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 INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS  
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THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1942



**Valuable Service**

Offer of the home demonstration club women in the county to register people for sugar at schools during the gasoline registration July 9, 10, 11, represents one of the finest acts of patriotism shown locally during the national crisis.

The method of receiving applications only in the two towns has not been satisfactory. In the first place, there are too many in the county who are eligible for canning sugar to be handled at two points in a limited period of time. And with the gasoline and tire situation as it is, it is not the right thing to do to make it necessary for everybody to get to town to make the application for canning sugar.

The home demonstration club women and Miss Annie Laurie Herring, the home demonstration agent, deserve thanks and commendation from the public for the service they will render in registering people for canning sugar.

And we would not forget to commend highly the volunteers who have worked on the sugar registration in North Wilkesboro and Wilkesboro. Making out the application is a trying job, one that requires patience and persistence. The ladies have done a good job under trying conditions and we are happy to add our word of commendation.

**Independence Day**

On Saturday, July 4th, we shall observe the 166th anniversary of American independence.

On that date 166 years ago a band of patriots gathered and declared the colonies free and independent. That was the true beginning of our liberty.

The men who signed that declaration knew that if their cause was lost in the struggle ahead they would be hanged by authorities of their mother country.

But they held certain truths to be self-evident. One of which, in effect, was that life without liberty is not worth so much and that they were willing to pledge their lives and fortunes for the cause of freedom.

Regardless of what you think about it, America today faces its gravest dangers since that beginning as a free nation. You who considered this struggle just another war which we were to win because we always had won have been rudely awakened by the reverses to the Allied Nations forces to date.

Yes, we will win. Not because we have always won, but because the American people will once more awaken to the fact that life without liberty is a hollow and empty existence not worth the price of slavery and subordination to semi-civilized barbarians who seek to subdue the world under the cruel heel of force.

Judge Johnson J. Hayes in a recent address quoted a former German applying for American citizenship as saying that this country is the one remaining spot on this earth left for decent living.

We who have always been privileged with the decency of The United States as a nation and a place of opportunity and freedom take it too much for granted. With our national existence seriously threatened, it becomes the number one duty of every person, man, woman, boy or girl, to serve his country in whatever capacity he or she can.

Nothing less than all out effort will defeat our enemies. We must go all the way or become another "has been" like France, Poland and the smaller nations who have fallen with "too little and too late."

Nothing short of complete victory over the axis powers can settle the world conditions of today. Let us not lull ourselves into complacency with the idea that if our allies fail that we can go ahead and deal

with the remainder of the world dominated by Hitler, Mussolini and Hirochito. That would be impossible.

You can't do business with them. You can't live in freedom and in successful pursuit of happiness on the same globe which they inhabit. They and all they stand for must be exterminated.

On July 4th let us rededicate ourselves anew to the cause of freedom for the peoples of the earth, for decency and for Christianity for the human race.

And let us see the situation in its true light and put first things first. The first requisite to progress of civilization is victory for the Allied Nations.

Without victory over the axis we can have nothing.

With the axis powers exterminated in much the same manner as we would exterminate rats and insects, the liberty loving people of the world can once again turn their attention to progress in the better things of life.

**Borrowed Comment**

**NAVAL ACHIEVEMENT**  
(Reidsville Review)

One job, among others, that the Navy has done superlatively is the guarding of troop convoys. Unless the record is broken now, and assuming that censorship would not dare withhold such news, we have moved thousands of soldiers and marines to the farthest corners of the globe without the loss of a single troopship.

Axis submarines and planes did their best, by published accounts, to get some of the boys who went to Northern Ireland. It is certain that similar attacks were made on most convoys. That they went through unscathed is an outstanding naval achievement.

Never tell a fairy story to the young, says a psychologist. Does this account for the present tendency of propagandists to tell fairy stories to adults?—Winston-Salem Journal.

**LIFE'S BETTER WAY**  
WALTER E. ISENHOUR,  
Hiddenite, N. C.

**IF YOU WOULD BE A MASTER**

If you would be a master, then master self: Rule well your spirit; overcome your passion;

Conquer pride by humility, and by love Overcome hate; and yield not to vain fashion.

If to adorn the body leaves the soul poor, And needy, and shivelled and dwarfed, and stunted.

Then be natural; be yourself, not another: Be not a make-believe, or a dumb mummy: Be as pure gold—pure as the Lord has minted,

Blessing with your value your fellow-brother.

If you would be a master, master habit, Lest by habit you are slavishly mastered; Be a victor over what would conquer you; Be sound within and not outwardly plastered.

Think not, by making the outside beautiful And deceiving your fellowmen, you fool God.

You but lay the foundation for your failure, And lay bare your soul for the chastening rod.

If you would be a master, then foster love; Let sunshine into your heart; grow sweet flowers;

Sow good seed; cultivate good thoughts, and let your Days be filled with well-employed hours.

Think not to win by defeating someone else,

Or build your life on the ruin of another; But you will grow and glow, and prosper, and be Your best just as you bless and help your brother.

If you would be a master, then be Christ-like;

Be gentle, full of compassion, and be kind; Be considerate. Go about doing good; Be feet to the helpless and eyes to the blind

Be studious, be watchful, and be prayerful; Let the goodness of God fill your heart and soul;

Wreath your own laurels by crowning other lives.

Leave a record you'll not be ashamed to meet, Nor shrink to answer at the call of the roll When your little bark in God's haven arrives.

**Abnormal Absurdities**

By DWIGHT NICHOLS, et al.

**OPERATORS WONDERFUL**

We're going to do something different this time—something we haven't seen done before. We are paying tribute to the work of telephone operators.

Telephone operators are generally considered as somebody to cuss.

That is why we are going to the defense of the sweet voiced ladies who handle the switchboards.

It is all the more important these days that we be patient, because the war has brought on a deluge of long distance telephone business which has literally flooded the operators in many sectors and even in this locality removed from centers of war activity has resulted in a big increase in long distance work.

So next time you get impatient to get your friend on the wire for a session of meaningless or worthless gossip, think on these things.

The following article borrowed from a pamphlet sums up the situation better than we know how to do it:

So the irate subscriber slammed the switch hook up and down and when the operator answered, he bellowed: "What in the sam hill is the matter with you? I asked for 2897 and you gave me 2857. You ought to be fired!"

I know what I'd have told him. I'd have said: "Listen here you big bully. I'm not even the same operator that took your call in the first place, and besides that you talk through your nose and it takes a mind reader to tell whether you are saying five or nine. For all I care you can take a taxi to that party you want to talk to!" The operator didn't say that though. She said: "I'm sorry sir. I'll try again. What number did you want?"

The difference is that I'm not an operator. Operators seem to be made of a little finer stuff than most of us other human beings. They have to be. Being human, I expect that operators do practice a little inward cussing now and then. But their voice is the voice with a smile. Their job is to help people talk with one another, no matter what or why or when or how.

A lot of things are needed to provide telephone service. Miles of wire stretched high over roads and fields. More miles of cable run under the ground. The telephone exchange is a maze of wires, cords, relays, lights. But, for the best telephone service, for all this multitude of apparatus and lines of wire to serve best, under varying conditions, human intelligence and understanding is necessary. That's where the operators come in.

Many times their work is not easy. Many times they do more than is required of them. Is it in an operator's contract to stick to her switchboard with flood waters raging, when everybody with any sense has long since fled? Is it an operator's duty to investigate a lighted lamp on her board when nobody answers—to determine the residence number—to call the house next door—to call the police—and perhaps save a life? Is it an operator's assigned task to go half crazy looking for

**ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE**  
Having qualified as Administratrix of the estate of Mrs. Mary J. Wooten, late of Wilkes county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned, whose address is Mrs. Roy C. Martin, 2069 Rochester Ave., Winston-Salem, N. C., duly verified, on or before the 30th day of June, 1942, or this notice will be plead in bar of their right to recover. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement. This 30th day of June, 1942. MRS. ROY C. MARTIN, Administratrix of the estate of Mrs. Mary J. Wooten, deceased. 8-6-6t (t)

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**HICKORY LOGS**  
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a doctor even when she knows there is none available? Is it an operator's job to turn sleuth and try to find a man with a red beard who sells snake serum? No, these are extras. These are thrown in for good measure. Hundreds of such cases are published in the newspapers every year.

Operators have a code all their own. They are not just a bunch of girls who get paid for completing connections at a switchboard. Not by a long shot. Each and every one is a self-appointed knight in armor. I don't know whether they're made that way or whether it's a tradition that becomes a part of a girl after she's worn out a few pairs of switchboard cords.

All I know is that it is wonderful. That these girls work with their brains and their hands is not enough. They work with their hearts too. Perhaps that's why, when we ordinary people think about it we are amazed and impressed. That's why we say more power to 'em. That's why we feel lucky to be able to pick up our telephone and hear . . . in that cheerful, "howdy pal" manner . . . "Number Please?"

**WOMAN FLOGS MAN**

Maybe it was the heat, or maybe it was the way he said it. Anyway, Hub Hutchinson, fireman, was the object of an assault by an angry woman Tuesday afternoon while sugar rationing was under way at the town hall.

This was the way it happened, according to eye witnesses: Canning sugar registration was under way in the fire department part of the town hall and there was a large crowd of people waiting to register. The rush was so great that the people wanting to register were standing in line and awaiting their turn behind a chain or rope.

It seems that the woman who played a big part in the affair had waited a long time and had not been able to register. Consequently she went around to the back way and into the place where the registration was under way. Hub was helping with the registration by keeping the line in formation and he told the woman coming in the back way that she would have to go out, get in line and await her turn.

According to our best information, she flogged Hub.

With a heavy laden pocketbook she framed him over the head. Turning his back and starting to get out of the way of another attack, Hub received a swift kick from the point of the angry wom-

an's shoe. Whether she ever got her anger or not, we don't know.

**Mrs. Florence Nock Is Claimed By Death**

Mrs. Florence Estelle Nock, age 55, of Norfolk, Va., died last Wednesday night.

Funeral for Mrs. Nock was held Friday, two o'clock, at the funeral home in Norfolk with Rev. Broadus E. Jones, pastor of the First Baptist church there, officiating. During the service Mrs. J. H. Godwin sang "Beautiful Isle" and "Abide With Me", accompanied by Miss Vera Ruggieri, violinist, and Mrs. W.W. Cox, pianist. Interment was in Forest Lawn cemetery.

Mrs. Nock was the daughter of the late John Henry Clark and Mrs. Lucy Clark, of North Wilkesboro route three, and is survived by four brothers and two sisters: Mrs. W. M. Smithy, Oakwoods; Mrs. Mary Mastin, Oakwoods; Julius Clark, North Wilkesboro route three; Isaac Clark, Pores Knob; James and Anthony Clark, Buchanan county, Va.

Relatives from Wilkes who attended the funeral were: Isaac and Julius Clark, Mrs. Mary Mastin and Mozelle Thompson; also Mr. and Mrs. Roy Clark, of Bos-savine, Va.

Mrs. Nock left Wilkes while young, making her home in Jan-sen, Nebraska, for several years. She has been a resident of Norfolk, Va., for the past 25 years.

Seventeen pounds of kitchen fat saved will provide a pound and a half of glycerin, enough to fire 85 anti-tank shells. Americans use about 11,000,000,000 pounds of fats and oils a year — 87 per cent in the form of food, 20 per cent as soap, 5 per cent in paints and varnishes and the rest in varied products.

**BUY WAR BONDS**

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