

The Journal - Patriot

INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

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MONDAY, AUG. 30th, 1943



Ask Big Crops

County Agent J. B. Snipes is urging Wilkes farmers to sow big crops of small grain this fall.

This is a big order, especially in view of the shortage of labor and farm machinery.

But farmers are the home front fighters who are supposed to do miracles, and they come very near doing that very thing.

The spirit of the farming people has been unexcelled in this war. They have worked from dawn to twilight, many times with old machinery for which they could not get repairs without going through a lot of red tape. Farm women, boys and girls have been working alongside the men to produce food for fighting men and their allies.

We predict that farmers of Wilkes county, in spite of all the difficulties, will grow a bigger crop of small grain to increase the nation's stockpile of foods and feeds. The nation's most patriotic people can be found in the rural sections of the south. They love their country and they love the freedom they enjoy. Whether it be to fight, or to grow food, these people will do their part to preserve the free way of life.

V

High Bond Quotas

Treasury department officials whose job it is to set quotas for war bonds in the war loan campaigns put Wilkes at \$1,169,000 for the third drive to begin September 9th.

That is a lot of money, but we believe that the patriotic people of Wilkes will come across with the desired amount.

The second war loan drive went over in a big way with the quota exceeded by a few hundred thousand dollars. The quota was large then, about three-quarters of a million, but much less than the \$1,169,000 set for the third drive.

W. D. Halfacre has done a splendid job in previous campaigns as chairman and we believe that he will be equally successful this time.

The war loan drive not only raises money with which to finance prosecution of the war, but borrowing that much money from the people and corporations cuts inflation.

People who have money may as well decide to buy more government bonds, because there must be finances for the war just as there must be soldiers, sailors, marines and other armed groups to do the fighting.

The investments are safe, and the interest rates are just as good as can be had for sound securities.

Those who have money with which they can purchase war bonds, and who refuse to do so, are slackers in this war along with the draft dodgers.

The quota assigned Wilkes is a compliment to the county. We find by comparison that Wilkes is supposed to buy about the same amount as Iredell, which has a much larger city and more industries, and a larger amount than Caldwell, which likewise has many industrial firms. The quota for Burke county is only slightly larger than Wilkes.

V

To Control Inflation

In a broad appeal to the American people to curb inflation, the Life Insurance Companies of America are broadcasting a 7-point program through 285 newspapers in the principal centers of population.

This program, backed by 100 life insurance companies, in assuming an active role in the battle to hold down prices, appeals not only to the 67,000,000 life policyholders but to all citizens to put the 45 billion dollars (the gap between America's estimated income of \$125,000,000,000 and the \$80,000,000,000 worth of civilian goods and services that will be available) into

safe and constructive channels.

The seven practical ways to curb inflation according to this appeal are: (1) Buy and hold war bonds to lend our country the money it needs to fight the war to victory, (2) Pay willingly your share of taxes that your country needs, (3) Provide for your own and your family's future by adequate life insurance and savings, (4) Reduce your debt as much as possible and avoid making new ones, (5) Buy only what you need and make what you have last longer, (6) Live faithfully by the rationing rules to conserve goods of which there are shortages, (7) Cooperate with our Government's price and wage stabilization program.

These are simple rules that everyone can understand and act upon. They should be carried out by everyone who has money to spend if we are to control inflation and provide for the future security and prosperity of this country.

V

Borrowed Comment

PUSHING JUSTICE ALONG

(Statesville Daily)

Governor Broughton has ordered a special term of Wilkes Superior court to expedite the trial of the cases involving Lieut. W. B. Lentz of the State Highway patrol and Guy Scott, of the State Bureau of Investigation.

The other day the Governor also ordered a three-pronged investigation into all angles of the charges in which Lentz and Scott are accused of losing ninety cases of liquor somewhere between its scene of capture and the storerooms to which the captured joy water was headed. Too much cannot be expected of course, when two of the investigating agencies, are commissioned to drag net their own premises, but reaching for a whitewash brush would be dangerous business in the presence of a public sentiment that obviously will be satisfied with nothing less than a full and complete uncovering of all circumstances surrounding the case.

Raleigh officials are contending that it is all a frame-up, stemming from the feud between the moonshine element and those who have been making a killing by catering to the bottled-in-bond guzzlers. But it is natural for official Raleigh to figure that the "king can do no wrong" particularly if that stance would keep political toes from being tramped.

That charge ought to be easily established or refuted. Likewise it ought not be hard to determine definitely whether the liquor as turned over to Wilkes authorities is ninety cases short. Starting from there, establishing responsibility for the shortage ought not be a big task.

Anyhow Governor Broughton is to be commended for pushing the inquiry along and for ordering a special term of court to get it out of the way. It is best for the men under fire and best for all concerned. And after the courts have dealt with the matter, after a jury has heard the evidence and passed upon it, it is to be hoped that no puny and questionable "alibi" will be "uncovered" to further confuse.

V

LIFE'S BETTER WAY

WALTER E. ISENHOUR
Hiddenite, N. C.

FOLLY

It's folly of the highest type

To follow where the devil leads,

Although a man in years be ripe

He shows the weakness of his deeds;

And then perhaps he thinks a heap

Of what he could and should have been,

While going on in life to reap

The fearful harvest of his sin.

It's folly great to waste one's time,

To lay the wrong foundation stones,

To fail in youth to seek and climb

The road that leads to manhood's thrones

Of honesty and truth and right,

Of principle and noble traits,

Which make of one a shining light,

Directing souls to Heaven's gates.

It's folly that a man regrets

To form a habit that is bad,

Or walk into the devil's nets

Because it is a luring fad

That draws its multitudes away

From Christ and truth and holy love,

And sends the man from God astray

Until they miss the home above.

It's folly just to drift along

Without a purpose, aim and plan,

When one should grow in manhood strong

And be a godly, useful man,

Uplifting those who may be weak,

And helping pilgrims to their goal,

And causing sinful men to seek

The Lord for pardon of the soul.

safe and constructive channels.

ABNORMAL ABSURDITIES

By
DWIGHT
NICHOLS
et al



GOTTA BE CAREFUL

There are millions of possible chances to make an error in one column of newspaper type. Someone who had too much time to waste than we have, figured out over two million chances to make errors in one sentence.

So next time you find an error in a newspaper, don't feel too big over the discovery. Why not give the paper credit for the many lines without errors.

And that reminds us of our responsibility to writing something to go into this paper.

Over 20,000 people read this paper. When we write something that vast number of people is likely to read it. When you see someone talking over a radio station you think of what a responsibility he has talking to so many.

But the radio speaker over just one station rarely ever has as many listening as we have reading our stuff. Had you thought of that? It impresses us with how careful we should be to write the truth, or when we write something facetiously to make it so no one will be misled.

But then why should this column work, when it can have but twelve readers, and one of the 12 who claimed to be number 13 last week said they were all crackpots or else they would not be reading it.

That reader, however, was mistaken and he doesn't accomplish his noble purpose, which was to have the writer of this column shot.

One of the 12 readers died of acute dysentery before number 13 came along, which makes him, or her, only the 12th.

LOST HIS COW

Since this yarn hits both sides equally, it is all right to tell it.

A man from town bought a cow from a man in the mountains. The man from town told the farmer that he would pay for the cow in 30 days, and gave his personal note for the amount of the price of said cow. He told the farmer that he would pay, that he had a good reputation and that he was a steward in the church.

Thirty days passed, 60 days passed, and still no payment. The mountain farmer saw a friend from town, and told him about the transaction. After telling about it he asked:

"What is a steward in the church?"

"A steward", the town friend replied, "is the same thing in a Methodist church that a deacon is in your Baptist church".

"I've lost my cow", was the mountaineer's reply.

POETRY

The following poem was submitted by "Reader Number Thirteen", whose letter appeared in this column Thursday:

MA'S WOOD BOX

I've seen them golden sunsets from Mexico to Maine, And Rembrandt's lovely paintin's and coolin' summer rain;

Our silver planes that fill the sky — they make me feel so good

But th' purtiest sight I ever seen was a wood box full o' wood.

I guess I'll hat'ta take you back for twenty years er moore when Ma done all th' farmin' an'

I just kept th' store, An' little "Bo" wus th' ornierest chile that ever done a chore;

We' switch an' threaten, an' coax an' tease but we never had no luck

No matter how we fussed at "B" he'd aller's pass the buck.

Now Ben, he was jest a little tyke, all'er's playin' and a wishin'

He wuz big enough tooller Bill'n huntin' an' fishin'

But "B", he wuz th' middle up so the chores were mostly his'n

Sech things as cuttin' wood an' tendin' cows an' chickens

But th' way that boy could dodge th' work—it shore did beat the dickens.

Now "Bo" has grown and t'other day he limped in kind'a late

He'd got a furlough from "Attu" jest to recuperate.

Now "Bo" has got his share uv Jeps an' seen his buddies dia

Out in th' jungle, writhin' in pain with no womin' folk' t' cry

He's seen his pals shot in th' back — things that he can't forget

But still "Bo" looked about th' same — exceptin' not as fat.

Now, all the kids, they gathered round to hear th' tales he'd tell

An' fest to hear "Bo" talk you'd never think he'd been thru' hell

He made it seem so safe, and yet exatin' as a trip to Mars

And he never got aroun' to sayin'

just how he got those scars.

An' soon as had th' kids off started in a game o' war And then "Bo" disappeared an' couldn't be found nowhere' But when Ma went out to th' kitchen to cook up somethin' good

She hollered out to us that "Bo"

had till'd th' box with wood.

I started out to whar' Ma was,

But stopped at what I saw.

At first I couldn't understand

what could be wrong with Ma.

She stood there lookin' out at "Bo" while tears rolled down her face.

An' then I saw Ma understood the thought that's takin' place

With fightin' men. And I wondered how often our boy had stood

In the thick of a battle a' wishin'

he could go cut Ma some wood.

So I prayed to God in th' twilight

as humbly as ever I could