

**The Journal-Patriot**

INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

Published Mondays and Thursdays at North Wilkesboro, North Carolina

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THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1946



**Fire Prevention Program**

Expecting that this summer will provide a greater-than-ever number of campers, fishermen, hunters, hikers, trail-riders and others who will seek their recreation in the woods, the national forestry groups have joined to again put on an intensive drive to prevent man-caused fires during the vacation season.

The key slogans for the campaign are being geared to the fact that the nation's forests are more than ever needed to provide pulpwood and other forest products essential to meet the current housing shortage.

"Smokey," the fire conservation bear that had been popularized in previous campaigns, will again adorn the posters, bookmarks, cartoons, advertising matter and other publicity devices that will be used in the new program. It is also planned to introduce two new illustrated characters, "Pokey" and "Jokey," comic bear cubs, that are expected to play an important part in the unfolding of the newest fire prevention undertaking.

While figures over the last several years show that American forests have suffered an average of 210,000 man-caused fires a year, officials connected with the joint fire prevention program claim that in the previous two years, when similar national fire prevention campaigns were conducted, a steady drop in fires occurred.

**World Famine**

The world famine is appalling. We sometimes feel our country is feeding everybody everywhere. The blunt fact is that, so far, of all the nations of the world ours has made the smallest proportional response to the food crisis brought on by a common war and by drought.

Canada and Britain have intensified their rationing since war's end; save for sugar, we've dropped ours. Canada has exceeded many of her commitments to the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA). Britain has stripped her food reserves below safety level to help alleviate starvation.

We promised UNRRA 300,000,000 pounds of meat in the first three months this year, but didn't deliver half that amount. We delivered only half the 1,200,000 tons of wheat we had promised for the same period.

Now that the famine is reaching its peak, what are our plans?

One thing we can all do, right now, is back the Emergency Food Collection in our community. It offers everyone a simple, direct and personal means of giving quick additional help to the hungry and the starving overseas.

The main objective of the collection is to secure cash gifts. More food can be obtained for a given amount of money if it can be bought centrally and in large quantities. Saving is also effected in pick-up, packing and transportation costs. The secondary objective is to procure food packed in tin cans.

There is no better way, it seems to us, to obtain more food and dispatch it quickly to the areas of greatest need.

Think what it would mean if each family gave a substantial money gift, and, in addition, set aside a can of food a day for our afflicted neighbors—just for one month!

Scores of thousands in Europe and Asia appear certainly doomed. But we can save many other lives if we get behind the Emergency Food Collection and really push.

**U. S. Foreign Policy Developing**

Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican from Michigan, says that there has come into being a positive, constructive and bi-partisan United States foreign policy.

Mr. Vandenberg explains that the new-born foreign policy demands just and immediate peace treaties with Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Finland and Austria, and action on decisions for a unified Germany. It demands maximum guarantees against resurgence of former Axis aggression.

The speeches which Senator Vandenberg have made in the Senate, in relation to our foreign policy, have been constructive and have undoubtedly contributed to clearing the air of partisan politics in connection with foreign affairs. Nevertheless, the general terms outlined by him, as a basis of our foreign policy, relate exclusively to Europe and to matters arising out of the late war.

A foreign policy, however, must take into consideration more than the questions that exist in Europe. It must even include subjects larger than those arising from the termination of the war in the Pacific.

There must be an outline of the economic policies that the nation is willing to pursue, in cooperation with other peoples, in order that enlarged world trade may contribute to the general well-being of mankind. There should be, also, some declaration of intention as to what the United States will do in the event that the peace of the world is suddenly threatened or assailed.

Millions of children in Europe and Asia are starving or near starvation point. They are doomed unless we heed their cries. Gifts of money, or food in tin cans, to the Emergency Food Collection will save lives! Give today!

**- THE -  
EVERYDAY  
COUNSELOR  
By Rev. Herbert  
Spaugh, D. D.**

"You can't tame an animal while his foot is in a trap." I heard this expression the other day used by a lover of the outdoors, as he spoke of the foolishness of trying to highpressure a man into doing a certain thing, while he was taken up with a more serious problem.

There is much truth in that homely, but striking statement. All of us are snarled at on occasion. Trouble starts when we snarl back. We should go easy with an impatient and irritable man or woman. Perhaps he has his feet in a trap. Probably we do not know what he has just had to contend with. All of us have to eat burnt toast for breakfast occasionally.

I have never met a man, woman or child who takes delight in being abused or fussed at. Though none of us like it, yet far too many of us do it to others.

It's hard, I know, to keep in a good humor. It is not easy to rise above the petty and trivial annoyances of living. It is aggravating, when you are trying to dress in a hurry to make an appointment, to find that an important button comes off; you can't find a pair of socks; the phone rings, and as you go for it, you strike your toe against a rocker. You begin to boil, and look for someone to take it out on. But that does you no good, nor anyone else.

You can't get other people to help you by fussing at them. The best way to accomplish that is to induce them to want to help you.

The Christian gospel is one of helpfulness. When a man is down, is no time to preach at him. Get him up on his feet; show him that you are interested in him and willing to help him. Then he will listen to what you have to say. Show him that you as a Christian can rise above the things which annoy and discourage. Then he will want it.

After all, people are more impressed by what we do, than what we say, especially when pressure is on us.

Anyone can fume and complain about difficulty, but it takes a real man to rise above it.

St. Paul wrote, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." He knew where strength was to be had, and how to get it. He had put his life into the Saviour's care. He claimed the promises, and received the help. So can we. The source is still there.

**ABNORMAL  
ABSURDITIES**

By  
**DWIGHT  
NICHOLS**  
et al

**NOT SO HOT—**

Our overnight camping sojourn in Bluff Park Saturday night was, literally speaking, not so hot. It was cold, but more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

Our party consisted of Marine Staff Sergeant Freddie Hutchinson and wife and son "Skip", of Plymouth, New Hampshire, and Parris Island, S. C. Marine Sgt. Arthur Nichols, of Parris Island, S. C., yours truly and daughter and two sons.

After building a big fire and making coffee, the first item of business was showing the "yankees" how to cook southern fried chicken, which we proceeded to do with remarkable success. And the watermelon was good, too.

Things went along at a merry clip for hours, far past the usual bedtime for the youngsters ages eight through 12, and then complications arose.

With the ground for a floor, white pine trees flanking the sides and with the stars for a roof, they were put to bed on and under blankets. But the temperature dropped rapidly. In fact, if there had been a thermometer we are dead sure the bottom would have fallen out. Several cords of dry laurel and rhododendron wood nearby were a life saver. Freddie, who hadn't given up his six dollar room at Hotel Wilkes, did some typical marine corps griping about paying for an innerspring mattress and sleeping on the cold, cold ground, and avowed that if he ever got Sgt. Nichols in New Hampshire in the winter time he'd have him sleep in a 20-foot snow drift, just to partially get even.

One little boy piped out that he was cold, and the one next to him under the blankets said he was hot. Freddie wouldn't listen to his wife who suggested he lie between the boys and get them straightened out. He said he couldn't because he would freeze on one side and burn on the other.

Some time during the wee hours of morning we decided that the youngsters might be settled for a while and we spread a blanket on the ground and decided to sleep. We found a ten-pound boulder under the blanket and removed that and inspected the ground for more, but found it nice and level and smooth. But after about 30 minutes we had decided that we must have missed

another ten-pound rock, which seemed to be getting higher and bigger and harder under the blanket all the time. A search revealed no rock and it took us ten minutes to find that what we thought was a big rock under the blanket was nothing more than a tiny cigarette lighter in a pocket.

We consumed gobts of good food, including a bacon and egg breakfast, and a pound of coffee, a case of coles and about the same of orange (And it won't do any good to try to find out where we got the bacon and the coles).

Strange to say, everybody enjoyed everything, even the chills of the cold weather, which kept the marines from being rimpdooed too much of Granddancal, Tulagi, New Guinea, New Britain and Pelelia. But when it comes to sleeping on the ground, we are not in their class. They could sleep on a solid rock.

**JUST TRY TO BE—**  
While walking down a crowded city street the other day I heard a little archin To a comrade turn and say, "Say, chimpney, lampe tall youse I'd be happy as a clam if I only was de feller dat Me mudder thinks I am.

"She thinks I am a wonder And she knows her little lad Could never m.x with nuttin Dat was ugly, mean or bad. Oh, lots of times I sit and tink How nice 'twould be, gee whis, if a feller was de feller Dat his mudder thinks he is."

My friend, be yours a life of toil Or undilled joy, You still can learn a lesson From this small unlettered boy. Don't aim to be an earthly saint With eyes fixed on a star— Just try to be the fellow That your mother thinks you are. (Sent to his mother by one of our boys overseas)

In Ethiopia, it is possible in a single day to travel from a region of oppressive heat to one of intense cold.

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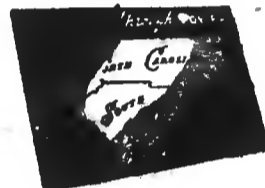
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Then it's time to think of Reddy.

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It takes some special planning to give Reddy the means of serving you efficiently and to enable you to use electricity with the greatest economy.

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**Important  
Announcement**

**PRICES INCREASED ON  
HICKORY BLOCKS**

**No. 1 Grade \$50.00  
No. 2 Grade \$35.00**

(CASH ON DELIVERY)

We Want Blocks In the Following Dimensions:

**8 Inches and Up In Diameter  
5, 7½, 10, and 12 Feet Lengths**

**Deliver to Our Yard On Highway No. 421  
Two Miles West of North Wilkesboro, N. C.**

**Hickory Fibre Co.**  
North Wilkesboro, N. C.

**NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND  
NORTH CAROLINA,  
WILKES COUNTY.**

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed by Wayne Blankenship and wife, Ruth Blankenship, dated the 28th day of September, 1944 and recorded in Book 214, page 77, Wilkes County Registry and default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness hereby secured and said deed of trust being by the terms thereof subject to foreclosure, the undersigned trustee will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro, North Carolina, at noon, on the 10th day of July, 1946, the property conveyed in said deed of trust the same lying and being in the County of Wilkes and State of North Carolina, in North Wilkesboro Township and in the Town of North Wilkesboro and more particularly described as follows:

Beginning on an iron stake in the South line of "F" Street, 73 feet westwardly of the southwest intersection of F and Sixth Streets and running South 27 degrees 27 minutes East 62 feet to an iron pipe; thence South 62 degrees 33 minutes west parallel with F Street 27 feet to a stake; thence south 27 degrees 27 minutes east parallel with Sixth Street 78 feet to a stake in the north side of an alley; thence South 62 degrees 33 minutes west with the north side of said alley 20 feet to a stake; thence north 27 degrees 27 minutes west parallel with Sixth Street 148 feet to an iron stake in the South line of F Street; thence with the South side of F Street North 63 degrees 33 minutes east 47 feet to the point of beginning. Containing 4474 square feet.

This 8th day of June, 1946.  
J. H. WHICKER, Jr.  
Trustee.

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