

**The Journal-Patriot**

INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

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**Continue Fight For Flood Control**

(Continued From Page One)

Control could be constructed which, in event of a flood, would flood less than half the amount of land as the proposed hydro-electric project would flood. That may be the solution, or it may be possible that tributary dams could be constructed without too great a loss in lands and homes in the areas which would be flooded in case of floods.

Local organizations should lose no time in securing the needed cooperation to get flood control on the Yadkin in the pending bill. In this connection we suggest and urge that the Kiwanis Club, Lions Club and other civic organizations get behind the matter now, and make diligent effort to get flood control in whatever manner is feasible.

The report of the army engineers indicated definitely that flood waters on the Yadkin can be controlled, and without taking out of production all the valley lands west of Wilkesboro on the Yadkin and its tributaries, and without flooding a big area with so many homes.

If a dam is constructed near Wilkesboro purely for flood control, some of the valley would become useless because of the need for a reservoir for flood waters. But the area would not be half as great as the area which would be flooded under the proposal which Senator Bailey objected to so strenuously, because he said it was designed primarily for generation of power not needed, and secondarily for flood control.

**A Healthy Trend**

President Roosevelt, in a message to the Boston Conference on Distribution, asserted that: "The high levels of production and employment, which we are working to establish when peace comes, can only be maintained by placing the output of our factories and farms speedily in the hands of the consumer."

"It is therefore essential that every industry study the problem of distribution now, in order that there may be no interruption in the free flow of goods."

The insatiable needs of war have ruled over production for so long, there is danger of forgetting that in peacetime the distribution system keeps the wheels of production turning. Success of plans for reconversion, sustained production and maximum employment will finally depend upon the efforts of hundreds of thousands of retail merchants. These merchants must stimulate consumer interest in the products of industry, and be able to sell those products when and where consumers want them at prices consumers will pay.

It is said that there is a tremendous demand for a limitless variety of articles, from new homes to pincushions. Even if such a demand does exist, distributors know that it will disappear like a morning mist unless mass production and mass distribution can keep it alive. To do that, every distributor and every manufacturer must work overtime to make himself more efficient. Prices must be kept at an absolute minimum. All bets will be placed on volume. And it will be up to the distributors to help maintain volume. That is why they are not being blinded by rosy predictions of customers waiting in line with pockets full of money.

The technique of volume sales at small unit profit will be the order of the day. It is the surest way of putting goods in the hands of the consumer "speedily". Industries that try to "cash in" on a theoretical sellers' market by raising price tags, will very likely get left behind under expanding modern competitive-methods. This is a healthy trend.

**"Home" Town America**

Someone has truly said that the soul of America abides in its small towns—the "home" towns which one never forgets where'er he may roam.

There are many reasons for this, and one may be that in our "home" towns the people know each other—as human beings, not just names, as neighbors on the street, at Weekly luncheon clubs, in lodge or in church.

Thus, some place along the line the factory president is going to meet his employee, the farmer will meet the "city" man—and the three of them will discover that they are not so different in what they think and hope and work for.

The great national groups that are symbolized under the tags of management, labor, agriculture are (or should be) nothing more fearsome than the projection in aggregate of these three "home" town neighbors.

In the trying days ahead, when "close harmony" will be essential to the well-being of us all, it will help if we can keep that thought in mind—and in our hearts!

**A Statistical Myth**

A favorite statistical myth prominent by government spokesmen, is that since Pearl Harbor, only one-tenth of one per cent of man-hours have been lost by strikes in war plants.

In two instances of late the lie has been given to these mythical figures. A one-day strike of 4,000 to 6,000 maintenance workers in the Detroit area has just forced immediate idleness upon some 50,000 to 60,000 workers. Because the men who keep the assembly lines and equipment in running condition refused to work, the production workers had to be sent home. In another case, the strike of a few thousand transportation employees tied up two million people, 900,000 of whom were war workers.

As the New York Times declares of this statistical myth: "It cannot be too often pointed out that such statistics are essentially meaningless, not only because they fail to take into consideration the amount of indirect idleness that a strike involves, but because they ignore how vital the particular production may be that is brought to a halt."

"The value of the products of the entire soft coal industry of the United States, to cite but one example, amounts to only one per cent of the national income. If a strike stopped it for an entire year, the statistics might show that there were no strikes in 99 per cent of industry. But everyone knows that such a strike would bring practically our entire war production to a halt in a few months."

**● LIFE'S BETTER WAY ●**

WALTER E. ISENHOUR  
Hiddenite, N. C.

**DON'T FORGET TO PRAY**

(By Mary Jane Shurtz)

Son, there ain't much that we can say  
Though deep within our hearts,  
There's countless thoughts we can't express  
When it comes time to part.  
Of course, we'll tell you to be brave  
After you've gone away,  
But first of all comes this advise,  
Son, don't forget to pray.

We won't be with you over there—  
Your hand can't touch ours when  
You reach for just a friendly touch,  
And comes remembrance then.  
But up above, there is Someone who  
Hears every word you say.  
And when things are the toughest, son,  
Just don't forget to pray.

There ain't much we can say to help  
When times like these arise,  
Except to say 'tis best to look  
For aid up in the skies.  
For He who watches over you  
When you are far away  
Will be the one who cares for you;  
So don't forget to pray.

This Bible is the one I took  
Along with me that year  
When I was fighting over there  
For things we all hold dear.  
So keep it with you son, and when  
There comes your darkest day,  
Open its pages to His word;  
Then—don't forget to pray.

Some day you will be back with us—  
Some day you'll understand  
That pathways leading to the best  
Are guided by His hand.  
And though there ain't much folk like us—  
Just plain old folk—can say,  
'Tis with believing hearts we ask,  
Son—don't forget to pray.

**ABNORMAL ABSURDITIES**

By  
**DWIGHT NICHOLS**  
et al



**ANOTHER LETTER—**

This time we have a letter with some sense to it. It is a copy of a letter written by a service man in the South Pacific to his girl friend back home in the U. S. A. The letter follows:

APO, Care Postmaster  
San Francisco, California

Dear Hortense:  
Your letter received, also magazine.

Sorry to hear Flat-Top is dead. Also your Aunt Lobelia.

No, haven't been out with any other girl. Don't you know that I promised to be true to you, also there are no women here anyway.

I see by the ads in the magazine that the public is being very brave and patient about the shortage of bobble pins, also girdles and various lipstick shades. I didn't know you was suffering so.

Also, Hortense, I want to warn you about them ads where the soldiers are saying poetry to themselves while shooting Japanese. I will not tell you what we do say, Hortense, as it is not for your ears, but it is not what those ads say so please take them with a dose of salt.

For instance there is several where a fellow hopes they are keeping everything the same at home until he comes back, including the corner store, the Brooklyn Dodgers, and his room. It is alright for the guy in the ad, a very nice room, he is probably an officer, but Al Guglielmo says he hopes he does not have to go back to the same room as he has been spoiled by his foxhole which is larger, also cleaner, also he has it to himself. As to our corner store and the Dodgers, you will agree Hortense, that any change is an improvement, especially sandwiches and pitching respectively.

Seriously Hortense we also do not want to go back to a place where I am out of a job. I certainly hope you can fix our country up before I get back, and you might start with your hair-do in the last snapshot.

I expect I will be promoted as

is the only way I can go. Love to all, also your kid brother, JOE.

**A COLD BATH—**

He has threatened and offered bribes for us not to disclose his name, but a certain well known fisherman about town had a very cold bath Thanksgiving morning.

It seems that he and another good fisherman went to the Yadkin to try to hook some suckers. The weather was cold, and they built a big fire on the river bank. One of the fishermen took hold of a root to support his weight as he swung around the bank and the root gave way. He made a big splash in the icy water which was shoulder deep.

The accident was a lucky break for the suckers, because they had to quit the trip and come back to a warm room to keep from taking pneumonia, or sumthin'. And the man who took the icy bath was one of the best fishermen in this part of the state, the kind of a fisherman who don't have to exaggerate so much to tell of fishing success. Now, we bet he's plumb regretful that he wouldn't let us disclose his name.

**TWO OF A KIND—**

One night in late October, When I was far from sober, Returning home with my load with manly pride,  
My feet began to stutter,  
So I lay down in a gutter,  
And a pig came by and lay down by my side.

A lady passing by was heard to say,  
You can tell a man who boozes  
By the company he chooses,  
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

—Anonymous.

Office of the Collector of Internal Revenue, Greensboro, N. C. The following described real property seized from L. C. (Clatus F.) Powell under warrant for distraint for the non-payment of assessed taxes due will be sold as provided by Section 3693 of the Internal Revenue Code of the United States, at public auction, on December 9, 1944, at one o'clock p. m., in front of the Postoffice Building in the Town of North Wilkesboro, Wilkes county, North Carolina: One 1940 Ford Coach (light green color) Motor No. 18-5847863, North Carolina license No. 591-528. This car is now stored in the building used by the Alcoholic Tax Unit and other Government agencies. C. M. Robertson, Collector of Internal Revenue for the District of North Carolina. 11-30-12-4

**Buy More Bonds**