

# THE DANBURY REPORTER

Established 1872 Volume 71

Danbury, N. C., Thursday, October 22, 1942

Published Thursdays \* \* \* \* Number 5,674

## Of Pith And Moment

### DON'T LET POLITICS JAM THE WAR

Which is of greater importance—the local political situation or the defeat of Germany and Japan?

Our news columns today tell of efforts of Stokes frenzied politicians to win the election by a program of misrepresentation, prejudice and fear.

You endanger the safety of the country when you foment division and misunderstanding among the people.

When you say this country could have stayed out of this war and that our boys could be quietly and peacefully at home today but for the maneuvering of the President to get us into it, you betray an ignorance or a viciousness that is both appalling and dangerous.

When it comes down to the place that candidates for office have no better issues to offer the people than an appeal to the sadness and the terror of war-shocked and disconcerted fathers and mothers, the patriotic and intelligent voters should look about them and examine into the motive of parties and principles.

The stupendous tragedy awaiting America's failure to defeat the Axis should be sensed by those who mean the best for their country.

Those who know no reason for winning the election except that "Roosevelt Maneuvered Us Into This War," "Roosevelt is a Greater Dictator than Hitler," "What Are We Fighting For, Anyhow?" and other false and absurd and disloyal propositions and queries, cannot be otherwise classified except as enemies to our country.

The quiet man at the White House, carrying on his shoulders the burden of the world, with four of his own sons in battle—can he be envisioned as an enemy of this nation?

With deep lines on his face indicating sympathy and understanding of your troubles, of your sacrifice in the war, would you conclude that this man should take pleasure in "manoeuvring" you into a condition of sorrow, sadness and burning tears simply that he might be a Dictator?

No one loves his boys, or your boys, more than the President of the United States, the commander-in-chief of all the fighting forces.

He knows it were better—a thousand times better—that his boy and your boy and my boy in their strength and vigor should go forth to defend the safety of our country and the preservation of our democracy and freedom, than that the Axis brutes should conquer us and make us slaves.

When you approach a dejected and forlorn mother or father with your undercover study to get their votes through motives of malice, prejudice and misrepresentation, you stultify yourself. You become an object of contempt and ignominy, and show yourself to be a dangerous and undesirable citizen.

### BREATHING HARD

Latest news from the Russian front is that Hitler's divisions are still without Stalingrad and that their attacks grow weaker every day, while Stalin's Russians are retaking much lost ground.

Just like we told you, the tide is beginning to turn against the beasts and by next spring's Easter you will see them on the run.

This of course is just a guess, but one man's guess is good as another.

Wait and see—praise the Lord and pass the ammunition.

### THESE ROCKINGHAM LAWYERS

A judge is supposed to wake late in the morning, sipping his coffee in bed while he reads an early edition of the Danbury Reporter.

After awhile he goes down, eats a grapefruit and chews fricaseed eggs and then smokes a few Camel cigarettes.

But Allen Gwyn was seen going up the highway very early Wednesday morning, smoking only through his nostrils.

"Hey, Jedge," accosted a passing citizen, "you seem to be out soon this morning."

"Yes," quoth his Honor, "a complicated law point was bothering me and I'm going up to the Clerk's library to take a look in before court opens."

The art of knowledge consists not so much in always remembering, as in knowing where to find it when you want it.

### POWELL GLIDEWELL

One day in September about 1896, I reckon, a struggling young lawyer with a friend was in a buggy over near Piedmont Springs.

He had just been defeated for the nomination for Democratic clerk superior court. The reaction from the strenuous race was on him and he felt all shot up. A fellow came along with some fine peaches and Powell bought and ate about a dozen. Then acute indigestion seized him. He thought he had an attack of coronary thrombosis. His finger nails turned as blue as his political spirits. The road was rough but we brought him in, and the doctor prescribed rest.

Powell lived to pocket a \$25,000 fee a few years later at Reidsville, in one of the biggest cases in the state, and to become one of North Carolina's most able and brilliant attorneys.

### IN THE BEAUTIFUL BUCK ISLAND HILLS

J. Arthur Mabe paid the Reporter a nice visit today and, bless your heart, paid up for his paper ahead.

Ain't that a dainty dish?

Arthur lives in a bungalow, one of the prettiest homes between Danbury and Stuart, Va., electric lights, radio and refrigerators and other modern things. He has the conveniences and the luxuries of the city without the city's inconveniences. One hundred and six productive acres lie around his house and this year he sold at 50 plus—don't stop at 50. His wallet is big and it belongs to Arthur.

Here is an independent and honest man who owes nobody—who has built his home with hard work and has built his character with honesty and fair dealing and kindness to his fellow man.

The sun shines bright in the Buck Island hills and at night the starshine gleams on no happier home than Arthur Mabe's

### A VIAND OF VIRTUE

He who does not love turnip sallet is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils. Without it the motions of his spirit are sure to become dull as a Presbyterian Sunday afternoon, inviting ennui.

With extreme satisfaction we note that never before was this bitter but delectable diet more plentiful than this fall season. The patches and lots are dark green with it.

Turnip salad has plenty of Vitamin P, that rare scientific ingredient that makes for pep and punch, promoting the red corpuscles, including good health, sweet sleep and pleasant dreams.

### LEGAL TENDER FROM THE BLUE RIDGES

We see the apple trucks rolling through, loaded with beautiful and luscious fruit from the coves of old Patrick, Virginia, where once lived the fox hunter and fiddler who said:

"Give me liberty or give me death."

The Virginia Limbertwigs, Winesaps and Pippins, the Neverfails and the Sheepnoses—these not only regale many North Carolina firesides but they are a most valuable commercial asset for many families, and commerce and trade is what makes the world go round and round. If the juice of these fine apples doesn't make the terrestrial orb revolve, then nothing won't.

### HONORS IN THE AIR FOR WALNUT COVE

It is a pleasure and pride to see in the papers a picture of handsome and gallant young Joe Helsabeck, now in England, and recently promoted to flight commander.

This is a Walnut Cove, Stokes county, boy, son of Dr. and Mrs. C. J. Helsabeck. He brings fame and honor to his people and to the county. Fred Pepper, another Walnut Cove flyer, now in training in California, will also achieve laurels later on.

Good Luck to these fine birdmen, and may a kindly providence guide their wings.

### GUILTY OF MURDER

On March 11, 1940, Senator Taft said in a speech at Washington:

"I would cut the national defense 25 per cent. I think the increase of \$460,000,000 in national defense is wholly unjustified." He voted no.

The following day, on March 12, 1940, Congressman Ham-lish (recently overwhelmingly renominated by the New York Republicans) said in a speech at Washington:

"Just how we can use more than 2,000 airplanes in America, I do not understand." He voted no.

Remembering Pearl Harbor, Bataan and the Solomons are not these two "statesmen" guilty of murder?

### LETTER FROM HOME

The Danbury Reporter is going to many Stokes boys in distant forts, camps, states, islands and oceans.

The home newspaper is second only to a letter from home. Send it to your boy, your brother, sweetheart or friend.

He will appreciate it, and so will we.

### WAY IT WAS BEFORE

The news that 530 Axis submarines have been sunk by the allies shows somebody is on the sea-job.

In World War No. 1 the U-boat menace was frightful until the allies turned the tables, and then the Germans lost so many they couldn't get crews enough to man them. The pall of death settled slowly over the waves. This was the beginning of the end.

It is looking like that again, my masters.

Davy Jones' locker bulges with its content of the bloody pirates.