

The Journal - Patriot

INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

Published Mondays and Thursdays at North Wilkesboro, North Carolina

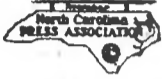
JULIUS C. HUBBARD—MRS. D. J. CARTER
Publishers
1932—DANIEL J. CARTER—1946

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year \$2.00
(In Wilkes and Adjoining Counties)
One Year \$3.00
(Outside Wilkes and Adjoining Counties)
Rates To Those In Service:
One Year (anywhere) \$2.00

Entered at the postoffice at North Wilkesboro, North Carolina, as Second-Class matter under Act of March 4, 1879.

Monday, Dec. 23, 1946



Greetings Of the Joyful Season

The Journal-Patriot extends to all its readers sincerest wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

Christmas has a special significance to the Christian people of the world. It marks the anniversary of the beginning of true Christianity, on which their spiritual lives and eternal hopes are anchored. But even to many of the heathen peoples of the world, Christmas means a time of happy celebration—a holiday season.

Never before in the history of the world has the world been in greater need of applied religion than today.

The world today needs to apply the remedies for sin which the Baby Jesus brought into the world 1947 years ago.

The Christian religion, if followed, is sufficient to solve all the problems before the United Nations.

Universal application of the one Golden Rule would be sufficient to banish all wars, for in the Golden Rule are included the elements of Christianity which apply to relations of one people toward another.

The true spirit of Christmas calls for consideration of others, and as never before we should learn the lesson of "It is more blessed to give than to receive." He who counts his returns in Christmas gifts with an anxious eye knows nothing of the deeper and fine meaning of Christmas.

Prevent Holiday Tragedies

If history repeats itself hundreds of people will die violent deaths within the next few days because of holiday accidents.

Drunken drivers and innocent victims will be maimed and killed; blood will run freely on the highways.

Children will lose their hands by exploding firecrackers. There will be those who are killed and injured in holiday fires.

All of these deaths will have been in the preventable class.

It is not a matter of ignorance. Every person who drinks and gets behind a steering wheel knows better. Every adult who handles firecrackers knows they are dangerous.

The accidental deaths during the holiday season can be chalked up to reckless carelessness. That is why we have laws against such practices.

If people must get drunk they can refrain from driving automobiles, or being in public places. If they must handle firecrackers, keep them away from innocent children.

Let us make this a safe and sane Christmas.

Dirt Roads Are Robbing Farmers

Dirt roads from farm to town are taking \$144 out of a farmer's pocket annually for each car and truck he operates, Charles M. Upham, engineer-director of the American Road Builders' Association, points out in a statement to county highway officials here today.

As proof of the actual dollar-and-cents value of better roads, Mr. Upham cites an analysis of individual car expense accounts of 300 rural letter carriers driving more than 3,000,900 miles in a group of Middle Western and Southern states. In

this study, equal distances of paved, gravel and earth roads were travelled. Four elements of cost were considered—gasoline, oil, tires and maintenance.

"In Mississippi, a typical state, the cost of gasoline in driving 12,000 miles over paved roads was \$146, or 1.22 cents a mile," Mr. Upham said. "Over gravel roads, the gas cost was \$168, or 1.4 cents a mile, while over earth, it was \$162, or 1.35 cents a mile. Oil consumption was .11 cents a mile over paved roads, .15 cents a mile over gravel and .21 cents a mile over dirt.

Gravel roads took the greatest toll in tires with .44 cents a mile, against .27 cents a mile on pavement and .33 cents on earth. Maintenance costs were in direct ratio to the quality of the surface—.10 cents a mile on paved roads, .56 cents a mile on gravel and 1.01 on earth.

The total of the four cost items are 1.7 cents a mile for pavement, 2.55 cents a mile for gravel and 2.9 a mile for earth," Mr. Upham continues. "It therefore costs 1.2 cents a mile more to drive over dirt roads and 0.85 cents more over gravel than over pavement. Therefore if a farmer operates only one car and one truck, an unsurfaced road to market costs him \$288 a year. Even if gravel has been added, there is an annual outgo of \$204. It is a cost he cannot avoid as long as his outlet highway is unpaved. But it is a cost he can save, if the roads he drives over are paved.

- THE - EVERYDAY COUNSELOR

By Rev. Herbert Spaug, D. D.



Blind Cpl. Chester R. Perkins' letter to Santa Claus written from Valley Forge Hospital, where he has been a patient for 21 months, has attracted nation-wide attention. He wrote it to the Indianapolis News with only the hope that it might be published in the section set apart for letters from correspondents. Instead it has plucked at the heart-strings of the nation.

This is an encouraging sign for a nation confused and entangled with the trappings of Christmas. It indicates that down underneath all of the man-made exterior of Christmas there is a deep yearning for the peace which Christmas should bring, the peace proclaimed by the Prince of Peace whose birthday Christmas commemorates.

His letter indicates that acquiescence to the will of God which all men should have if they would have true peace in the heart.

He pleads that he may not "forget the true meaning of Christmas," and concludes with the affirmation that even if he must spend his remaining days in blindness, and if on Christmas morn he does not find those "two bright, shiney blue eyes brimming over with good health and true vision," that, "I will still be grateful to God, for haven't I still a good mind, a strong body, friends who love me, and a desire to justify the reason for my existence. After all, aren't these the important things in life?"

It is tragic that most of us have to be compelled by suffering and anguish to appreciate the "important things in life"—the love of friends, the love of God, the true reason for existence.

We poor mortals become so entangled with the things of life. I recall during the last depression a conversation with a prominent business man who was facing tremendous financial loss. He said, "It looks as if I am going to lose everything I have." I then asked him if he had lost his wife and family. If his church had closed, if God had forsaken him, if his friends had deserted him. He paused thoughtfully, then said, "No, even if I lose my money and my business, I will still be a wealthy man."

Most of us are far richer than we realize, and even deserve. Christmas should remind us of these riches of home, family, friends, Church and above all, for the Christmas gift of the ages, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, the Prince of Peace, of whom the Prophet wrote, "His name shall be called, Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

Support Y. M. C. A. Efforts

ABNORMAL ABSURDITIES

By
DWIGHT
NICHOLS
et al



REQUEST TO SANTA—

Last week this newspaper received a most unique letter to Santa Claus, and without further introduction, we present the letter as received.

Champion, North Carolina.
December 18, 1946.

To The Editor,
The Journal-Patriot,
North Wilkesboro, N. C.
Dear Sir: Please print in the next issue of the paper the following:
Dear Santa:

We are 13 little girls and boys in the 12th grade and we are wanting to learn to square dance. Will you please bring us some dancing instructions, and a permit to use them because such things as that are outlawed in this community. Please don't forget us, because everyone else in the community has.

Love,
THE SENIORS OF MT.
PLEASANT SCHOOL.

Far be it from us to get into any controversy relative to the merits or demerits of dancing, or the benefits or evils thereof.

However, it does seem that the objection to square dancing as voiced by many people is due to a lack of knowledge of what square dancing is.

Perhaps they have heard from the pulpit that dancing is evil, and far be it from us to contradict any conscientious minister who berates dancing as such.

But has it ever occurred to those who object to square dancing that square dancing is just about as different from ballroom dancing as day is from night. Square dancing is more or less a game carried out with the rhythm of folk or hillbilly music.

To put all types of dancing into the same category would be like reaching into a barrel of apples, coming out with a rotten one and saying that the barrel

was full of rotten apples.

WISDOM MURKINGS—

"We really didn't know what she was until you came," was the remark by a good sister to the new minister, following his second sermon. "Whether that make the woman often break the man . . . Steam has been defined as water gone crazy with the heat . . . And for a serious note, what about this quotation: "The wise man is content when he gains his own approbation, but the fool is happy only when he hears the applause of those about him."

SHORT SHORT STORY—

It was a dark alley in one of the worst parts of town. Three men were waiting. One of them pulled a slouch hat down over his eyes and said:

First Man—D'ye see him?
Second Man (taking a quick peek around the corner)—Yes, here he comes.

The man with the slouch hat picked up a short thick section of a pipe. Another took a heavy wrench and the third grabbed a smaller wrench that was nonetheless effective in close quarters.

First Man (whispering)—All right, fellers, let's go.
And thus, when the boss got around the corner, he found his three plumbers busily at work.

Tomatoes on the winter market that are packed in transparent, moisture-proof film, may smother in the carbon dioxide which they generate, say specialists of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

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From where I sit... by Joe March

A Grand American Tradition

The Cuppers had a grand old family reunion last week—for the first time since the war.

Big and Little Cuppers came, by car and train, from as far west as Nebraska and as far east as Vermont. They crowded Doc and Jane's house, set up quarters in the barn, or stopped with neighbors—and a jollier gathering you couldn't have imagined!

I was asked to their final Saturday night supper, when they sang old songs, drank beer and cider, reminisced. Dark Cuppers and

Mean old ones—Vermont natives still Alabama down—Germans and Swedes . . . all with their differences of taste and politics, but in close and harmonious spirit as a group could be.

From where I sit, it's a grand American tradition—and just humbly routine, but the ability to get along as one harmonious family, regardless of differences of taste—whether it's taste for politics or farming, beer or cider.

Joe March

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Suite 606-607 Insurance Building, Raleigh, North Carolina.



And the Lord said unto Cain,
Where is Abel, thy brother?
And he said, I know not:
Am I my brother's keeper?

Throughout the world this Christmas season, Americans are stretching forth their hands to other peoples.

Food, shelter, medicine, supplies of all kinds are given to save life in a world ravaged by years of struggle.

But as we give abroad, let us also give to our fellow Americans:

Let us each contribute his part to safe driving on our streets and highways.

Let us this coming year at home give life by saving lives.

Less speed, more care, more courtesy—these cost so little—mean so much.

This Christmas message is reprinted from a statement in the Saturday Evening Post by Lumbermen Mutual Casualty Company and is brought to you by—

Newspaper to set Agent's name and address here
SENTINEL INSURANCE AGENCY, Inc.
Bank of North Wilkesboro Building



Season's Greetings

The merriest Christmas and the happiest

New Year ever is the very best we can wish

our friends, one and all. May the Yuletide
season bring you every

The Bank