

The Journal - Patriot

INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

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THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1944



Expressing Regrets

Dr. John W. Kincheloe, Jr., has resigned as pastor of the First Baptist church in this city to accept the call to the First Baptist church in Norfolk, Va.

Dr. Kincheloe has served the First Baptist church here since January, 1941, and during that time has become very favorably known and highly respected in this community and throughout this northwestern part of North Carolina.

It is with sincere regret that the people of this city give up Dr. Kincheloe to a larger field of labor in the Master's vineyard.

Dr. Kincheloe has not only served admirably as the pastor of the First Baptist church, but his work for the community and county as a whole have been invaluable. The most excellent way in which he led two war fund campaigns for the Red Cross are examples of the fine way he has of getting things done.

Truly a Christian gentleman, Dr. Kincheloe has earned the respect and admiration of numerous friends, who learn with regret of his leaving, but bid him godspeed in the field of service to which he has accepted the call.

Pulpwood Cutting Still Essential

With all the talk of drafting 4-Fs for home front labor, of a national labor draft, and the frequent changes in rules and policies of Selective Service, it is not surprising that many essential war workers are confused if not disheartened.

Pulpwood cutters within the draft ages are doubtless wondering where they stand amid all this bureaucratic confusion and what their immediate prospects are of being drafted for military service.

While we do not profess to know all the answers, we can authoritatively make these statements of facts:

1. Pulpwood cutting is an essential war occupation clearly recognized as such by the War Manpower Commission.
2. While the war unit system of judging the essentiality of farm work has been abolished nationally, farm workers should point out to draft boards that pulpwood cutting is one of their activities.

Borrowed Comment

WHEN THE SEA SHALL GIVE . . .
(Winston-Salem Journal)

You've probably seen it if you read Time magazine—the story about the sea and its dead, the poignant, gripping tale of the young navy surgeon. But maybe you don't read Time, so, in our condensed version:

Three days after the major part of the battle had ended the patrol unit was sweeping over its little sector of the Pacific, swinging back and forth in huge figures-of-eight. The noise and colors of battle were gone, the bombing had stopped, the big guns of the warships were silent. The sun was shining, the sky was clear blue, and the sea was a still as a lifeless human breast.

And hot? The men were sprawled around topside trying to relax and cool off in the little breeze the ship's movement made. Some of the boys were trying to think their own thoughts, though's of things alien to the barbarism of war, thoughts, haply, of mother, of the girl friend back home.

Suddenly: Some objects in the water. The sailors snapped out of their day-dreams. They began to watch. Three objects. Three men, and they were dead . . . bobbing along in the water, their arms stretched out ridiculously straight and stiff. *Draw away, go get them, if they are ours,*

and bring them back to the ship. That was the order from the bridge.

Three men, or things that had once been men. Bloating, discolored, rotten skin that slipped off when you touched it. The odor made you sick. But in the pockets of one body there was in addition to a bottle-opener and some foreign coins, a billfold with the picture of a girl. A wrist watch on the dead boy's arm, an identification tag around his neck. One of ours. One had a knife and some coins in his pocket. But no identification tag. Probably it blew off with his head.

The young navy surgeon felt emotion arising within him—fierce anger at the "thing" which allowed nations and peoples to do this to each other—urgent personal desire for retaliation . . . bitterness because they had given their all and reaped this, while some of their more cunning but less conscientious brethren back home were giving nothing and reaping all. Death for these and sorrow for parents, sweethearts, wives, for many who must grieve and forget . . . if they can.

But put all this aside as relatively unimportant. These were brave men and they were dead. Bravery and death linked in natural, inevitable sequence. As simple as that.

Burial. A crowded bunch of hard, queer faces on board. Solemnity of reverently spoken words over bodies wrapped in heavy canvas. "What words would you have said, Thomas or Wilson, or Nobody-at-All, had you the words? I think I know. . . .

'Here dead lie we because we did not choose

To live and shame the land from which we sprung.

Life, to be sure, is nothing much to lose;

But young men think it is, and we were young.'

We haven't room for anything other than just snatches of the navy surgeon's story and his reflections. But in his emotions the picture of strikes, stupid racial prejudices, isolationism, individual evasions of vital war duties arose. He wondered out there under the broiling sun in a glassy sea—wondered about many things, as the solemn voice reached the last words of the ritual: "We therefore commit these bodies to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead. . . ."

For reasons perhaps known only to the General Staff, the Army's War Dog Reception and Training Center down at Gulfport, Mississippi, is a couple miles off the mainland . . . on Cat Island

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

PURPOSE OF HEART

The Bible tells us of a man
Who purposed in his heart
That he would not defile himself,
Nor from his Lord depart;
And thus he lived a life sublime
That's living yet today,
For Daniel was a saintly man
Who never failed to pray.

It is the purpose of one's heart
To do the right or wrong
That makes of him a hero great
And fills his life with song;
Or takes him down the road of life
To sorrow and defeat,
Till in the midst of grim despair
He sees that he is beat.

How sad to sit and look across
The precious years gone by
And see that one has wasted life
When he comes down to die,
And know those years can ne'er return
So he can live them o'er,
And that he's missing the highest mark—
The bliss of Heaven's shore!

It is the purpose of your heart
That's counting ev'ry day
For something good and worth your best
While going on your way;
Or for the state of sad despair
That's standing just ahead,
Because you aimed for evil things
Till all of life had fled.

It takes a purpose of the heart
To bravely stand for right,
To overcome the tempter great
And fight a noble fight;
To live and bless the world around
And bring men unto God;
To travel in the way of faith
That pilgrim feet have trod.

ABNORMAL ABSURDITIES

By
DWIGHT NICHOLS
et al

THIS SUBJECT TABOO—

Back in February yours truly went to the Lincoln Day dinner in Winston-Salem.

Before going we shaved, had our pre-war shoes shined, etc., one of the forces here said we'd better quit cleaning up or we'd look well enough that someone would mistake us for a Democrat. (He is partial to Jackson Day dinners, if you get what we mean).

But it was all in fun and we knew that something would come along to put the laugh on the other side. And now here is the yarn that Republicans can laugh at, only it happens to be a true story:

William Allen White, who died recently, became famous the world over as the editor of the Emporia (Kansas) Gazette. White was an ardent Republican.

In the early part of his newspaper career White was working as a reporter, and his boss sent him to attend and write the story on a Democratic convention.

The Democratic chairman, seeing an opportunity to embarrass young White, opened the convention and called on White to lead in prayer.

Deliberately and with exaggerated solemnity young White arose and addressed the chairman:

"Mr. Chairman, I feel that your request for me to lead in prayer is out of order, and I must decline; and anyway, I don't even want the Lord to know I'm here."

That is a true account of an actual happening, anything you have heard differently notwithstanding.

POCKET INSTALLATION—

We have been reading about accounts of home demonstration club meetings, and we have noted with interest that Mrs. Annie H. Greene, the efficient home demonstration agent, conducted demonstrations on "Fishes For An Attractive and Durable Garment".

We find from reading the articles that finishes for a garment means the buttons, button holes, hems, etc., and even includes the sewing in of sleeves.

Reared on a farm, we believe we are in position to offer a suggestion without being called a smart aleck. We think the farm women should be taught how to repair and replace pockets in men's overalls and pants.

Pockets are always wearing out, and it seems there are few who can replace pockets.

From now on for a few months men folk can do without sleeves, because they will shed their coats, and often shirts too, as they work in the fields.

Pockets are essential to the farmer. He must have a place to carry his frogsticker knife, a red bandana handkerchief, a plug of tobacco or a pack of cigarettes, some nails, pieces of wire, pair of pliers, bits of twine, a fish hook and sinker and some of them even carry a little change.

So we suggest a demonstration on how to repair or replace pockets in men's clothing.

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News of Past Week At Mountain View

Mrs. Gwyn Watkins, who has been working in Detroit, Michigan, spent several days in Hays last week.

Mr. Ralph Pennington, who plays with Don Walker and The Blue Ridge Boys over W. H. W. Asheville, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Pennington.

Misses Peggy Woodruff and Sarah Gentry and Buddy Woodruff spent the day Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Golliber, of Ronda.

Mrs. W. J. Templeton and daughters, Eva, Audrey, and Diana, spent the day Sunday in Hays.

Pvt. James M. Shumate, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hardin Shumate, is home after spending 20 months with the marines in Puerto Rico.

Joe D. Ellledge, etc, who has been stationed with the U. S. Navy at Charleston, S. C., was home on leave during the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Glyde Gentry will move to Wilmington this week. Mr. Gentry is employed there.

Rev. C. C. Holland, pastor of Brown Memorial Baptist church, of Hickory, delivered an interesting and inspiring sermon to the graduating class of Mountain View high school Sunday afternoon in the school auditorium. The theme of his sermon was: "Is the Youth of America Safe?"

A large number of neighbors and relatives gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Blevins Sunday for a surprise dinner in honor of their silver wedding anniversary and the birthday of Mr. Blevins. The shrubbery served as the table on which a bounteous feast was spread. Rev.

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O. M. Candill was master of ceremonies. After the dinner many beautiful gifts were presented.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

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North Wilkesboro, N. C.

UNAFRAID . . .

Not afraid to go upstairs to bed by himself—not afraid of the dark—not afraid of anything because Daddy is there and Daddy will take care of everything.

A grand little fellow—today busy with his toys and play—tomorrow a man doing a man's work in the bright new world of tomorrow.

But there is something the little chap does not know yet—his Dad has fixed it so that, whether Dad is permitted to stay here and see his son grow to manhood or not, the boy will have his chance to grow and learn—will have his chance to grow and learn prosper on an equal footing with the other young fellows in this land of freedom and opportunity which will be theirs tomorrow.

A Security REGISTERED Policy makes that certain.

Your Security Representative

is one who would be your friend and render a similar service to you through Security's REGISTERED contracts.

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R. A. MANSHIP, Jr.
Special Representative
North Wilkesboro, N. C.

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