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EDITORIALS

Dawn Of Victory Year

Futility Of the Fizzle

We have been hunting through the records to discover what it is Franklin Roosevelt has not been charged with. The only thing we find is sheep stealing.

But the strength and popularity of the greatest commoner since Andrew Jackson have not been shaken by the bitter winds of crimination, defamation and senseless hate.

What does the latest Gallup poll show?

That he is the choice of more than 8 Democrats out of 10 for a fourth term.

You say, wait for the fall elections—let the Republicans get a whack.

But you said that before. And here he is, like Banquo's ghost.

If Stokes county is a fair average indication, many, many Republicans will help to swell his enormous majority over any competitor.

Many Republicans believe in praising the boat that carries them over safe. Many Republicans are reasonable, sincere and honest, and broad between the eyes.

The bitterest pill the Democratic and Republican haters of Roosevelt have to swallow is that they are unable to amend the Bill of Rights. The constitution still guarantees the will of the majority.

Nineteen Forty-Four

God of hosts, bless the year Forty-four to the peoples of the earth who want to walk in the ways of fairness and justice, freedom and peace.

Shriveled the foul ambitions of those who would enslave sovereign peoples. May the military powers of Germany and Japan be utterly and irretrievably destroyed and their criminal leaders be brought to retributive justice.

And may the mothers of America welcome home again their boys who are making the noble fight to save America.

And may we all—including us sinners—have that peace which passeth understanding.

Sure

See where John Folger has decided he will run again for congress. He'd better. If he didn't run, he'd be run.

There's such a thing as commandeering.

The people of the Fifth district will not do without John Folger.

Old Christmas

Today is the Sixth of January, recognized by quite a sprinkling of people still as the true date for Christmas, instead of December 25.

In the mountain sections of North Carolina there remain sects who conscientiously believe the 12th day after December 25 is the real anniversary of the Messiah.

They celebrate it accordingly with eclat and decorum, but not always with the dignity it should probably deserve.

There are superstitions as old as the Druids connected with Old Christmas, which are pretty widely observed. Many dark and lugubrious things happen on the night of the 6th of January. The cattle, we are told, get down on their knees at the witching hour of midnight, moaning dismally; bees that have long been dormant, buzz in the gums; graveyards yawn and the sheeted dead issue forth squeaking and gibbering, walking about promiscuously; spirits fly through the night and visit people who have bad consciences, etc.

These supernatural phenomena, however, do not deter devotees from their revelries. They drink deep quaffs from fruit jars, full with the beading nectar. Songs are sung to the accompaniment of hideously screeching violins and thumping banjos.

Late at night the bacchanals, filled with hog and possum, sink stupidly into the arms of kindly but laughing Morpheus.

Ask Jerry Baker about these festivities of Old Christmas.

Outlaw the Strikes

The congress of the United States is certainly derelict to its duty not to enact legislation outlawing strikes.

When boys are fighting and suffering and dying overseas on pitiful salaries of around \$50 per month, the perverse scamp who is willing to endanger the war effort to get an increase of a dollar and a half a day above his present salary of say \$250.00 a month, should be put to work on a rock pile with broad stripes on his legs, and no salary at all.

Make it a felony to stall the stream of planes and machine guns, cannon and coal, railway transportation, throughout the duration.

Wage agreements may be settled without a stoppage that might hazard a victory or indefinitely prolong it at the cost of thousands of precious lives.

It speaks ill for our boasted democracy when the President must invoke the army to keep the war work going.

Must the Country Weekly Newspaper Go?

The kindly and sympathetic editor of the Winston-Salem Journal writes this:

"Here and there over the country county seat weekly and semi-weekly newspapers are beginning to fold up and go out of business for the duration on account of newsprint shortages and inability to obtain capable workers.

"This is a deplorable situation. The small town paper is indispensable to the advancement of the public welfare in peace or in war. It makes a material contribution to the maintenance and promotion of popular government from week to week and year to year.

"In this war period the small town paper has done as much as any other agency, public or private, to maintain and elevate civilian morale and inspire Americans to 'back the attack.' It has constituted a fine medium of reaching Americans in the smaller towns and villages, and has served as practically the only consistent medium of reaching rural families who do not have radio facilities.

"It is to wonder indeed, if some of the many tons of valuable newsprint now being consumed in the printing of press release material for Government and private organizations of war and post-war issues would not be put to more advantageous use if it were allowed to fall into the hands of the small-town weekly publishers."

Thank you, Mr. Martin. You inspire us to hold on to the last ditch.

The Terrible Air Force of America

The United States has the largest air force in the world, manned by an army of 2,385,000 officers and men.

This disclosure was given out last week by Gen. H. H. Arnold, chief of the army air forces.

Hitler, who is soon to die, must anticipate the sweep of the Flying Fortresses and the deadly machines of the RAF with sinking spirits.

Berlin is 50 per cent. destroyed, with half of what is left badly shattered. Many other German cities are in ruins.

One day last week 4,000 planes went over France, Italy and Germany, dropping many thousand tons of death and fury unexampled.

The great invasion of Germany is soon to start.

What must be the feeling of the super-race as it views its specious claims on civilization vanishing into TNT smoke?

Retribution is on the wing.