

The Journal - Patriot

INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

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THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1945



School Improvement

There are three institutions in which parents should have an abiding interest—home, church and school.

Of the three, one is a matter for each individual, one for voluntary action on the part of groups banded together for worship, and one maintained and supported by the state and county governments.

The home, the church and the school each have a vital bearing upon the quality of citizenship which is today and will be throughout the years ahead.

Our discussion today concerns schools. The plight of the school system today is the fault of the citizenship who have lost interest in the school as a community institution and consider the school as something which is directed out of Raleigh.

Some of the inadequacy of the schools is due to war-time conditions, but we can't blame it all on the war because many of the faults were present before the war.

As we have often pointed out, school buildings are inadequate, and equipment is meagre.

Many schools are operating with half enough buses, and some of the buses have been in use so long that they are ready to fall apart, and sometimes do. The budget appropriations for instructional supplies are not sufficient for a six months term and the supplies are stretched out over nine months.

Although the legislature partially remedied the situation, the teacher salary scale has been so low that only two types of teachers remained with the schools—the really good teachers who remained in the profession because they wanted to serve the public in capacity of teachers, and those who were really not capable of holding a good-paying job in private enterprise.

But, in the final analysis, the quality of the school system in North Carolina, in Wilkes county or any sub-division is just what the people are contended with.

Generally speaking, a community has homes, churches and schools according to what the people want. If they want better homes, better churches and better schools, it is within their power to bring about the desired improvements, provided the desire is sufficiently dominant in the lives of the citizens.

Buy Easter Seals

About to emerge victoriously from a war for the rights of humanity, it is pleasant to be reminded of what some of those rights are, and one such reminder arrives with our envelope of gayly colored Easter seals, which finance a program for the care and education of crippled children in our community and in the nation. At this time of the year it is good to remind ourselves that helping others to help themselves is our American way of doing things, and that the Easter seal is a convenient symbol of that belief. We welcome the pictorial reminder that that there still lives in this war-torn world kindness and generosity, and the will to protect those who cannot help themselves. But most of all we welcome the reminder that some day those whom we are now helping may help us. This is what is known as enlightened self interest; the restoration of the physically handicapped to productive capacity is the kind of investment we cannot afford to overlook. Generous public support of the sale of Easter seals will promote this end; let us buy them and use them.

● LIFE'S BETTER WAY ●

WALTER E. ISENHOUR
Hiddenite, N. C.

LIQUOR AND THE STEERING WHEEL

The steering wheel needs steady hands

To told it in its place;

And public safety this demands

From men of ev'ry race,

Lest highway slaughter ev'ry year

Shall take a heavy toll

Of lives that are both sweet and dear,

Thus mounting in its roll.

No man should ever take a drink

Then try to drive a car,

Because he isn't fit to think

Of where the dangers are,

Nor can he run with steady nerve

And do the thing that's right,

Nor watch the road for line and curve

With care by day and night.

The man who takes the steering wheel

Should be a sober man;

He ought to think and know and feel

That oftentimes he can

Avoid the wrecks that others meet

Who take strong drink and beer,

Then drive the highway or the street

Without a sense of fear.

Strong drink is quite a dangerous thing,

And so is gasoline;

Old alcohol, a tyrant king,

And one that's always mean,

Has taken lives by multitudes,

And yet he's active still;

And when on autos he must intrude,

He's stronger far to kill.

What fools men are to drink their beer,

Their liquor and their wine,

Then get into a car to steer

And think its mighty fine;

For Satan only tells them so,

Not God and sober right;

Then on the highways fast they go

To black eternal night!

Help Fight With Bond Dollars

have advantage of highways and are never out in the mud, have any sympathy for those back in the mud, when they are asking for extension of paved highways? In post-war road building let's all be willing to share equal in road money.

JOHN Q. BURCHAM.
Roaring River, N. C.

SGT. KILBY WRITES

Dear Editor:
I have just finished reading an article in the Stars and Stripes about the proposed bill for drafting 4-F men for the army or else go to work in war factories. To think that such drastic measures should have to be taken in order to carry this war to a final climax is a slap in the face to what is left of the manhood of the U. S. Who are these people that are keeping us away from our loved ones, killing more of our boys every day and night, prolonging the war for God only knows how much longer—who are they?

The answer is simple. They are the people who are selfish, warmongers, holding soft jobs—jobs that they are afraid to leave for fear that the boys coming home will take in their stead; above all, they are people who fight for Hitler and his cut-throats, not for the boys over here, their own flesh and blood. The blood that covers the snow-clad hills of Belgium is good red American blood, not one trace of yellow will you find; yet that one certain class of 4-F's

can't even go to work making equipment for us because they are afraid for themselves. We know that about half of the 4-F class can do most anything, in fact we believe that they are as good physically as the majority of the men over here with one exception—GUTS. There will be plenty of war labor now, men who are afraid of what the future holds for them, will clamor for war work. It is a secure feeling to know that we are backed up by a good, solid home front. We can not fight the war without this solid home front, if it lets us down then the only alternative that we have is to let our country down for want of needed equipment. In the last war the minority was overseas, the majority at home. Now the majority of the army is overseas, the minority at home. If people will think, this is a very interesting subject to talk about after they have finished watching a boxing or wrestling bout (4-F's, of course), also for a few politicians, whether they want to be on the majority or minority side after the war.

Let us win this war together, for God, country, and the future happiness of ourselves and generations to come.

1ST SGT. ALVIN KILBY.
Somewhere in Italy,
10 January, 1945.

Street lamps and car headlights had to be switched on when Adelaide, Australia, recently had its worst dust storm in 94 years.

ABNORMAL ABSURDITIES



By DWIGHT NICHOLS et al

IN TODAY'S MEAN—

My Dear Mr. Nichols:

Editor-in-Chief of the Lunatic Column of The Journal Patriot. Realizing the incapacity of your intelligence to appreciate to a minute degree the extreme style of "Old Southern Hospitality" displayed by Messrs. D. J. Carter and Julius C. Hubbard, bestowed upon you, to-wit: donating valuable space in their respective place of business, for viz: one merry-go-around chair in which to park a certain part of your lower carcass and the other a luxurious piece of furniture on which to peacefully rest your two number twelves, the boundary of my own vocabulary permits me only to exclaim that their acts of charity are most commendable and that as the final and valued reward: "When the saints go marching that they might be in that number."

And now, Mr. Editor, what I want to get over to you that I too might perchance be in that number is that I might impart to your functionless brain between outbursts of slumber while your motionless form ornaments the delicate pieces of furniture mentioned above, is that things are happening on the home front.

While I am not soliciting your aid in boosting my unworthy self for membership in the advanced liars' club of Dear Old County of Wilkes, where much competition exists, I shall reveal my story and abide by the decisions of Whom it may Concern.

The other day while one of the laborious housekeepers of the wide extended suburbs of the mammoth city of Dellaplane 1, N. C., was performing the weary and burdensome task of blue Monday, one of the adult members of the fowl family, which had been lingering nearby, gazed upon the scene with that intuitive sense of opportunity that beyond my knowledge of chicken history, had never before confronted that particular species of the bird family since its first peep and cheep in a troubled world. And seemingly desirous, disregarding the extreme soap shortage to remind and impress upon the human race, importance in this 20th century of the old proverb that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," the poor bird, not being familiar or suspecting the irrational disposition at times, of the master of ceremonies, and furthermore, being unlearned in the different uses of household paraphernalia, to-wit: scrubbing machines and bath tubs in which physical takes place, she did without invitation or announcement of intentions spring into one said washing machine (the name of which is withheld because

of the lack or absence of signed advertising contract), and did plunge itself beneath the surface of cleansing warm water and suds of a high grade soap.

Now, many of the fair sex can't hardly imagine something that was hurriedly did, not in line with the usual monotony of cleansing the drud, and because of the abundance of the abhorrence of profane or abusive language of the species of fowl; the meat of which is seemingly so agreeable to the digestive organs of the reporter, I am very grateful that I was not in the immediate vicinity of the tragic ending of the above episode to hear first hand the unfamiliar phraseology that waited on that afternoon breeze, but upon the declarative tone of affirmation of the party of the first part, I appeal to the "Big Three" produce buyers to immediately assemble in conference, boycott the rules and regulations of the OPA, and set the sky as the ceiling price on cackle berries laid by any female

of the fowl family that will face death as the fighting marines did on Iwo, to establish a standard of cleanliness that will ever live in the memories of two human beings and possibly a domi-nicker hen.

A. H. ROBERTS.

NOTES OF SPRING—

Postmaster J. C. Beins is reported to the first one to go swimming in the Yashin this season. He didn't intend to go swimming. He was fishing. . . . Have you heard of the negro woman who named her babies "Doris, Maude, Minee and Whoo". . . . If it doesn't, lady, there's going to be one grand splash" answered the trash conductor to the lady who asked if the train would stop at San Francisco. . . .

The rabbits never go to school To learn of X and Y They get no classroom training But how they multiply!

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Summer Service At Rock Creek Church

A sunrise service will be held at Rock Creek Baptist church Sunday morning April 1, at 7 a. m. Rev. Glenn Huffman, pastor, will be in charge of the service. The public is cordially invited.

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C. F. Jones, Manager

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