

THE DANBURY REPORTER

Established 1872.

Volume 72

Danbury, N. C., Thursday, Feb. 15, 1945 ***

PUBLISHED THURSDAYS

Number 3,789

(Editorials)

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"Clean Up Or Close Up"

Beer is on the way out in Danbury.

Cause: Too much carousal, too much blatancy, too much midnight brawl, too much public nuisance.

One night last week a bunch who wouldn't go home after the closing hour, got into a rippet in the streets of Danbury. It was a 2-color affair, very loud, very disgraceful. It was a knock-down and drag-out stunt. Besides much profanity and vulgarity, beer bottles and possibly other weapons were in the air. The officers came and put all they could find in jail.

When it gets this bad the ladies and the gentlemen and the churches say too: "Clean Up Or Close Up."

If the proprietor of the joint continues to sell the inebriate after he is well saturated, it is to make still more profit out of him, or to keep the guzzler from fighting him—we don't know which.

Beer is a harmless drink with some. A good many people—men and women—citizens of quiet disposition and peaceable tendencies, like a bottle now and then. It mildly stimulates, is refreshing, palatable and appetizing.

But there are others who can't take it thus. The nineteen mind goes haywire. One bottle makes him inordinately loquacious, another hold loud and cussy, a third foolish, insulting and fussy.

When beer was first legalized in the State, the brewers themselves banded into an association to control it. They knew the burden would be upon them to control it—or else.

So the U. S. Brewers Foundation established a North Carolina committee with the slogan "Clean Up Or Close Up" directed at the joints who allowed the traffic to get people into trouble or to disturb the neighbors.

And so this committee takes upon itself to see that there is law and order, otherwise they will undertake that the unruly places are weeded out.

Many more than a thousand beer joints have consequently been padlocked in the State because of a too free flowing of the fizz.

One Danbury dealer has announced: No more retailing till license runs out, then no more license.

In Danbury a large truckload consigned to a dealer is lapped up by the guzzlers as quickly as a hot sandy bottom absorbs a summer shower.

It is a strange paradox that the guzzlers should deprive themselves of their beverage. But they do everywhere.

Because they can't control themselves, they are controlled.

When the beer truck arrives the crowd who absorbs the liquid, also arrives.

Ret. ibution Hovering

Not since Pearl Harbor has the war news been half so favorable.

The Huns are caught between gigantic forces on the eastern and western fronts of Germany, and cannot escape the destruction which is their certain portion. The Allied air fleets are tearing the German cities to shreds.

In the Pacific the 5th Fleet of American sea power—greatest in the world—is attacking the Jap home shores with terribly devastating effect. The Philippines are conquered. All the time our air forces, supreme in the skies, are wreaking death and chaos on anything that looks like Jap.

That terrible retribution which comes to evil men and powers, is hovering over Germany and Japan soon to alight.

Head of the Table

In the meeting of the Big Three on the coast of the Black Sea, it is interesting and flattering that President Roosevelt was made chairman.

And so we may feel assured that the principles of the Atlantic Charter, which means freedom and democracy to the suffering peoples of so many downtrodden people everywhere, will maintain.

The Hospital Coming?

The news that we are to have a hospital near the center of Stokes is very gratifying to all who realize what a serious situation confronts the sick and afflicted.

The news is that the hospital will be located at Meadows, contain 60 beds and cost \$125,000.

Let us all hope that our expectations may not be disappointed.

Many of them should be at work or run in for vagrancy. But there is no work till the last gulp is gulped.

"Professionals" whose coin soon gives out, stay around to buttonhole innocent fresh arrivals who invite them up.

"Won't you have a bottle?"

"No, much oblige—well, I don't care, I'll drink one with you."

That's the technique of the dead beat who stays on the job from sun-up till the joint closes. Late at night he staggers home thoroughly soggy, but is back again when the joint resumes its distribution next morning.

The beer joints of Winston-Salem have discovered a way to handle these deprecators on their decent customers. They get behind the fellow, with hands on his shoulders and give him a rush to the sidewalk, inflicting a strenuous kick in the pants at the last.

Senator Bailey and Mr. Wallace

It was not at all surprising that Bailey should take the lead in the fight on Wallace.

The eastern North Carolina Senator is one of the ablest and most brilliant members of the upper chamber.

He is also one of the most discordant and jaundiced.

He is one of these fellows who take pride in always being agin everything.

He belongs to that grouchy clique of milder Haters whose head and front is the parsimonious Byrd of Virginia. This galaxy is not so sinister as Nye, not so mean and arrogant as Wheeler, and not so prejudiced as Taft.

Their pet theme is one which antagonizes most things other people want, especially the man on whose coattails they have ridden and risen so lordly.

One of the latest Bailey gestures was that gratuitous move by which he blocked the better pay bill aimed to help the overworked and underpaid postmasters and postal employes.

Another of Bailey's latest gestures was not a move to stall the increase suggested for the salaries of United States Senators and congressmen to \$25,000 a year.

Wallace lost a big block of esteem among his friends when he agreed to take the Commerce position stripped of its lending power.

The public is quick to lose interest in one who will not fight for his own rights and does not resent injustice to himself.

The ex-Vice President is much an abler man than Jesse Jones whose contemptible contrariness and niggardiness lost the country billions of dollars because he was opposed to liberal help for the small business man.

Jones' withholding of funds from synthetic rubber manufacturing was not only a direct retardation of the war effort, but it has worked vast unnecessary hardship on automobile and truck owners in the nation.

One of the President's most pleasing acts was to kick out this arrogant and conceited Texan, who was largely responsible for the late anti-Roosevelt movement in that State.

Looking For You

This has not been the coldest winter you ever saw, but since last fall it has been continuously mean—cold, sleety, rainy, cloudy and chilling.

What a pleasure to see it wobbling on its last legs. Only 2 weeks more of February. March considered spring.

Everybody will be looking for the advent of pleasanter weather soon. The frogs have sung in the meadow, bees