

THE DANBURY REPORTER

Established 1872

Volume 72

Danbury, N. C., Thursday, June 1, 1944.

PUBLISHED THURSDAYS

Number 3,753.

EDITORIALS

The Point of View

Echees From Pearl Harbor

In the first place, it appears with a reasonable degree of certainty that the McDonald forces in Stokes were licked.

Being one of the licked, I wish to say that we are taking it like dead game sports, or rather game dead sports.

The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders.

The one-sided difficulties of the Greeks at Thermopylae, Napoleon at Waterloo, Pickett at Gettysburg, Custer at the Little Big Horn, the marines at Corregidor,—these were lead pipe cinches as compared with the odds which McDonald's crowd faced last Saturday and won three out of nine townships. Snow Creek, Meadows and Danbury stood as Stonewall stood, having some representation on the election precinct staffs.

Now, in the first place, we and everybody else knew we never had a chance. The cause was hopeless from the start. But, believe me, we had 'em scared to death for awhile. We enjoyed the game.

Do you wish to know a few of the obstacles the McDonald crowd went up against? Here are a few:

Ninety-five percent. of hostile election precinct officials. Only a few precincts had any McDonald representation at the polls. Only a few weren't all Cherry. Thus were stacked the cards against us.

Several county candidates, very, very active for Cherry. Of course, this was their business. This is a free country. This is a democracy. This is a day of the smashing of precedents. This is a day to throw overboard political proprieties.

The State Solicitor, with his ostensible power.

The chairman of the Democratic executive committee, elected by the whole executive committee, with his palpable prestige.

The chairman and the Democratic members of the Election Board.

The organized State highway camp, all for Cherry.

The organized County Home, superintendent Cherry's manager, everything for Cherry.

Two-thirds, all the Democrats of the Draft Board, with their potential power.

The Dry Forces. Think of that. The Dry forces. The Anti-Saloon League of the State, led by that queer fanatic, Kale K. Burgess. The guy who has so often sent instructions to kill the demon rum in all its aspects, send a check to help the cause." Kale had turned, from some influence, let him explain what. He is under suspicion. A Sandy Ridge preacher rebuked a Danbury McDonald leader, because he was on the "wrong side." Angels and ministers of grace, defend us.

A week before the primary McDon-

ald's State chairman wrote the Stokes chairman: "Get this advertisement financed by some local McDonald people. We are out of funds here." A Mountain View McDonald supporter lowed: "Hell's bells, whoever heard of a man running for Governor of North Carolina and out of money a week before the election." One of the best posted politicians in the State has said that no man was ever nominated for Governor on less than \$50,000.

Raleigh stood on the hill, waved its blessings. They sang "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." The great interests helped all they could—but who said it was not substantial help. Ninety-five per cent of the contributors to the Cherry fund voted for Wendell Willkie. This is not a lie.

Well, that's that.

There were some funny inconsistencies, incongruities, abnormalities and fuzzy situations that lent curious angles to the battle.

For instance, the dry people voting for one that had the reputation of not only looking on the hooch when it sparkled in the fruit jar, but guzzling it in his private life and going rampant at conventions and parties. He never denied it. This trend seemed to increase his majorities. There are said to be many very dry people at King and other sections of the county. It is interesting to know this report is without confirmation. Now is the time to have some liquor store elections and give the saints more exercise.

Another instance: McDonald is the only candidate for Governor that ever visited Stokes county except to make a palavering speech, who expressed a personal interest in our problems. McDonald came on a social visit, knew all about our raw deals in roads, said if he became Governor he would certainly stand for a fine completed straight hard surface road from the Surry line to Rockingham, going by way of Francisco, Danbury and Dillard to the Rockingham line, agreeably with the pledged word of the State that every county seat should be connected with hard surface roads. The Frisco people were so appreciative of this friendly gesture that they gave him 2 votes, while according Cherry only 215. But Dillard was not quite so generous, allotted McDonald an even 50, but reserved 94 for the other man.

Another instance: The Legionnaires were receptive, too. They showed their gratitude to Mr. Cherry for his snub in 1936, and his egregious insult at the Winston convention, supported him almost solidly. The mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, sweethearts and friends of the lonely boy so far away, evidently decided they would vote Cherry and for-

Fire

The Pope of Rome implores that the Holy City be spared from the bombs of the Allies.

It seems to us that we remember when the Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist and Methodist churches of London, Coventry, Southampton and other cities were being pulverized from the air by the Hun, yet we do not recall that His Holiness evinced any special interest in the appalling destruction of the Protestant religious interests.

The people of the United States and England feel a profound reverence and admiration for the beautiful temples, cathedrals, historic cloisters, monuments, statuary and other works of art that were the grandeur of Rome in medieval days, now glorious monuments of the dead past.

Yet they will not allow these relics of Roman and Papal grandeur to become barricades behind which German soldiers may hide to shoot down our boys.

If the Germans think they can impose on the humaneness and the credulity of the democracies by inducing the Pope to furnish through his subtle finesse and his experienced Latin diplomacy, a place to stall the onward sweep of our armies, they have another think coming.

The Fifth army now has its cannon trained on the Holy City, distant about as far as from Danbury to Germantown.

When the time comes, fire.

get to send the boy a paper showing the big majority the State awarded the victor. So sweet was Cherry pie.

But the outstanding highlight of the campaign was the busting of the tax bubble. The theory that people hate taxes is a fallacy. It is simply not so. They like 'em. They love the embargo laid on them at the stores when they buy. What the 'ell? Many merchants who have kicked on the sales tax are nice gentle liars. Maybe some of them are making money out of the thing. Charging the poor 3 cents on the dollar. What can head-taw always know about every little deal? Don't people do curious?

But such is politics and such is people.

The above references are by no means personal. The Cherry boys are our friends. They are good Democrats. They are happy, hilarious band wagon passengers. They are opportunists.

The McDonald crowd have one consolation left: They voted and worked for a man who is eminently fitted in every way for Governor, of pure and upright life, capable, accomplished, honest and sober.