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EDITORIALS

Watching The World Go By

Funny Side Of the Social Upheaval

When the fickle goddess of Prosperity said to hell with caste, kicked the bottom rail loose and let the lower strata spew up, Jack became a gentleman. To acute observers of human nature he affords some rare amusement as he tries to adapt himself to his new role. While there is no change in his tastes, which are always the product of culture, striking metamorphoses have occurred in his habits, his dress and his temperament. Where once he was quiet, unobtrusive and very inconspicuous, now he is blatant, has very distinct views which he expresses boldly, and cusses loud. He once walloped a quid in his jaw, now he smokes cigars and blows smoke high into the ether. He is very superciliously condescending to those who were his former pals and associates but who he calculates are now below him in financial status. He constantly slaps the left hand pocket of his breeches and winks, indicating there is something important there.

In other words, it may be repeated that Jack has become a gentleman.

Fourth War Loan

A great insurance company whose patriotism can't be questioned, stresses the appeal in a new light.

It says the people have the opportunity to make the most attractive investment on today's money markets, the American dollar being the prime security of the world.

Before long the war drums will stop beating, and we shall nestle under the wings of peace as citizens of the most powerful and richest nation on the globe—whose yearly income will be large enough to pay the national debt.

With the vast properties and the integrity of Americans standing behind, the war bond become a super-safe buy.

Danbury Reporter Overseas

A Stokes county man on a warship in the middle of the Atlantic was delighted to find a copy of the Danbury Reporter lying on the center table in the saloon.

Many Reporters are now being sent to the boys in the European armies and the islands of the far Pacific. The boys write home and thank those who sent them the home paper. They devour every line and every word.

The Reporter may still be had at one dollar for six months, or \$2 for a year.

Send it to your boy, sweetheart, brother, friend.

He will certainly appreciate it, and will thank you.

How Not to Beat Roosevelt

The high-bracket Roosevelt Haters are mighty poor strategists.

They think they can beat the President by elaborating on his huge spending record.

But that line of argument does not appeal to the fellow with the full dinner pail and who would have three cars in his garage if he could find them for sale.

The average citizen who has been called "the forgotten man" believes heartily in a good spender. He does not admire a chief executive, like the ideal of Governor Bricker or Senator Byrd, whose chief business would be to sit on the barrel head and let out the dough in specious and sparse quantities, and then chiefly only to the favored rich.

And by his niggardliness let a panic ride, or lose a war.

When FDR unloosed the floodgates he made millions smile where before there had been wry faces.

Who is going to beat Roosevelt on the platform of Governor Bricker and Senator Byrd?

Surely to God not the farmers whose products are bringing more money than the country ever heard of before, whose plantations were salvaged in the days they couldn't pay taxes, who are now gas burners and bond buyers?

Not the laborer who is everywhere at work, except when he is poor sport enough to strike for still stiffer stipends—

Not the small home owner who still enjoys his domicile that was about to be taken away from him—

Not the small manufacturer, store-keeper or trader, who got capital to do business on when the springs had run dry—

Not the real estate owner whose values had evanesced until ample loans were provided, and the money changers who had held the strings to the cash bags were chased from the temple.

And so forth and so on.

Nor is the common man, though he has been a wayfarer, a fool. He is often fiscally facile, and can count.

He admits the spending volume is so huge that its only comparison can be found in the billions lost in the super-depression years.

But he asks, with a half smile, "who got all this money, anyhow? Did it gravitate into the iron vaults of Wall Street?"

No, that's where the shoe pinches so hard. It went into the pockets of farmers, laborers, clerks, truck drivers, little business men, traders, employees of all kinds, both men and women.

Its effect may be seen today in splen-

The Saboteurs

The first reaction to the President's recommendation of the universal draft was protests from Senator Bob Reynolds, Senator Burton K. Wheeler and Senator Hiram Johnson.

Of course nobody was surprised. This trio of saboteurs were only running true to form. They were entirely consistent with their past record which shows an unbroken series of acts to the detriment of the nation's safety.

The American people know that Wheeler, Reynolds and Johnson voted against arming for our protection against the pirates of Europe and Asia, voted against the increase of the army when it numbered only about 300,000, voted against building more planes when we had only 2 or 3 thousand to guard our far-reaching shorelines, voted against selling or giving help to England, voted against every effort of the administration to safeguard the property and lives of our vast country.

All intelligent people of the world are convinced that Japan would never have attacked the United States if we had been prepared to defend ourselves.

Wherefore, those who sabotaged our defense must accept the judgment of history—that they have been virtual enemies to their country, and are entitled to the same contempt and desecration as Benedict Arnold.

Many a mother's son lies sleeping his last sleep because those in power dishonored the power in their hands to save him.

did plantations, fine roads, beautiful school houses, handsome homes, churches, new and improved public buildings, electric lights, automobiles, better furniture, radios, etc., etc.

And in the faces of prospering and happy people.

The forgotten man remembers back a little more than a decade since, when the whole national income of the American people was 30 billions a year. Now when conservative estimates place the 1943 income at more than 140 billions, he figures that we could pay off the national debt in one year and then not live so hard as we lived in 1930-31-32.

Ah, the vicissitudes of a President who came into the two biggest problems in the history of governments:

The Super-Depression and the Super-War.

There have been no more stupendous debacles in the annals of the governments of the world.

And the record:

The one has been banished into the opaque mists of forgotten miseries;

The other—the foe is on the run on all fronts.