

The Journal - Patriot

INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

Published Mondays and Thursdays at North Wilkesboro, N. C.

D. J. CARTER and JULIUS C. HUBBARD, Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

In the State\$1.00 per Year
Out of the State\$1.50 per Year

Entered at the post office at North Wilkesboro, N. C., as second class matter under Act of March 4, 1879.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1934

There is not so much difference between Upton and Harry Sinclair. Both of them reached their objective dealing in gas.—Atlanta Constitution.

Figures show 35,175,238 Americans buy a daily newspaper. And the remainder of them try to read the paper over somebody else's shoulder.—Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.

Times change and the folks who used to have the heebie-jeebies are now suffering from the jitters. Yes, we know. It's a purely technical point.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

In this country you are still privileged to free speech. But that's as far as the constitution goes. It doesn't guarantee listeners.—Toledo Blade.

The average age of horses in this country, we read, is 12 years. But horses don't have to compete against new equine models.—Arkansas Gazette.

Every American citizen has been drafted as a soldier in the war against depression, and every soldier is demanding his bonus now.—Dunbar's Weekly (Phoenix).

What makes us wonder about history in general is listening in traffic court to the testimony of two eyewitnesses to the same collision.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The condition of all the quintuplets is reported as fine. Mussolini's jealousy of Canada remains unimproved, however.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Herbert Hoover's book is a message to posterity, says William Allen White. We suspected it wasn't meant for our generation the first time we tried to read its opening chapters.—Daily Oklahoman.

What We Have Learned

This week ends the present administration of the state department of the American Legion Auxiliary and the state office in our midst during the past year with Mrs. W. R. Absher at the helm should have taught us many things.

Above all, we have learned that the Legion Auxiliary is primarily a service organization rather than a social function. The workings of the department under the leadership of Mrs. Absher has given us a closer insight into the workings of the Auxiliary and all the impressions we have gained have been highly favorable.

As a matter of publicity recognizing the services of Mrs. Absher and her staff we publish these words and again congratulate the Auxiliary on the work of the year. Our best wishes go to the new administration but we shall always remember something about the Public Child Welfare Survey and the other activities of the Auxiliary in 1933-34.

Dr. A. T. Allen

When Dr. A. T. Allen, state superintendent of public instruction, died in Raleigh Saturday, North Carolina lost one of her best and most satisfactory public servants.

From the association we had in days gone by with Dr. Allen, we were naturally impressed with what one might term the integrity of his character, which seemed to come from within and radiate from his being.

His record as a school man reflected this integrity and resourcefulness. From a student in a one-teacher school in boyhood he worked untiringly for his own education and then turned his attention devotedly to the progress of education in North Carolina. In the eleven years he served as state superintendent he saw greater progress made in education than in any other era in history.

In his passing we join with the remainder of the state in sorrow because a devoted and true servant of all North Carolina has passed from our midst. We sincerely hope that his place will be filled with a man who can carry on the great work to the continued credit of this great state.

Our Civic Organizations

North Wilkesboro being, in our estimation, the best little town in the state, we pause to let pass a word of commendation for some of the organizations which are, adding to the town's good favor.

Too many people who are not actively aligned with some of our civic organizations do not consider them in the light. This is to call attention of the public to the aims and purposes of the men and women who have joined together in the right the Kiwanis Club, the Lions Club, the American Legion, the Legion Auxiliary, the Woman's Club and other civic organizations of North Wilkesboro.

The popular belief with many people is that the civic clubs are bands of people who get together to eat and otherwise have a good time. Members of the civic clubs do enjoy their meetings but it is with a realization that they are justifying their existence with service that the enjoyment is derived.

Here, Mr. Public, are only a few of the accomplishments that we point out as resulting from the public-spiritedness of the civic organizations: furnishing free transportation for crippled children to the state orthopaedic hospital, where many have been cured of infirmities and started out as good as new; furnishing glasses to underprivileged children with defective eyesight and furnishing milk to needy, underweight children of the city schools; charitable work among needy veterans and orphans and widows of veterans; building and furnishing the county tubercular hospital, various and sundry other achievements that lack of space forbids us mentioning.

The civic clubs are worthy of our attention and for this reason their projects and programs are given adequate publicity that is of interest, not only to the club members but, to the general public which the organizations strive to serve.

Recording Another Victory

"Pretty Boy" Floyd, Oklahoma outlaw and successor as public enemy number one to the long list who have in the ages past "bit the dust" is no more. On Monday a band of possemen, led by agents of that admirable crew of the justice department, riddled the body of Floyd with bullets.

"Truth," it is said, "is stranger than fiction," and the story of the department of justice in its war on arch criminals reads somewhat like the hair-raising detective stories. During the past year it has been a matter of checking off the worst criminals and public enemies. Off the list have come John Dillinger and his gang of arch-fiends and the last has been "Pretty Boy," who exploits are tales of cold blooded massacre.

But when one goes to his reward it seems there are two to take his place. Missguided ambition fills the souls of those who would outdo their predecessors in crime and ruthlessness.

Somewhere back in the past something happened to set the Dillingers and Floyds on the wrong trail. It is a challenge to society to search out the reasons for the ruthless type and eliminate the cause.

Sunday School Lesson

By REV. CHARLES E. DUNN

THE CHRISTIAN'S STANDARD OF LIFE Lesson for October 28th—Ephesians 5:15-21; Golden Text: Ephesians 5:18

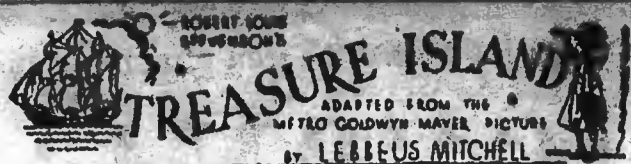
"Do not get drunk with wine," warns Paul in our Golden Text. How greatly we need today this advice! The repeal of the 18th amendment was hailed as a great forward step toward real temperance, but as everyone now knows, it has not solved the liquor problem. In fact we are now just about where we were a generation ago when the fight against the saloon was gathering momentum.

Bootlegging is still flourishing. Joseph H. Choate, Jr., director of the federal alcohol control administration, reports that two-thirds of all the liquor now sold in the country is made in illicit stills. The high tax on liquor makes it profitable to make and sell it under cover so as to avoid the tax. This situation makes imperative a determined war on bootleggers by both federal and state authorities.

The saloon also is back despite the loud assurances that it would never return. "And it is back," as the New Jersey commissioner of alcohol control points out, "because the people want it back."

And it is painfully revealing to read newspaper reports in Chicago and elsewhere telling of an increase in drunken driving. Insurance statistics reveal that out of the total number of drivers involved in motor car accidents the first half of this year, 2.36 per cent were declared intoxicated, as against 1.66 per cent in the corresponding period of 1933, an increase of 42 per cent.

The problem of course is one of great complexity. We are in a period of readjustment. What the church and the community must do is to find the most workable plan of effectively reducing the consumption of alcoholic beverages. In this militant crusade we cannot afford to fail.



CHAPTER X

MUTINY OF THE PIRATES

Jim felt himself seized in a pair of strong arms. For all his squirming and struggling he could not free himself. Someone lighted a lamp and in its glow Jim stopped his struggles and looked into the surprised faces of Long John Silver, George Merry, Ephraim Post, Dandy Dawson and Harry Sykes. His captor was Tom Morgan, while Dick held high the lantern that cast its light full upon Jim's face.

"So here's Jim Hawkins," smiled Silver, while the parrot hopped to his shoulder. "Dropped in like, eh Jim? Well, come, I take that friendly." He sat down on a keg, took out his pipe and filled it. "Settle yourself, gentlemen. You needn't stand for Mr. Hawkins. He'll excuse you . . . Well, Jim, this is a pleasant surprise for old John—lay to that!"

The eyes of all the pirates save those of Long John glared viciously at Jim.

"What . . . what have you done with my friends?" he blurted out. "Have you killed them?"

"Blood spillings over with, Jim."

"We made a treaty, Jim . . . after we all found the ship had gone. Where've you seen, matey?"

"What . . . what happened to the ship?" asked Jim.

Probably dragged her anchor, Jim. O'Brien and Hands'll get back."

"But . . . but where did the Squire and the Doctor go?"

Silver puffed at his pipe. "Tramped off somewhere, but if you was thinking of hunting them up, I'll save you time and wind. They don't want none of you."

"You're lying!" gasped Jim. Silver shrugged. "The Squire called you a deserter and the Doctor allowed as you were scared."

"They can't think that!" cried Jim, miserably. "They wouldn't after—" He swayed as though about to fall and Silver caught him.

"That's the truth, Jim."

"But I wasn't scared—not of anything, anymore," said Jim, doggedly, pulling away from Silver.

"Naturally," agreed Long John. "Jim, I always wanted you to jine up and take your share with us, and now, matey, it looks as though you've got to."

"Supposing I said no?" asked Jim.

Dandy Dawson gave an ugly laugh, casting covetous eyes at Jim's boots. "Such pretty boots," he said softly.

Jim gulped, realizing that he was to be killed. Then he got hold of himself and stood with a look of resolution on his face.

"Well, even if you do get the treasure," he said, "your ship's lost, men lost—your whole business gone to wreck. And if you want to know who did it, it was I!"

The pirates stared at each other dumb-founded. Silver removed his pipe.

"You, Jim?"

"I was in the apple barrel and heard you plan to make all the honest men on the ship walk the plank. And it was I cut the ship's hawser and killed those two aboard her. And it was I who took her where you'll never see her more—none of you!" His voice became higher as he recounted his deeds, triumphantly. "So kill me if you want! But the laughs on my side and I'll die laughing at the lot of you!"

"I believe you would, matey," said Long John Silver, softly, a look of admiration on his face. But George Merry grabbed Jim by the arm.

"Where's the ship?" he demanded.

"You can cut me to pieces before I'll tell!"

"Then here goes!" cried Tom Morgan, raising his cutlass.

Silver sprang up with a roar. "Avast there! I'm Captain here—elected because I'm the best man here by a long sea-mile! I say what's right. You Tom Morgan; You George Merry!"

"I'll be hanged if I'll be hazed by you, John Silver!" cried Merry.

"Do you want to have it out with me, George?" roared Silver, and Merry's eyes dropped. "That's better, George. Never a man looked me between the eyes and saw a good day afterwards. Would any of you gentlemen like to have it out with me? Take a cutlass, him that dares, and I'll see the color of his gizzard before his pipe is out!"

"Now you look here, matey," said Silver in a low, tense voice, "you're within half a plank of death—and what's worse of torture, unless you tell them where the ship is."

"T-t-torture! How?" asked Jim.

"They takes your ears off for

a starter—"

Jim clenched his teeth. "I'll tell nothing!"

"And they're going to throw me off. Look'ee, Jim, I could right everything if you'd turn about and jine—why with your spirit I could make you a noble gentleman of fortune."

"Gentleman of murder—of blood-spilling!" cried Jim.

"A gentleman of fortune can do a lot of goodness where goodness fits, Jim. You and me could do a power of good together. You're a lad of spirit, Jim, and I'll stand by you. Maybe you'll stand by me some day."

A deputation of pirates now came back to Silver, hesitant, a little afraid. Merry nudged Dick who stepped forward and handed something to Silver.

"Ah, Dick, out of your Bible, I see," said Silver, looking at the black spot which had been handed to him. Well, you've fixed it so that you'll all swing."

"Belay that!" cried Merry. "You was tipped the black spot in full council. Just turn it over and see what's wrote there."

"Deposed," Silver glanced at Merry. "Very pretty wrote, George Eddicated! You'll be Captain next, I shouldn't wonder."

"Well, you make a hash of this cruise," said Merry.

"And second," said Dandy, "there's that boy. E's earned killing."

"And you lets the enemy out of this trap for nothing," continued Merry. "Oh, we gets the stores and powder, but we don't get the map. We'll all swing and sun-dry for your bungling!"

"We will if you ruins things, George. That's why you'd do away with the trump card as fell into your hands." He nodded towards Jim. "He's a hostage, ain't he?"

"What's the sense of hostage!" shouted Merry. "What's the sense of any of that guff if we ain't got the map? You bungled and let 'em keep the map!"

"Did I, George?" said Silver, softly, and drew from under his coat and tossed on the ground a bit of paper which Jim recognized as the map of the island. The buccaners fell upon it, and when they saw that it really was the map, they fell to hurraing for Silver.

"You . . . you must have killed them," said Jim, "or you couldn't have got the map."

(Continued next Thursday)

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