

The Journal - Patriot

Published Mondays and Thursdays at North Wilkesboro, North Carolina

D. W. WALTER and JULIA W. WALTER Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year \$2.00
 in Wilkes and Adjoining Counties

One Year \$6.00
 (Outside Wilkes and Adjoining Counties)

Rates To Those in Service:
 One Year (anywhere) \$2.00

Entered at the postoffice at North Wilkesboro, North Carolina, as second-class matter under Act of March 4, 1879

MONDAY, AUG. 28th, 1944

dream, in moments between pulverizing the enemy, of the jobs they'll come home to, the families they love or will have, and most often of the little shop or business they will start for themselves and be their "own boss".

Perhaps no one knows all this better than the men of the American Legion, for they once were soldiers themselves and now are the dads of the lads in the ranks. Thus the postwar program just announced by a Legion commission commands, as it should, the attention of all who sincerely have at heart the welfare not alone of the returning servicemen but also of the country they went forth to defend.

The Legion advocates "employment fostered by a system of free enterprise embodying the greatest encouragement to individual initiative and to every sort of sound business leadership, along with an effective implementation of a national program of fair and impartial treatment for both management and labor".

Of unquestioned patriotism, from a background both military and parental, and with a quarter-century of experience behind it, the Legion speaks—and makes sense!

Borrowed Comment

WE GET FOR LEND LEASE

(Morganton News-Herald)

What we have sent Russia:
 More than 8,400,000 tons of supplies, valued at \$3,243,804,000, and includes 7,800 planes, 4,700 tanks and tank destroyers, 170,000 trucks, 33,000 jeeps and 6,000,000 pairs of boots.

What Russia has done to Germany, according to Stalin:

In one year the Nazis have lost 4,000,000 men, 14,000 planes, 25,000 tanks and 40,000 guns.

While the army has been gaining miles, the WACs have gained nine pounds apiece. But the WACs are not expected to defend their gains as the army will defend its.—Greensboro Daily News.

LIFE'S BETTER WAY

WALTER E. ISENHOUR
 Hiddenite, N. C.

THE PRODIGAL GIRL

One of the most familiar themes of the Bible is that of the prodigal son who asked his father for his inheritance that he might go away from home, be his own man, do as he pleased and have a good time. At least this is what we gather from the parable. The son went forth, spent his substance in riotous living, and at last came to dire poverty and want. He made a wreck of himself. This is what happens when one goes forth in life to have his own way, leaving God out of his life and disobeying the teaching of father and mother. Although this parable was given in regard to a wayward son, showing the remorseful consequences of going astray, and revealing that his only way of recovery was by returning to his father's house as a penitent, seeking mercy and pardon; but what about the prodigal girl? Is it not a fact that girls go astray as well as boys? Perhaps the blessed Master meant this as a lesson and warning to both boys and girls, and to all those who go forth to have their own way in sin.

Sometime ago a very sad letter came to me from one of my readers, telling of the waywardness of her daughter. This girl left home to get a job in one of our cities. She found work, but she also found bad company. This accounts for multitudes of prodigal sons and daughters. The girl had a good home, a good father and mother, and had been taught right; but after leaving home she seemed to throw off all restraint, forget her parents, with the desire to try the evil ways of society. She sought pleasure with the gay, worldly, sensual, regardless of the heartaches she brought to a precious old mother and a good father. All we could do to help the parents was to write them to take it to God in earnest prayer, promising that we would also pray with them. I do not know anything further in regard to the outcome. If the girl is still going astray it is over the prayers of a precious mother, over the prayers of her father, too, no doubt, and over our prayers. How awful hell will be to the prodigals who go down to this awful place over the earnest prayers of their loved ones, and over the prayers of ministers of the Gospel and Christian friends and neighbors!

O prodigal girl, return! No doubt there awaits you a hearty welcome in the home. Return to that precious heartbroken mother, that dear father, that good home. Return, above all, to Jesus. You have strayed away from Him, and this is the most serious. Return. Return! This is life's better way.

ABNORMAL ABSURDITIES



By DWIGHT NICHOLS et al

SNAKES—
 Someone has suggested that when we run out of something to write that we pick some subject we don't like and write about it anyway.

Well we don't like snakes. We abhor them, regardless of race, color, shape or form, poisonous or non-poisonous.

And we have never been hurt by any snake. It is just that we don't like 'em.

Of course, there was the time that in the space of a few minutes we were bitten by three rattlesnakes, two copperheads and one highland moccasin, but nothing happened except all the snakes died right off.

And there's the time we were bitten by a dog, and the dog went mad and died, but that's another subject.

First time we ever encountered a rattlesnake was on a country road high up in the Blue Ridge country. Our car ran over the huge snake as it crossed the road, and that made the snake get into a bad disposition.

We stopped the car, got out and found the rattler coiled by the side of the road. Two 'teen age boys were sitting on the roadbank some distance back, and to make sure the snake didn't get away, we called the boys to come and help kill the rattler, thinking that they must be accustomed to such tasks.

With stones we finally knocked the life out of the rattler, which was five feet in length and big as your thigh (if you're slim). It was really a treat for the boys. They had lived there about 13 years, in the heart of the mountains, and that was the first live rattler they had ever seen.

This fear of snakes has been with us from way back. We were told that blacksnakes would chase a person, coil around said person and choke the life out of said person.

It was with this belief that we took off one day in a plowed field after seeing a blacksnake nearby.

It was in the barefoot days, and the ground was wet, and the mud flew from our heels as we raced through the field. And the sound of the flying mud to our ears was like a big snake would make as it slid over the ground.

We didn't take time to look back and the faster we ran the greater the sound behind, and the more the sound, the faster we ran, if you get what we mean.

After about a quarter of a mile in ten seconds flat, we landed on the porch, and looked back for the snake. Of course, it was nowhere in sight. It was probably at the same place where we saw it. But all that mud wasn't—for much of it was just now beginning to catch up with us, and the last dabs of it

... were coming off after a six-minute...
GOOD MATRONS ANY THERE—
 In today's mad world a lot of security slogans from Fort Bragg with the request that the paper use them in an effort to make the safety of our soldiers more secure as some thoughtless person's careless talk may cost a life. After reading them we decided to lift a few for this column as it is read by most careless people and is good advice for all of us to use in everyday life.
 Here they are, so read 'em and

... don't know much for we are...
 Freedom of speech in our own way...
 We must guard...
 the best of this...
 is to slip your lip!
 Sound advice of the day...
 is to watch what you say!
 Keep a watch in days of battle...
 Be the tenor of your attitude!
 Slip the lip, keep in style...
 Tag the bag all the while!

Hold fast the faith of those who...
 Make...
 So well take Hood's...
 and BURN...
BIRTHDAY DINNER AT HOME GEORGE TAYLOR
 On Sunday, September 3, will be a birthday dinner at the home of Mr. George Taylor, of Wilbar. Everyone is invited to attend and bring a well filled basket.—Reported.

Salvaging Paper

Tons of waste paper are being destroyed in Wilkes county each month.

We say this to explain that paper is one of the most critical war materials at the present time. It has number 1 priority in salvage.

A movement is on foot to intensify the scrap paper salvage task in Wilkes county. It is not a lack of patriotism on the part of the people that they do not have a better record in paper salvage. It is just that they have not realized the importance of paper in the war effort. Paper and paper pulp products are vital, and must be produced.

Nutrition—Staff Of Life

The big offensive in the battle against malnutrition will begin in September when the Nation's Food Fights For Freedom program turns its attention to good all-American nutrition.

In this the third year of America's participation in the war, there is a deeper appreciation of the vital role of food in wartime than ever before. Since May, 1943, the nutrition programs branch of the War Food Administration's office of distribution has assisted with nutrition clinic demonstrations which have shown that there is widespread malnutrition throughout the country. In the past this condition might have been associated with low incomes. Today, however, spending power is at an all-time high and with fewer goods and services available, civilians who have an increased income are spending much of it on food—but not always the right food.

In line with the growing recognition of food's importance is the creation of the national nutrition program, the aim of which is to show people how to adjust their eating habits to a wartime situation.

The program is dedicated to the proposition that total war demands total strength, and that total strength demands good nutrition. It recognizes that eating should mean more than satisfying hunger. It should provide the body daily with the right kinds of food in suitable amounts to furnish energy . . . to provide material for building and repairing the body . . . to furnish substances to regulate body processes.

The solution then would seem to lie in educating the food purchaser to obtain 100 per cent nutrition value from the foods available . . . and that is the mission of the national wartime nutrition program.

Working with the Federal organization are nearly 3,000 state, county and local nutrition committees which include in their membership experienced nutritionists, dietitians, home economists, physicians, dentists, and representatives of agencies, civic groups, and the food trade.

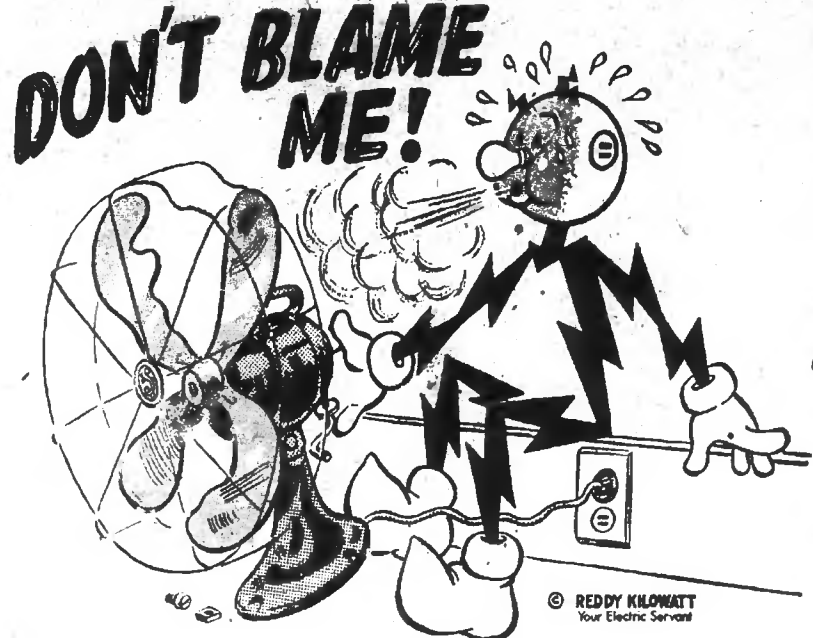
Cornerstone of the program is the new and revised official wartime food guide showing the "Basic 7" categories of food which should be eaten every day. The program will receive major emphasis from national advertisers and retailers and in national magazines and over the radio which will feature better breakfasts and better lunches for all, but especially for school children and war workers.

Nutrition—in every day language—means eating three well-balanced meals a day . . . built around the "Basic 7" . . . appetizingly served and properly cooked to preserve all the food values.

Visions and the Legion

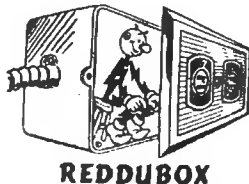
Our fighters in the front lines and the fox-holes are fired by no such futile fanaticism as characterizes the Japs and the Nazis. Our men have a job to do—they're doing it because they want to finish it off and get home.

Neither emperor worship nor hero worship appears in their dreams of glory: they



Failure of household appliances is often due to lack of care. A little oil, an occasional inspection for loose screws and nuts, and cleaning after every use would extend the useful life of most electric appliances indefinitely.

Remember, when they are knocked out today, you may have to do without.



On the job 24 hours a day!

DUKE POWER COMPANY

Have a "Coke" = Tudo Vai Bem

(EVERYTHING'S SWELL)



... or making friends in Rio

From the U. S. A. to Brazil is a long way, but you'll find many familiar things in both places. A friendly spirit for one. Coca-Cola for another. In Rio de Janeiro, to say Have a "Coke" is to say We're glad to see you, just as when you offer Coca-Cola to a guest in your own home. In many lands around the globe, the pause that refreshes with ice-cold Coca-Cola has become a friendly greeting between neighbors.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY NORTH WILKESBORO COCA-COLA BOTTLING COMPANY



"Coke" or Coca-Cola It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".