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INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1945.



Improved Conditions

Many comments have been heard recently relative to improved conditions in traffic and general behavior in North Wilkesboro, especially during the past several days with respect to movement of traffic and elimination of the double parking handicap.

The police department deserves credit for some constant and vigilant work.

Perhaps the officers are receiving some personal abuse from offenders who receive tickets, but on the other hand they are the objects of commendation from the public spirited people who really want the best things done for this town and community.

Many objectionable practices on the part of the public can be eliminated by constant and continuous work on the part of the police department.

It has been regrettable that in the past enforcement of the double parking ordinance and other regulations has been so spasmodic that the public never knew from one day to another what to expect. It is unfair to the public to tag offenders one day and let all do as they please the

next. Such practices tend to bring about a breakdown of the entire traffic regulations enforcement system.

The police department will find after their constant work has been continued for a reasonable length of time that the task has grown smaller. If motorists are reasonably sure that the rules against double parking are being enforced, they are not going to double park so frequently. When drivers learn that to double park means a ticket, they will quit.

The same drivers who double park here would not dare go on the principal streets of Charlotte, Winston-Salem or Greensboro and stop in the middle of the street for a chat with a pedestrian, or go into a place for a drink and a "bull session." They have been doing that here because they knew reasonably well that nothing would be done about it.

If the present efforts on the part of the police department are continued, the public will rapidly become educated to the effect that they must abide by certain rules for the benefit of the public, or pay the consequences. It will be much easier for everybody to have orderly traffic than the hodge-podge pandemonium which so often has been the rule rather than the exception.

Ninety-five per cent of the drivers who use the streets of North Wilkesboro will ultimately appreciate orderly traffic conditions brought about by enforcement of traffic laws and regulations. Some may get "hot under the collar" at the sight of a ticket, but they will sooner or later learn that order had to be brought out of chaos and that giving tickets and fines was one way of accomplishing the desired result.

It may be that the police department is not sufficiently large to assure orderly traffic and better behavior on the part of others whose practices are deplorable in public places. If such be the case, it becomes the duty of the town council to remedy the situation.

If anyone has the idea that the town of North Wilkesboro cannot financially afford to maintain a police department of sufficient size and efficiency to adequately police the town, let him refer to the figures on bank deposits, to bond sales, to current values of real estate and other indications of wealth within North Wilkesboro.

ABNORMAL ABSURDITIES

By DWIGHT NICHOLS et al



COUNTRY LIFE—

From feather-bed she hears a song; Roosters crowing, "Get along" Time it is for farmer's spouse To do the chores about the house, Pump the water—hurry now! Farmers like a heap of chow. Boll the coffee, bake the pies, While the pork and sausage fries, Tend the fires, husk the corn, Scurry in the early morn. "Party ring," for Neighbor Flynn Hurry! You can listen in!

KNEW HIS PEOPLE—

Boy's Mother—Did you kill all the flies in the house I told you to?

Youngster—I sure did. I got 10 male flies and eight female.

Boy's Mother—Interesting! But how did you know which were male and which were female?

Youngster—That was easy. Ten were on a beer bottle and eight were on a mirror.

WOULDN'T SELL—

A five-year-old boy went with his mother to make a call. The lady of the house, being fond of children, told him she meant to ask his mother to let her keep him.

"Don't you think your mother would let me buy you?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," answered the little fellow. "You haven't got money enough."

"How much would it take?" she continued.

"A hundred dollars," said the boy promptly, as if that would settle the matter.

"Oh, well, then," said the lady, "I think I can manage it. If I can will you come and stay with me?"

"No, ma'am," he said, with decision. "Mama wouldn't sell me anyhow. There are five of us and she wouldn't like to break the set."

Peace brings reconversion problems in agriculture as well as in industry.

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Bob Kite, Manager

North Wilkesboro, N. C.

THE RAMBLER

T. C. P.

We enjoyed very much the past week-end a visit from our friend, H. W. Rudisill, cashier of the First National Bank, of Lincoln, and his good wife and our friends, Mrs. Helen Cline and Mrs. Evelyn Justus. We spent a most delightful week-end and it was nice to have them with us. H. W. or Hen as he is more familiarly called by his friends, was in fine fettle and was enthusiastic regarding his 700-acre farm and summer cottage at Edgemont, in the mountains above Lenoir.

Hen and his wife recently spent a week's vacation there, and he had a number of improvements made to his cottage while there, and says it is now in fine shape for both summer and winter use and completely furnished with all the necessary paraphernalia for housekeeping. He also told us of a doe coming down from the mountain forest and taking in the cottage, its inhabitants and noting the improvements. He said there were numerous deer and other wild life in the surrounding woods near his cottage.

He also informed us that while recuperating at the cottage from his arduous duties at the bank, and while strolling through the woods and along the stream going fishing that he came near stepping on a big copperhead, but managed to dispose of it and bury it. Then when returning to the cottage from the fishing trip he spied a large cotton-mouth water moccasin in the swimming pool below the house and also killed it. He extended us a cordial invitation to come over to Lincoln and we would spend the week-end at Edgemont, at his cottage.

We appreciate very much his invitation, but if we go we think we will do so in the dead of winter when all the snakes are in winter quarters, as we have never been fond of those animals. The stream around his cottage is well-stocked with trout and other game fish, and there is nothing we like better than fishing, but we are no snake lover and will have to accept his invitation when those birds have gone to rest for the winter. But we guess it would not be so bad at that, provided Hen had on hand the well known remedy for snake bites.

Hen's snake stories reminds me of the time when I was living

in Hyannis, Mass., some years ago. We had never been on a bear hunt and was invited to go one week-end with a crowd of old-time hunters, who guaranteed we would kill a bear and have a good bear steak for our supper the following night. Well we went, lugging a large Winchester and all set to kill our first bear and enjoy telling our friends of doing so. But there was another side to the story.

When we reached the hunting ground the old-timers stationed me just above one of them, who was considered the best shot in the crowd. At my right was a large tree behind which I was told to stand while the dogs were turned loose to track down the bear and head him our way. Well, in a short time the dogs found their quarry and were bringing him directly toward us. In a few moments one of the biggest blackest bears I ever saw came heading directly toward me.

Well, in my excitement, if one should call it that, I forgot I had a gun and, naturally, got behind the tree in order that the bear would not run over me. After he passed me and had gone a few yards I heard the blast of a gun and went down to where the old-timer was to see what was the result. At his feet old bruin lay dead, and he was busy keeping the dogs away from the carcass. He asked me why I had not shot the bear as he passed me.

Well, there was no use trying to fool him. So I told him that when that bear came by me he was going so fast that I never had time to raise the gun and pull the trigger, but the truth of the matter was every hair on my head was standing straight up and my hands were trembling so I could not have shot that gun had my life depended upon it. But, anyway, we had a fine bear steak for supper the next night, but I have never had any desire since then to go bear hunting.

CARD OF THANKS.

We want to thank each and everyone of our friends and neighbors for their many deeds of kindness, help and sympathy during the death and burial of our dear beloved husband and father. We appreciate from the depths of our hearts all that was done for us, and may God's richest blessings come to every one of you.

MRS. ALFRED ELLEDGE AND CHILDREN.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Alfred V. Elledge Last Rites Held

A large crowd of relatives and friends attended the funeral service for Alfred V. Elledge, which was held at Center Baptist church last Thursday at 11 o'clock. Rev. J. E. Hayes, Rev. Jesse Yale, Rev. J. M. DiMard and Rev. W. S. Luck had charge of the service.

Mr. Elledge had been in ill health for some time, but the last few days his condition grew worse. The deceased was born July 25, 1901, making his stay on earth 44 years, one month, three weeks and four days. In May 1925, he was married to Miss Leslie Billings. To this union four children were born: Mildred, of Norfolk; Virginia and Wade, of the home; Marvin, an infant preceded him in death.

Surviving him are his wife; his mother, Mrs. G. G. Elledge; four sisters and three brothers, Mrs. Carl Jackson, Fort Bragg; Mrs. C. B. Hayes, Mrs. David Miller, of Norfolk, Va.; Miss Nannie Elledge, of this city; Mr. Otto Elledge, of Winston-Salem; C. M. and G. R. Elledge, also of this city.

Active pallbearers were: Oscar Felts, Clifton Bauguess, Charlie Hayes, Julius Brock, James Jackson, Bill Carter, Paul Elledge and Vernon Elledge.

A large number of beautiful floral tributes were carried by the nieces, cousins and friends of Mr. Elledge. Mr. Elledge joined Center Baptist church at an early age and remained a true and faithful member until his death. He had made his home in Norfolk, Va., for the past three years. He was a man who was loved by all who knew him. So many made the same statement about him: "That he was Alfred each time you saw him." As a neighbor everyone loved him. He divided with those in need, visited the sick.

He was a faithful and loyal husband in the home. He had a firm and unflinching faith in God and he placed his trust in Jesus Christ and laid up for himself treasures in heaven, where moth nor rust can corrupt nor thieves break through and steal.

Alfred had been through some hard suffering, but always with a smile. The nurse said just a little while before he died, when he was singing and smiling, how good a patient he had been during his few days in the hospital.

He was a true Christian, a loving husband and father, loyal son and brother. Not only will he be missed by his family and church, but by all who knew him. —Reported.



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Merrill Wiles, Proprietor

North Wilkesboro, N. C.