

## PERSONAL

## PARAGRAPHS

BY  
JACK RIDER

Even sitting with a dispassionate object such as a typewriter I find it next to impossible to approach the integration argument with any degree of calmness. I can't even find a funny item or two to toss into the fray. I suppose, on this subject I ought to get a rabies shot, and I'm sure that some of my integrationist friends would agree in that particular.

Now, here in North Carolina, thanks to the political desires of Luther Hodges, the lack of courage of the North Carolina General Assembly and the apathetic ignorance of the rank and file citizen we have mixed classes in our public school system. With bleeding-heart liberal school boards in Winston-Salem, Charlotte and Greensboro voting to send a handful of negro students to white schools the dyke has been broken and soon we'll find equally gutless school boards all across the state following in this same mongrelization direction.

While the state's only leader of high caliber, Sam Ervin, was fighting a noble, and successful stand in Washington against the meddling of outside forces and the stupidity of internal traitors the ground has been cut from beneath him by our governor, our spineless General Assembly and the rudderless floundering of the people as a whole.

This becomes even a more bitter pill to swallow when one knows that the tide of opinion all across the nation is turning more and more every day in favor of the south, and against the illegal, oligarchical tyrannies of an unbridled, unreasonable supreme court whose actions are based in sociological claptrap rather than the written law. From every part of the country voices are being raised against this court that has interposed its wishes across the entire body of our Constitution. This court has stomped Congress into the dust, and with the help of Congress. It has ground state rights into powder, and has erected a monument to itself from the marble of its own ego and the humble, cowardly acceptance of those who have said, "The Supreme Court is the supreme law of the land". Such bilge wafer would sicken a maggot. The supreme law of the United States is, or was until recently the Constitution.

To which the meek mumble, but "The Constitution is what the supreme court says it is! If this craven principle is accepted at face value then all other government may as well abdicate its one-time authority and leave the writing of the laws, the administration of the laws and the interpretation of the laws to the court. One must admit that to a very large degree this has already taken place.

A Congress conceived in political desperation and born into a borderline anarchy that is piously called "Democracy" has aided and abetted in killing, or very badly maiming the great republican instrument for government that was created by our forefathers in Philadelphia's Constitutional Convention. Now we find ourselves crucified on a cross — double cross — of venal minority politics in which the only clear result is the almost total nullification of majority rights.

Such a court, and such an immoral political climate permits — even invites aggravated interferences as have recently been jammed down the throat of the once sturdily independent American. We have nine cheap — very cheap — politicians reaching their greasy little paws into the heart of once sovereign states and telling them how to run their schools, their courts, their private businesses, and even their private lives.

Who is the worse villain? The tyrant who climbs to the top by stomping every individual right to pieces, or the humble, gutless, mob that mumbles apologetically, "But he is only doing what he has a right to do!"

When law becomes the whim of one man, or several men rather than a written instrument; when precedent becomes some-

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## EDITORIALS

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

## Luther, The Leader

Last year the storm cloud of racial mixing in North Carolina public schools threatened to create from its own considerable force some potent opposition to the candidacy of Luther Hodges for governor.

Hodges naturally didn't want any real opposition, what politician would. So he, with the assistance of Tom Pearsall and William Joyner, cooked up a thing that eventually came to be called the "Pearsall Plan".

It was aimed, so the governor and his stooges claimed, at keeping the schools of North Carolina unmixing racially, and within the framework of the illegal ruling of the United States supreme court. Such a whirlwind, high-pressure campaign was put on in the name of the "Pearsall Plan" that the people of the state swallowed it by a 10-to-1 majority, and then a meek, gutless special session of the General Assembly put its stamp of complete approval on every particular of this dodge.

As we now recognize the "Pearsall Plan" has not prevented mixing of the races in our state schools, but has, in fact, encour-

aged it among those weak-kneed, bleeding-heart liberal school boards of the type found so frequently in our more sophisticated towns and villages.

But if the "Pearsall Plan" was a flat failure in the sphere of schools, which it purported to represent, it was a striking success in killing off any major opposition in the 1956 campaign for governor and "Leaksville's Luther" slid into a full term in the governor's office with a negative vote that many construed as a "mandate from the people".

The only leader in North Carolina today of major caliber who has taken and kept a forthright stand on the matter of protecting our schools, and our children of both races is Senator Sam Ervin. But good as Senator Sam is, he just ain't enough to go around. We need more positive, courageous, selfless leadership of the type he has recently displayed in the civil rights battle in Washington, and less — much less — of the political meanderings of an ambitious former mill hand.

## The Paradoxical Era

No language can quite express the utter paradox of our time. Profanity is too limited. Prayer is too polite.

Consider the recent Washington scene. Anthrax, the most dreaded livestock disease known, was raging in Oklahoma and state funds were running out. Finally, after effort by the entire Oklahoma delegation an appointment was secured with an undersecretary in the department of agriculture who was asked for help in the fight to control this outbreak of such an awful disease. Mr. Undersecretary told the excited Oklahomans he was sorry that this was a state problem, in spite of the fact that an anthrax germ has not yet been taught how to read sufficiently well to tell when it is being blown by wind, washed by water or carried by animals across state lines.

While the Oklahomans were being thus dusted, President Eisenhower with his most "hurt expression" was pleading with tears in his eyes for congress to add just one

more billion dollars to the foreign aid program for next year, and congress, touched by the tears gave like 500 million dollars; admittedly not all he wanted but half of what he asked.

Perhaps communism in "Lower Slobbovia" is more important than anthrax in Oklahoma. Perhaps it makes more sense to pour out money to people who don't want it, can't intelligently use it and in many instances despise the United States for belittling their way of life by insisting that they live "the better life" according to the American Plan. Perhaps so; but not for us.

Consider, if you will what the 70 billion dollars spent on foreign aid would have done in this country. It would build seven million \$10,000 homes — enough houses for 35 million people at the national average of five to the family. It would build 70,000 million dollar schools. That would be over 20 such schools for each county in the United States since there are only 3,000 counties.

## The Strother Stretch

Our editorial writing friend on the Kingston Daily Free Press is becoming increasingly better known for what we'll call "The Strother Stretch", in lieu of a more perfect description.

"The Strother Stretch" is not a new dance step, nor even a 1953 model girdle. In truth there's nothing remarkably new about it, except that Jake is working it over-time, at present.

Bolled down to its gravy "The Strother Stretch" consists of an editorial policy that speaks boldly in favor of any and every kind of public expenditure known to mortal man, or immortal editorial writer. Bigger and more expensive schools, streets, parks, libraries, garbage trucks, fire trucks and all the other ingredients that make a "progressive city".

But while whistling this tune from one corner of his editorial mouth Brother Jake whistles for economy from the other corner.

Currently he is opposed to higher water rates being charged by the city and at the same time he is reminding the city fathers, as if they didn't know, that they had promised in the dim, if not too distant past to cut city electric rates.

Spend, spend but let's cut, cut the income boys. So Jake says.

## Don't Push Boys

Fools write what angels fear to think, so here we go. We say tobacco is selling high enough. If it gets far above roughly a \$55 to \$56 per hundred average it's getting out of the price range of foreign users who last year bought 38 per cent of the flue-cured tobacco crop in America.

To tell a farmer, suffering from tobacco ulcers that he's getting enough for his crop is like telling a child he's had enough ice cream, but we sincerely believe that the more mature tobacco growers can recognize clearly just what the situation is.

We might also add, if a farmer cannot grow tobacco profitably at 55 to 56 cents per pound he'd better hunt a different job.

Now you farmers can line up and start kicking us, verbally, of course.

Thousands of children are marching to and from school each day now so remember when you drive to take that fact into consideration for the child you hit with your fliwver might be your own.

September has a generally bad reputation weatherwise, either hot and sticky or windy and wet, but at least it holds some small promise of more sleepable nights, we hope.

Delay seems to be the order of the day in the hearings in federal court for the mixed seed boys. It's quite likely that this crop will be sold, smoked and forgotten before this matter is litigated to death. More sobering is the possibility that this law suit could mean the end of the entire tobacco program; that, at least, is the opinion of the officials charged with the responsibility of administering the program.

The man who tries to work for the good, believing in its eventual victory, while he may suffer setback and even disaster, will never know defeat. The only deadly sin I know is cynicism.

Henry L. Stimson

It amounts to \$411 for each man, woman and child in these United States.

Foreign aid, indeed. Another word for foreign is "Strange", so it ought to be called "Strange aid".

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