

'Oh, Stop Complaining!'



EDITORIALS

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

The 'Professional' Pose

If nothing else resulted from an effort to revamp the State School Text Book Commission one was able to get a close-up of the "professional" mind, at work; and the punctuation is deliberate.

Numerous school officials, who should have known better, took the stand and alleged that nobody—but nobody except "professional educators" were qualified to select text books! Well, Well!

There was a day, not so long ago when the word "professional" was applied with careful discrimination but today it is used loosely to describe any and every trade or craft that can hire an executive secretary.

Even newspaper folks are applying this distinction to themselves.

From one point of view everyone who works for hire is a professional—from the prostitute to the prostitute, but in the once-accepted use of the word only an elite corps was dignified in this manner. Doctors, lawyers, university professors. But now how

times have changed.

We do not resent, but admit more amusement than any other emotion over this determination to reclassify everyone with a clean shirt and a fresh shave as a "professional man".

Public officials are always bowing low in the direction of some "professional opinion" and one frequently hears, "But, we must accept the advice of our 'professionals'."

But, of course, the "professionals" insist that mere simpletons who are being asked to do nothing more than pay the bills are expected to accept as "Divine Commandment" any and every "professional opinion".

We earn part of our daily bread in this manner—writing for public consumption; so take this "professionals" advice and pay more attention to simple arithmetic and plain common sense and less attention to the principles' practices and plans of the "professionals" who spin their web more tightly each day about the body politic.

Judge Not, Cletus

Cletus Brock, editor of the Mount Olive Tribune, is one of our best friends in the newspaper racket. But Cletus is a fanatical dry, that is a man opposed to the legal sale of whisky. Of course, we must add that Brock is opposed to whisky—legal or illegal, with or without ginger ale.

But all of the righteousness that Cletus gains from opposing the evils of strong drink he sacrifices with such judgments as this which was in his Tuesday paper:

"The most regretful angle to the anti-ABC campaign which is being decided today by voters in Wayne County, is that such a campaign should have been necessary. When an issue so definitely moral in character has enough supporters who are indifferent to the morality involved as the ABC question has, it is a sad commentary on the general tone of our population." Cletus is dividing the world up with a

sharp knife—classifying everyone who supports the ABC system as immoral, classifying everybody from Jesus on down as immoral who has ever touched his lips to an alcoholic beverage.

Cars used wrongly are immoral, sex used wrongly is immoral but who would say that either driving a car or propagation of the species is immoral per se?

Nature creates nothing immoral. Man's use or abuse determines whether any and everything is moral or immoral.

Freedom of the press is a precious possession of our nation, but unbridled fanaticisms, reckless and absurd abuses of half-truths and prejudgments of a majority of the population by the self-righteous such as Brock are an abuse of this freedom and a threat to its future.

Humility in all things, and above all respect for another point of view are not only

Immature Exercises

The new Kinston Board of Aldermen Monday night stormed off into the "Wild Blue Yonder" under the obstinate leadership of Sophomore Robert Curtis and displayed itself in a series of immature exercises that cannot help the cause of good government.

Senior Alderman Frank LaRoque repeatedly and with forceful logic tried to halt the pre-arranged steamroller driven by Curtis and peddled by Freshmen Simon Sitterson and Jesse Rayner. The board's other member, Mrs. J. J. Hannibal, also a freshman, displayed excellent judgment by abstaining from votes on the controversial issues this trio kicked up, explaining that she had not been a member of the council long enough to be well informed enough to take sides.

Nobody should have been surprised as Alderman Curtis exercised his spleen in a motion calling for the dismissal of Utilities Superintendent Graham McAdams in 30 days.

Everybody, however, quite properly sat up when Freshman Sitterson "made a resolution" calling for the appointment or dismissal of all department heads by the council, rather than the city manager. This exercise also carried by the 3-1 vote with Mrs. Hannibal's abstinence.

Curtis summarily waved aside suggestions that the city-manager form of government had been instituted by a vote of the people, and should not be emasculated except by a vote of the people. He said, "We're not against the city manager form of government." But he did not explain what a city manager would manage in a system where he had no control over department heads.

Actually, in all fairness, these three—Curtis, Rayner and Sitterson—should be forgiven their ineptitudes, because they are all green—green as gourds. They have been given a "mandate from the people" which they have interpreted to mean one thing, and that we interpret quite differently.

They will find, as previous aldermen have found that the public is fickle, and that what the public demands today it may

repudiate tomorrow. The process of education is slow, often tedious and this applies to the education of innocent young aldermen as well as to kindergarten pupils.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

I suppose no one remembers the Tom Johnson Era in Kinston so well as myself, since Tom and I were fellow presstitutes, giving our all for news and breathing it out over local radio stations. We had similar tastes—beer in the morning, gin in the afternoon, bourbon after dark and Scotch for wakes and weddings. Johnson is now assistant editor of the Montgomery, Alabama Advertiser, a paper that occupies roughly the same position—but for different reason—in Alabama that the News & Observer holds in North Carolina.

Tom is an unpredictable type, if it's possible to type him. He wandered in last week just as if he'd been around the corner to lick a postage stamp and not a change has been wrought in the "Ole Tom" of some years back who held forth with such careless ease on any subject.

Wednesday he jolted Catherine Cooke by protesting the higher taxes on whisky that are being whispered by some Coke drinkers. "How'd you like it if you had to pay 85 cents for a Coke?" he demanded of Coke Drinker Cooke. That's roughly the relation that taxes hold to five cents worth of whisky, since the tax is between \$12 and \$14 per gallon and it costs the distiller roughly \$1 per gallon to make acceptable "spirits". Catherine hasn't thought of an answer to this question yet.

Johnson is also noted for such epigrams as, "Opium is the opiate of the people!" and once drove a city editor in some Tennessee hamlet daft, or more daft trying to set up a picture at a college track meet that would show the timers standing all in a row, and for which Johnson had created the headline to end all headlines, "The Souls That Time Men's Tries." If you can't understand that one you've no business reading this far on this page, so turn over to the funny papers and get in your proper element.

Johnson says his latest effort in this direction was a review of a book by Harry Ashmore with forward by Harry Golden, or something roughly comparable to that if one can imagine anything that would compare to such a sickening pair between two bookcovers. He explained the book as being the kind that praises the writer of the forward as a "Great Southern Editor" who has called the forward writer a "Great Southern Editor". Are you with us?

Aside from our kindred "spirits" Johnson and I have the same purple nausea for the professionals on both sides of the racial issues. He describes them thusly, "The thick-lipped burr-headed hymn singers who snatch the innocent negroes' purse and the hoarse-voiced, slobbering imbecils who sell memberships in white citizens' councils." In between these hucksters on the extreme ends of the racial squabble the vast majority of the people are not very interested unless they're hit in the face themselves. Most folks are too busy fighting the mortgage battle and keeping installments paid on time to worry about such inconsequential things as state rights, constitutional principle, divisions of power and racial integrity.

A flat tire in between pay days, a broken TV tube, a dull razor blade, a hole in that last clean pair of socks, a wet diaper left on the newly finished hardwood floor, no ginger ale and plenty of whisky, or worse, plenty of ginger ale and no whisky—these are the kind of problems that cause revolutions, undo governments, upset ulcers and cause divorces.

For an editorial writer, especially one on a large newspaper, Johnson is singularly Continued on page 6

On Covering Up Ditches

Monday night the Kinston Board of Aldermen voted to take \$4,932 from the taxpayers of Kinston to enhance the value of three lots between Cavalier Circle and Barton Avenue owned by Roy Poole, John Burroughs and Edwin Hill. These property owners have also agreed to spend \$5,960 of their own funds in this "community improvement project".

Each of these men has good vision, and neither is classified as unable to take care of personal affairs. The ditch they are concerned with was there when they bought their lots.

There is a question whether the alderman have legal authority to spend the taxpayers money to improve every frogpond or ditchbank. But no matter how the legal question may be answered there is no moral ground upon which the aldermen can stand in such an action.

Such careless expenditure of city funds invites people to buy discounted property and then come with hat in hand to the city, begging or demanding the city to "act".

People who buy cheap lots cannot morally expect others who have bought better lots to underwrite their mistakes, or deliberate adventures.

inherent points of the true Christian concept but are absolute requisites in a free society.

Judge Not, Cletus. The world is not made up of saints and scoundrels but of mere mortals none saintly and few absolutely bad.

JONES JOURNAL

JACK RIDER, Publisher

Published Every Thursday by The Lenoir County News Company, Inc., 403 West Vernon, Ave., Kinston, N. C., Phone 5415. Entered as Second Class Matter May 5, 1949, at the Post Office at Trenton, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Mail in First Zone—\$3.00 Per Year. Subscription Rates Payable in Advance

