

The Journal - Patriot

INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

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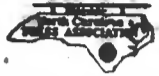
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MONDAY, NOV. 22, 1943



Home Clubs Serve

While much has been deservedly written about the splendid work of the 4-H club boys and girls in Wilkes county, the Home Demonstration clubs carry progressive methods and practices into rural homes. When the housewife decides she wants some improvement in the home and farm she usually gets it, and rightly so.

And the clubs not only serve as a place of origin for home improvement ideas, but a live Home Demonstration club is decidedly an asset to any community from a civic standpoint.

When a group of rural housewives gather they usually do something more constructive than playing bridge or swapping gossip. We learn that one club in Wilkes county gave \$153 to the church, which is a sizable sum for a rural church from one group. Another club raised a total of \$465, which was spent on destitute families in the community, for soldier kits, for Red Cross contribution, for an addition to the church building and a substantial sum went to the school lunchroom. That is real community service.

Now let us consider what another club in Wilkes did. The members bought \$7,700 in War Bonds, the club gave the church over \$150, the members turned in almost a ton of scrap, they give \$136 to the Red Cross and made 25 hospital gowns. That same club in the Food For Freedom campaign canned a total of 8,950 quarts of fruits and vegetables.

If there is any "pointing with pride" to be done, a great amount should be directed to the Home Demonstration clubs of Wilkes county. Membership in the clubs represents the best in conscientious citizenship among the rural women of the county, and where could you find a group with a greater influence on the moral and spiritual well being of the county?

Not only have the women of the Home Demonstration clubs guided their homes along lines of progress in spite of the war, but they have labored long and faithfully to produce food for the nation's war effort. Many of those women have brave and courageous sons who face the guns of the enemy. This means that at home on the farms, mothers and sisters of service men during the past year have not only worked in the kitchen but they have worked in the fields in production of crops. Their program has called for rising early and retiring late, spending many hours of the day in the gardens and fields.

The average woman who works an hour or two in some type of war work per week and feels like she has whipped the Japs and Germans should swap places for a day with the conscientious farm housewife and learn what a real day's service to her home, her community and her nation is made up of.

And we would not close this comment without commending to the best of our ability the leadership afforded the Home Demonstration clubs by the extension service. Mrs. Annie H. Greene, home demonstration agent, has worked faithfully and well and the quality of her leadership and influence is reflected in the record of accomplishments of the Home Demonstration clubs of Wilkes county.

We Borrow An Editorial

Since this is November and Thanksgiving will be celebrated this month provided some of the bright young men in Washington do not decide to change this old custom, we were mulling over the idea of writing a Thanksgiving editorial. There was nothing particularly original in that idea. Editors have been writing Thanksgiving editorials for years, and readers

have probably been wandering every year why the space should not have been used to better advantage.

Fortunately before we had indulged the traditional editorial whim of thousands of adults whose writings fill space on editorial pages of the nation, we found one written by Sloan Hill, editor of North Wilkesboro's high school paper, "The Lion's Roar," which fills the bill this year. It was not written as a Thanksgiving editorial. It appeared in the October 29 issue. It is called "No Fun!" Sloan was thinking of something entirely different from Thanksgiving when the editorial was written, but we believe readers will say it is about as good a Thanksgiving editorial as they are likely to find in any of the publication of adults. Here it is:

We complain, "this town is so dead; no place to have good clean fun; dance or anything that average young Americans enjoy". We say we are being robbed of our greatest pleasures as young people. "High school is supposed to be the happiest and gayest time in a person's life, but we are being robbed of these times because we are furnished no recreations whatsoever."

To a certain extent all this is true; we are lacking a lot of things that young people usually enjoy; gasoline rationed, no place to go to dance, can't travel much. War deprives us of lots of pleasures that we may enjoy in peace times.

But if you ever stopped to think you wouldn't complain—no, you would thank your lucky stars that you have any place to do nothing in.

Suppose you were in Europe or in Russia. What kind of recreation do you think people there have? They sit at home too, doing nothing, only they keep wondering whether the next bomb will blow them to bits, or where their next meal will come from, if there is a next one. And our boys on the fighting fronts, they have forgotten even what recreation means.

Well, what are we supposed to do? Crowd into a ditch and stay there until the war is over? No, you don't have to do that. Just quit griping and take what's coming to you and make the best of it until peace is here again; then you can complain and gripe till you heart is content. Until then, have what fun you can, but help win the war and bring this good-natured, American "young folks jobs" back again, soon.—We The People Magazine.

Daydreams For Uncle Sam

Sometimes when we are sawing away at our daily jobs we forget why we are sawing and just drift into idle day dreams.

But there are millions of home front soldiers today whose, dreams are not idle. They are the cutters of pulpwood that recently developed "miracle" products which can now be converted into powder for bullets, hospital wadding, vests for aviators, containers for blood plasma, cargo parachutes, shipping containers for food, boxes for individual first-aid kits and a hundred other items essential in the daily lives of our fighting men.

With each cut of the saw or axe those wood cutters' thoughts take on meaning. one stroke of the axe, the powder for part of one Gerand rifle bullet; one tree, 7500 bullets; one cord, 90,000 bullets. One cut of the saw, part of a box for blood plasma; one tree, 350 boxes; one cord 4200 boxes. And so on all day, every day.

Since the bulk of pulpwood products now go directly into the war effort, the nation today faces a serious shortage unless more farmers and woodcutters enlist in the present campaign to:

"Cut a Cord of Pulpwood for Every Local Boy in Service"

It's a vital, profitable job, of real service to the nation. A job in which daydreams come true.

WHAZZAT?

Sunshine Magazine

Our forefathers did without sugar until the thirteenth century, without coal fires until the fourteenth century, without buttered bread until the fifteenth, without potatoes until the sixteenth, without coffee and tea and soap until the seventeenth, without pudding until the eighteenth, without gas and matches and electricity until the nineteenth, without canned goods until the twentieth century, and we have had automobiles for only a few years. Now, what was it you were complaining about?

We shall not have freedom from fear as long as people fear freedom.—Winston-Salem Journal.

We shall have reached the age of wisdom when we learn how to exploit properly the wisdom of the ages.—Winston-Salem Journal.

ABNORMAL ABSURDITIES

By DWIGHT NICHOLS et al

FREE WINNERS

Each month The Progressive Farmer gives cash prizes for what they term the best jokes. Here are the first and second prize winners this month:

HALF AND HALF.
It was a cold night and the soldier standing on guard tried vainly to keep warm. Suddenly someone approached.
"Halt! Who goes there?" asked the sentry.
"Friend—with a bottle!" was the answer.
"Pass, friend! Halt, bottle!" promptly commanded the sentry.

THE POOR CHRISTIAN
Farmer talking to the stranger
—Why are your pants worn away at the knees?
Stranger—From praying.
Farmer—Well, why is your shirt worn out in the back?
Stranger—From backsliding.

OPINIONS DIFFER
Personally, we think the following yarn entered in the farm paper's contest and which didn't win a prize was the best of the lot:
EASY, PLEASE
A small boy was going to school and as he hurried, he prayed.
"Dear God, don't let me be late—please, God don't let me be late. Then he happened to stumble and said, "You don't have to shove!"

Peat bogs have been discovered in the suburbs of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Italians Harvest N.C. Peanut Crop

Italian prisoners of war used this fall on Eastern North Carolina farms were important in saving the peanut crop.

"They did their work well, and they and the military authorities supervising them were very cooperative with our farmers", commented Dean I. O. Sebarr, director of the Agricultural Extension Service at State College. "There was absolutely no trouble from either the workers or the local people".

The prisoners were stationed at three camps, at Tarboro, Windsor and Scotland Neck. Reports from the farm agent in the counties where the Italians worked show that other crops were saved also because the local help was released to work those fields.

Prisoners at the Tarboro camp worked in Edgecombe, Nash and Pitt counties. Approximately 432 worked every day for 18 days for 141 different farmers. They covered 2,523 acres and stacked 100,930 piles of peanuts.

At the Windsor camp, 423 prisoners worked 21 days in Bertie, Martin, Hertford and Chowan counties. They were employed by 253 farmers on 3,148 acres and completed 126,917 stacks.

One hundred and sixteen Halifax, Northampton and Martin county farmers used the 451 prisoners at the Scotland Neck camp for 18 days. This group covered 3,026 acres of peanuts and 121,071 stacks.

With the use of this labor which the farmers called the best imported labor they could have had, the peanut crop was harvested. Although the Italians knew nothing about stacking peanuts when they arrived, the county agents report that they soon caught on under the supervision of the farmers for whom they worked.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

When a man was accused of Bromely, England, of stealing an \$80 tandem bicycle, the owner of the machine said it was taken from a movie car parking lot while he was watching "Gone With the Wind".

How do you know you are not a thief? You can't tell until you are caught. You can't tell until you are caught. You can't tell until you are caught.

CHESTNUT EXTRACT WOOD GOES TO WAR

From Chestnut wood comes the Extract essential to the tanning of good shoe leather. Our Soldiers still fight on their feet and need the best shoes that can be made. Our Armies must be supplied!

The O. P. A. Office has made ceiling price of

\$10.50 FOR 160 CUBIC FEET

of Chestnut wood, delivered to the mill by truck, and that price is being paid by

Wilkes Extract Works North Wilkesboro, N. C.

who will take Chestnut wood in any quantity every day except Sunday.

Tan Bark will have very good market this coming year.

Information given by:

W. F. DECKER, ASHEVILLE, N. C.
Care Langren Hotel



WE SHOULD BE MIGHTY THANKFUL

... for our national heritage of unconquerable spirit—the strength of free men—which will inevitably destroy those who seek to destroy us.



This Bank Will Remain Closed On Thanksgiving Day

THE Northwestern Bank
Member Federal Deposit Ins. Corp.

