

A Lot of Bull



PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

This week has seen a long-simmering frustration of mine boil over. Last fall I first learned of Governor Terry Sanford's determination to leave his integrationist mark indelibly imprinted on every segment of North Carolina society, — even to including the innocent, unfortunate children in our homes for the mentally retarded. Orders came down from on high to Caswell Training School at Kinston to stop hiring white attendants and begin filling all vacancies with negroes as a prelude to the mass mixing of white and negro children in this facility.

Whether similar orders were issued as to hiring white workers at O'Berry Center in Goldsboro I do not know, but rather doubt, since the likelihood of white applicants was too remote for consideration. Workers at Caswell were sick, mad and guarded in what they would say about this brutal incursion into one of the most piteable areas of our society.

I was so maddened, so frustrated that I could say nothing coherent publicly, nor write anything rational for publication. I was then and remain utterly appalled at man's crude, cruel inhumanity to innocent children who cannot protect themselves. I remained publicly silent until last week when I got the most stirring note I have ever received in the long years I have been involved in public affairs. It came from a patient at Caswell and it said:

"Dear Jack Rider. Will you please read some for us on radio. All attendants at Parrott 2 will miss George Roger Lawhon when he goes to Goldsboro Tuesday at 1 p.m. George Roger Lawhon is the best boy at Parrott 2. He work good. The attendant in Tapp 4 building will miss me too. Read it Saturday morning at 8:15 a.m. We will hear you . . . Love . . . George Roger Lawhon . . ."

I was too upset to read the card coherently, or to comment rationally. But by Monday, after a weekend spent largely in dwelling upon this sad farewell of a little boy to his adopted parents, adopted brothers and perhaps the only home he had ever known, I had made up my mind to beat my head again against that stone wall that has been raised all across our nation in the phony name of civil rights.

I asked for comment from people in radio editorials on Monday and since then I have been flooded by mail, by phone and in person with comments from people who are as upset as I. I admit no optimism; for in the face of the cold facts of political life there surely is no room for anything but the darkest pessimism in this area. But I could not see George Roger Lawhon and 600 other children become the innocent pawns of coldblooded politicians without raising my voice in protest.

This has nothing to do with facilities, with staff, with either the physical or mental well-being of these children — colored or white. The O'Berry Center at Goldsboro has been built in the past 10 years. It is more spacious, better designed and staffed with people whose dedication is equal to that of the people at Caswell. There is no inference that the staff at O'Berry has not and cannot care for the colored children there just as well as the staff at Caswell cared for their children.

There is no evidence of any single reason for this calculated brutality except that it is necessary that our Great State abuse these children in this fashion in order to remain eligible to receive federal surplus foods which have been purchased with our own federal tax dollars. I have said and I still say that the only thing more frightening to me than the calloused cynicism of the federal hoods who have ordered this to be done is the total cowardice of each and all of our state officials who have had a part in committing this miserably unspeakable crime against nature.

Hairy Regression

Since old Homo Sapiens rose up on his hind legs he has been spending a considerable part of his energy fixing his hair.

Even today the Stone Age societies that still exist include among their compulsions the mania for fancy hairdos.

Civilization, and its thin veneer of sophistication has not done much to change or improve this peculiar egoism.

True, Madam Modern's hair spray lacks the aromatic high octane rating of the cow manure Masai warriors use to fix their curls in place; but it functions in roughly the same manner.

And today the cycle of style has gone full circle and we are back to the wig era with a capital Dollar Mark. Women send their wigs to the beauty parlor to have them rinsed and "set."

Negro girls of purest ebony coloration have platinum blonde wigs, and suicide red wigs.

And in the neuter realm of sex these mincing, hip-swinging eunuchs wear a full set of hair which in many instances also could serve as a beard since it reaches far enough down the face. On seeing a few of these faces exposed to sunlight a better understanding is possible, because those wearing this facial hair look a helluva lot better with their faces covered.

As for us; we're laying in a stock of moustache wax . . . the moustache has to rise again.

Mosquito Control

This year because of the threat of sleeping sickness in our area the mosquito is more on our minds than in average summer seasons.

Which leads to this conclusion; that mosquito control should be a state responsibility and not a county-by-county responsibility; for the simple reason that mosquitoes do not recognize county lines.

In our area we have a situation in which some counties have a program covering the entire county and neighboring counties have either no such program or a piece-meal program.

Public health cannot be viewed as a problem that begins and ends at such tightly-laced things as county lines.

At the very least a mosquito is a painful irritant and at its worst it is the carrier of numerous deadly diseases.

Whether a state program is practical or not something better than the existing system is needed; and soon.

Condemnation

Public officials are understandably reluctant to use the power of eminent domain except as the very last resort.

But there are times when no other tool is available to protect the public from the greed of isolated property owners. Current instances of this have resulted in local officials authorizing two uses of this instrument.

We trust if it is necessary to go as far as the jury that whichever jury hears the cases will use good sense and give the public the protection it needs from such situations.

to Kinston, where several days later they finally go out on the rural routes of Seven Springs.

The Brock Boys who operate the Tribune take the obstinate old-fashioned view that this is a helluva lot of riding to give a poor innocent weekly newspaper in order for it to get to its destination which is almost within good hog-calling distance of the Tribune office.

Which is another way of saying to those using Kinston's distribution point that if you are writing somebody in Mount Olive it's best to give the letter about a three-day clearance each way.

The only thing nice about it is that this kind of efficiency has given a lot of fellows a job in the post office who otherwise might have to be suckering tobacco or picking cotton.

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EDITORIALS

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

Not So Simple Simon

At the first surprising consideration we agreed with most others that Simon Jackson had "flipped" when he gave the United States of America a 43.17 acre farm rather than himself give the Carolina Power and Light Company another right-of-way across his property.

But after more sober reflection we have reached the conclusion that Simon is not so simple. True, his is an act of frustration, but it is an act of courage, backed up by a rather expensive gesture.

Here we have a man whose roots are generations deep in the soil that he so lovingly tends each day himself. A wealthy man who still prefers the seat on a tractor to the comforts he can easily afford in a luxurious home. The home of his fathers and the land of his fathers is quite good enough for him.

For half a generation his relationship with power companies has been completely harmonious, with him giving any reasonable rights-of-way across his family's considerable holdings. But back in 1957 the Carolina Power and Light Company ripped a 100-foot hole through more than a mile of his and his sisters' property. All of which was valuable farm land and much of which was through the middle of one of Lenoir County's largest residential subdivisions; where for years Simon had been selling lots at an average price of about \$1,000.

Power company officials offered Jack-

son \$7500 for this commercial rape of his property. He told them he did not want the company lines to go in the direction the company had chosen and that he would give CP&L a free right-of-way on the other side of the highway.

The power company cloaked in its power of eminent domain shrugged off this offer of free right-of-way with two or three inane excuses and went stubbornly on its pre-chosen way. Jackson fought the matter at length in the courts and he and his sisters finally were awarded some over \$20,000 for what the power company had offered \$7500. And this was surely a very low price on the known basis of the land's actual value.

Now this year the power company has decided to take off in another tangent and across more of Jackson's land.

Jackson's only point in making this "Beau Geste" is to emphasize the unfairness of giving any profit-making private company the right to use other people's property as they decide themselves on the single basis of what is best for that company's private profit.

Jackson's action accents that companies can be wrong, can be crudely arbitrary and that some better protection is needed for the public against such monopolies.

For this expensive act of courage Simon Jackson deserves the thanks of all of us who have ever known the hard hand of monopoly interests.

Efficiency?

Our friends of the Mount Olive Tribune are somewhat exercised over the most recent effort toward greater "efficiency" by the post office department.

Beginning July 1 all across the nation "distribution points" were set up, and Mount Olive happened to fall in the Fayetteville distribution point.

The only trouble is that a lot of Trib-

une subscribers live on the rural routes out of Seven Springs, which happens to be in the Kinston distribution area. So the papers are put in the post office in Mount Olive, thence to Greensboro — which is the chief distribution point for the entire state, and then by stage coach and other modern modes of transportation the papers travel down US 70