



EDITORIALS

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

Mind Of His Own

Much has been written about how absolutely wedded President Johnson was to the program of President Kennedy. But few people who knew Johnson well really accepted this myth, as events are rapidly proving.

President Johnson is proving two things: One that he has a mind of his own, and secondly that he feels the pulse of the nation in some very sensitive fashion.

His flat statement that the budget is really going to be trimmed at least three billion dollars is evidence that Johnson recognizes that the people are tired of an ever-expanding federal budget that seems to get bigger and bigger from inertia rather than from reason.

Johnson also seems to have recognized very early in the office of the President that he must be president himself and can not survive in the reflected glory of a martyred president.

On the subject of civil rights it seems fairly safe to assume that Johnson is just realistic enough to know that this emotional jag is

confusing and delaying congress so he's in favor of getting it out of the way and passing on to some serious legislation; recognizing that the so-called civil rights legislation is so ridiculous that it would be unenforceable. There are more ways than one to skin a cat.

Congress has tried ignoring this subject, but like a cat it seems to have at least nine lives. Johnson knows that the federal government cannot hire enough cops, cannot build enough jails to make every business in this country knuckle under to a fair employment practices law, or to make every hot dog stand and boarding house in the nation accept dictates of a handful of politicians in Washington.

But it is on the specific subject of economy, so far, that Johnson has shown his most complete freedom of mind, and absolute separation from the Kennedy principles of operation. Only through cutting the budget can taxes be cut. Kennedy refused to acknowledge this basic fact, but Johnson has adopted it completely, and hence will get a tax cut bill out of congress and in the very near future.

Highway Problems

Every candidate for governor in North Carolina is going to be forcefully reminded of the fact that Eastern North Carolina stands badly in need of better roads, and a more equitable share of the road-building dollar.

In the current biennium a total of \$68.3 million dollars is allocated by the State Highway Commission for new road construction and major renovations of existing roadways. This includes \$23.3 million in State of North Carolina funds, and \$43 million in federal matching funds for all of the various types of roads in the state system.

As usual for the past eight years the major portion of this money is going into the very few miles of Interstate Superhighways. The state at present has 11,269 miles of "Primary" roads, which includes all "U. S." and "N. C." numbered roads and all of the Interstate Superhighways.

There are 769 miles of the Interstate super variety allocated to North Carolina, which

leaves 10,500 miles of the basic primary system, which is very largely that system which connects the county seats of the state's 100 counties.

For this tiny mileage of the superhighway system this year has earmarked \$23.4 million for new construction. The allocation for the entire other 10,500 miles in the primary system after the interstate system is removed is only \$19.6 millions.

To say that this is ridiculous is to labor the obvious. But when into the scales is also thrown the fact that the 57,064 miles of the secondary road system only have \$17.4 million allocated for new construction one can see how badly this interstate tail is wagging the big dog of North Carolina highways.

Any gubernatorial candidate who does not offer some specific and workable cure to this revoltingly wrong situation cannot expect to win friends in any bailiwick, and most especially in Eastern Carolina where the plurality of the Democratic Party has been found in recent elections.

At the risk of upsetting some of the regular readers of this page we want to seriously suggest that it's time to state that congress go ahead and pass whatever kind of so-called civil rights legislation the hustlers in that department want.

Congress tied itself in an emotional knot for 20 years, sipping drinks beyond the glassy stare of the Temperance Union must and finally with a terrible hangover passed something that was called Prohibition, which was supposed to stop everybody from drinking alcoholic beverages. They made only one mistake, when they outlawed whisky—they didn't repeal the laws of fermentation, so mash kept on souring, heat kept on sending off vapors and cooling condensed that vapor in such illicit elixirs as nourished the wayward back in the terrible drought of the 20's and early 30's.

Prohibition was a noble experiment in idiocy. It was rather like banning disease, or outlawing poverty. One would have thought that the more stable among us would have learned from this debasing exercise in futility that passing laws will not make even the noblest dream come true.

And so it is with civil rights. This is a catch phrase that has all the purple emotionalism of demon rum, John Barleycorn and all of the dramatic imagery of Ten Nights in a Barroom. Because we—even the most segregationist among us—have some near and dear negro friends, each of us sheds a tear when we hear of some cold and hungry colored person being turned away from the night's lodging and the crust of bread that might be his if he could change his color, by means other than the passage of laws.

The wandering Jew with expectant wife who was turned away from the Inn so long ago in Jerusalem crystallized the emotions and ethics of prejudice, but still today the Inn keepers of Jerusalem turn away Jews; because not even such a monumental memorial as the Christian Church has altered the ancient prejudices of those Inn keepers.

So let us have the laws, as exacting and ridiculous as the politician can conceive, because the sooner we get this moon-madness out of our body politic, the sooner we can move on to more important and more controllable facets of our modern society.

The Degree Is Shocking

Most of us in Eastern North Carolina have had some passing knowledge of the fact that this section of the state had been left out almost completely by the past three governors insofar as road building was concerned, but this is but one of the fields in which this area has been "took".

The only major educational institution of higher learning east of the "Concrete Curtain" called Highway 301 is East Carolina College, and there has not been a day since it was founded in 1907 that it has shared anywhere near equally in the allocations of funds for higher education.

Take for instance, right now. The per capita allocation of state funds to all of the 12 state-supported colleges ranges from \$741 down to \$427. We give you five minutes and one guess to pick the position in which East Carolina College is placed in this spread.

ECC is low. The per student, per year allocation for the other state colleges is like this: State College \$741, Carolina \$674, Woman's College \$667, Elizabeth City State Teacher's College \$634, North Carolina College at Durham \$617, Greensboro A&T \$531, Winston-Salem Teacher's College \$514, Fayetteville Teacher's College \$475, West Carolina College \$460, Pembroke \$466, and there languishing in the bottom spot are the two step-children East Carolina at Greenville and Appalachian State at Boone, each with a per capita, per student allocation of \$427. And this is only in the field of current expenses and does not touch capital outlay allocations.

How about student load per teacher? Here are the rankings: Carolina 13.7, State 13.8, NC at Durham 14.1, Elizabeth City and Winston-Salem both 14.5, A&T at Greensboro 14.9, Pembroke 15, Woman's College 15.8, Fayetteville 16.6, East Carolina 17.3 and West Carolina and Appalachian each 17.6.

This is just one more of the major fields of state government effort that have been either callously or stupidly turned against those particular parts of the state that have most needed special efforts.

The more I study the problem the madder I get, and the problem is the unfairness with which Eastern Carolina has been treated by the Raleigh type politicians who are out now shaking hands and begging for East Carolina support.

There's not one field of state government in which East Carolina has gotten its fair share of state funds. Perhaps the biggest reason this makes me so mad is because the Raleigh-type politicians must be perfectly correct in deciding that we Easterners are a collection of Mongolian idiots. We must be to have put up with this kind of treatment so long and so meekly.

But there are mutterings between Camden and Southport and from Wayne County to Ocracoke which indicate that after so many generations of exploitation the natives are getting restless. And nothing makes the Rajahs of Raleigh more nervous than restless natives. The trading beads are being packed and safaris into such unexpected areas as the Albemarle, the Roanoke-Chowan, the Pamlico Estuary, the Great Valley of the Neuse, even into the rugged Coastal Sounds are charted for every vote hunter who has oiled up his rhetoric and added a trophy room to his home in the hills.

One is heard firing a tremendous volley on the banks of the Cape Fear: "I will four-lane US 17!" Another vote hunter armed with an "elephant" gun fires a scatter load: "I will four-lane roadways to our major ports!" And a third is still back in the hills, watching the explorations of his adversaries. But one may rest well assured that he, too, is checking the maps, contacting "guides" and seeking new and more deadly ammunition for his trek "Down East" where the Democratic plurality lurks in the gall berry bushes and tidal marshlands.

One of the favored hunting spots for generations of such vote hunters is Mattamuskeet Lake, where they shoot a few innocent ducks and maybe a fat goose, but the geese they are really hunting don't fly, don't migrate, but they do vote.

I say it's past time that we make a hunting preserve out of the entire "Lost Colony" that lies east of Highway 301; that we collect an exorbitant hunting license from these quadrennial vote hunters; that we make them pave our roads, enlarge our colleges, expand our ports, conserve our water resources and add to our industry.

Oh! They give us glory. They take our favorite sons to Raleigh and adorn them with titles, but they are titled bees in a gilded hive and their wings are clipped long before they are taken upon the mountain and strown the honey down below. We have the chefs, but they take the pie. It is wonderful to know that our good old Eastern Carolina boys are chairmen of the Advisory Budget Commission. Larkins, Woodard, White; to name a recent few. They'll take care of East Carolina. Yes, they will!

But while they are visiting the worker bees are toting off the loot for their own backyard. It is a rather labored metaphor, but these titled Eastern Carolinians are rather like Queen Bees. They are selected carefully by the hive, force fed to give them that royal sheen, and then they are bred. After this one moment of ecstasy they are held captive for the rest of their life, laying the kind of eggs the hive wants them to lay and enjoying life and position.

I say it's time we Eastern bees picked a Queen Bee of our own and fertilized her so she'll lay the kind of eggs that would hatch out some projects of our choosing and collect some of the kind of political honey that is so scarce in our section of the forest.

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