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INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

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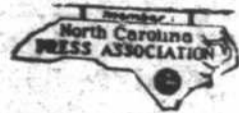
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Informally Yours

(North Carolina Education)

I sit me down and take my pen in hand to write you briefly about the plum tree buds I saw yesterday, the lilac bush eager to burgeon out to meet the sun, the clean, fresh-smelling soil now being turned in every field, and the men who sing and whistle as they follow the furrow. But mostly I write you about John the farmer's son, and Mary Lou, the farmer's daughter. Rural North Carolina children, that's who they are, whose mother washes on Monday, irons on Tuesday, mends and darns on Wednesday, churns on Thursday, bakes on Friday, and sells her eggs and butter on Saturday. Mostly I write about Sarah Jane who makes mud pies in coffee can lids and cries when they crack wide open in the spring sunshine, and little Joey who jabbars around at his mother's heels and stubs about the yard when the weather's warm.

John and Mary Lou are at school these days, the big brick building you pass on the way to town. You know where it is, the one on the right with the rocks in the clay yard, the worn out see-saws, the broken-down swings, the miniature baseball field in the front with water standing in the pitcher's box. That's it. The school bought the hilltop a number of years ago—never could get flowers and grass to grow on it. It's a right smart school at that—more'n five hundred scholars when they're all there—and they're running the school six days now to make up the time lost when the big snow fell.

Yes, I'm writing to you about John and Mary Lou mostly, because their classes are too large and the teacher never has a chance to do her best work with them. Of course, they don't know they're being cheated, but I do. And you do. John's father's too busy with spring ploughing to worry about it, and Mary Lou's mother's too occupied all the time with Sarah Jane and little Joey. Anyway, the children have better schools than their parents had.

John says he can't read his lessons by the one light in the center of the ceiling—that is—unless the sun's shining bright, and Mary Lou doesn't like the smell of the toilets. Just can't seem to keep a good janitor. Already had three different ones this year. Going to have new lights next year if the P.-T.A. can raise the money. Planned to do it last year, but it rained on the night the pie supper was held.

Just thought I'd write you about these children and their parents because somebody ought to write to you about them. Somebody ought to write to them, too, for they don't know, of course, that education in North Carolina is a kind of lottery. If you're born here, you have good school plants; if you're born there, you don't. You have small classes and extra teachers here; large classes and too few teachers there. Fluorescent lights here; lightning bug globes there. Clean toilets here; filthy ones there. All depends where you're born, but John and Mary Lou were born near the big red school on the top of the clay-covered hill.

They don't know that rural children have 88 per cent of all emergency teachers in the State. They don't know that they have 97 per cent of teachers holding Elementary B certificates and 90 per cent of those holding Elementary A certificates. They don't know that 92 per cent of the children being taught by teachers with certificates lower than the standard A

certificate are going to rural schools. They don't even know that they're being taught by such teachers, for plum tree buds are swelling and lilac bushes are ready to bloom. Spring is in the air. Their father is too tired to talk much these nights—what with following the furrows all day. And their mother says the hens are laying again and she'll have some hens a-setting before long. No, they don't know the truth, but they ought to be informed. I'm going to tell 'em; you should tell 'em, too.

They don't even know that North Carolina could do much better by our rural John's and Mary Lou's, our Sarah Jane's and little Joey's. The distressing needs are apparent. The money to meet these needs is available. The will to meet them is lacking. This will must come from John's father and Mary's mother who will hesitate no longer to point accusing fingers, who will demand redress. Yes, I'm going to tell 'em; you should tell 'em, too.

Anyway, they'll find out one of these days. They'll find out that we're crucifying the rural child on a cross of dollars! Then, it may be too late to help John and Mary Lou, but it will not be too late for Sarah Jane or little Joey. Or will it?

It's a long time since we've missed an opportunity to lose money.—William Feather Magazine.

- THE - EVERYDAY COUNSELOR

By Rev. Herbert
Spaugh, D. D.



Empty barrels give out only noise. Don't forget that when you are listening to abusive language or administering it.

A letter from a disturbed correspondent presents a familiar picture. She has been married for more than 25 years. Her husband is irreligious, "cannot stand to hear the name of God mentioned; curses until it is almost unbearable to hear, and when I tell him to please stop, he tells me that it is his own home and he will curse in it all he wants to." In addition to this he has for years had periodic affairs with other women. This correspondent wants some sort of an answer to her problem.

The answer is, "empty barrels." Just how many empty barrels are involved, I don't know. Quite evidently the husband is one, being empty of happiness, and is fighting against the inner call of Almighty God to lead a good life. How some men and women fight that call! Created in the image of God, every man has within him a divine spark which reaches out to contact its Creator. The only way to overcome that upward urge is to fight against it with a downward urge.

The home itself may be another empty barrel. The husband may not find happiness and contentment there, and may be seeking it elsewhere. He may be craving attention, and getting it by heaping abuse on his wife. Both husband and wives try this trick in the home to get attention when it is not given to them voluntarily.

The wife herself evidently has some emptiness of spirit. If she was in full contact with the Lord, she would be able to work the prayer lever on her husband. There is nothing like bringing God's power to bear, by remote control, upon one whom we desire to help, but to whom we dare not speak about spiritual things.

I would say that this home needed some spiritual housecleaning. The place to begin is for the wife to start on herself. She may think she does not need it, but the fact that she admits that she can do nothing for the profane husband, indicates that she does need something. Even if she does not lecture him, nag at him, she is not bringing a positive influence for good to bear upon him. Evil can be overcome with good. Let her establish close communion with her Lord, give herself to heart-searching prayer for herself and her husband, try letting her actions speak louder than her words. Then let her work the prayer lever, and work it hard.

It was Archimedes who said that if he had a lever long enough and fulcrum, he could move the earth. There is tremendous power in the prayer lever when the fulcrum is a life fully yielded to God. The length of the lever and the size of the fulcrum determine the effect of the power. The length of our prayer lever is determined by the size of our faith, while the fulcrum is determined by the fullness of our lives yielded to God.

ABNORMAL ABSURDITIES

By
DWIGHT
NICHOLS
et al

SMALL TALK—

A resort hotel said that the climate was so healthful that an old man who came in a wheel chair ran away in three weeks without paying his bill. . . . In Burma there is a law which says that the wife becomes boss of the house if the husband drinks excessively. . . . What we put in the hours is more important than the number of hours we put in. . . . In case business has gone where some say it has there should be no frozen assets. . . . We have been requested to write about discrimination in parking charges. We have to pay a nickel an hour at the curb and trucks park in the middle of the street for nothing. We think the middle should have a higher rate. It is much more accessible. . . . Why make the same mistake over and over when there are thousands of other mistakes to make? . . . When success turns a man's head it should also wring his neck.

TIME COMPUTED—

Now John, if your father can hang the curtains in one hour, and your mother can also hang them in one hour, how long would it take for them to do it together.

John—Two hours. Including the time they would use in arguing."

SELF-SATISFACTION—

Said a maid who had plenty of beaux, "I have enough comph, I sup-peaux, "if I had any more, "They'd break down the door, "And what I'd do then, goodness kneaux!"

ANOTHER SESSION—

Teacher: "Johnny, I'm surprised! Do you know any more

jokes like that?"

Johnny: "Yes, teacher."
Teacher: "Well, stay after school."

NOT PARTICULAR—

Mrs. Jones, supposed to be dying—no; for the first time—to parson: "Well, parson, I be agoing this time, I'll soon have me 'ead on Lazarus' bosom."
Parson: "You mean Abraham, not Lazarus, Mrs. Jones."
Mrs. Jones: "If you'd been a widdier as long as me yer wouldn't be partickler."

"A Lucky Penny" Will Be Presented

The North Wilkesboro High school seniors are now working diligently on their senior play, "A Lucky Penny." Upon attending this play a great treat will be in store for you. It will be presented in the auditorium on Friday, April 16, at 8 o'clock, announcement of the play said.

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