

The Journal-Patriot

INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

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MONDAY, MAY 29, 1933

The Watauga Democrat, old in point of service, is new in ideas and keenly alive to the spirit of progress which now prevails. Thursday's issue came out all dressed up with a new type face that is said to be the latest in type faces. It is very legible and easy on the eyes.

The re-election of J. B. Hash as superintendent of the school system in Ashe county meets with the wholehearted approval of those who know him personally and who have had occasion to see him in action during his two-year tenure of office. Ashe county is fortunate.

Gardner Tires of Office

Former Governor O. Max Gardner evidently meant what he said relative to his retirement from public office for despite rumors that he could have any one of several important posts in the Roosevelt administration, he is still out of office. Mr. Gardner's four years as governor were trying ones. He had to battle with a budget that would not balance and many other forces that were almost beyond control.

On top of that, Mr. Gardner's personal fortune dwindled along with millions of others and he now expresses an interest in recouping some of his lost finances.

Mr. Gardner made an able governor and would be a valuable man if his services were available. But he seems to have had a sufficiency of public worries.

Repeal

Whatever view one takes of the movement to repeal the eighteenth amendment, it is evident that prohibitionists—by that we mean those who favor its retention in the constitution—have a real fight on their hands and must exert themselves to the utmost if they are to be successful.

New evidence to this effect is found in the New York case. Last week that state voted ten to one for repeal. Everybody knew New York inclined strongly toward the wet side, but such an overwhelming victory for the repealers could hardly have been forecast.

The battle, it seems obvious enough, lies in the South and West where the dries are stronger than they are in the east. North Carolina and several other states have voted to submit the question to the voters this year and quite a bit of interest, reminiscent of pre-prohibition days, is doubtless in store.

Swimming

"Young Erwin Smith Drowns in 'Bob Hole' on John's River Sunday." That is the headline over a story of the tragic ending to a happy picnic party. Many similar headlines will be written during the summer months.

Swimming is a healthful exercise and entails no more physical danger than other sports when the ordinary rules of safety are observed and a little common sense is used. With proper precaution there is no necessity for loss of life in this manner.

If an ordinary automobile driver should attempt to drive a racer in one of the speedway classics, the foolishness shown would be obvious. It is equally foolish for an amateur swimmer to go out into deep water where there are no life guards to help in case of trouble. Making long trips in deep water is responsible for many a death. It is easy to become exhausted while swimming and this is another risk that should not be taken.

And foolish as it is, some even take the risk of going swimming while under the influence of intoxicants.

Fortunately, we have supervised swimming pools that minimize the risk for those who take long chances. But boys who go out to the 'ole swimmin' hole should be careful to observe the ordinary rules of safety. Let's enjoy the swimming season to the fullest extent, but endeavor above all things to avert tragedies such as the one told under the headline just copied.

A Safe Investment

"There is one investment, which, after three and a half years of the most violent economic depression in our country's history, is still generally worth 100 cents on the dollar. That investment is life insurance."

The quotation is from an article in Harper's Magazine by Paul Tomlinson. Incidentally, an eminent economist is quoted as saying that only about two per cent of the people are qualified by temperament and experience to invest money. As proof, it is cited that out of every hundred men reaching 65 years of age, 28 are still working for a living. Five have independent incomes and sixty-seven are dependents.

That is a tragic sidelight on our business judgment. The perfect protection against poor judgment in handling money is life insurance. And life insurance will, without any effort on our part, protect one against becoming a dependent in old age if we take out a reasonable amount.

The growth of the insurance business is indicative of confidence that is reposed in this kind of protection.

Memorial Day

On May 30th it is the custom throughout most of the United States to observe the day as a memorial to the heroes of our nation who gave their lives for its defense. In many states this or some nearby date is observed as a memorial to the soldiers of the army of the Confederacy, who, no less than those others, made the supreme sacrifice for the cause in which they believed.

It is mete and proper that these gallant dead, whether they wore khaki or blue or gray, should be held forever in fond remembrance. For they were brave men who did not hesitate to risk their lives that their beloved homeland might live.

Many will be the prayers offered on Memorial Day at the graves of those who died honorably on the field of battle. Let it be the fervent prayer of every true American on that day that the honor which finds expression in unselfish self-sacrifice for country and for principle may not perish from those who are to take our places.

BRUCE BARTON WRITES

THE MODERN MARKET PLACE

"You mean that we ought to do street preaching?" a preacher once asked me.

But street preaching is not at all analogous to what Jesus did. The cities in which He worked were both small and leisurely; the market was a gathering place where everybody came at some time—the transfer place for all merchandise and for ideas. Where will you find such a marketplace in modern days? A corner of Fifth avenue? A block on Broadway? Only a tiny fraction of the city's people pass any given point in the downtown district on any given day. A man might stand and preach for years at Fifth avenue and Thirtieth street, and only one in a hundred thousand would ever know that he lived.

No; the present day market-place is the newspaper and magazine. Printed columns are the modern thoroughfares; published advertisements are the cross-roads where the sellers and the buyers meet. Any issue of a national magazine is a world's fair, a bazaar filled with the products of the world's work. Clothes and clocks and candlesticks; soup and soap and cigarettes; lingerie and limousines—the best of all of them are there, proclaimed by their makers in persuasive tones. That every other voice should be raised in such great marketplaces, and the voice of Jesus of Nazareth be still—this is a vital omission which He would find a way to correct. He would be a national advertiser today. I am sure, as He was the great advertiser of His own day. To the minds of those who hurry through the bristling pages, He too, would send this call:

What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

This would be His challenge in every newspaper and magazine; and with it would be coupled an invitation to share in the joyous enterprise of His work.

A very successful publisher has a rule that no photograph shall ever be printed in his newspapers unless it contains human beings. You and I are interested most of all in ourselves; next to that we are interested in other people. What do they look like? How old are they? What have they done and said? With unerring instinct Jesus recognized and used this trait in human nature. One of the most revealing of all verses to those who would understand the secret of His power is this: "All these things spake Jesus unto the multitude in parables; and without a parable spake He not unto them." A parable is a story. He told them stories, stories about people, and let the stories carry his message. He might have adopted very different methods—many teachers and would-be leaders do. He might have dealt in generalities.

Fifty-five great leaders are invited to Washington by a senate committee to explain the causes of the depression and to suggest cures. If the nation can pull through this ordeal, it bears a shameful life.—The New Yorker.

BY THE WAYSIDE

By A. R. F.

TWO SCRAPS OF OLD PAPER

The other day I ran across a bit of old paper, and from that scrap of paper I got quite a bit of information. As I have not always been a citizen of Wilkes county, it was a very interesting bit of information to me.

In 1865 a detachment of Federal soldiers marched into Wilkes county, leaving destruction from where they came, and destroying everything before them as they came. These twenty-five thousand soldiers were divided into two sections, one under the command of Stoneman, the other under the command of Palma. They were on either side of the Yadkin River. Stoneman's army had to pitch tents near the W. W. Barber on the property, as Cub Creek was too high to ford. They were camped there for several days, during which time they kept up their work of plundering and burning. One morning one of the soldiers had entered the old Hall store house, which was just north of Wilkes county courthouse, and was preparing to burn the tithes which the Confederates had collected there.

A quiet man, not a soldier because of some physical defect, stepped into the store right at this moment, and after much tactful persuasion, succeeded in getting the soldier to abandon his idea of burning the store. This good citizen claimed that the food should be divided among the poor women and children of the army in Wilkes county. This man was not a soldier? Well, at the peril of his life he went to Stoneman's camp to see him about not destroying the provisions. After much skillful argument he not only saved the provisions; but prevented them from burning the stores, the county courthouse, and the jail as well. From Stoneman's camp he went across the Yadkin river to Palma's camp and persuaded Palma to abandon his plan to burn the factory at Elkin. In a short time these soldiers left Wilkes county to carry on their work of destruction in other fields.

There is no need to name this "Great soldier of Wilkes." Everyone that belongs to Wilkes county either knew him, or knew about him. Sometimes it is not the ones that march to the "firing line" that are the greatest soldiers. The men that had to stay at home, and did their "bit" were just as great soldiers as those that fell at the battle front. This quiet, unassuming man, it seems to me, did a great deed for Wilkes county. Tuesday, May 30, is Memorial Day. Would it not be a fitting tribute for some of the county's citizens to journey to that grave any place thereon some token of esteem?

On the other scrap of old paper I found Walter Malone's poem, "The Burial of an Old Slave." This poem calls to mind the dignity, romance, quality, charm and dearness of the "Old South," the "South" which will live only in memory. The music which accompanied the aged negro to his last resting place beside the "Old Master" whom he had loved and served so long . . . in the long, long ago . . . that music was a dirge not only for a vanished individual; but also for a vanished age and era.

Mr. Malone, I think, lived at Memphis, Tenn.

BURIAL OF AN OLD SLAVE

1—The Graveyard

Around me, brambles tangle on the graves.

And ivy sprays are creeping on the stones; Beside one shattered urn a fox-glove waves, While awe-struck thorough-shares chirp in undertones.

Outside, a field of broomsedge, waste and bare, And thickets of the red and yellow plum.

And nearer, on the purple thistles there, Goldfinches, in brilliant cluster come.

Here tombstones hanging sideways to the earth By winds and rains are dappled into gray;

Brown lichens have erased the dates of birth And years in which the sleepers passed away.

Grim sentinels, still facing to the west, Old slave-master's granite head-stone looms;

His young wife and her baby lie at rest Where you wild rose sheds pink and pearly blooms.

Almost effaced, you read a young girl's name; Just sixteen when she died! Here passed away

The first-born son, who like a triumph came; In whose dead hands Hope crumbled into clay.

2—The Burial

Up yonder lane a strange procession comes, And sounds of weird, sweet singing strikes the ears

Then a shrill fife, and then, the beat of drums, BY THE WAYSIDE—GAL 2

A chant that seems the ghost of bygone years.

Ah, many lives have passed since neighbors came, Bringing a sleeper to this house to bide;

But this gray negro, last of all the name, Has sought again his old time master's side.

What childlike faith, that sings of princely palms, Of fountains gushing through the fields of green,

What childlike faith, that sings of blissful calm, And splendors that no sage has ever seen.

Strange, a poor negro in this far-off place, Trusting a friend, sinks in his coffin low,

Believes that friend, forgetting not his face, Will find him where these weeds and brambles grow.

Rose-breasted grosebeak, lighting on yon limb, And singing as no bird has sung before,

Is it a note of triumph trilled for him, The dead slave, free and happy evermore?

House Democrats Criticize Plan As Affects Veterans

Washington, May 25—In secret caucus, house Democrats tonight assailed the administration of the national economy act as it affects veterans and authorized the steering committee to name a group to wait on President Roosevelt to demand a relaxing of the regulations. Responding to an appeal by Speaker Rainey that no resolutions be adopted criticizing the administration for its treatment of the veterans, the caucus allowed Representative Rankin, Democrat, of Mississippi, to withdraw his proposal to create a committee of seven to protest to the chief executive.



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 Additional penalty goes on after June 1st. Pay now and save.
W. B. SOMERS, Sheriff

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We have transplanted Tomato and Pepper plants, well started with good roots; stocky; been cultivated; very early. Prices:
 12 plants 35c
 25 plants 45c
 50 plants 80c
 100 plants \$1.50
 We pack all plants with damp moss that keeps them fresh. Postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

All plants here at the farm at less price. Come and get them. We are just two miles north of town on cement highway No. 18.

Absher's Plant Farm
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NOTICE
 THE BOARD OF EDUCATION OF WILKES COUNTY WILL MEET ON
MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1933
 AT ITS OFFICE IN THE COURTHOUSE IN WILKESBORO FOR THE PURPOSE OF ELECTING A COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS FOR THE ENSUING TERM.
 This May 18, 1933.
C. O. McNEILL, Chm.
C. C. WRIGHT, Secy.