

Have You Bought An EXTRA War Bond?

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Editorial Comment

What's the Matter With Stokes?—She's Alright

Somebody said it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied,
"Maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried."
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face— if he worried he hid it—
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

It is reasonably certain that Stokes has led the counties of North Carolina in the war bond campaign.

The exact figures are not yet available and there are yet several days to go, and many more bonds will yet be sold, but even at this time it looks like a 300 per cent. killing.

The response was enthusiastic in every neighborhood of the county.

The Danbury Reporter offers congratulations to the bond buyers, first for their magnificent patriotism and, second, for their correct judgment in selecting the world's best and safest security for their investment.

In the days to come when the war is over the Stokes bond buyers will reflect happily that they so loyally came to their country's help in the hour of greatest need. And at the same time they will feel a pride in the material competence which they established for themselves.

But we would not for a moment forget to extend felicitations to the personnel that made the campaign such a success, Chairman C. E. Davis, the school principals, the postmasters, the bankers, and all other people and agencies which put the thing across so gorgeously.

Charming Visitor Coming

To everybody except people who love cold weather and those perverse folks who feel better when they are wet, the coming of Miss Springtime will be a happy event.

And it is not so long now. February, generally regarded as the most villainous month of the year, is one-third gone. Frogs have croaked in the meadow, hyacinths are ready to spring out of sunny places, and bluebirds are on the wing.

And when she comes around the mountain she will be welcomed with the music of the laughing waters in the dells, the incense of the wild flowers waking in the woods, and smiles from all who have known her before.

Walter Mabe and the Artful Dodgers

The story is told by a fellow named Charles Dickens of a scamp who was so slick in his tricks they never could catch him, but when he died they put this on his tombstone:

"Here lies old Dodge, who dodged all good and dodged a sight of evil, but after dodging all he could, he couldn't dodge the devil."

The F.B.I. has been compared to the devil. It always gets its man though the trail may perambulate to the earth's end.

But what we started out to write was about a sensation in northern Stokes this week when Walter Mabe, a substantial and aged farmer was carried off to Greensboro and put under a \$5,000 bond charged with throwing monkey wrenches in the machine of war by harboring two draft dodgers and a deserter.

It appears that Geoffrey Mabe, a son of old man Walter, and two sons of George Smith of Lawsonville, are draftees who have deserted their duties in the army. They have been on the scout for a good long time, during which old man Walter has given them quarter at his place, shielding them and aiding and abetting them in their refusal to obey their war duties.

Suddenly four F.B.I. men, accompanied by four deputy U. S. marshalls and three State officers of Stokes county, to-wit Deputy Sheriffs Burke Smith and Carl Ray and Highway Patrolman John Dellinger, swooped down like wolves on the fold.

The dodgers fled but John Dellinger got one. Arthur D. Smith, who is now in jail at Danbury.

The other two escaped.

The officers had procured a warrant for old man Mabe who was arrested. He appeared to be in the money and at Greensboro slapped down a cash bond of \$5,000 for his appearance at Federal Court in Winston Friday.

It is generally talked that Mr. Mabe, the father who planked down the 5,000 bucks, is in a No. 1 fix, and some even go so far as to say that it would be easier for a citizen of Campbell to go through the eye of a needle than for him to even contact that roll again. It is a well known fact that federal jurisdictions dearly love hot rolls.

Inflation

Inflation means the rise in prices.

In the American Civil War of the 60's it took \$500.00 to pay for shoeing a horse. All commodities became so high that the people suffered for food and clothing.

That was inflation.

In the World War No. 1 the German mark became absolutely worthless, while every commodity soared to impossible prices. The inflation that took place was appalling. That was one main reason why Germany lost.

Suppose that now nobody bought bonds—nobody loaned his government the money to win.

There would only be two other ways to get the cash for armaments, planes and food—

Taxes and the printing presses.

But if the government laid on sufficient taxes to crush the people, that wouldn't be nearly enough.

Then the printing presses would hum and money by the billions would soon be rolled out, only to be so cheap that you couldn't buy a pair of shoes for \$100.00 or a pound of sugar for \$25.00.

There would be your inflation.

And worst of all, we would probably be defeated in the war.

If you have bought no bonds when you were well able to do so, you are guilty of an appalling inflation.

If everybody were like you we would suffer consequences which make the imagination shiver.

The Bog In Italy

There is nobody who questions for one moment the bravery, the heroism, the efficiency of our American soldiers now fighting the Germans in Italy.

But there is beginning to be serious criticism of the high command in charge of the destinies of our boys.

The drive to take Rome seems to have bogged. We have absolute control of the air, absolute control of the ocean, and ample equipment.

Recently a second army was thrown in behind the enemy, but even this acquisition of power appears to have small effect. The progress is very slow, and danger is expressed of our forces being hurled back into the sea.

Is the high command faulty in its strategy? What is the matter?

Is the generalship inferior to the German staff?