it is quite likely that there came a time when one resisted the discipline of The Caesars, and perhaps resisted getting his hair cut in the prescribed mode.

Such an incident could not have been a major factor in the Decline and Fall of The Roman Empire, but it may very well have been a symptom of a national disease which certainly was a major fact in said Decline and Fall.

When a military commander cannot enforce so simple a rule as one pertaining to hair cuts the armed forces are knocking on the door of anarchy, for an army without discipline is nothing more, or less, than a mob.

The success so far in our brief history of the American Armed Forces has not been due to the fact that the uniform was a "Happy Home". It has always been the massive appeal of home, and freedom from

military discipline that has made the American soldier a murderous fighting man. This has been very simply based in the bloody fact that heretofore an American would fight against any odds and without the slightest understanding of the great national principles involved just to get back home and get the hell out of uniform.

Now, we are making the armed forces a country club with mama peeping over the first sergeant's shoulder and dictating duty rosters to the company clerk. This may keep the soldier in the army, but in our veteran opinion the thing we need to avoid like the plague is developing an army and a frame of mind in which any large percentage of our man power would want to remain in uniform longer than absodamnedly necessary.

If we'd been that hair-cut-conscious private's first sergeant his head would have looked more like a cueball rather than a kitchen mop.

**The Pearsall Plan and Hodges**

When Governor Luther Hodges succeeded William Umstead as the state's chief executive one of the many orientation conferences that took place was naturally on the subject of the United States Supreme Court's notion about mixing white and colored folks first in the schools, then in the parks and pools and eventually through federal force in every nook and cranny of the Southern Way of Life.

Hodges expressed then the desire to have a single legislative authority; to cut off every nickel of state money to any local school in which intergration was ordered. This he wanted because he felt the real problem in North Carolina was not in Eastern North Carolina where the bulk of the negroes live but in the larger cities of the state where a bunch of morons cluttered up the city school boards, and who Hodges correctly feared would breach the solid front he said he wanted to maintain in North Carolina against any segregation anywhere in any public school.

That was what Luther wanted then. But just a little later in came a report from exactly the kind of egghead crew that Hodges feared on the city school boards and

this report included the now infamous "Pearsall Plan". Then Hodges tore up his old plan of taking the full executive responsibility upon himself in this vital sphere and under the thinly veiled guise of "democratic principle" wished the problem off on the several hundred school boards of the state which still included a disgustingly high per centage of the same kind of pro-integrationist that Hodges had feared in his first, correct analysis of the problem.

Now what Hodges feared has come to pass. Godless, meek little men in the exercise of their tiny responsibilities on the school boards of Greensboro, Winston-Salem and Charlotte have voted to send negroes to white schools. And all across the state their intellectual equals in the newspaper world are sprinkling holy water around their circulation areas and proclaiming that this is the right direction.

They are saying, "A little integration will prove to the supreme court that we are not just simply trying to dodge their rulings", which is to say, "If we surrender we won't have to fight."

We hope Hodges, and his assorted collection of professional surrenders are happy

**Percy Flowers in Bloom**

The material in federal court last week against Percy Flowers, the king of North Carolina bootleggers, is one more reflection upon too much government resulting in no government.

Nobody with any scant knowledge of the facts of illegal whisky life in North Carolina doubts for a second that Flowers is the kingpin bootlegger, that he has made millions of dollars, and that he has failed to pay the federal government its exorbitant share of those millions.

Yet a jury was hung at 10 to 2 for acquittal and although we were not nearer than 70 miles to the court room where the case was heard and where the jury deliberated we would bet our house rent that the jury got in that acquitting frame of mind in spite of all these admitted ramifications of the Flowers whisky business because government has gotten completely out of hand in taxation, in judicial blindness and in administrative tyrannies.

The federal government can put Flowers out of the whisky business any day it wants to, but not with juries in his backside, but by levying a reasonable taxation on whisky. So long as the federal government levies a \$10.50 tax upon each gallon of whisky the woods will be full of bootleggers because it only costs about 70 to 90 cents to make a gallon of whisky.

The government has put Flowers and thousands more of his breed in the illegal whisky business and only the government can take them out of it. So long as they can peddle whisky at about one fifth the price of legal whisky there will be plenty of illegal whisky sold. Not because people prefer its flavor, its potency or its cleanliness, but simply because they like its price.

with the "Pearsall Plan", because we doubt like hell that anybody else in the state is satisfied with it, black or white.

They will pull out the lawbooks and say to the white patrons of these schools in Winston-Salem, Greensboro and Charlotte, "Now you can circulate a petition and call an election and if a majority vote wishes to close these schools we will and you will be given \$165 per year to send your child to a private school that doesn't exist, and where the tuition would be more nearly \$1,650 per year if one did exist. Or failing that if any single individual still desires to flaunt the majority of his neighbors who may be in favor of mongrelizing the two races he can also get the same munificent allocation from the state for the "education" of each of his children — but he can get that only after he has suffered through the time-consuming processes of petition circulating, election holding and further appearances before a school board that opposes him on his face, and perhaps because of his face.

We spit on the "Pearsall Plan". We were far, far better off before when mixing of white and black children in public schools was illegal. Now the "Pearsall Plan" makes it legal and the very spirit which such humble surrender creates nullifies or at least lessens the spirits that might have availed against this gross usurpation of power by those nine nitwits with the black robes and blacker hearts who defile the seats they occupy upon the supreme court.

What are you going to do now, Governor?

Advice for a long life: Just do one thing at a time — and try to avoid that as long as possible.

With so much of his salary taxed to balance the budget, all the average man can do is to budget the balance.

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