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EDITORIALS

The Passing Show Of '43

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US

Seventy-one years ago, come next Monday, this newspaper was born.

Much water has slipped down the Dan since January 25, 1872.

Danbury was only a small town, not much larger than it is today. There were about 27 residences, a shoemaker's shop, a smithy, two stores, a tavern, a church, a court house and jail, and 3 barrooms.

It was a lively and business-like frontier town with a thrifty countryside that never came to town to get drunk (with us) except on week days. Under an old dispensation the saloons, being without juke boxes, stayed shut on Sundays. Whether this was because the proprietors were usually feeling bad from Saturday's rush, we do not know.

In those days there were trails but no roads. There were no automobiles nor buggies. People traveled generally on foot or cattle-drawn vehicles. But there were many slick paths that led down to beautiful branches in the hollows.

The topic for conversation was generally politics or crops or taxes, till the Danbury Reporter was launched to give a good line of news.

The people's diversion was hunting, fishing and fighting.

It is with an acute degree of pardonable pride that we review the checkered career of the Reporter as it lived on through the years, and has always been read by the people. The Reporter is not only one of the oldest newspapers in the State but also one of the most distinguished, in that it has lived so long without advertising support from its own community. The life-blood and prosperity of newspapers in general come principally from advertising. Subscriptions pay for the white paper used.

This distinguishing characteristic of the Reporter while possibly not an enviable one to other publications, is certainly a unique one. And the reason is not that the Reporter is not and has always been a valuable advertising medium, but because this is 95 per cent. an agricultural county with few advertisers.

In looking back over the departed years and remembering the true friendship and loyalty of many readers, we feel thankful.

DR. PAUL NEAL

The State sustained a distinct loss last week in the untimely death of Dr. Paul Neal of Raleigh. He was stricken down in the very prime of his life and usefulness. Splendidly endowed by nature, liberally educated, specially trained, Paul added to his accomplishments a fine personality that won for him hosts of true friends everywhere he was known. After finishing his education at Duke university, he took later courses in New York and Boston, and had extensive medical and surgical experience dating in and from the first world war. Since his location in Raleigh in association with his brother Dr. Kemp Neal he has been very successful in a wide practice.

Paul was a Stokes county boy, born at Meadows, the son of Dr. and Mrs. John W. Neal. His mother Chattie Pepper Neal died in the year 1903. His father lives and is still in active practice at Monroe.

HOW DANGEROUS AFTER ALL IS WAR?

Are we fully justified in so much tears and sadness when the boys are leaving home for the camps?

Have you ever figured how small a chance a boy has to get killed or wounded in this war?

We have now an army of more than 7,000,000.

Suppose in a great battle America should lose 10,000 men. What proportion of the gigantic army would this casualty list be? About one-sixteenth of one per cent.

What would Stokes county's proportion of the loss be? Hardly one man. We are speaking in averages, of course.

Every year in the United States about 60,000 people are killed by automobiles, and many more than 100,000 injured.

Is war after all so much more dangerous than home casualties? Uncounted thousands of people are killed and injured in the factories and workshops of the nation, even in normal times.

Millions of boys now being numbered in the armies will never go across, or ever see action on the fighting front.

The average boy in the hosts that go across will have only a small chance to get killed or wounded.

Maybe we should not be so anxious and nervous when the boys leave home.

There are many chances in favor of their coming back—finely trained, healthful, handsome and happy.

THE SPOTS OF THE LEOPARD

Senator Burton K. Wheeler and his seditious Senator Nye are demanding an investigation of the Department of Justice and its prosecution of a bunch of Hitler stooges in the United States.

The Washington Merry-Go-Round says the reason the two Senators are after the Justice Department is that they know the Department—which is ever on the trail of crooks and seditious—has in its files some very embarrassing evidence of their activities in behalf of those disloyals who are now indicted.

Frank K. Ferez, one of those indicted for sedition, organized that "America First" rally for Wheeler before the election.

Nye, it appears, has been doing some undercover work in aiding the appeal of George Sylvester Viereck, already convicted.

Recent evidence before the Justice Department from an American long resident in Berlin quotes high-ranking Nazis as saying that if war came, they had the U. S. A. organized and that Wheeler was their favorite senator.

The Reporter has always believed that Wheeler and Nye should be investigated and prosecuted for their disloyal attitudes, and their malicious remarks tending to injure America's war effort, amounting to sedition.

Wheeler and Nye were the head and front of that Fifth Column of themselves, Ham Fish, Lindbergh, et al, who are responsible for the tragic and pitiful unpreparedness of this country when war came, and upon whose heads history will record the stigma of near-traitors.

THE WOUNDED TIGER

There is no question in the minds of a majority of the world's leading military authorities that the Tiger of Berlin has received vital shots in his anatomy and that he is staggering for his fall.

James A. Farley is the latest authority to agree that Hitler will crack this year.

We have seen no augury so advanced as ours that this beast will be down by Easter, April 25, 1943. But we see no reason yet to revise our prediction. The great Russian armies with ever gathering fury and momentum are pushing him back steadily, taking thousands of prisoners and killing other thousands daily and nightly.

In Africa Rommel is still sprinting, breaking all speed records to reach Tunisia before the allies, who are on his tail, can destroy him.

In the meantime, scenting the sickening smell of disaster in the wind, Rumania and Bulgaria, Hitler's slave allies, are rebelling and refusing to be cannon fodder any more.

In Italy and France the populations are seething with disaffection and hopelessness, and would quit now but for the guns and the halters held over their necks.

Big times are coming, my dearies, and that soon. Watch, wait, but continue to pass the ammunition.

INCOME TAXES LOOMING

Income taxes, the heaviest in the history of the nation, are approaching closely. The cost of the most terrible war in history is to be paid. Without the money, the productive power and the great armies of America, there is no question but that the days of freedom in the world would be over.

Taxes will be burdensome from now on, but when we consider what other nations and other people are giving up to save civilization, our burden will be less hard to tote.

THE LEGISLATURE

The Assembly is now getting into high gear. The body means strictly business, and the session will doubtless be shortest for years.

Looks like the bill for a 9-month school is going to pass, also more pay for the teachers.

About 22 millions out of the huge State cash reserve will be set aside for the purchase of war bonds.

All this looks constructive and good.

We hope the bill to outlaw the firecrackers, in fact make illegal the sale or use of fireworks in any form, may become a law.

Fireworks in the hands of wild, irresponsible youngsters are a first class nuisance, and a menace to life and property.

Stokes is being conscientiously and ably represented by our W. F. Marshall, who is level-headed business-like and alert to our county's best interests.