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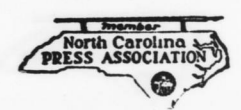
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The Post is glad to publish letters, not too long, on matters of general interest. But such communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, even when they are to be published under a nom de plume.
 "If the choice were left to me whether to have a free press or a free government, I would choose a free press."—Thomas Jefferson.



And National Editorial Association

On The Offense!

After over four months since Pearl Harbor . . . four months of defeat . . . four months of camp training and war production . . . four months of anxious waiting— all America was highly elated with the good news from Japan last Saturday that high-flying allied planes had heavily bombed and did considerable damage to four Jap cities, including Tokyo, the world's third largest city and the nerve center of Japanese aggression in the Pacific.

That was indeed "sweet revenge" and, best of all, it proves that America is about ready to take the offensive, not only against Japan, but also against Germany.

We are at last taking possession of the air and this unexpected blow on the homeland of the Japanese Empire will naturally cause a great deal of anxiety on the Yellow home front and probably halt the vast spreading of her war machine over the entire Pacific.

Across the Atlantic, it is also apparent that England and the United States, as well as Germany, are planning to open up a big offensive. Of course, Germany plans to deal a death-blow to Russia, while the Allies plan to weaken the pressure on the Reds by opening up an offensive against Germany on some unknown front.

It seems obvious to us that this is the only thing to do. We must prevent Hitler from marching through Russia and India and joining hands with Japan. If that should happen, the war might last ten years, but if we can "hold Hitler" this summer and gradually weaken and prevent him from getting vast areas of important resources, then the war might end within a year or eighteen months' time.

Therefore, the next few months are significant months in world history.

Big Government

The Census Bureau has discovered that 4,800,000 Americans work for some sort of government agency, whether Federal, state or local. This means that one employed person out of every twelve is on the public payroll while the other eleven, more or less, contribute eight cents out of every dollar they earn for government salaries alone.

Government truly is a big business. It is so big that, like agriculture, mining, transportation and other divisions of the national economy, it is a most affluent source of income. In 1940, for example, government produced one-seventh of the national income, ranking second only to manufacturing.

The dollar-growth of government is so spacious that it is worthy of further illustration. According to the Department of Commerce "Survey of Current Business" government produced 4.7 billions of the national income in 1919 while manufacturing accounted for 17.3 billions; agriculture, 11.1; trade, 11.2 and transportation, 5.8. But in 1940 government's share was 10.2 billions; manufacturing, 19.2; agriculture only 6; trade, 10.1 and transportation but 5.3.

Government salaries, of course, do not represent any but a minor portion of the public outlay for government. How, in the end, it will all be paid for, goodness knows. Perhaps we can all take in one another's

washing—and tax it.
 —The Asheville Citizen
 —Oo—

Name For The War

Do you have a name for World War II?

At the request of President Roosevelt, who explained that he did not particularly like "World War II", a large number of names have been submitted to the White House for the global conflict that is now being waged on nearly all waters and every strip of land on this globe and in the air.

After examination of these suggestions, "War of Survival" or "Survival War" has been tentatively selected as being the most apt title. Names used in this country to describe World War I included a "war to end wars" and a "war to make the world safe for Democracy".

Those titles have stuck in the history books, but we doubt seriously if "Survival War" will stick this time. As a matter of fact, all wars are wars of survival of one thing or another. The thing that counts most is "survival of what?"

The outcome of this war will determine whether freedom or slavery shall survive; whether Democracy or Dictatorship shall prevail as a system of government; whether the ideals of man and the principles of Christianity or greed, selfishness and paganism shall dominate the earth.

Unquestionably those are the major issues at stake. They are very much the same issues that were involved in the first World War and it will be virtually impossible to prevent this struggle from being described by historians as World War II, because it is largely a continuation of that war.

In this connection, Dr. Archibald Henderson, noted educator at the University of North Carolina, has suggested a name, "War for Independence", and has written a twelve-point declaration that is commanding widespread attention. A digest of this declaration appears elsewhere in this issue.

All readers of this newspaper who have other names to suggest are invited to send them to us and they will be reprinted, and a prize awarded to the person submitting a name that is chosen by our judges.

What name would you give the present conflict? Send us one today.

Blackout On Worship

"A Mighty Fortress is Our God . . . on earth is not His equal."

Thus sang thousands of Norwegians when barred from their house of worship by Nazi police because they refused to attend a service at which a pro-Nazi minister was to speak, yet turned out en masse to their cathedral for regular services.

The barring of the reverent Norwegians from worshipping God in their own choosing drew a protest from Bishop Eivand Berggrav, primate of the Church of Norway, which includes 97 per cent of the country's population. This protest caused the good Bishop to be placed in a concentration camp.

When 1,100 of Norway's clergymen left their pulpits, the traitorous Quisling, Hitler's "minister-president", set a deadline for their return, which the ministers ignored. Several were arrested.

When Quisling authorized laymen to preach, few responded. Now more than 1,000 Norwegian churches are empty, thanks to Hitler and his stooge, Quisling.

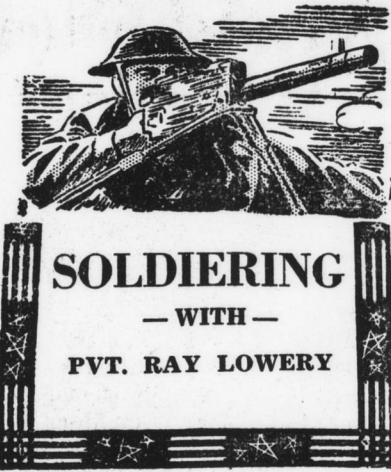
Hitler thinks strong-arm methods will accomplish all he sets out to do, but he has overstepped his bounds this time. He cannot make a conquered peoples worship as he would see fit.

Despicable Mussolini

The pompous Mussolini may still strut, but nevertheless, his pomp is gone.

The man who imagined himself as a "partner" in the axis land seizures, now finds himself stripped of his last undisputed personal authority. His orders relating to internal affairs have first to be approved by a Nazi liaison officer who has a specially guarded office adjoining the Duce's.

Il Duce, who also visionized himself as a great and popular leader in the country that knew such greats as Julius Caesar, is now so despised by most Italians until word comes from there that it has become common practice for Italians to expectorate on cafe floors and sidewalks whenever Mussolini's name is mentioned.



THE LOST CAPTAIN

On board the troop train en route to their replacement training center—still undisclosed—seventeen selective service recruits settled down into the soft, plush-bottomed pullman chairs and watched the Fort Bragg post gradually disappear from view. Magazines were passed out to each soldier, but most of them were back numbers and quickly tossed aside.

Before long, the men became acquainted with each other, conversations began, and a rather revealing discovery was made. Each of the seventeen had been recommended for service in the quartermaster corps. All were from North Carolina, and as the respective home towns of each were mentioned, that old game of "Do you know so-in-so?" soon held sway.

One youth from Charlotte and another from Taylorsville, both of whom had attended State college, started a poker game in the rear of the car. Another group exchanged jokes. The rest got together and discussed their "futures."

Destination Revealed

While still speeding across South Carolina, and shortly before the porter had fixed our berths, our destination was no longer a military secret. Or if it was, the news had leaked out.

It seemed that some fellow had looked over the shoulder of the captain who was in charge of our unit, and on a paper containing our names, Camp Forrest, Tenn., was written across the top.

What a surprise that was! One by one, we'd guessed nearly every army post in the deep south. But Camp Forrest? We'd never heard of it.

Morning found us in Atlanta, Ga., where we breakfasted and were permitted to visit around town until 11 o'clock. I called up a boy whom I used to know at Chapel Hill, who is now with the Associated Press, and asked him if he would like to see me in my uniform. He said: "Nope. I guess not. If you've seen one soldier, you've seen 'em all."

All men were back at the railroad station well before 11 o'clock and learned that their buddies were being sent to Camp Shelby, Miss. We, the stalwart 17, again boarded our original car.

When the train chugged out of Atlanta, most of us figured that we would be in Tennessee in practically no time at all. But no such luck. We dipped down into Alabama, and were so long getting out, I began to wonder if all that talk about Camp Forrest wasn't just another "soldier's rumor."

Not until the train had pulled into Chattanooga was I fully convinced that Tennessee would be our home for a while. Even the little captain finally broke down and confessed that Camp Forrest was our destination. We were dismayed, though, when he admitted knowing absolutely nothing about the camp.

The train pulled into Tullahoma, Tenn., late that afternoon. A couple of army trucks were waiting to transport us to our new quarters. Our captain climbed into the front of one of the trucks with the intention, apparently, of directing the drivers to our particular regiment.

Two miles out of Tullahoma we entered Gate No. 1 at Camp Forrest, were checked by the military police, and permitted to proceed on our way. First, we stopped at a tank destroyer regiment, but the captain soon discovered his mistake and we moved on. Next stop was at the 108th medical regiment, but that very definitely wasn't for us, and so we again pushed on.

Lost: One Captain

The third and most bitter stop of all was at the 33rd division headquarters. There we piled out of the trucks, snapped to attention in a nonchalant sort of way, and awaited further instructions.

"Wait here," the captain said. "I've got to go back to Tullahoma, and I'll be back here in a few minutes."

With that he climbed into a jeep and headed out of camp, leaving us standing in one of the coldest winds ever to penetrate a rookie's OD uniform.

half. Still no captain. Hundreds of men piled into the division mess halls, ate their evening meals, and returned to their barracks. Our little group was so hungry, any one of us could have eaten a real live horse and felt none the worse. It was getting dark and colder, and for a few bunks on which to catch a little shut-eye, we would gladly have volunteered, en masse, for the parachute battalion.

We Eat

If a young lieutenant had not let his curiosity get the best of him, if he had not grown weary of watching us shiver out his office window, I sometimes wonder just what would have happened to us eventually. This young officer listened to our predicament like a mother. He knew nothing about the outfit which expected us, and a phone call to the colonel's office did not enlighten him, but he ushered us across the street to one of the mess halls for the best meal we had had since our induction into the army.

After mess—what a meal that was!—our good samaritan informed us that the 129th infantry was expected 1,500 new men. "That," he said, "must be your outfit."

Well! We were already feeling pretty low, but when we heard that we were going to be put into the blankety-blank infantry—well, that was the last straw!

One man voiced the sentiments of all when he protested thus: "Sir, you've got us all wrong. We're supposed to go to the quartermaster corps."

"That may be," he said, "but you'll spend tonight with the infantry."

Spend the night with the infantry? Ha! Like the man who came to dinner and stayed two months. Our little group has been in the infantry nearly two months now. If we get out in three years and six months, the chances are the war will be over.

But if it isn't hoping for too much, sometime we'd like to find out what actually did happen to that little Fort Bragg captain.

(This is the fourth of a series of articles on the army life by Ray Lowery, former editor of The News, who is now a private in the United States army and stationed at Camp Forrest, Tenn.)

At The Hospital

The following patients are now at the Ashe county memorial hospital:

Dennis Scott, treatment for severe burns, Todd; Grant Miller, treatment for fracture, Clifton; Mrs. A. E. Parsons, treatment patient, Mouth of Wilson; Miss Leslie Greer, treatment, Sturgills; Mrs. Walter Wood, treatment, Baldwin; John Reeves, operative, West Jefferson; Mrs. Carson Thompson, treatment, Lansing; Mrs. Ivan Miller, treatment, West Jefferson; Mrs. Gretcher Howard and daughter, Crumpler; Mrs. Berdie Hurley, treatment, Tuckerdale.

The following patients have been dismissed during the past few days:

Doris Venable, operative patient, Jefferson; Agnes Barker, operative, Jefferson; Mrs. William Terry and baby, West Jefferson; Mrs. John Combs, treatment, Jefferson; Mrs. Ira Calhoun, treatment, Lansing and Mrs. Mamie Hunter, treatment, Warrensville.

COLORED PEOPLE GIVE TO LANSING CHURCH MANSE

By The Pastor

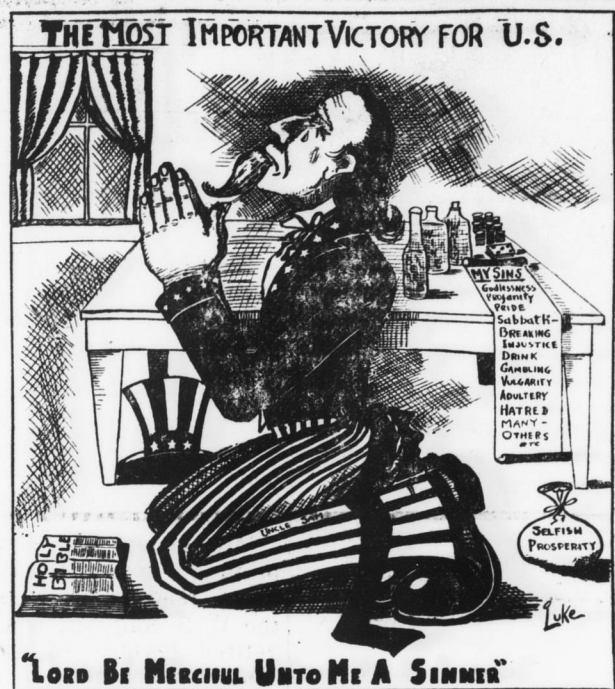
The colored people of Lansing rendered special music at the Lansing Presbyterian Church last Sunday. They came in a body and sat in the choir loft. We feel that these friends are a part of our Church, and we appreciate their interest and prayers. An interesting feature of this visit was the contribution that these singers made. After the singing they made a nice contribution to the manse building fund. We greatly appreciate this gift. Every Sunday afternoon Mr. Wayne Blevins teaches a Sunday School class for the colored people, and it is well attended.

THREE TRIED BY MAYOR

There were no cases for trial in the mayor's court here Monday, but on the previous Monday, the following were tried: John Breece, Helton, fined \$50 and cost for drunk driving; Wiley Church, Obids, \$5 and cost for public drunkenness and Bradley Howell, of Baldwin, \$5 and cost for the same offense.

MAKING FINAL PLANS FOR SUGAR RATIONING

(Continued from Page One) They are making final plans for sugar rationing. They will issue permits for each family to buy a certain amount of sugar each week. The amount of sugar received and the amount of sales during 1941. Details concerning consumer registration will be announced in next week's issue of this paper.



SPIRITUAL DEFENCE MESSAGE

By J. W. Luke

These messages are for the comfort and strength of the people of Ashe County, written by the ministers on the Spiritual Defence Committee. Look for them every week.

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO MOTHERS

Those who will suffer most in this war are perhaps the mothers and even the fathers of our boys in the ranks. To them, I dedicate this little message. I have found some mothers of boys in the service are very calm about it. I know of one mother whom I talk with every week. She has three boys in the army and navy. She is calm and not afraid. Other mothers worry much. There is no use to borrow worry until something happens. Army and Navy life is not as bad as some may think. The men in the service have the best of care. Let me try to give you a little spiritual message and advice. Read the 91st Psalm over, and read it over again and again. Read it before you go to bed at night. Kneel when you are worried about your boy, and open your Bible and read it before you and God. In this Psalm, you will find it says:

"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." Ps. 91:7

"I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in Him will I trust." Ps. 91:2

In a little Christian paper called "The Beacon" I found this little appropriate poem and it gives you, Mothers, just the message I would like to say to you. "IN HIS KEEPING" By Nell Crawford Flahart (Mother of a soldier serving "Somewhere")

Danger lurks about, above them, 'Neath them, as they sail the deep.

Soldier-laden transport creep!

"GRANDFATHERS" WILL REGISTER NEXT MON.

(Continued from Page One) velv and Gov. Broughton, are all male citizens of the United States and North Carolina, who were born on or after April 28, 1877 and on or before February 16, 1897, and who have heretofore not been registered under the Selective Service Act.

It is estimated that there will be around 1,600 to register this time, thus bringing the total registration to around 5,000, as 3,500 are now registered. It is also pointed out that those registering Monday will not be required to service in active military duty, but will no doubt be used in various inactive, non-combat places and in defense industry work.

WILL HOLD BLACKOUT IN ASHE FRI. NIGHT

(Continued from Page One)

as and the two funeral homes will cover their respective territories. The signal denoting the end of a blackout is — straight two minutes sound of whistle or siren.

TURN OFF LIGHTS

Other rules and suggestions offered by the committee are: It is suggested that in each town, some one be stationed at a concealed light to receive the all-clear signal and flashes and to notify others. This applies especially to Warrensville and Lansing.

No one is supposed to use any telephone during the blackout unless in case of emergency. All lights are to be turned off when the blackout signal is heard.

All persons who ordinarily leave their lights on when leaving their places of business will on Friday night, put out their lights

Sailing with this mighty transport, O'er a wide and trackless ocean,

Is my son — so brave, so true! Is he "kept" from lurking peril As he sails the ocean blue?

When he lands — to battle marching —

Enemies will then surround; Can there real, assuring promise In God's mighty WORD be found?

Deadly "subs" beneath the surface Stalk this convoy day and night — God gives mothers wondrous promise, "NEATH ARE LASTING ARMS OF MIGHT." Deut. 33:27

Bombing planes may circle o'er him,

Raining death from jungle skies — "UNDER WINGS OF LOVE" HE'S HIDDEN. There eternal safety lies. Ps. 91:4

As he faces foe so treach'rous — (See! They come wave after wave!)

And my loved son is surrounded — Is there aught that now can save?

Here I find God's wondrous promise. Cov'ring e'en this direst need, "THO' A THOUSAND FALL BESIDE THEE, From this peril thou art free." Ps. 91:7

So as dangers swarm about him, 'Neath him, o'er him, none dare harm! For he's sheltered by God's promise — Need his mother feel alarm?

Mothers, do not stay around the house and worry. Put your hands and mind to work for your God and beloved country. Do not pine yourself to death, go to church, read your Bible, pray and commit your boy to God's promises. This, dear Mothers, is the only way to ease those loving hearts of yours as well as to receive God's promise for your beloved sons.

before leaving, unless they can return promptly and put them out.

The traveling public is requested to co-operate voluntarily with the blackout by avoiding all travel during the period of the blackout and as far as convenient, between the hours of 9 and 11 o'clock, p. m.

SPECIAL OFFICERS

Under the direction of the sheriff's office and Patrolman Thomas and the town police forces, special officers, including civilian volunteers with special authority, will be stationed at the crossroads of main travelled highways and approaches to the towns with authority to stop motorists and enforce the blackout of all automobile lights. This applies to all motor vehicles, except regular operated buses, which are exempt. The special officers will have white arm bands or insignia for the purpose of identification.

BLOW CAR HORNS

To spread the news of the blackout in rural communities, it is suggested that all persons who hear sirens or horns to signal others by blowing their horns, by ringing school or church bells. It is not sufficient to pull down shades, as lights might leak out. Therefore, everyone is asked to turn out lights and to co-operate to the fullest extent.

The public is requested to spread the news throughout the county as this test blackout is a highly important maneuver, essential to civilian defense and was ordered by the war department.

Kapok, tropical floss used in life-preservers, pillows, and heat-insulating covers, can have its war losses partly made good by substitution of milkweed down, a similar substance.