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EDITORIALS

Reviewing The News

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE BOYS

A mother writes the Reporter, worrying about the boys in the armed services. She deplors the influences that will beset the young fellows in the army and the navy.

But we do not believe our mothers should worry so much about the boys. Many of them will be better cared for in their health, morals and spiritual and mental advantages than they were when at home.

The government has been very conscientious in this matter of the moral as well as physical welfare of the boys who are entrusted to its care.

First, in the new life, the boy is trained to work. Often at home he was a loafer. He rises at 5 o'clock in the morning. At home he usually retired anywhere from 11 P. M. to 4 A. M. But in the army, taps come on at 9, and the young fellow then must snugly be in bed.

The government feeds him on the best food that money can buy—nutritious, wholesome, palatable food that makes him strong and virile. When he comes home on furlough you scarcely know him. His regular habits have made him gain in weight, his hollow chest has filled out, his stooping gate has been corrected. He stands before you a fine specimen of physical manhood.

His mind has improved, his outlook has broadened. He has access to libraries, magazines and newspapers. Before his induction the only literature he ever perused was the funny strips.

Indecision of character, which is an infirmity of the will, was one of his weak propensities before he was called to the service. He was restless, throwing his cigarette away after a half-dozen draws, then lighting another, betraying his nervousness. He was not satisfied to remain in one place but a few minutes, then jump in the car and hie away to fresher spots.

Now, under the curb of duty, he slowly evolves into a being with a purpose in life. He becomes proud of his branch of the service.

Before he went in he had little respect for authority. He was insubordinate, indifferent, defiant.

Now under the rigid decorum, and tempered by discipline imposed by his superior officers, he becomes loyal and considerate.

At home he had few contacts of a religious nature. He never read a chapter of the Bible in his life. His Sundays were spent at the gathering places of those who drink, cuss, and disregard any Sabbath restrictions. Baseball games, fishing trips, poker games, movie shows—these were his recreations. He was a pagan. He believed in nothing. He rarely attended church worship or Sunday School.

But on ship or in the camp, the government has provided not only religious opportunities but religious regimen. Services are held regularly to which the young men are expected to attend. There is a chaplain who watches closely after the habits of the company, and who gives spiritual advice and consolation when needed.

Now, we trust that you will understand that we have been speaking in averages, and that we do not mean to say all boys have been raised up without any moral restraints or any home or religious influences. There are of course many exceptions. We hope your boy is an exception.

Now don't worry about his getting killed. It is true that he may be killed. Likewise, if he had

A PROFITABLE INDUSTRY THAT HAS LANGUISHED

News comes from L. C. Case, extension animal husbandman at State College, that 30 decks of lambs, totaling 3,923 sheep, have been shipped from North Carolina in recent weeks and that the sheep industry in the State is making steady progress.

The Winston-Salem Journal notes that there were 330,000 sheep in North Carolina in 1891, while last year there were only 51,000.

The Reporter has wondered why sheep raising has so languished when the industry is well known to be the payingest branch of live stock culture.

Especially at this time when the food question is paramount, the culture of sheep would be very profitable. The meat is always in demand, while the price of wool is attractive.

Fifty years ago there were several hundred head of sheep in the Danbury community, the flocks being pastured inside of a fence of rails and stones extending up into the mountainside.

It is said that the depredations of stray dogs among the sheep at that time made the industry unprofitable. This disadvantage would probably be still present, considering the large number of curs now running at large, but this menace could doubtless be handled satisfactorily, if in no other way, by adopting the plan of the late Chas. Lunsford.

DR. TOJO PRESCRIBES

Dr. Tojo decides that the air of the Aleutians is bad, and prescribes home treatment for his Japs.

So when the American boys reached Kiska, the rats had scuttled and gone.

stayed at home, he might have been a casualty, too.

We have been at war now nearly two years, at least since December, 1941, but the deaths and injuries in battle, even counting the massacre of Pearl Harbor, are nothing like as heavy as the fatalities and injuries at home.

The average death roll in the United States from automobile accidents is 60,000 per year. This does not include the tremendously greater list of those who are permanently injured from the cars. Of course, since gas and tire rationing the figures are not so large, but they remain terrifying. Then if we include those who are killed and injured in the factories and mines, and in drownings and all the different species of fatal accidents occurring daily in the nation, we may well conclude that the army and navy are safer than the home risks.

We have now around 10 millions of men in our total armed services. The chance of the average boy to get knocked out is comparatively diminutive.

The fatalities of the United States in the late bitter fighting in Sicily were about 7,000, which is at the rate of one man out of every 3,500.

Our boys are engaged in the greatest and noblest task that ever befell any human beings—that of preserving our country in its God-given right of liberty and freedom.

In that splendid effort they will succeed.

A WISE DECISION

The Stokes county ration board has set its foot down on gas releases for long truck trips with Stokes county tobacco to distant eastern markets.

The board takes the view that gasoline is far too precious to waste on useless cruises to markets that are no better (if as good) as those near home in adjoining counties.

Therefore the supply of petrol will be limited to home ports.

For several years, before our crop was cured, and weeks before our home warehouses opened, many farmers marketed early curings at Lumberton, Fairmont, Durham, Oxford, and other markets hundreds of miles distant. That these trips were made at a net loss to farmers, when gas and time and tires were counted, goes without saying.

As good markets as any in the world will be available to Stokes farmers now in a few weeks—in the counties adjoining our own.

They will be patronized.

P. H. YOUNG

When P. H. Young died the Danbury Reporter lost its oldest subscriber, and one of its valued friends.

Until he became enfeebled two or three years ago, Uncle Pleas would visit Danbury every first Monday and on these visits almost the first place he stopped in town was the Reporter office, to sit down for a chat. He was always friendly and jovial and keenly interested in public affairs, in people and things.

He saw the first issue of this paper printed on a cold day in January, 1872, he often told us. His name was on the subscription books for nearly three-quarters of a century.

Uncle Pleas lived a quiet life on his farm overlooking Snow Creek. He was a thrifty farmer, a good neighbor and one of Stokes county's most substantial citizens. In his death the county sustains a loss.

A LOVELY RETREAT

In case you have never seen it, stop sometime at the beautiful spot known as the County Home Spring picnic ground.

It is situated right off highway No. 89 a hundred yards or so, two miles south of Danbury on the upper end of the County Home farm. A good dirt road leads to it.

It is a sequestered dell in the heart of deep woods, where the creek plays over the rocks, and a spring bubbles the purest mountain water.

Superintendent H. P. Loftis of the County Home and the officials of the State highway construction camp nearby, we believe discovered and beautified the place, arranging picnic tables and seats, furnaces for cooking, etc., while the undergrowth all around has been cleared out. Many picnic parties, fish fries, etc., have enjoyed its delightful shade and convenience.

The ladies of the Fine Arts Club of Danbury have recently become much interested in the lovely possibilities of County Home spring ground, and are desirous that the county commissioners should allow them to add to its natural attractions by the erection of a rustic pavilion, which would be practicable in the case of showers, and to give it other appointments to render it really an ideal retreat.