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INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

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Agricultural Fair

It is indeed refreshing to look through the premium list for the Great North-western Fair to be held here in September and note the substantial prizes offered for products of farms, orchards and homes.

The fair last year was a howling success from the standpoint of amusement but came in for a little criticism because of the lack of a great display of exhibits in some classes, although exhibits were of a high degree of excellence in many departments.

This year the association has put out a premium list second to none for fairs of the magnitude of the one here and should really place the Northwestern Fair on the map as far as exhibits are concerned.

Particular attention was given to the horticulture department, since fruit growing is one of the leading industries in the county. The prizes offered, including the grand prizes of \$100 cash for best orchard display, should really attract some fine exhibits and when it comes to apple exhibits Wilkes county is not to be excelled.

The home department has also been emphasized and no doubt the home demonstration clubs throughout the county will take an active interest. Another place where larger premiums were needed and where the fair association has taken care of the matter was in the livestock department, where some worthwhile premiums are offered. Poultry premiums were also increased.

We believe that the fair is making a wise move in offering substantial cash prizes which should really result in bringing in the best products for exhibition. A fair should be a boost for agriculture, above all things, and the lasting benefits of a fair emanate from the exhibit hall. The action in increasing premiums for the fair will meet with the approval of the many public spirited people of the county who wish to see the county continue its progress in agriculture, horticulture and home making.

Good Bye, Cobblestones!

The city of North Wilkesboro is to be congratulated in that it is to be rid of cobblestone pavement on Sixth and Ninth streets.

We think it is a wise move to spend highway maintenance money on those two important arteries of travel over which highways 18 and 268 enter the city.

The cobblestones had become obnoxious in several ways. They were placed on the hills to avoid slick pavement but had worn slick and had become even worse than concrete. The bituminous surface to be applied will be much better in that respect.

The cracks between the stones were a gathering place for dust and each passing car in dry weather scattered its proportionate share of the dust.

But worse than either of the two faults above mentioned is the noise of traffic on cobblestones. With cars passing it is impossible to sit on a front porch of a house facing the streets and carry on conversation. Sleep is out of the question to persons not accustomed to the noise.

Covering the cobblestones with pavement is a public improvement long past due and the city is fortunate in receiving this appropriation of highway maintenance money.

The old idea of romance: The country boy goes to the city, marries his employer's daughter, enslaves same hundreds of his fellow humans, gets rich, and leaves a public library to his home town. The new idea of romance: To undo some of the mischief done by the old idea of romance.—Seymour Deming.

Demands And Taxes

The tax bill and the public debt will continue to mount in this country as long as people continue to demand more and more from their paternalistic government.

If the government is to take over and care for dependent aged and dependent children, if it is to pay old age pensions, if it is to pay when we are out of work, if it is to pay direct relief or furnish jobs, if it is to pay for improving our lands, if it is to pay us for not growing crops or for not working, if it is to insure mortgages, if it is to loan us money at very low interest rates—all these things and many more in addition to regular functions of government—then we are going to pay the bill and "don't let anyone tell you differently."

If we want balanced budgets, if we want economical government, if we want to call a halt to the steady increase in taxes, we, as American people, must resolve and determine to quit looking at our governments as perpetual Santa Clauses who get everything from some mysterious source and distribute it freely, relieving us of responsibilities.

Due to the fact that our government has not been collecting as much in taxes as has been spent has been partially responsible for the psychology of "something for nothing" that has been creeping upon millions who once tackled their own problems and worked out their own solutions.

We cannot have lower taxes and demand and obtain more government help and the quicker we get that fact packed away in our grey matter the better off all of us will be.

The more a man is educated, the more it is necessary, for the welfare of the State, to instruct him how to make a proper use of his talents. Education is like a double edged sword. It may be turned to dangerous usages if it is not properly handled.—Tu Ting Fang.

One of the funny things about the stock market is that every time one man buys another sells, and both think they are astute.

Borrowed Comment

"THE GENERAL WELFARE"
(Statesville Daily)

In his baccalaureate address at the University of North Carolina commencement Judge John J. Parker told the nearly six hundred graduates that "the nation looks to the universities of America for leadership in the preservation of democracy." And by democracy he means more than a mere form of government.

And then there was this significant pronouncement: "There is nothing in the principle of the fundamental rights of the individual or in the constitution which forbids the proper extension of government powers in furtherance of the general welfare."

That can only mean that Judge Parker holds to the theory that the fundamental law should not be tied to tradition, but that it should recognize changing conditions and be applied accordingly, yet in extending governmental powers in furtherance of the general welfare, the proper course should be followed.

It will be remembered that Judge Parker is not now a member of the highest tribunal of the land simply through failure of the Senate to ratify his appointment, and by the narrow margin of two votes. Liberals in the Senate thought he was not liberal enough.

It is reasonable to suppose that had Judge Parker been on the Supreme Court bench his liberal leanings would have prompted him to interpret the constitution liberally, just as the man who gained the place to which he was entitled has persisted in interpreting it conservatively—too conservatively, many think. For after all the constitution, in its final relationship, means that it is what five men on the Supreme Court bench construe it to mean, and narrowed down in five-to-four decisions—means what one man thinks it means.

It is important, then, if fundamental law is to be applied in the interest of the general welfare, those who have the final say concerning its purpose and application should have a comprehensive appreciation of what constitutes the general welfare. Measured by that yardstick, Judge Parker's failure to make the grade is one of the nation's political errors, and those who were instrumental in keeping him off the Supreme Court bench, realize that now.



Down on the Farm

By ABE CROSBY

No two human beings have made, or ever will make, exactly the same journey in life. The same events may occur, but their sequence and combination cannot be the same. Every human life should be a unique experience.

The wise men of the ancient East felt; just as men of science now feel; that a rational explanation must be sought and found for the beginning of things; for the heart of man has always craved an explanation of ultimate realities.

Even modern men who dig their livelihood from out the land is looking for some explanation. But he finds creative force prevailing in all matters, living and dead. Such is as extensive as space and time. New worlds are coming into existence; others are dying. The machinery of the outdoors is automatic, which is not unsatisfying to only great men of science. Those who possess the intellects of giants, yet still have the hearts of children. Such children as Peggy and John who cling to that which is endowed with a human shape and have been given the warmth of living flesh.

Way is it, that a man cannot possibly conceal himself or appear either bitter or worse than he is, not for long; for the secret will leak out at every movement. There is no style, no art, no lie, that can long cover up what a man is.

It discloses itself in every word he says, every field he plants, every line he writes—whether he will or not—and gets itself soon scattered over every hill. This may be clear enough to many men; but long ago it came to me as a kind of discovery. I was fishing in the starry sky between the handles of a "Georgia stock." I wanted it to make me laugh and end my fear.

When you can laugh at yourself is the beginning of peace—and you cannot imagine the comfort you will then feel.

Wishing To Be Known
The sense of wishing to be known only for what one really is is like putting on an old, comfortable pair of overalls. I am then no longer afraid of anybody or anything. I can say to myself, "Here, I am—just so ugly, dull, poor, rich (?), interesting, amusing, ridiculous—take me or leave me."

Have you thought of how beautiful it is to be doing only what lies within your own capacities and is part of your own nature. It will be like a great burden rolled off your back when you come to want to appear nothing that you are not, to take out of life only what is truly your own, and deep within you.

I once knew an old man with a white beard who allowed me to tip-toe my bear feet along his garden paths. He wore usually, a kind of a skullcap and smoked a corr-cob pipe. I can see him yet, moving about his work, sometimes humming a tune, and bending over with a kind of love to the care of his plants, or I think of him sitting at evening in his home-made willow chair in his own doorway looking out across his fields to the quiet notes of a nearby lake.

I never knew anyone who could sit so still for so long a time; and as he sat, a great look of peace was always on his face.

Goodness Of Living
Old Mr. Thompson made poor enough living by selling flowers, aster and pansy plants, and in spring such garden plants as strawberries, tomatoes, cabbages, and potatoes. He kept several hives of bees and 100 hens. He trained a grape-vine upon the sunny side of his house. He had his flowers growing in old-fashioned rock beds with narrow walks between. In late summer when the hollyhocks, asters, and zinnias had grown tall, you would see him almost hidden among them. His benignant countenance springing out of a mass of bloom.

At first, being only a boy I guess, I was afraid of him; but as time passed I began to like to stop off on my way from "going to mill" just to go into his garden or fields to find him. He exercised a strange fascination that I could not understand. He would often pick a sprig of some flower to plant, pinch it between his thumb and finger, smell of it himself, and then put it in my hand or coat button-hole, if I happened to be wearing one.

He would often speak with me in pure English—being an Englishman—yet quite often he then lapse into some other language, not one word of which I could understand.

But there was something in the voice of Mr. Thompson—something rich, beautiful, comforting—that made me like to listen to him. And one sentence or motto he said over so many times that one day quite to his astonishment I said it before he had time.

The country is both the philosopher's garden and library, in which he reads and contemplates

Begin Fight On Japanese Beetle

Raleigh.—North Carolina Department of Agriculture workers, co-operating with federal representatives, will place 5,000 beetle-baited traps in 25 counties next week in an effort to determine the presence and damage done by the Japanese beetle, enemy of 300 plants of value to farmers.

The beetles will be attracted to the traps by a Geranium-like perfume; in fact, when they get a whiff of the perfume they will travel for as far as half a mile to fall into the little green buckets that will be placed on the lawns and in the gardens from Wilmington to Asheville.

The North Carolina school system transports 275,000 pupils to and from school on each school day.

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