

The Everyday Counselor

Rev. Herbert Späugh, D. D.

Why learn everything the hard way, when there is an easier one. Many say that the school of hard knocks is the best, but it is certainly the most expensive. The earlier a man learns that the better. The sooner he learns that this world and his personal affairs are governed by divine law, the fewer hard knocks he is going to have.

The rising rate of juvenile delinquency is an indication of the increasing ignorance among our young people of those fundamental laws of God which must be recognized. The law of cause and effect is just as certain as the law of gravity. The Bible puts it, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." There is the law of right and wrong. It is summed up in the Ten Commandments. Men do not successfully break the Ten Commandments; instead they are broken by them. There is a law of property right included in the Ten Commandments—the law against theft, adultery, murder. When we take that which belongs to others, we inevitably suffer.

Fortunate is the boy or girl who learns early in life how to find God's will for his daily life through prayer. God has a plan for his life, just as He has a plan by which the earth rotates on its axis, producing day and night. The boy or girl who starts out in life trying to follow his own desires without regarding the law of God and the rights of others, soon finds himself in trouble, sometimes serious trouble.

We can't live successfully without God. God has made it possible for us to learn His plan for living—and His plan for dying. He gave us the Bible and the Church to teach us. Yet an increasing number treat religion as a kind of optional luxury. They are "too busy" to do any Bible study, "too tired" to go to church and take their children to Sunday School. Yet the day inevitably comes when they will need those things which the Bible and the Church teach. They will run afoul of the police. They will need character reference for employment or a character witness in court. Then they call on the Church and the minister whose services they have treated so carelessly in the past. I have seen

it happen time after time. Why wait until you get into a jam to call on God? Why wait until you have to be driven to your knees? Why take the hard knocks when you don't have to? The Bible pleads, "Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth."

The most important event in the life of a boy or girl is when he learns to know his Lord.

Social Security Positions Open

Field and claims assistants are now needed by the Social Security Administration for probational appointment in the offices of the Bureau of Old-age and Survivors Insurance and Social Security Administration, it was announced this week through the U. S. Civil Service Commission. Applications must be filed with the U. S. Civil Service Board of Examiners, Social Security Administration, 1523 L Street, N. W., Washington 25, D. C., not later than April 27, it was pointed out. Application cards, form 5000-AB may be obtained either from the address given above or from the post office here.

Applicants will be notified of the exact time and place to report for examination, it was stated.

Both men and women, citizens of the United States, may apply for these positions although appointing officers have the legal right to specify the sex desired in requesting certification of eligibles.



STALIN'S LATEST... This striking new portrait of Joseph Stalin, said to be the last to be made before he gave up command of the Red war machine. The structure in the background is the famous Spassko tower of the ancient Kremlin wall.

Chaplain Praises Work Of Red Cross To Servicemen

After three and a half years in the army as a chaplain, I feel justified in expressing to the American Red Cross the appreciation for thousands of men with whom I have served.

During the confused and hectic days of redeployment and early occupation of Germany, the facilities of the Red Cross were often the only sources of entertainment, and for men traveling between bases theirs was the only food available. The warmth and "Inn by the Roadside" atmosphere in numerous instances have been so very welcome to soldiers traveling on mercy missions and long winter trips.

Red Cross is a sacred term to some of the former German concentration camp inmates, for upon being released by the Allied Armies they had been given nourishment, personal interest and care by Red Cross girls after their liberation.

The present service club type entertainment with its many services for military personnel has been utilized to its fullest by our soldiers. There is no place in the occupation which can take that of the Red Cross club, just as there is no place in the States like "home."

The Red Cross girls and field directors I have known have been outstanding in their understanding of the men, their needs and problems. In the club it has

been the atmosphere; in counsel it has been attitude. Many a man in Europe today has been true to his heritage because of the influences of the American Red Cross through their servants in the field.

Again I say, in behalf of the men I have served and myself as well, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." As long as there is an Occupation Army in Germany, there must be Red Cross units on the job.

James K. Riley, Chaplain (Capt) USA.

At Home On The Farm With The City Cousin

"What about this rat control campaign you had down here in Gates county a couple of weeks ago?" I asked John Artz, genial Extension Service farm agent, the other day.

"Well, I'll tell you Cousin," he says, inviting me into his inner office decorated with assorted photographs of livestock champs and out-standing 4-H Club boys and girls. "This was our first county-wide effort, and you might say it met with varying degrees of success—and some

failures." "Is that so? But tell me John how do you go about organizing such a large-scale retracement?" With this my friend proceeded to explain that the Farm Bureau and the county's home demonstration clubs were the big guns in this war to make the county safe for feed bags. He said that fourteen store keepers took orders from the farmers in their territory, and that nineteen 4-H Club boys of the Gates high school spent half a day mixing the bait.

Unaccustomed as I am to going around knocking off rats, I was nevertheless keenly interested in the recipe for this gentle, tasty, if slightly murderous rat snack.

It seems that Brother Rat, who has been known to sharpen his teeth on such common, every day fare as corn cobs, stable walls, and an occasional morsel of asphalt roofing is—for all his coarseness—a lover of life's finer things. Ground fish, for instance!

"Yes sir!" John was telling me, "No self-respecting rat will stick up his nose at good old ground fish. That's why we used four hundred and eighty pounds of it in more than nine hundred pounds of bait. And oat meal—you should see 'em go for oat meal!" he says.

So, as we put our recipe together, we find that 120 pounds of oat meal is a very necessary item. Throw in thirty-four pounds of nice yellow corn meal, and you have a rat's breakfast, dinner and supper all rolled into a quite welcome dish, I assure you.

"Aha!" sneaked the agent, with a fiendish roll of his eyeballs. "Now we add the poison! Put in just the right amount of Fortified Red Squill, and they drop like flies!"

I don't know if I can explain the rat's reaction to a feast of this stuff, but I imagine that he feels like something of a fool for having been so neatly taken it. Just about the time this realization hits him, his respiratory systems starts giving him trouble and he begins a brief tour of the farm in search of water. Some go to their burrows to die like rats, while some just give up the ghost right out in front of everybody.

And some, says John, looking over a handful of reports from the campaign, won't even touch the preparation. It makes John very bitter. I guess rats are a whole lot like human beings in that respect," I says. "Some know what's good for 'em, and some don't."

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