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EDITORIALS

The Passing Show Of '43

A REED SHAKING IN THE WIND

If you can alter the ego of Old Man Jim Reed, you have reached the borderline of the millennium.

We are referring, not disrespectfully, to the Hon. James A. Reed of Missouri, formerly U. S. Senator and a fine type of that perverse species who when convinced against their will are of the same opinion still.

When Woodrow Wilson was President probably his bitterest hater in the Senate was Jim Reed. Just like Senator Wheeler is Franklin Roosevelt's chief hater now.

Why these senseless hates, whether based on human envy or just plain animal malice, we do not attempt to analyze. Ask the hyena and the jackal why they show their yellow teeth at the lion.

One of the world's greatest ideas was the plan for a League of Nations. It was fought ceaselessly and furiously by the little group of obstructionists and isolationists in the Senate led by Reed, Lodge and LaFollette. They defeated it and sent its author probably to a premature grave disappointed and heartbroken.

The greatest minds in America and Europe now concede that Wilson's dream would doubtless have saved the present tragedy and chaos that sweep the nations of the world. The power and influence of America at the court of international justice would have tipped the beam for world peace, stability and order.

The other day Old Man Jim, who lives quietly on his little 20,000-acre farm in Missouri, blew up with his old-time rancor and spleen over the report that some of the leaders of the Administration had been talking about a "glorious, peaceful, postwar brotherhood of man."

It was like shaking a red flag in the face of a bull.

"I am more than ever convinced I was right about staying out of foreign entanglements," said Old Jim.

His reasoning reminds one of the fellow who was imprisoned and was visited by his lawyer, who said:

"Why, they can't put you in jail for that."

Quoth the prisoner: "Well, tell me where in the hell I'm at now?"

Woodrow Wilson is dead but with each passing year the memory of this great statesman grows brighter and the strength of his philosophy is more apparent. Truth in its clear far-off light ever beaming nearer, throws over him a halo of splendid beauty and wisdom.

His detractors are remembered only because they lived in the day of Wilson to bark at his heels.

The day has never been that America could stay out of the councils of the nations or hold itself a stranger to the responsibilities that are Democracy's.

Before 1917 we lived as we thought splendidly aloof. But we went in to the fray nevertheless.

Before Dec. 7, 1941, we lived—as Wheeler, Nye, Reynolds, Vandenburg, etc., emblazoned it—safely isolated. But we are in.

America has never been isolated. Never can be. Our interests are too large. The oceans are too narrow. We are the citadel of Democracy

THE RIDDLE OF RUSSIA

Can anybody explain the riddle of Russia—vast imponderable unconquerable Russia, wrapped in ice and mystery.

History records no instance where an invader lived to enjoy the limitless wastes of cold, cruel, indomitable Russia.

Napoleon tried to conquer Russia. Failing, this most brilliant of the world's military leaders fled back to France with a handful of soldiers leaving a half million corpses to rot on the frozen steppes.

Hitler, Napoleon's ape, tried it. At the head of the greatest army all time ever saw, after nearly two years of frightful battle, the Fuehrer is headed back with the flower of his gigantic host dead at the hands of the defenders of Russia. During the last 10 weeks 330,000 Nazis have paid the price of their hazardous undertaking.

In World War No. 1 before the Bolshevik revolution stopped the Reds from fighting, many hundred thousands of dead Germans on Russian soil seriously weakened the manpower of the Kaiser.

Now before America and England have well begun to fight, Germany has lost millions of her best troops in the crazy attempt to conquer unconquerable Russia.

It does look as if Almighty God has in his inscrutable wisdom established the Rock of Russia on which the foes of freedom may shatter themselves to destruction.

THE QUESTION OF SOMETHING TO EAT

As America goes more and more every day to all-out war, food rationing begins to clamp down tighter. Many people have not heretofore regarded the question of food seriously, but they are going to regard it with real seriousness soon if the signs mean anything.

This great nation has a job ahead to feed ourselves, to feed our great armies, and to help feed our allies, all at the time when manpower on the farms is steadily and ever dwindling. As Dean Schaub remarked, somebody may go hungry.

The government is urging the farmers as never before to grow something for man and beast to subsist on while we are winning the war.

There are vast and rich acres in Stokes county. Put them to work Mr. Farmer. Every ounce of food will be in demand.

THE VAST ARMIES BUILDING

It is now pretty generally agreed by Congress and the leaders of the military forces that the size of the army, navy and air forces will be 10,000,000 men.

Such a mighty army will doubtless require the drafting of the teen-age boys as well as many married men, even those with dependents.

Uncle Sam does not mean maybe in his preparations to see this fight through to the finish. As the manpower of the Axis becomes more depleted, ours will expand.

And "thrice is he armed who feels his quarrel just."

and must defend it or die.

Old Jim Reed has lived a long time, up in his 80's, but he has not lived long enough to learn. He is of his same opinion still.

WHY LEGISLATORS GROW BALD

The old, old battle between the drys and the wets is looming in the legislature and already many legislators feel the seat under them growing hot.

A State-wide liquor bill is wanted to dry up the 26 wet counties, and to smash beer bottles in the dry counties.

The fight will doubtless be bitter. It always has been between these two opposing faiths.

The drys point to the enormous liquor and beer consumption of the State, say beer is learning the boys to drink. Places of sale are joints of iniquity and bestiality, and so forth.

The wets are descended from old Man Noah, who was the first man in history to pull a drunk. Now his descendants try to justify their appetites with their Biblical lineage. They also further presume on scripture by quoting from the last chapter of Proverbs.

The drys reply that old Noah was a sot, very much like some of our beer guzzlers who drink 35 bottles a day and then claim they can walk home. As to the writer in Proverbs, he did not mean it exactly that way, or at least the verses have to be taken with other sections of scripture to make dry sense.

The drys are divided into the following classifications: Fanatics, moderates and doubtfuls.

The fanatics believe that liquor is a rank poison, to drink one drink is a sin, putting you on the straight highway to hell and damnation. Its manufacturers should be hanged, its consumers put where they can't get it. The moderate is not quite so violent, he recognizes the evil and wants it stopped or regulated in some way. The doubtful is a political sphinx. On the side, saving his constituents, he will take a drink if it is good.

Liquor like Mark Twain's weather has long been a subject for observation, with few permanent things done about it.

Once in a while the lid is put on tight and screwed down. Later the lid is unscrewed and thrown away.

The problem of the greatest evil in the world has never been solved. Like the poor, it has always been, and probably will ever be, with us, (we of course, mean the problem).

Joe Caldwell, North Carolina's greatest editor two decades ago, called the drinkers the morally stunted. He admitted he was one of them.

But he said that you can't legislate morals into people, or enforce righteousness. Pen up little Johnny Sunday afternoons, and when he gets big oftentimes he will get out and shoot up the town.

CANDLEMAS

Tuesday was Groundhog Day when according to the belief of many people the groundhog arouses himself from his winter hibernation and issues forth from his hole in the ground to look over the weather.

If the sun shines and he sees his shadow, he scurries back for another six weeks during which period the weather is sure to be bad.

Now there is no question that the next six weeks will be bad if the superstition holds good, as Tuesday was a lovely day with the sun shining like spring.