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EDITORIALS

## Of People and Things

### Hoping Himmler Wasn't Hit

They had it on the radio last week that Himmler was killed by a bomb.

Hearing no confirmation of the report, we take it that it was a mistake. We hope the report was not true.

It would be too bad to deprive the Russians, the Poles, the Greeks, the Yugoslavs, etc., of the pleasure of hanging this precious scoundrel when the war's over.

The rope's end is the most despicable and disgraceful civil punishment. Let Himmler be saved for that.

Compared with Hitler's chief assassin, Nero, Caligula, Genghis Khan, Atilla, were saints.

Surely there is no mercy in Heaven for this most execrable monster of history—this fiend incarnate, clothed in the habiliments of a human being. This beast who scoffs at pity, laughs at tears, gloats over the agony of the dying, who has caused rivers of blood from defenseless and innocent men, women and children to flow across the bleak fields of hope.

Except by his own hand, Himmler cannot escape the doom that awaits him. No neutral nation dare furnish sanctuary for him. In the baleful region pictured in Dante's Inferno, the lowest pit is reserved for him.

Here's good health to Mr. Himmler until his hour strikes.

### A Crime Against the Boy

The cruelest injustice a father can perpetrate against his boy is to procure deferment after deferment on fictitious excuses, and thus keep him out of the war.

Many parents would like to have their boys back home from this terrible war. But the true parent had rather see his boy's name inscribed on the roll of honor, with a gold star beside it—signifying the supreme sacrifice—than that the boy should have escaped his duty with dishonor.

The greatest misfortune that can come to any young man who is eligible for army service is to have a "pull" that enables him to escape the draft.

Some of these days the war will be over. Already the German war machine is running on one or two cylinders. Before long the cannon will cease firing, the tanks will stop rolling, the Flying Fortresses will return to their hangars, and great transports will begin to arrive at home ports loaded to the water's edge with countless thousands of young Americans coming back.

On that day where will the eligible boy stand who has stayed at home in safety while others were dying for their country?

Must he skulk about, looking for a place to hide—a disgrace to himself and his people for all time to come?

### The Snarling Pegler

Westbrook Pegler, the columnist, is beside himself because he says the C. I. O., with its P. A. C., is for the Roosevelt-Truman ticket. Pegler is using his space in great expanses every day snarling, spewing, sneering and smirking because the C. I. O. and its P. A. C. are not for Dewey, in which case Pegler would perhaps be quite quiet.

Now the C. I. O. is a great labor organization, which it has a right to be. It has a P. A. C., or political action committee, which it has a right to have, we opine. All other organizations have these things. Such possession is not against the law.

If the C. I. O. is for Roosevelt because he has been labor's friend, should FDR repudiate the C. I. O.?

Why, no, every party is glad to have the support of a great labor organization.

John L. Lewis, the labor leader and strike agitator, is a bitter foe of Roosevelt, and is all out for the election of Dewey.

Has Dewey repudiated his support?

No, not on your life.

Pegler is a hired slanderer, whose stock in trade is abuse, suspicion, spleen, innuendo.

His sentences stink with scurrility, and smoke with venom.

He is the Thersites of the press.

Even his friends no doubt are sick of his uniform canker.

### Synthetic Democrats

Senator Hatch, Democrat, of New Mexico, says the United States Senate to all intents and purposes is Republican, and has been Republican for two years.

He declares that the Republican minority, aided by certain elements of the Democratic party, actually has been in control of the Senate for more than two years.

The South is not as solid as it is cracked up to be, and has not been. With the election of such synthetic Democrats as Bob Reynolds, Cotton Ed Smith, Bennett Clark, Byrd, and others of their ilk, these men place their prejudiced personal opinion above their constituents' wishes, secretly and openly conspire and collaborate with the opposite party. This often ties the administration's hands in important legislation. These misfit Southerners had much rather hit the President than be right.

But it is a matter of distinct relief not only for the President but for the country at large that these incubi are fast being weeded out, and that their seats in many cases will be filled in the next Senate by men of principle and patriotism.

### Up In Madam Nicotine's Habitat

John Ed Mabe kicked up the flue fires and then lay back on his bunk laughing like a fool.

But John Ed ain't no fool—that's a fact known of all men.

But what was John Ed laughing at—what caused a stream of funny to race so suddenly across his tickle patch?

I'll tell you—John Ed was laughing at the capers of Old Prosperity a-settin on a stump.

But what was Old Pros a-doin' to make John Ed laugh like a fool?

He was a-settin on a stump and doin all kinds of funny capers. He would nod and wink and then grin very knowingly, and then he would jump off the stump and dance the pigeontoe, do backsteps, hit the rumba, trip the tango, and the Lord knows how many other fancy steps.

You see, Old Pros is a kindly old soul. He was a-feelin fine and couldn't help it. He made John Ed feel fine, too, and John Ed couldn't help it.

John Ed's barn is way up on a high hill—up there where the stars are close as you sit watching in the night, looking south at the ever grand sweep of the Swarries, the great hills, the lone pine where the crows gather, where the big owl hoots, and up from the hollow comes the croon of water slipping through the ivies.

Up where the finest tobacco in the world finds its native setting, stealing its color from the blend of sunshine and moonbeams, its body from the strength of the gray warm earth, its sweetness from essences of sourwood and honeysuckle. Here are the constituents of gold leaves that rustle in the top tiers like Federal Reserve notes, here is that stuff from which Camels are made, here is Madam Nicotine in her pristine lair.

The soft murmur of the Dan lulls the night, the sycamores sway very gently to the night wind.

John Ed laughs, yawns, stretches his long legs, then falls into a deep sleep where his tired nerves are soothed with music—music that is chanted like this: Ym, ym, ym, 42, 43, ym, ym, 44, 45, 46, 47, ym, ym, 48—sold to R. J.

### Well Done

Chairman Ellington and his helpers, his committees and his workers in the late bond drive, are to be congratulated that the county went over with a bang in the sale of E bonds as well as in the overall.

It is quite a matter of pride among our people that the county's record is entirely up with the leading counties, and far

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