

# The Danbury Reporter

PEPPER BROS., EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1916.

## PREMIUM FOR THE FIRST PRIMINGS.

The Reporter would like to know who cures the first barn of primings in the new 1916 crop in Stokes, and if the curer will send us a cured leaf from the barn we will mail him a receipt for a year's subscription to the Danbury Reporter.

## AN ESSAY ON CATS.

All important places are destined sooner or later in life to tribulation. Rome was overrun with hoboes from the northern woods; London had her zeppelins, New York her infantile paralysis, western North Carolina her floods, and Danbury her fleas. There is a serious epidemic of fleas in town, from all reports, which is probably the natural result of so many dogs and cats.

A suffering citizen had his hired man to fill a sack with kittens one day this week, take it out and beat it against the trees. After so long a time, the hired man looked in the sack and found he had only a bushel of fleas.

If all the dogs and cats of Danbury were tanned, their hides would shoe the German army, while the fleas released if properly diverted would conquer the Russians in 30 days.

## THE DISASTER IN THE WEST.

A great wave of sympathy is going out to the people of western North Carolina in their colossal disaster. From the Yadkin to the French Broad, the flood's damage is estimated at \$10,000,000 to \$25,000,000--the biggest calamity that has ever befallen the people of the State. Not only homes, cattle, crops, and chattels were swept away, but many thousands of acres of valuable land--bottoms rich as the Nile--are irreparably ruined. Many lives were lost, and thousands of people are at the point of starvation. Funds are being rushed to the suffering district from all sections of the State. A bill has been introduced in Congress to appropriate \$300,000 for the relief of the destitute. The hillside farmer of Stokes county may thank his stars that he is living, and his crop looks fine. And if there's a loose quarter in his jeans that he can get along without till primings, send it along. As the old woman said, every little bit helps.

## ANOTHER TELEPHONE FIASCO.

Stokes county's local telephone lines gave another striking demonstration Saturday night of their utter failure as public utilities. The Republican primaries had been held, and palpitating candidates tore out their hair trying to find out the extent of their fates, while their expectant friends went home disgusted to bed.

Some day when the public has suffered long enough, and the finally disillusioned stockholders of the farcical systems who wouldn't know a dividend if they met it in the road, realize that it takes capital, experience, scientific organization and capable officials to furnish telephone service, a deal will be made and the Bell company or some other expert concern will undertake to give us service, and they will give it, at a price far less than we are paying.

The highest price anybody ever paid for anything is that which is paid for bad service. A cent a month is too high, if you can't get there.

## FARMING WITH BRAINS.

The corn fields of Stokes county are the glory and the safety of the people. Green-black clouds on hill and bottom, the plumed stalks wave with the pride of helmeted legions. These soldiers are capable of fighting off the invasion of want, and they mean bread and hominy for man and beast, and in the last analysis greasy sides, ham gravy and sousemeat. He who hath a full corn crib may well be puffed up, for he is hedged about with saucy independence, sleek satisfaction and corpulent plenty.

Dr. Will McCanless has one of the finest fields of corn ever seen in this section--some four or five acres over on the meadow branch. If we all didn't know that Dr. Will was such a skillful physician, we would say he had missed his calling. Ought to be a farmer. Of course Ike Bullen and Bill Hawkins furnished the sweat and the bad words, and the showers have done their part, but Dr. Will furnished the brains. And it takes brains to farm successfully.

C. MOODY, 76.

Uncle Charles Moody, col., Danbury's oldest male citizen, who has had a blacksmith shop here since time whereof the memory of our longest-timers runneth not to the contrary, was 76 years old last week. He is in the best of health, and assures his friends that he will stay on with us 30 more years--if the pop lasts.

Uncle Charles came to Danbury when there were only two buildings here. One of these was the Shackelford grog-shop. Liking the location of things, he decided to stay, and has been here ever since.

In those days, Winston-Salem was the nearest rival of Danbury with any town pretensions. Danbury having a grog-shop, was conceded to be the more important place. The court house then was at Germantown, and the grog-artists who depredated up and down Dan river with squirrel rifles on their shoulders, and who met at Shackelford's symposium Saturday evenings to settle little disputes that had occurred during the week, had to go over on the Fork at court to be tried in the brick building now occupied by Mr. H. McGee as a mercantile house.

Those were great and good old days, Uncle Charles assures us. Good brandy flowed like water and was almost as cheap. The people gathered around Shackelford's place on public days, and proceeded to get drunk. Nobody thought of becoming beastly intoxicated, but everybody just got comfortably drunk. If anybody had any grudges, the fashion was to dispose of them--never carry them over Sunday. Old man Shackelford's sow kept fat on fingers, ears and eyes that accidentally became dislocated. Nobody thought of using guns or knives in those good old days. The principal weapons were the hands that God gave--and mainly teeth.

Uncle Charles helped dig the first grave in Danbury's cemetery--way before the war of the 60's. He has kissed in their cradles the best people, men and women, who have lived and died in these parts, and has officiated at hundreds of funerals. His forge and bellows, and his ringing anvil have furnished restful music for the Danbury people for ages. Frequently at the earliest hour of the morning, long before the crows shake themselves in their roost, Uncle Charles' voice raised to the tune of some familiar melody like "The Old Time Religion," or "John, He Wrote the Resolutions," may be heard lifted in old-time song, with spirit and understanding. Like the cry that comes from the sentinel on the walls, the late sleeper hears it, is satisfied,

turns over and on the other side then, "knowing all that," he suffered a temporary set-back in health, but he soon corrected by discovering the pop. Now he very naturally believes pop to be a panacea for all ills, and makes it a habit to consume a crate or two every day. Oft in the stilly night when slumber's chains refuse to bind, he reaches down by his humble bedstead, and uncorking a bottle of the sizzling cure-all, imbibes with the vivacity that he used to show at old man Shackelford's bar.

May Uncle Charles be spared to reach his 30 more, and when at last his anvil chorus is stilled in death, and Saint Peter beckons him across the river, may he hear kind and welcome words like these: "Come in, Charles, though your skin be dark, it shall be made white like snow."

## DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES FOR STOKES COUNTY OFFICES.

People are figuring on Democratic candidates now. Politics are beginning to spruce up, and notice things. The county was stirred by the Republican primaries last week, and next Saturday--convention day--marks the beginning of the Republican campaign. The Republicans are confident, as usual. Their nominee for Sheriff will be A. W. Davis of Walnut Cove. It is not known whether Morefield, Heath, Dunlap, Bennett or Gordon will win in the fight for Register of Deeds.

County Chairman S. P. Christian has not called the Democratic convention yet, but is expected to issue the notice within a few days. The Democrats are talking T. W. Tilley, Dr. S. F. Tillotson, W. T. Shelton and S. P. Christian for Sheriff--all splendid and capable gentlemen, who would lead the Democratic hosts with ability and honor. Two years ago E. W. Carroll like to have stepped into the Sheriff's office, missing by only a round hundred votes. The Sheriff's office in Stokes during late years is a very desirable position, paying upwards of \$5,000 per year salary.

The game will start off soon with more than usual interest. The players are taking their places. Who will knock the home runs?

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MRS. B. B. NOEL, Stuart, Va.  
26 July 31

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## NOTICE.

All overseers of public roads in Snow Creek township are hereby notified that the Board of Supervisors will meet at J. E. Shelton's old store place in Sandy Ridge on Saturday, Aug. 12th, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., to discuss the conditions of the public roads. All overseers are here notified to report their respective sections of road in good condition at above time and place.  
This July 22nd 1916.  
C. D. SMITH, Chm.  
G. A. Hutcherson, Clerk.

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