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EDITORIALS

Of People and Things

The Impending Terror

In ages long ago a Psalmist said: "The thing I most greatly feared has come to pass."

What a gloomy acknowledgement.

After five thousand years it still sounds bad.

The thing the Roosevelt-Haters pretended to want, but which everybody knows they don't want, and which everybody knows they most greatly fear—is about to come to pass.

The President says he will take it if the people want him. The people appear to want him. When the Democratic hosts meet in Chicago this month, they will give it to him.

Now the very idea of continuing this Dictator another four years. It is really most overwhelming, amazing and exasperating. Representative Ploester of Missouri says it will destroy the American Republic.

The majority of the American people must be curbed in their power. They must be thwarted in their dangerous ambition. Here we are fighting to save the Republic on many far-flung fronts. What use is it? Why fight on if the American majorities, our most sinister enemies, are allowed to destroy the Republic here at home.

Congress should be called together in extra session to frame a constitutional amendment to give us a new Bill of Rights by which it will be treason for a majority of American voters to say who shall be President of the United States.

In the meantime it seems there ain't anything we can do about it:

Walter Winchell says betting among the Hollywood millionaires is 3 to 1 on Roosevelt being elected, and that one rich fellow offers to bet up to \$50,000 on it.

The Raleigh News & Observer reports that betting in New York is 9 to 5 that the President will carry the Empire State.

The gamblers are rarely wrong.

Senator Cuffey says Roosevelt will carry every State in the Union, not excepting Maine and Vermont.

The situation "stid o' getting better stid o' getting worsen."

The Polio Epidemic

Stokes county has been fortunate so far not to have a single case of infantile paralysis, while the epidemic is serious in many other counties. Rockingham, Forsyth and Surry each have cases; Caldwell has 22, Catawba, 58. There are 263 cases in the State. There have been a number of deaths.

The State health authorities have the situation in hand, but it is very serious. Distinguished physicians from Johns Hopkins and other institutions are in the State helping to cope with the disease.

The Doom That Awaits the Nazis

The gates of hell must surely yawn for the despicable Hitler and his henchmen.

Among their latest atrocities is the machine gunning of 320 innocent Italian civilians because of the assassination of one Nazi by patriots, and throwing them in a mass into a cave, the mouth of which was closed with dynamiting.

A common practice is to make mass arrests and send them off to their deaths, pretending to put them in concentration camps. The Gestapo will load some forty or fifty in a big truck enclosed and when the truck moves off, turn the exhaust pipe into the inside of the car. When it reaches its destination of course all the occupants are dead.

The robot bomb is another devilish instrument which the Allies will soon conquer, but whose use by the Huns will mean bad for them at the coming trials. The robot is meant, not for military targets, but to spread death and terror among the defenseless men, women and children and thus weaken morale among the English.

It will have just the opposite effect. It will not weaken the English morale, but will certainly mean little mercy for the perpetrators when they come to answer for their unspeakable crimes.

Even the most pessimistic say it will not be longer than early 1945 before Hitler will be driven to his last stand, while most all military authorities, including General Pershing, think the end will come this year before Christmas.

Typical July Day

Thunder heads rising in the West. A rain crow creaking from the apple tree. Sunflowers with their big wondering eyes, looking at you. A smell of new mown hay coming up from the meadow. The whistle of a partridge in the wheat. The old cow chewing her cud contentedly while she rests under the shade of the oak. Queen Anne's Lace bedecking the path. A farmer asleep on the porch, waiting for the sun to shine a little less hot. Gladiolas in the garden. Robins digging worms on the lawn. The steady din of gas tankers going up the road. Honeysuckle scenting the highway. The rustle of the growing corn. The smell of fragrant weeds. The soft wind from the South, presaging showers. Roasting ears for dinner tomorrow. Watermelon in the ice box.

Ah, good old summer time.

Ha, Ha, Ha.

Old Eisenhower and his supreme command evidently have the stuff, and are beginning to use it. The Hun hordes are disintegrating under the most fearful smashing in history. The German radio says the Allied barrage exceeds anything that has ever gone before. It admits a "strategy utterly new in the history of warfare."

A German war correspondent, Christy von Imhoff, says: "The allies in Normandy are presenting an utterly new strategy which neither the German high command nor any other command ever had to cope with."

He adds: "All military rules have gone by the board. Our Hinterland is under perpetual bombardment by enemy air forces and artillery, even naval guns, of an intensity never before matched or even dreamed of."

It is pleasing to contemplate that the Lords of War, the invincible Junkers, the superior race that says war is necessary, and war is indispensable in the development of the super-rulers to world control, are getting in the neck in sickening doses the medicine they love so well.

Let them take it and like it as they retrograde toward Berlin, tuck-tailed.

The War

Every day the news is better.

In the Pacific the Japs are no match for the Americans anywhere. With our fleet, the most powerful in history, standing guard and daring the rats to come out and fight; with our complete mastery of the air, and with our armies occupying more and more of their islands, and with our big planes now in striking distance of the Philippines and Tokyo, the sun of the Jap is steadily declining to its long home in the sea of Japan.

The great offensive in France is steadily gathering force as the Allies unload troops and materiel, and the Hun armies are slowly retracing their way toward Paris, which will be occupied at no distant day by the armies of freedom.

In Italy the Germans are putting up stiff resistance, but nowhere are they able to stop the Americans, the British and the French.

While in Poland, the Russians are now within less than 20 miles of German territory, and soon will be leaping straight for Berlin. The Russians are reported to have used only about 125 divisions, while their total force is 600 divisions. Counting 15,000 to a division, this means nine millions of soldiery—a force so gigantic and powerful that nothing can check it.

It can't be long now.