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"Them Gospel Fowls"
Mr. Jimson Aimed To Let the Patients Taste Chicken Every Now and Then

Into a session of the Governor's Committee to investigate the State Hospital at Morganton came a Dr. Davis—Dr. James W. Davis of Statesville. He was neither a former inmate nor a member of the board of directors, but he felt the board of directors ought to be qualified, nonetheless to read to the hospital, a paper which he had prepared. A portion of it follows:
"Long time ago a man was crucified and from this crucifixion the human race has come to understand the meaning of the word 'love' better than ever before understood. At the time of the crucifixion the mob demanded a victim. Human nature has never changed. An individual sometimes constitutes himself a mob, or arouses a mob, or creates a mob for the same purpose.
"Since that time many lesser crucifixions have occurred, especially in modern times when publicity through the medium of newspapers, telephone calls, and the like, has made people are all too willing to believe the worst.
"A man or a group of men who have spent the rest of their lives in doing good to others, and have labored faithfully long hours each day, every day in the week almost every day of the year, for many years, are nailed to the cross of public opinion.
"With a job at Mr. Jimson that was peculiarly unbecoming to a member of the medical profession, the doctor was done. But Mr. Jimson's answer was already down in black and white. The contents of his articles which brought on the inquiry at which Dr. Davis volunteered his views. See how apply it applies.
>About the time the 1941 Legislature got under way the attendants and nurses conceived the idea of getting their pay increased. They had once received more and they wanted the old pay. Some of the attendants had made, roughly speaking, \$10 on the month for each of them. They procured the signatures of the attending physicians and the doctors looked on in fear and trembling, they formed an association. J. L. Graybill, by far the most popular of the attendants was elected president, and he and Miss Small, one of the smartest of the nurses, began to bring about a strike to raise. It could only be done through

If You Ask Us
This Kind of Stuff Ill
Becomes a High Calling

The sponsorship of S. 860, the bill which ministers of the gospel have received and are attempting in concert to have passed by Congress, forgets the intent of it. S. 860 was introduced more than a year ago by the late Senator Chapman of Tennessee. The purpose of the prohibition amendment in 1918, when the country was distracted by war, and whose bill would take advantage of War II's distraction to do somewhat the same thing.
The bill has one virtue: It is explicit. No alcoholic liquors, "including beer, ale or wine," shall be sold on any Army or Navy post, or within such "reasonable distance" as said posts as the Secretary of War shall determine. The same goes, the bill adds as a palpable afterthought, for prostitution, and for both offenses it stipulates fines of not less than \$100 and not more than \$1,000, and/or imprisonment for not less than 30 days or more than a year.
If you ask us, it's a bit of a high hand the prohibitionists are taking. Day by day the country is being denied of its young men as soldiers and sailors, its older men as officers in military organizations whose work-week is frequently seven days, and the prohibitionists come along while they are so engaged and attempt behind their backs, so to speak, to lay down the rule, over the objections of the Secretary of War and the men experienced in handling them, that the men from home shall not relax. This is a time to pray for the preservation of their lives and their immortal souls.
A film menace of the gruesome type thinks women are more fascinated by horrors than men are. Ah, yes—saw them on their pretty heads.

The World Around

Men Will Be Singing Always, Unafraid

The Baltimore Sun
M. familiar notes of "America," that dignified, beautiful lines were the composition of a college student, yet it was stated without reservation that it was written by their author, Samuel Francis Smith, was attending Andover Theological Seminary (having previously studied at Harvard since 1829), that he wrote the words of this famous patriotic hymn, he was then 22 years of age.
According to Smith's own account, he was asked to write a song for the July 4 (1832) celebration in the Park Street Church at Boston.
Looking through German song books for appropriate music, he came upon a tune which he liked very much. It was the King—for which he created the lines beginning "My Country 'Tis of Thee"—not learning till after the war that it was that of the British national anthem.
The source of the air of "America" has long been a favorite field of research of musical explorers.
The Germans sang it before it was taken up by the English and it is asserted "The Germans got it from the Norwegians, who probably heard it from the Finns, who in turn got it from the Huns, who doubtless brought it from Asia when they entered Europe."
Another effort to trace the song through time carried the investigator from country to country, from race to race.
"Or, something like it, was perhaps sung in the time of the first temple—it is suitable to some of the Psalms of David—and they may have borrowed it from the Egyptians, where it certainly existed in other countries before we adopted it, was used by generations that lived before Columbus discovered America, and by musicians long before the time of St. Ambrose."
A foot in length.
Six inches wide.
An ounce of tacks.
Two pounds of hits.
THE BUGLER
The bugler wakes us up each day;
I wish to thank that he would play
Over the hills and far away.

The Soldiers Grin
THREE MEN SING!" is the title of a collection of soldiers' verse, some of it, some serious, which was first published in the chain strap and its successor, the Fort Meade Post, weekly newspapers devoted to the personnel stationed at Fort George G. Meade. It is now printed in modest pamphlet form.
Here are two items which express ideas with admirable economy of words, by Corporal Arden L. Melott:
ARMY SHOE
A foot in length,
Six inches wide.
An ounce of tacks,
Two pounds of hits.
THE BUGLER
The bugler wakes us up each day;
I wish to thank that he would play
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Easy With The Reds
By Paul Mallon

PAINFUL outskirts of domestic Communism against Attorney General Biddle's proposal to strip the citizenship of those who teach to use his words and ideas, and the overthrow of government, including the United States, gives their whole case a more fully and irretrievably.
If Mr. Biddle's words were read by a citizen whose mind runs along the Communist line, a better job than that of the FBI would be his. He has to do it read his mind.
A New York Newspaper of serious Communist sympathies is urging readers to write Biddle, and it furnishes a coupon for that purpose. The coupon is for the address as well as the name. Don't leave of the address, comrades, so the FBI will not get justly "find you promptly, in case of need.
But a better joke on the Communist and their sympathizers is the one which the FBI itself could and should appeal his decision to the Supreme Court. That is the real American way to get justice.
But are they hastening to the courts for justice? Not at all. None of their complaints are being considered this a question of law.
Their primary effort is not to dispute the law, but to get the law changed. They don't want law this time, or the protection of the Constitution through the courts.
They want a political reconsideration by Biddle. They say they want to see I see and his findings of the law immediately on the purely political ground it would be a horrible thing for the Domestic Committee to be displaced with Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Biddle and the American Government.
Only a defendant who has a very bad case openly seeks protection of the cloak of politics against the law.
Their plea is also founded upon the fact that they are not interested in the law, but in the production and promotion of it. They want to see the law and save them from the Supreme Court. Thus they themselves claim to have a superior interest to that of this country.
They claim they would and effort to interfere with our war effort. They say they are not necessary of their power as in us and their subversive inclination to lower the morale of this from their own mouths and from the mouths of their most ardent supporters.
The general impression in Congress and downtown inside the Government is that this is a personal and conscientious one. Most people here believe that, the President is not forward, but says that matter was not discussed. He gives a convincing explanation of an other matter which was discussed and it had nothing to do with Communism.
"Certainly it seems true that the President later recommended a declaration of war against Hitler's Germany and Hungary for the sake of Russian relations to a considerable extent. It bolsters Stalin's position.

Map Study for Today
By Herbblock
This is a speech made by Sinclair Kennedy in Boston on April 4, 1918, at the time of a Liberty Loan drive. We present it in its entirety as a study for today, in similar times.—The Editors.
When a man tells you he has subscribed all the money he has and has no more to give, you should buy Liberty Bonds, then I want you to think of the subject matter of which I am talking. It is not a matter of money that is important. He has more money. It is your task to educate him to find here why he should be another. When you are changing his habits of life. It is for you to show him it is better for him voluntarily to change his money than to have the Germans compel him to change them to a greater degree.
Materials and labor are what win wars. The British call these "goods and services." Money is the bookkeeper to keep the materials and labor. All the money in the world will do nothing except shift materials and labor from one man to another. When you obtain money for the Government through subscriptions to Liberty Bonds, you obtain commodities, materials and labor. Never forget that although you are ostensibly soliciting money, you are actually getting the materials and labor, goods and services.
When you buy anything you hire labor. When you buy candy, you hire people to get it for you. When you buy a Liberty Bond, you hire people to build ships and make shells. It follows that when you decide on buying for yourself, you release labor which is available for someone else to use. Such a decision is your way of offering goods and services to Uncle Sam. You are releasing labor for your own mere desiring. If you also use the money which you do not spend in your own desiring, you are releasing Liberty Bonds, you have helped Uncle Sam a second time, for you have furnished him with the money for the materials and labor the Government wants.
Decide what you want: candy and jewelry—or ships and shells. If enough American vote to buy candy and jewelry, we shall lose the war. We shall have to lose the war for the sake of that idealism is dead in America. Idealism is alive in Germany. I can prove it to you by telling you what we did in 1914, if you tried in Berlin to buy a pair of new shoes, you would find a pair of old shoes in exchange a pair of your old shoes. If the old shoes could be repaired, the shoemaker would sell you a new pair. If the Government inspector later on found that your old shoes might have been repaired, the shoemaker would sell you a new pair of shoes. That is the German way. A few days ago a British officer was in Berlin, and he found that in Germany was about as hard as getting out of jail, whereas in Boston, at the store which advertised, it was easier than ever to buy a hat. That is the American way.
Think over every night: "Are we worth fighting for?" "We" means you and me. Our military labors are risking nothing. As if we are not willing to endure privations in order to furnish material for the labor of our fellow citizens, then we are not worth fighting for. The Government in its publications tells you the whole story of our labor. We are not worth fighting for. When a man tells you that he has already bought all the Liberty Bonds that he can buy, then your job begins.

Little Ben
Let Us Hear More
Of India's Bong

When the Bong of Wong, chieftain of the largest tribe of head hunters in India's Assam province, declared war on Japan a few weeks ago, every newspaper in America carried the story. The U. S. had a laugh. Jokes of the day were Bong jokes. The Chicago Tribune ("World's Great Newspaper") printed a poem about him. It lasted for two or three days.
Since then, the Bong has dropped out of the news. We want him back. Communications from his front are all too dull. We have reported the progress his warriors are making against the Nips. Because he is an ally not to be overlooked in the Indian theater, he should not be dropped like a hot potato. But we hope he is a hot one.
In the Bong's dominions, skull-patching has been made a science. If we cannot approve of the practice, we may gladly accept the principle, we may happily for the duration, much as we are willing to use the Soviet Union. For we against the Japanese, his tactics seem to be the best.
For in Assam, as elsewhere, head hunters take their bloody trophies into huts for curing, reduce the measure of the skulls from, say, size 7-3-4, down to joll-size. For a severe case of swellhead, the Bong would say, there is no finer treatment. If it were there was such a case, we see it in the perpetrators of Asia's Co-Prosperity Sphere. We trust that, in the epic struggle for South China's supply routes and the coming battle for India, the Bong will not be lost.
If we have no hope of regular communications of his brown legions, we want him, at least, saved for the duration. Do you imagine that he would not be a sobering influence, sitting at a peace conference table? Imagine you imagine other heads. In other days, will not swell? Almost always, it seems to us, we will have need of the Bong.

Military Secret?
From "Insults"
Every author, having trouble with the telephone, followed at the operator. "Am I crazy, or are you?"
"I'm sorry, sir," she replied in her sweetest institutional voice, "but you do not have that forgotten."

Private Jack Perlmutter must be a brave fellow, or maybe just reckless. Anyway, here's his contribution, entitled "Rank":
You can tell a sergeant
By his look of great alarm.
You can tell a private
By his look of great alarm.
You can tell a captain
By his three stripes on his arm.
You can tell a cavalryman
By his manner, clothes and such.
You can tell a "shavetail"
By his hair that's cut too much.
More tender in tone is the poem of Sgt. George L. Davidson, addressed to a mother, or perhaps a wife or sister, in which he urges her to keep intact all the simple homelife joys against the time of his return:
I'll have the pie, as it might be;
That I want is more to eat;
I'll plant the garden, roundabout,
Still grab the sturdy stalks out;
And take the blue delphinium,
As if this war had never come.
What does a military policeman think about, on night duty? Well, here's the free-verse musings of a corporal of the 72nd Military Police Battalion (21):
NIGHT PLANE
The soft night is redundant with
corridors twinkling dimly.
Little flocks of fleecy clouds
meander past, and high overhead,
and great lights sail across the
sky, as a plane, like a huge draining
dragonfly, flies across the bright
yellow moon, and then is gone.

Often in Haste
The Chattanooga Times
LIKE many favorite poems, war songs are the born out of the inspiration of a moment. Tennessee, going home one day scribbled on the back of an envelope that poem which he is remembered when many of his long poems are forgotten: "Crossing the Bar." Carlie Jacobs Bond, driving across the desert to the West, wrote "A Perfect Day." Joseph Barlow, going to sleep in "Robin Hood" unless she had a "good song." De Koen hurriedly wrote "Promises for the Future." The men and the women of the army were by which men march and die in war.
News dispatches tell how Sergeant Thomas Dewey, grunter of the New Hampshire, became "smitten with a girl in Australia. He was sitting in the parlor with her one night. He was not the girl's fiancé, just returned from Syria. And out came the most wonderful poem. And there it was, that marvellous poem, came a song which is sweeping the Army of the United Nations in the Pacific. "Bill, come and meet a Yank." she said, "He's here to help us fight." And she went on, "I like a Yank, but I love a G.I."
The title of the song, written by that surprised American gunner-bombardier, is "Bill, Come and Meet a Yank." The tune has something of the sweep of "Madison," the great French marching song in World War I.

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An Echo Of 1918

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Letters to the Editor: Gas Board Speeding Up

Editors, The News:
I appreciate the interest indicated in my letter of May 27th by "The News." After writing the letter, I came to my attention through the papers yesterday that a Rationing Board would be operating in the City Council Chamber after 2 P. M. I went up there yesterday afternoon and waited there a little while to get a hearing and it was evident that all who were applying for supplemental cards were being extended every courtesy and consideration possible and that their needs as they stated in the City Council Chamber were being taken care of promptly. This was also true in my case.
We live in the sales business naturally have not been familiar with Mr. Thigpen's problems but from what I saw and read in the papers, it would seem that everything possible is being done to take care of applicants for additional gas.
Under the circumstances, I wish to thank Mr. Thigpen and his associates for getting the Board to functioning this week and I feel they are to be commended for the manner in which they have handled this difficult situation as I saw them do it yesterday afternoon.
In view of the publicity given my previous comment, it is possible that your readers might be interested in knowing the details of the gas rationing discussion as they now stand.
—R. B. HUGHES
Charlotte.
The Boy Scouts
Trade Good Turns
Editors, The News:
On behalf of the Boy Scout Circuit Committee, we wish to thank you for your splendid cooperation in connection with our fourth Annual Circus. We are sure that the publicity given us by your paper helps tremendously in publicizing the event.
Thanks again for your kind cooperation.
Sincerely yours,
L. W. SLYE,
General Chairman.
DEWANNER STEVENS,
Publicity Chairman.
CHARLES RAFFLEY,
Executive.
Applause on Stand Against U. S. Power
Editors, The News:
Your recent editorial on the Hitler-Pope pact was timely, courageous, frank and accurate.
We have no personal interest in the Duke Power Co., neither do I own any of its securities, but I am sure that I still have a part in my makeup a sense of justice and truthfulness and frankness and your paper has a commendable favorable comment, as it deserved from a

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT
Falsehood cannot finally prevail; But the King shall rejoice in God, every one that sweareth truth shall be commanded favorable comment, as it deserved from a