

# The Journal-Patriot

INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1933

## Half Right

Those who wagered a couple of bucks on our predictions as to the major league pennant winners—and be it remembered we advised against it—will break even. Making our pick contrary to the predictions of the leading sports writers of the country, we chose the Washington Senators in the American League and the Chicago Cubs in the National League.

The Cubs failed us, but Washington came through. So we were half right. The sports writers, as the Associated Press poll showed, have no such consolation. They were not even half right. The Yankees, Cardinals and Pirates were out of the picture.

## Dangerous Days Ahead

There are dangerous days ahead. The American people have responded nobly to the call of President Roosevelt for cooperation in the NRA drive. The co-operative spirit manifested will merit a conspicuous place in the nation's history.

But the dangerous days are those which will come after the oratory and patriotic appeals cease and when those who have been negotiating codes go home and endeavor to make sense out of what they have done.

Julian Miller offers a terse explanation of that period, and what will be needed, in the following comment in The Charlotte Observer:

"The dreary stage of the recovery program is just ahead and it would be just as well for the public to fortify itself against its drabness and dullness.

"It will be the stage of experimentation, of getting down to practical, everyday experience with the codes and seeing whether or not they make sense.

"The period of ballyhoo will soon be over. Excitement will die down. Glamour will peel off like rouge from her lips. And a dull gray, instead of a livid, bright, glowing positive color, will stretch out ahead.

"That's the time of testing, when there is no applause nor grandstanding, no brass bands nor bass drums, no trumpet blowing, no fervid oratory—just plain, matter-of-fact, everyday, routine of trying to get business to go along uncoaxed into its new grooves.

"Watch yourself in that hour or you will give out of encouragement."

## Butchery

No editorial comment appearing in North Carolina newspapers in recent weeks has been more widely reproduced than the Watauga Democrat's editorial on what is happening at Blowing Rock, the location of one of the most scenic views in the state.

If wrath alone could drive the perpetrators of this act of butchery from their haunts, Blowing Rock would have regained its pristine glory long ere this. But the mistake North Carolina has made is not that it failed to drive the "money changers from the temple." Rather the mistake was that this scenic spot was not long ago acquired by the state as a park.

Following is the much-reproduced editorial from the Democrat:

If you possess a morbid curiosity . . . like murders and suicides and such . . . just drive over to Blowing Rock and take a look at the butchery that a couple of well-intentioned business men have put across on a gullible citizenry. Yes, they've built a fence right dab along the comb of the mountain, shearing the rock almost in half, and to add insult to injury, built a refreshment parlor in the midst of the inspiring scenery where in future years, the odor of hamburgers and hot-dogs will meet and commingle with the flower-laden mountain zephyrs. Not in the memory of man has greater sacrilege been committed, for the Lord never intended that his handiwork should be exploited by the commercially-minded gentry . . . especially Blowing Rock, the fame of which has spread world wide. And, there's a rumor afloat that by next season those who desire to revel in the riotous vista of beauty that lies beneath the ancient landmark, will be asked to plank down a quarter for the peep. Shades of Julius Caesar . . . ain't it awful! While there's nothing we can do about the matter, we proffer the guess that if such outrages as this are permitted for the next few years, some wise guy will come forward with a scheme to place a strong iron fence around the Rock of Ages, and extract at least a dollar from pious pilgrims who wish to cleave thereto.

## In A Spirit Of Tolerance

In commenting on the action of the Ashe County Democratic Executive Committee, Ira T. Johnston, chairman of the committee, which recommended that the repeal election be conducted in a non-partisan light, said: "I think the members of our county executive committee acted wisely. But let it be understood that this action is not an attempt to doge the issue."

Ashe Democrats feel, Mr. Johnston pointed out in his statement, that "the proprieties of the occasion demand that they refrain from attempting to crack the party whip or from using their position and influence as party leaders to influence the votes of the rank and file."

Acknowledging that repeal of the national prohibition amendment is inevitable, Mr. Johnston says among other things:

"Every citizen needs to think what position he will take and what part he will play in the era which shall follow the end of national prohibition. Shall we not as a state retain, enact and enforce wise regulatory laws? Shall we not return to the necessity of preaching and teaching the benefits of temperance? The Eighteenth Amendment did not solve all the problems and neither will its repeal solve them all. In their hearts, all the informed wets and dries must agree. This is not the end and we will not live to see the end. But let us in a spirit of tolerance and hope look forward to a better and a brighter day."

Mr. Johnston's last sentence expresses the great need of the hour—a spirit of tolerance. Not all of us will agree during the campaign now in progress. Some of us, strong believers in the Eighteenth Amendment and fearful that no adequate substitute for liquor control has been offered, will vote for the anti-repeal candidate. Others, equally dry in their belief and principles, will vote for repeal because they are not satisfied with prohibition enforcement and because they believe liquor can be better controlled than it has been during the last fourteen years. The wets, of course, will seek repeal.

But whatever our views, we should go into the campaign in a spirit of tolerance and respect the right of others to their views.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. CHARLES E. DUNN

### SOME EARLY LEADERS OF ISRAEL

Lesson for September 24th. Hebrews 11:32-12:2. Golden Text: Ephesians 6:10.

We have come to another review lesson. It has been a pleasure to study the personalities and careers of some representative early leaders of the Hebrew folk. Carlyle, in his famous "Heroes and Hero-Worship," tells us that history "is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here." A great man, he further says, "is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near." Now while Carlyle doubtless exaggerates the significance of the great leader, and underestimates the importance of those underlying social forces that produce him, his reverence for heroes is sound and wholesome.

"When the high heart we magnify,  
And the sure vision celebrate,  
And worship greatness passing by,  
Ourselves are great."

The lessons of our quarter have made us acquainted with twelve characters, nine men and three women. We started with Joshua, the embodiment of obedience, then shook hands with Caleb, that courageous explorer, and next met Deborah, the Bible's Joan of Arc. Then we skipped ahead, for a moment, and listened to Isaiah hurling thunderbolts against the evil-doers of his day. Returning to the early period, we saw Gideon and his three hundred launch their spectacular attack against the Midianites.

The scene now changes to the charming idyl of Ruth, one of the sweetest love stories in the world. Then we listened to the fervent prayer of Hannah for the gift of Samuel, and studied the biography of that forceful Judge, Saul, the most tragic figure in the Old Testament, so splendid in his beginning, so miserable in his end, next confronted us, followed by David, the shepherd boy who rose to be the most cherished of Israel's kings. The noble-hearted Jonathan then engaged our attention, and, finally, we sat at the feet of Solomon, the wisest.

What an inspiring list of heroes and heroines! Thankful to God should we be for them all.

## Borrowed Comment

Perhaps one reason money hasn't been going back to the banks faster is because almost everybody thinks it's a wise precaution to have at least \$10,000 readily accessible for the ransom.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Those Cuban revolutionists who are indulging their passion in outrages and atrocities are of course to be trusted to back up an orderly civil government.—Boston Evening Transcript.

An Erie, Pa., newspaper recorded it as a fact that the Union City conflagration was caused by combustion. The devouring element often gets untidy way in that manner.—The Minneapolis Journal.

There ought to be a happy omen in the fact that the artist who designed the NRA posters is named Coiner.—Boston Transcript.

## BY THE WAYSIDE

By A. B. F.

As the time draws near for the poultry inspector to make his seasonal rounds through the county, testing the chickens before the hatchery season opens up, there comes to mind some of the experiences that I have had in the past few years. There is one thing to keep in mind if you are thinking of raising poultry. Don't begin it if you are not deperately in love with WORK . . . willing to work like fury, early and late, every day in the week and on Sunday too! There is no "day of rest" in the chicken business during the growing season, especially if you are raising chix for broilers.

"In the 'chicken for profit' business there is a vast amount of work, some fun, much opportunity for study, a very great amount of aggravation, and a little profit. Yes, there is some profit, especially if one lives on a farm, and raises their own feed and has it ground and mixed according to the state formula, why of course, the profit would be much more, as it is the cost of feed that makes the greatest expense; but if the chickens are not fed the right kind of feed, and fed in the right way there would be no profit at all. There are many excellent feeds on the market. I have used several different brands, and like all of them; but this year I am using Ring Brothers feeds (laying mash) and like it very much.

The most important thing about starting with chickens is to be certain that your baby chix come from a reliable hatchery. We have bought our baby chix from the Blue Ridge Hatchery, ever since they have been operating their hatchery in North Wilkesboro, and we have not lost one chick from disease. We have lost chix; but that was from other causes, largely carelessness, sometimes ignorance. We are not going to blame such as that on the hatchery men are we? Certainly not! Now this is no free advertising for the Blue Ridge Hatchery, and if the men at that plant should happen on this and find who wrote it, why . . . no doubt they might blow me up.

This past season I bought five hundred biddies from the Blue Ridge Hatchery, two hundred and fifty at each buying. The first buy of the season netted me many experiences. At the end of three weeks those biddies were large enough to use for what I call broilers. They were larger than quails. I had fed them all the buttermilk they could use instead of any water for the first two weeks, and for feed gave them a good broiler mash and after the first week, all the green feed they would eat, using either "hen-bit" or dwarf Essex rape. I do not like to start my biddies out with a disinfectant in the drinking water. It is alright to use; but I prefer the buttermilk way, and from my point of view it is more desirable.

One morning when the chix were between three and four weeks old I went down to the brooder house and fired the Jamesway brooder for the day, gave the chix their buttermilk, and broiler mash morning feed. Two hours later when I sent to feed them again I found twelve of the very finest broilers down dragging around on their breast-bones. They could not stand up. There seemed to be nothing the matter with them except that they could not stand on their feet. Hastily I gathered them up and put them in a box away from the other chix. What kind of disease could they have? When I went down there for the next feeding there were more of them on the floor dragging about on their breast bones. I lost no time calling the hatchery men over to see about them, and after a thorough examination of both the chix and the feed it seemed the only thing the matter with them was that their little bodies were so fat their leg bones were not strong enough to hold them up. They were growing too fast. When one was dressed and the flesh stripped from the bones, the leg bones were bent just like a baby's leg is bent when a fat baby tries to stand before its legs are strong enough to hold it up. I watched those chickens like a hawk. I simply could not lose them. We stopped giving them any broiler mash for at least two weeks, and gave only a small amount of fine scratch grain, and all the buttermilk they would drink. Fell off didn't they? Indeed they did! . . . yes . . . and they every one got back on their feet again too, in about two weeks or a little more. Trouble was, I was pushing them along too fast. Was trying to rush them for the Christmas market. I got those chix about the middle of October, and by the fifteenth of December they were beauties, and it had not cost much to raise them. You see, they were "hot house" chix, raised entirely in a hot brooder house, and had never been out of

"The poultry business is no bed

room at all and had very little room for exercise, and it did not take so much feed to have them fine and fat as it would have had they had more exercise. Well . . . this past winter being on the depression list, there was no Christmas market, no one wanted fine fat broilers, so we had to carry those two hundred and fifty chix on till the thirtieth of January, this year. Then we sold them to the E. E. Eller - Produce Co., about one hundred and fifty of them at thirteen or fifteen cents a pound . . . no . . . there were a number of them that brought only eight cents a pound! I have mislaid the bill of sale and do not recall the exact number. I had paid eleven cents for those chix when only one day old too! Well, eight cents a pound was better than carrying them over for some weeks longer, as it cut the feed costs.

When the produce men came for the chix they refused about sixty of them as they did not weigh the required amount. I got busy on those refuse chix . . . turned them out in the open to graze, and to get the sunshine and exercise, and by the tenth of February when they too went to Mr. Eller they brought enough to pay for the two hundred and fifty which I bought from the Blue Ridge Hatchery on the fifteenth of March. With all the troubles and low market prices though, (and counting in the ones we used on the table, a large number at that) we did not lose anything on them. And I certainly learned a great deal in more ways than one.

The next buy was made on the fifteenth day of March, and by then prices had dropped so that I paid only eight cents each for that two hundred and fifty. Like the first buy, I started them on buttermilk instead of water, and as these were not being rushed for market, I gave them growing mash instead of broiler mash. I did not lose any of these chix at all. If chix are not strong and healthy when they come from the hatchery, it makes no difference how careful one is with them for the first few weeks they do not grow off as they should. These pullets from the chix delivered to me on March fifteenth, have been laying since the twentieth day of July, and they had not been fed any laying mash up to that time either. I have been feeding them laying mash since the first of August though.

Yes, there is much work, some fun, some profit, and a very great amount of aggravation and temper whetting connected with the business of poultry raising.

Said a well known hatchery man to me one day last autumn, of roses." Seems to me it is very much a bed of roses. Is there a rose without its thorns? If there is, I have yet to find it, and that calls to mind these lines:

What would we do in this world of ours  
If it were not for the dreams ahead?  
For thorns are mixed with the blooming flowers,  
No matter what path we tread.

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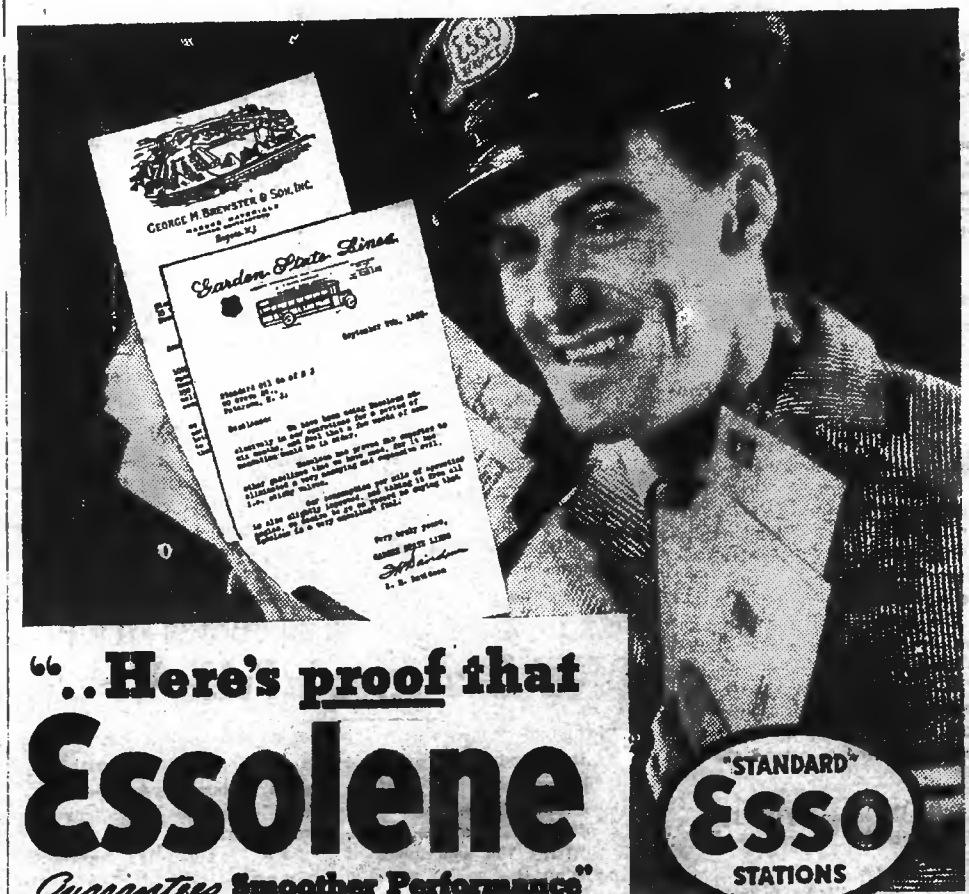
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