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EDITORIALS

erpreting Timely Topics

Live The FSA

A representative of the Reporter was much pleased this week to look in on the local branch of the Farm Security Ad. ministration, whose executive committee was in session at the courthouse, and to get some insight into the workings and the usefulness of this most important agency for the benefit of farmers.

The FSA is an agency for the assistance of farmers who cannot get help elsewhere, loaning them money to make their crops on, to buy fertilizer, food and stock feed, and to insure them hospitalization when they get sick.

Edgar H. Anderson, formerly of Guilford county, and Miss Lucy Booe of Forsyth county, assisted by Miss Kathryn Lewis of Walnut Cove, are in charge of the office.

Miss Booe tells us 132 farmers in Stokes have been assisted with loans to the amount of \$40,000, and that these farmers are paying back this money faithfully after having been benefited by its are.

There has been an effort made in Congress to discontinue the FSA, or incorporate it into some other agency. In a dispatch from Washington Congressman John H. Folger recounts the great benefits of the agency and strongly opposes it discontinuance.

We believe the people of Stokes county who are fully informed as to the great usefulness and benefits of the FSA will heartily endorse it.

The executive committee of the FSA in Stokes is composed of H. G. Johnson, chairman; J. Van Tuttle and G. F. Stone. These gentlemen" meet regularly once a month to supervise the loans made to the farmers by the FSA.

Miss Anderson

It will be a satisfaction to the people of the county to know Miss Christine Anderson, who has for several years been superintendent of the Stokes county welfare department, has been re-elected for another year to this most responsible position.

Miss Anderson is highly equipped both by education, training and temperament 'to perform the exacting duties required in welfare work. We are glad she is retained.

Skyrockets

Here is a trio who sold last week and this at 70:

Yancey Yates, Hooker & Flinchum, Ernest Nelson. Scores of others got 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70.

It takes more than hard work to produce tobacco that sells so high: You must have good land, good fertilizer, good judgment.

Reynolds Comes Down

When the Senator from Western North Carolina decided not to run again he evinced that fine tact and discreet diplomacy which he failed to show when he attacked Roosevelt and the New Deal.

Bob Reynolds was once a very popular man in North Carolina. He had before him a lifetime of opportunity for brilliant usefulness to the people who sent him to Washington.

But his goose was cooked after he went off with the isolationist group - that, you might say, sinister gang — led by Wheeler and Nye and their ilk who almost brought disaster to the nation.

By their senseless hate for Roosevelt and his administration as exemplified in obstruction and defeatism to the program of preparation for a war which all intelligent persons knew was inevitable, they seriously retarded and dangerously compromised the government of the United States.

There was not the ghost of a chance for Bob ever to go back when his term had expired. He had not only failed to represent, but had misrepresented his constituents.

However, we daresay the rollicking. clown-like Senator, much married and rich, is happy in his reckless outlook for a good easy time ahead.

The Ex-Governors To The Bat

Ex-Governor Cameron Morrison, now a member of congress, announces himself a candidate for the U.S. Senate in next year's primary.

Ex-Governor Clyde Hoey has for some time been an avowed applicant for the same exalted position in the affairs of government.

There are two other candidates for Bob Reynolds' seat, to be vacated by resignation, but the real fight will be between the two dignified and courteous gentlemen who have been chief executives of North Carolina.

Hon. Cameron Morrison is a Democrat of the old school. He is of that species who don't mean maybe, and who mean what they say. His friends are legion. He will run strong in the counties of the State where sportmanship and good faith and gratitude are still cardinal virtues.

How To Wilt Willkie

It is noticed that some of the G.O.P. high-ups are perturbed over how to stop Wendell Willkie. The problem should be simple. Try the formula of Nov., 1940.

Incidental Setbacks

You have stood on the rim of the vast ocean as the tide was sweeping in.

The waves advance, hesitate, retrograde. You think, receding. Not so, the next surge comes farther toward the goal. The waters lap back, then reach still further onward.

On one small sector of the Russian front the Huns concentrate their forces and drive the Muscovites smartly back. This is the revived fury of a useless desperation.

Only a local incident in the grand scheme, a slight retardation of the lethal tide that will soon be tearing at the foundations of the German capital.

On to Berlin, inescapable, relentless, inexorable.

The Everlasting Hills

I will look unto the hills from whence cometh my help.

They are there—the great everlasting hills, silent, somber, dreaming, drab, stripped of their beauty, their nude inhabitants shivering in the north wind.

Are they mourning for the days that are gone, the glories that have passed? Do they lament the lovely foliage that has faded, the flowers that are dead, the trailing, scented vines that are dried, or the music of the plash of laughing waters in the dells?

But the great hills are there. Explore them, clamber them, commune with them.

Thou shalt find thy help - rest, strength and forgetfulness.

News For the Boys

As has been remarked before, second to a letter from home is the old home paper.

The boy far from home and loved ones, sits off on his bunk, lonesome and homesick, and opens with care and eagerness, the old Danbury Reporter that dad has sent him.

More and more Stokes county boys, faraway and overseas, are receiving the Reporter which may be had as far up as 1946, at \$1.00 a year, if paid before December 1, 1943.

Festivity

The season is here of oysters, turkey and cranberries, of pumpkin pie, yams, and the ham what am, with a sprig of holly stuck in it.

Bring in the wood and kick up the crackling fire. Next Thursday is Thanksgiving and Christmas just around the corner.