

**The Journal-Patriot**

INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

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THURSDAY, AUG. 12, 1943



**Here and There**

Capt. Richard Johnston told of the reaction on the part of fighting men to the news of strikes and other complaints in this country.

He said it was hard to keep spirits up in the foxholes as the Japs dropped their bombs, knowing that somewhere in the United States somebody was quitting work because they didn't get all they asked for.

On the fighting front the men risk their lives for their country. They can keep their spirits high when they know the people back home are backing them up.

And while the fighters lay in their foxholes, trying to dig a little deeper, wondering where the next bomb was going to hit, they did not have sufficient planes to go up into the air and fight back.

And at the same time war workers with the utmost in security from foreign enemies refused for petty reasons to make the necessary war materials.

Our fighting men appreciate real work and concerted activity on the home front. They feel that if we fail they have nothing to fight for.

And they want to win a complete victory and return to a free country. Fighting men are not going to appreciate the efforts of some of the theorists to try to make this country over along socialistic lines.

**Pulpwood Needed**

Often we think of pulpwood only in terms of making paper.

But there are numerous other uses. Pulpwood is a vital war product which goes into many things other than paper.

Newspapers of the country are calling on the people to cut more pulpwood.

Since we have a market here, we want to urge that Wilkes people cut all the pulpwood practical now.

In order that you may know something of the value of pulpwood in the war effort, we submit the following information from the War Production Board:

"Your average pulpwood tree yields enough nitro-cellulose to provide smokeless powder for thirty-five 105 MM. shells or 7,500 rounds of ammunition for a Garand rifle. Your cord of pulpwood will make enough smokeless powder to fire two rounds in a 16-inch naval gun. Parts for Army and Navy planes are shipped in paper containers made from trees. Resin treated wood pulp is molded under pressure into airplane parts.

"Over 2,000,000 cords of pulpwood are needed in 1943 to package food, supplies and munitions for overseas shipment.

"Great quantities of pulpwood are necessary for making rayon for parachutes; medical dressings and sailors; blueprint paper for the planning of submarines, ships and planes; paper for shell cases; and a thousand other new and old wartime uses.

"Woodland owners! You have a vital part to play in supplying Uncle Sam with pulpwood. Serve your country with saw, axe, team and truck."

And from the same source we give you the following pointers on how pulpwood should be cut:

"Leave younger trees of better quality and a sufficient number to make a good stand.

Cut low stumps! Cut your tree top where it measures 4 inches through.

Do not strip the woods—clear cutting or heavy destructive cutting destroys the stand.

"Careful selection of your trees is important. It means faster growth, frequent future cuttings, better trees and more money over the years. Your county agent can give you helpful advice.

"Good forest cutting practices will as-

sure steady income and continuous crop of timber."

**Throw Them Out!**

Lou R. Maxon, high official of the OPA, has resigned with the declaration that: "There is a strong clique in OPA who believes that the government should manufacture and distribute all commodities. They are using the war as a means of furthering their reform ideas and will continue to use honest men in OPA as a front for their efforts.

"If this group isn't curbed, we are going to lose a good slice of the very freedom we are fighting for."

Mr. Maxon's charges are similar to those of leading retail distributors, who have reiterated many times that the distribution industry faces total disruption unless the pet theories of extremists are relegated to a back seat.

With inflation gaining inexorably, the spectacle of one of the principal agencies established to combat rising prices experimenting with the doctrines of socialism, while the destinies of a hundred and thirty million people hang in the balance, is intolerable.

The production and distribution system in this county has been developed to a state of perfection never before attained in history. The result has been evident in every American home. Why, in the name of heaven, should this system be scrapped when we need it most? If given a chance, our farms and factories and our merchants will feed and clothe the country. They will do it, inflation or no inflation. The only thing that could conceivably stop them would be hopelessly complex domination by so-called "war agencies," who would rather see Americans growing in rows than fighting for victory.

"Lord Haw-Haw," broadcasting from Radio Calais last August 15, remarked that, "This has been one of the vital weeks of the war," and went on to explain: "Its main features . . . like writing on the wall, foretell the future—they forecast the downfall of a great empire." Which empire?—Charlotte Observer.

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

**"LET GOOD ENOUGH ALONE"**

It is an old saying, "Let good enough alone." This is good advice. No doubt many people have failed in life, or failed in some way, because they were not satisfied with good enough, but wanted something better, or something different, therefore changed occupations, or locations, or had changes made which were for the worst. It seems to be human nature apart from God, or of human nature, unconsecrated, unyielded unto God.

I have seen churches with good pastors who were doing good work, and having the blessings of God upon them, but there were members who were dissatisfied. They wanted a change, usually because the pastor didn't measure up to their petty notions or didn't just pat the man on the back and make pet of them, or visit them continually, therefore they voted him out, or managed to get him out, and as a consequence the church suffered. When a church wants a change of pastors every year, it is a known fact that there is something wrong. Usually it is with the church, or some member, and not the pastor. There are church bosses who are never satisfied. They won't give a pastor time to do his best work, or if he is doing a good work, they want somebody else.

No doubt many a young girl has had a very fine young man for sweetheart, but she was not satisfied. He was not as light and chaffy as she wanted him to be. He was not as full of fun and foolishness as she desired, therefore she turned him down and started in with the fellow that was much inferior. Perhaps the fellow that smoked his cigarettes, drank his beer and liquor, indulged in the dance, and carried her about in a fine car to places of amusement, and into company that was worldly, adulterous and demoralizing. Later she married him, only to find that her life was wrecked. No doubt the same can be said of many of a young man. He was not satisfied to court and marry the noble, godly, virtuous young girl, but turned from her to some giddy, godless flirt and flapper and married her to his own sorrow, downfall, heartache, disappointment, regret and damnation. It is well to let good enough alone, lest one exchange for that which proves his defeat in life. "Let good enough alone." This is life's better way.

**ABNORMAL ABSURDITIES**

By  
**DWIGHT NICHOLS**  
et al

**WE GOT A LETTER—**

We have received the following letter:

Lonesome City  
Wonderous State  
Forgot the Date

My Dearest Moron:  
I sit myself down with pencil in hand to type you a letter, so please excuse the pen.

This makes 17 1/2 times I've written you. Why haven't you answered? But don't blame yourself too much, because I might have forgotten to mail them. I am sitting here, but I am going to mail this one if I have to sell second hand chewing gum to buy stamps.

We don't live where we live. We live where we moved. Love, I am sorry we are so close apart. I wish we could be further together.

We are having more weather this year, don't you think? Our next door neighbor is dead now and doing fine. Hope you are the same. Her breath leaked out but the doctor gave up hope when she died. She left a family of two sons, both girls, one pig, a sow, and a husband.

My brother has the mumps and is having a swell time. He is near death's door, and the doctor thinks he can pull him through. We now have three hens and a cat. The cat lays in the box and the hens lay on the floor.

I started to Colorado to see you before you were moved and I saw a sign which said, "This takes you to Colorado". I got on it and sat for two days and the blamed thing didn't move.

I'm mailing you a winter coat by express. It was too heavy to

send by parcel post. I cut off the buttons so as to make it lighter. You will find them in the pockets.

One of my neighbor's babies swallowed a pin so we gave it a pin cushion, and now it is o.k. His brother drank some ink, but we fed him a blotter, and he is doing fine.

Put this in an empty bottle of vinegar, set it on a corner of a round table in remembrance of me.

Yours 'til night mares become saddle horses.

**YOUR MORON.**

R.S. If you don't get this letter, let me know. I'll send you another one. If you think you can take it, read it, but just remember, I'm perfectly sober and was the same when I wrote this letter, that is why I typed it. I'm still not completely crazy yet, here's hoping I'll be there soon.

**JUST PRITTLE PRATTLE—**

When you get seasick you don't have to worry about what to do. You'll do it.

We got fine potatoes in our garden. Some are big as marbles, others big as peas; and of course we have some small ones.

One difference between man and woman is this: A man is satisfied to make a reputation for

himself, while a woman wants to make one for every person in the neighborhood.

Country boy at the barber shop was asked, "Is he wanted a shampoo." "Certainly not, give a genuine poo or nothing. I can afford the best."

Asked a man yesterday where he got the black eye. "I learned today that the woman I flirted with last night was not a widow."

**FULL-GROWN—**

Army paratroopers were practicing their jumps in a backwoods region. A parachutist started to come down on a field, near which lived an old mountaineer and fifteen children. One of the youngsters saw the parachute floating down with a man attached to it, and he ran into the house yelling, "Bring your shotgun, pappy—the darn stork is bringin' 'em full grown now!"

**MAYBE HE COULD—**

Two privates had just enjoyed a large fruit cake from home, when suddenly one began to groan, doubling himself up and then straightening out again. "What's the matter, Hank?" asked his buddy. The sufferer groaned: "That cake I ate. I think Ma forgot to shell the nuts in it." His buddy looked surprised. "Lordy," he said, "and can you crack 'em

by just handling?"

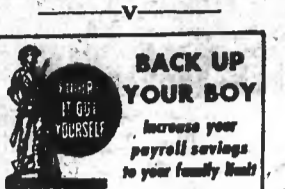
**MAN POSES—**  
Hubby comes hiccupping home and meets someone on the steps: Hubby—Who are you? Wife—I am the devil. Hubby—Glad to meet you. I married your sister.

**SUGAR—**

Washington tells of the Army censor in Australia who held up a soldier's letter for days while passing over the salutation "Dear CHUCKLEBUSH". He finally discovered it represented the chemical formula for saccharine. **CRAZY AS EVER—**

Asylum Warden—So you think you are sane now. If I give you your freedom will you leave it- your and women alone? Inmate—I sure will. Asylum Warden—You better stay here. You're still crazy.

**BACK UP YOUR BOY**



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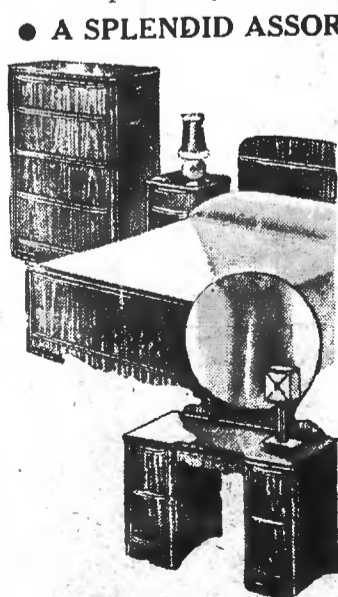
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