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EMORY PRATHER PEPPER

As it is appointed once unto all men to die, I have often thought that it would be appropriate to fall into that dreamless and forgetting sleep in the autumn of the year, when the leaves are falling—when the beautiful sad leaves, their life's work done, slowly flutter to the ground.

At that time all Nature appears to be turning to rest. In the air and over the landscape there is a quiet suggestion of repose for tired hearts, when the suffering and disappointments of life may sink softly into that kind oblivion which Nature provides.

Today it becomes my duty to record in the annals of this newspaper the untimely death of one of its builders, who was a citizen of Stokes county, and who was my life-long brother, partner and friend. Emory Prather Pepper passed away late Monday evening, November 14, after only a few days' illness at a Raleigh hospital, during which he suffered much, passed away just as the day was dying in the west, and twilight was settling over the city. His death was as peaceful as it was unexpected. It was a great shock to his friends and loved ones. We brought his home, and on Wednesday evening laid him away beside his fathers in the little cemetery of Danbury, where so many friends of other days are sleeping now.

For more than thirty-two years he had been with me through the ups and downs of life, sharing 50-50 with me in its joys or its disillusionments, its hopes, its aspirations, its practical realizations. If there was success, he helped make it, and helped share it. Maybe sometimes things went wrong, and adversity began to shoot its stinging arrows. Then he was a good consolator. He was a fine sport. While his spirits never rose so high as mine with anticipations, yet they never sank so low as mine when the visibility was low, and the shooting not good. He could see a castle of dreams crash with composure, which I never could, and he was one of those who could always see the silver lining of the cloud. He had poise which I didn't have, infinitely more patience, sterner stamina, and less optimism or dejection. He had a superb philosophy of taking things as they come, and always making the best of everything, good or bad.

Em Pepper, while like the writer of this sketch, a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks, that great school of life, yet he was a man of fine native sense, and well balanced judgment. He was moreover, a man of splendid principle, and there were no white feathers in his plumage. He was whole-souled, cordial, sympathetic, and ever true and loyal to his friends. He was devoted to his little family.

In the latter building and development of Stokes county, he was an outstanding figure, and no person ever gave more hard work and time to collecting data and giving it publicity for many years through the columns of the Danbury Reporter, to the things which told for the uplift and betterment of the people of the county. He was always a good roads enthusiast, and was a leader in that movement which a few years ago placed this county in the forefront of the progressive counties of North Carolina in its efforts for roads and schools. He was a great friend of the educational work of the county, and of its churches. It was largely through his efforts that a broader concept of the moral and educational interests of the county was created. There was no more progressive citizen.

And so now, when we come to say through our tears, Good-bye, we do not know how to express in language the heart-breaking grief we feel. It is so hard to give up our friends when the smile of life seems so radiant, but it is just then that the strands of the silver cord are snapped, and the golden bowl is broken forever. And when from out this bourne of time and place we see their little bark drift into the mists and the darkness of the eternal sea, it is then from our breaking hearts comes the elemental cry, May we sometime, somewhere, meet again. It is then that our grief can be assuaged only by the simple faith learned at our mother's knee—the faith simple, but which has become the unsubdued philosophy of the centuries—the faith that Life is Lord of Death, and Love can never lose its own.

N. E. P.

J. ENEY JAMES SERIOUSLY HURT

FALLS FROM LOAD OF HAY, NECK ALMOST BROKEN—WILL RECOVER.

J. Eney James, a prominent farmer of Walnut Cove, was almost killed by a fall from a load of hay which he was hauling Wednesday. It was at first reported that Mr. James' neck was broken, but later the attending physician gave it out that if the leaders of the neck had been either covered or seriously disarranged, and that the patient, while badly hurt, would recover.

Rheumatism.

FREE—To any one sending me a stamped envelope with their address and the name of the paper in which they saw this ad, I will send an herb recipe that completely cured me of a bad case of rheumatism—completely FREE.—R. L. McMINN, 14 Central Ave., Asheville, N. C.

It takes a woman without a husband to tell how to run one.

Card From B. P. Bailey.

To the Voters of Stokes County: I take this method and opportunity of thanking the people of Stokes county for their loyal support of my candidacy for the office of Register of Deeds in the recent election.

My aim is to execute the duties of that office to the best of my ability, feeling that failure to do so would be a betrayal of the trust reposed in me by the people, and a token of ingratitude, unjustifiable in view of the principle that public office is a place of trust, and bestowed by the only sovereign power, the people.

B. P. BAILEY.

Mrs. D. M. Pyrtle, of Winston-Salem, is visiting Mrs. A. G. Sisk.

The weather man promises some pleasanter days this week.

County Game Warden Gilbert Alley, was here Monday.

CHESLEY TAYLOR MIND DERANGED

WAS ROBBED IN WINSTON OF \$200—NOW CONFINED IN DANBURY JAIL.

Chesley Taylor, a farmer who lived a few miles north of Danbury in Peter's Creek township, has been confined in jail this week suffering from mental derangement, with violent proclivities. Mr. Taylor was on the Winston-Salem market a few days since where, it is reported, he was robbed of \$200, the proceeds of a load of tobacco.

Mrs. Rev. S. S. Oliver, of Vinson, Roanoke, Va., returned home Friday after visiting relatives here for several days.

The condition of Kelly Sisk, a prominent citizen of Lawsonville, remains serious. He is suffering with a heart affection, following a stroke of paralysis. Mr. Sisk's age is about 70.

SEA GULL KILLED NEAR KING TOWN

ROSCOE THOMAS AND MISS ALICE BOLES GET MARRIED—OTHER ITEMS.

King, Nov. 16.—Eddie Winslow and Mrs. Annie I. Smith, of Boston, Mass., are spending a few days with relatives and friends here and at High Point.

Quzie Rutledge, who resides in East King, shot and killed a sea gull last week. So far as known this was the first sea gull ever seen in this section.

R. N. Hauser, banker and business man of Winston-Salem, was here on business Saturday.

Some very nice porkers are being killed in and around King, Miss Flossie B. Caudle, of Bon Air, Winston-Salem, spent the week end here the guest of relatives.

Austin E. Garner, who is teaching at Sandy Ridge, spent the week end with his mother, Mrs. M. E. Garner, who resides here.

The following births were registered here last week: To Mr. and Mrs. Luther White, a son, and to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bennett, a son. Mr. and Mrs. Claud Stone, of Trinity, spent Sunday with relatives here.

Dr. I. A. Booe made a business trip to Rural Hall Monday.

Rev. John Spahnower filled his regular appointment at the Baptist Mission on Main Street Sunday night.

Joel Y. Southern sold a barn of tobacco on the Winston-Salem market Monday for \$196.00.

Roscoe Thomas and Miss Alice Boles motored to Galax, Va., Sunday where they were united in marriage. After a short honeymoon they will be at home in West King.

W. C. Johnson, of Mount Airy, was here Monday attending to business matters.

Howard Joyce, 18, has been jailed here on the charge of holding up and robbing the station agent at Pine Hall of \$2.00, recently. His bond was fixed at \$1,500, which he was unable to arrange.

Joyce is believed to be one of a gang who recently robbed Prof. Sides at Pine Hall. Clothing and other property belonging to Sides has been found at Joyce's headquarters.

The accused will have to stand trial at Spring Court.

REVIVAL BEGINS DECEMBER FIFTH

SERIES OF MEETINGS AT DANBURY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH BY PASTOR.

Beginning Monday night, Dec. 5, 1932, at 7:30 P. M., Pastor O. W. Marshall will begin a revival in the Danbury Presbyterian church. The meeting will continue through the week, with a morning and evening service on Sunday, Dec. 11, when the meeting will close.

The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

Rex Goss estimates that twenty-thirds of the tobacco crop is sold.

Thursday is Thanksgiving. Dr. W. H. Bynum, of Germantown, was in town Monday.

Some ancient seals portray man-headed bulls and bull-headed men. We still have the latter with us in real life.