

THE DANBURY REPORTER

Published Weekly at Danbury, N. C.

N. E. & E. P. Pepper, Publishers

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 20, 1932

No Man Liveth Unto Himself.

Neither can peoples or nations live to themselves and prosper, any more than individuals. This principle is from the Book of books, and is true.

Prof. Slichter of Harvard—a world authority on Business Economics—writes in Current History:

"The advance in the American tariff in June, 1930, was followed during the eleven months by upward tariff revisions in 25 countries"—thus undermining the world's prosperity.

The evidence appears to be unmistakable that the high tariff walls erected by the Hoover administration precipitated the universal hog-spirit which has thinned the blood of international commerce, and inflicted our American trade and business with economic anemia.

Villages and towns living near to each other, bordering States, nations that look across the water in mutual friendship and mutual needs, must keep down the restrictions of trade and let business have a free rein—if prosperity is experienced.

The selfishness and greed of great American capitalists who desire to keep out foreign competition, is responsible for the high tariff walls of America that offend and estrange foreign trade and commerce. The gigantic fall off in our exports of cotton, tobacco, lumber, steel, oil, sugar and other raw materials bears witness to unholy hands tampering with our tariff schedules.

The Hoover Panic.

In deprecating the widespread condemnation of President Hoover for his panic, Republican orators and apologists evince themselves poor sports.

There was never heard a complaint from Grover Cleveland and his Democratic supporters for the blame laid for the 1893 stringency, even though Democrats knew that the "Cleveland panic" was only the backwash of the Harrison administration, and that Cleveland was not responsible. Thousands of Democrats in North Carolina went over into the Republican camp because they believed the Republican propaganda that Cleveland was to blame—even though the plates were made for the great bond issue which Republican extravagance and incompetence made necessary when Cleveland came in.

Mr. Hoover may not be responsible for the worst depression in the nation's history. But he has certainly demonstrated his incapacity so far to alleviate the suffering, the unemployment and the business paralysis in its wake, and his party which has for time immemorial arrogated to itself supreme ability in the prosperous management of the nation's affairs, has fallen so far in the estimation and confidence of the American people that they only await the November election to turn out of power the party of big promises and impotent accomplishment.

The Expected Thing.

The Democratic House of Representatives has passed a tariff bill, which President Hoover will veto as soon as he can get contact with it. The only changes which the Democrats have suggested at this stage is the restoration of the complete rate-making authority to Congress, where it constitutionally belongs, and the inclusion of a project for an international conference to consider mutual reductions—in effect a reciprocity conference.

President Hoover will only do the expected thing when he vetoes the Democratic tariff bill. He is not willing to relinquish his power to raise or lower rates through the Tariff Commission. His prerogative is quite valuable in his hands when he wants to take care of the highly protected manufacturers who make large contributions to the Republican campaign fund.

JUST ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER

By CARL GOERCH.

It really was—to say the least—extremely embarrassing.

You see, it happened at about five o'clock last Sunday afternoon. I was sitting in the living room, twiddling my thumbs. As a thumb-twiddler, I really am an expert. Most folks go in for plain twiddling, but I put a lot of variations to my twiddling. For instance, sometimes, I'll twiddle real slowly, like this;—t w i d d l e. Then, all of a sudden, I'll speed up and go fast like this;—twid! Absolutely. I can twiddle forwards like this—twiddle, or I can do it backwards, like this—elddiwt. You ought to see me sometime.

However, twiddling wasn't what I intended to tell you about. I was sitting in the living room when all of a sudden I had a notion that I'd like some oysters. So I grabbed up a large galvanized bucket out on the back porch, threw it into the car and drove down to the docks, where the oyster-boats were tied up. I bought a quarter's worth,— put the bucket out on the running board. Then I headed back for home.

Driving along Main street, I got to thinking about something else and forgot all about the oysters. I reckon maybe I was driving a little too rapidly. Anyway, I suddenly heard an outrageous racket. Something like this—brwumpcrash—bing bang—clatter. I stopped the car and stuck my head out of the window to see what had happened.

The bucket had fallen off the running board. It and the oysters were scattered along street for half a block. I drew the car up alongside the curb, got out and retrieved the bucket. Then I started gathering up the oysters.

That's where the embarrassment came in.

Have you ever had a galvan-

If President Hoover's home building campaign goes thru probably he can set aside a National Stay-at-Home Week next year.

Everybody likes to see a man "come back" providing, of course, he isn't a bill collector.

ized bucket in your hand on a Sunday afternoon and gone oystering on the principal business street of your town? I never had either. When I started out, Main street was in the midst of its Sunday afternoon quiet. Before I had picked up a dozen oysters, I believe half the town was watching proceedings.

People, riding by in automobiles, looked out of their cars, saw me out in the middle of the street gathering up oysters, and gasped. Some of them more than gasped: they made a lot of sarcastic and uncalled for comments. Quite a crowd gathered on the sidewalk and offered remarks which were intended to be encouraging but which were entirely out of place. And then some smart alecks speeded up their cars and headed straight for me, blowing their horns to beat all get-out. They kept me jumping from one side of the street to the other. I'd pick up an oyster and then I'd jump a jump. Sometimes I'd have to make two jumps to get one oyster. One guy, in an old Model T Ford, almost got me. I wish you could have seen that jump. He almost got the oysters, too.

When I get my mind set on anything, though, I usually go through with it. I made up my mind that I'd get those oysters if it was the last thing I did, so I kept right on picking them up. And I got them, too, all except those which were crushed beneath the tires of passing automobiles. I got some of those too—I got the juice spattered all over my pants.

I was never so glad to get a thing over with in all my life. Hereafter, when I get an inspiration like that on a Sunday afternoon I'm going to stick to my twiddling. That, at least, is a peaceful occupation and one which can be pursued without causing a lot of excitement and fuss.

The principal trouble with the rising generation is that it doesn't rise until the older generation has climbed out of bed and got most of the work done.

It takes a high-priced radio comedian to make the old jokes sound funny again.

DEATHS FROM AUTO ACCIDENTS

In North Carolina 762 were Killed and 5,075 Injured During Past Year.

According to the report of L. S. Harris, chief of the automobile license division in Raleigh, there were 762 people killed and 5,075 injured during the year 1931 in North Carolina.

Danbury School News.

(By JULIA M. PEPPER, 5th Grade.)

The boys and girls had an interesting basketball game with Meadows Thursday afternoon. The boys won and the girls lost. But they are expecting to win soon.

The school had a state arithmetic test from the 2nd to the 7th grades. They did very good on it. They are giving the mid-term ex-ams now.

School Jokes.

Lyman Hall and Beverly Christian started fishing. They were playing like they were Tom Sawyer and Huck Fin. When they got there they found they could not make like they were because they were scared to put the bait on.

One day Hazel Petree was walking down the street with her little sister. A boy passed by and she stopped and talked to him. Her sister said: "Hazel, who is that boy?"

Hazel: "I can't tell you, but don't you tell anybody."

The boys are selling candy for a basket ball. They have already gotten one basketball and a volley ball. They are expecting to have some real up-to-date games.

One of the 7th grade students got married Christmas. Her name was Zella Priddy.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE UNDER A DEED IN TRUST.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a deed in trust, executed and delivered by W. D. Mitchell and wife Minnie Lee Mitchell, on the 24th day of April, 1925, to The Raleigh Savings Bank and Trust Company, Trustee, for Atlantic Joint Stock Land Bank of Raleigh, to secure payment of a note due said Land Bank, in the sum of \$2,400.00, which deed in trust is duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Stokes County, N. C., in Book No. 74, at pages 81-2, to which reference is hereunto made, default having been made in the payment of installments due and payable on said note, as therein provided, and as provided in the deed in trust aforesaid, and by such default the whole of said note having become due and payable, and the owner and holder of same having applied to the trustee to foreclose the deed in trust for the satisfaction of the note, the trustee will expose to public sale to the highest bidder for cash at the Court House door in Danbury, N. C., on— SATURDAY, FEB. 20, 1932, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, the land conveyed in the deed in trust, to-wit:

"All that certain lot, tract or parcel of land, containing 68.54 acres, more or less, located, lying and being in Danbury Township, County of Stokes, State of North Carolina, being bounded on the North by the lands of J. N. Lasley; on the East by the lands of J. M. Taylor on the South by the lands of Dr. J. W. Neal; and on the West by the lands of J. W. Neal and J. D. Smith, and more particularly described and defined as follows:

Beginning at a poplar, the Southeast corner of the tract, and runs North 5 degrees and 15 minutes East, 940 feet to a maple; thence South 85 degrees

East, 430 feet to a stone; thence North, 5 degrees East 750 feet to an iron stake; thence North, 70 degrees and 30 minutes West, 363 feet to iron stake; thence N. 85 degs. and 10 minutes West 396 ft. to stone; thence North 85 degrees and 10 minutes West 1696 feet to a stone; thence South, 3 degrees West, 1100 feet to a pine; thence South 82 degrees East, 320 feet to an iron stake; thence South 688 feet to a stone; and thence South 85 degrees and 12 minutes East, 1210 feet to the beginning."

Being the land conveyed to W. D. Mitchell by E. J. Mabe and his wife Nina Mabe, by deed dated November 20th, 1923, and recorded in public Registry in Book 70, at page 283."

The last and highest bidder will be required at the close of the sale to deposit with the Trustee ten per cent. of his bid as evidence of good faith.

This the 13th day of January, 1932.

THE RALEIGH SAVINGS BANK & TRUST COMPANY, Trustee.

By Petree & Petree, Attys.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE UNDER A DEED IN TRUST.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a deed in trust executed and delivered by R. C. Gann and wife Hattie L. Gann, on the 1st day of March, 1926, to The Raleigh Savings Bank and Trust Company, Trustee, for Atlantic Joint Stock Land Bank of Raleigh, to secure payment of a note due said Land Bank, in the sum of \$1,800.00, which deed in trust is duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Stokes County, N. C., in Book No. 74, at pages 397-8 to which reference is hereunto made, default having been made in the payment of installments due on said note, as therein provided, and as provided in the deed in trust, and by such default, the whole of said note having become due and payable, and the owner and holder of same having applied to the Trustee to foreclose the deed in trust for the satisfaction of the same, the Trustee, will expose to public sale to the highest bidder for cash, at the Court House door, in Danbury, N. C., on—

SATURDAY, FEB. 20, 1932,

at or about the hour of 12 o'clock noon, the land conveyed in the deed in trust, to-wit:

"All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land containing 65 acres, more or less, situate, lying and being on the Sandy Ridge-Dillard public road, about three miles almost north from the village of Dillard, in Beaver Island township, Stokes County, State of North Carolina, having such shapes, metes, courses and distances as will more fully appear by reference to a plat thereof made by H. E. Carter, Surveyor, on the first day of February, 1926, and attached to the abstract now on file with the Atlantic Joint Stock Land Bank of Raleigh, the same being bounded on the North by the lands of Will Scales, W. J. Flynt; on the East by the lands of J. A. Young and the above named public road; on the South by the lands of H. O. Heath; and on the West by the lands of Henry Martin; and being the identical tract of land conveyed by deed from Francis B. Kemp, Trustee, to R. C. Gann, of date July 9th, 1917, said deed being duly recorded in deed book No. 65, page 64, in the office of the Register of Deeds for Stokes County, State of North Carolina, and by deed from William Scales and his wife Mary J. Scales, to R. C. Gann, of date December 8th, 1920, said deed being duly recorded in Deed Book 68, at page 110, in said office of the Register of Deeds for Stokes County, State of North Carolina, to both of which deeds reference is made for more complete description of said land."

The last and highest bidder will be required at the close of the sale to deposit with the Trustee ten per cent. of his bid as evidence of good faith.

This the 13th day of January, 1932.

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