

## THE DANBURY REPORTER.

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### Reign of Terror in Germany.

They are having stormy times in Germany now, if we may believe the news that trickles out through a stiff censorship.

The German people are becoming tired of the dictatorship of Hitler, and last week a plot against his reign was unearthed involving many high military and civilian functionaries. But Hitler was too quick for the conspirators.

The plot was discovered, and arrests followed. Soon heads began to fall. At last accounts around 500 men, many prominent, had faced the firing squads, or had committed suicide.

The word of the tyrant is law, there is no trial, no habeas corpus, arrest follows suspicion, and death arrives quickly.

The description of some of the Berlin incidents reads like tales of the reign of Robespierre, Danton and Marat at Paris, when the flower of the French republic daily kissed Madam Guillotine.

The people no longer have any voice in German government.

Those people of Stokes county who do not vote, thereby disdaining and eschewing the privileges for which their ancestors fought and died, might take a lesson from the situation in the fatherland, where people would like to vote, but can't.

### The Ham What Am.

In looking over the waving green corn fields of Stokes county, we are persuaded that next Christmas there will be no dearth of hog and hominy in the smoke-houses of our energetic and thoughtful farmers, and that ham gravy will bring satisfaction to many a cosy household ere the snow flies.

You may talk about sweet sounds, as of the whisper of your sweetheart in your ear when she sighs: "I love you,"—or the ravishing strains of "Flop Eared Mule" played by a string band at 4 o'clock in the morning just as the russet dawn comes skipping across the eastern hills—or the entrancing rustle of a bunch of crisp Federal Reserve notes flying toward you when your last farthing is spent—and all that—but the most delightful noise that ever rattled up against expectant ear drums is the popping of the grease as the Ham What Am sputters in the skillet, and your olfactory nerve is all a-tingling.

### Why Didn't He Pinch McNinch?

It is noted our able and conscientious attorney general, Mr. Brummitt, desires to see more indictments for infractions of the corrupt practices act.

We presume Mr. Brummitt has in mind some of these little township offenders, like up in Surry, where the filching of a few votes is not so serious—little tempests in teapots.

We feel sure he does not refer to such brazen escapades as Frank McNinch pulled off in 1928, and at whom, while he got by, Mr. Brummitt winked the other eye.

Frank was North Carolina's star election law violator, and was rewarded with a very nice job for his skill.

### Our Electric Opportunity.

That is interesting news indeed that Mrs. O'Berry, State Relief Administrator, is willing to finance rural electric power and lights in practically every county in North Carolina, with particular reference to farm homes.

The beauty and convenience of electric light, and the practical use and labor-saving benefits of electric power, cannot easily be overestimated.

The public spirited citizens of Stokes county should awake at once to this opportunity of this lifetime.

The great PWA reservoir is waiting to be tapped for the well being and happiness of the American people.

Shall we not claim our share?

### Hard to Beat Burrus.

That was a lively fight in the Guilford second primary when Dr. J. T. Burrus won over ex-Senator Capus M. Waynick for the State Senate.

A heavy vote was polled, as the friends of both sides were legion.

A Stokes man who knows Dr. Burrus well, says no wonder Burrus won—he is a prince of gentlemen, and his hold on the masses is unbreakable. Our citizen had a son in Burrus' hospital for a serious operation, which was successful, as Burrus is a fine surgeon. The bill was \$300.00 and when the Stokes man paid, he noticed the Doctor separating the cash into three piles. Inquiring the reason for this procedure, Dr. Burrus told our informant that 10 per cent. of every dollar he earned went to his aged father who educated him, another 10 per cent. was dedicated to his church, and the remainder he applied to his own uses.

"A man with this steadfast principle and determination can't be beat," said our Stokes informant.

The sales tax was an issue between Burrus and Waynick, but while High Point is strong against the sales tax, Greensboro is largely for it.

What evidently won for Burrus was his personality.

### Is It Really a Wonder?

America is profoundly interested in the German crisis, and why?

Because American bondholders hold \$1,000,000,000 of German bonds, the largest portion owned by any other country and—

Because American banks hold from \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000 of German notes, and—

Because 12 per cent. of American exports go to Germany—much of this is cotton and tobacco.

At this moment the sinking gold reserves of the Reichbank are down to 3.7 of the German bank note issue, or only about \$38,000,000.

No wonder the serious German position causes cold streaks to play up and down the spines of the New York financiers who bought heavily of German securities, and then unloaded them in large quantities on many Southern banks who snapped them up eagerly while they refused loans to home industries. And no wonder these Southern financiers shiver because they still have these lovely lithographs.

And no wonder we had a panic, and still have one.

### Unfair Discrimination.

The Reporter is entirely unable to understand why Mr. Carl Goerch, who publishes such a delightful magazine at Raleigh called "The State," yet uses unfair discrimination in his publicity stunts.

For instance, with short sketches of prominent personalities every week he prints pictures of these notables, and has had a photo of every distinguished citizen in the State except one—we refer to Mr. Hubert Olive of Lexington, a prominent lawyer, excellent gentleman and legionnaire.

Outside of this very noticeable and regrettable omission, "The State" is really charming. It fills 100 per cent. its exclusive field by putting out the most interesting and attractive publication in North Carolina.

"The State" grows better with each issue.

### Slot Machine Must Go.

One of the silliest sights in the world is to see a grown up man seriously playing a penny slot machine.

And a deplorable sight is to see a boy at the same game, his face shining with excitement and expectancy, and crestfallen when his last pennies are gone.

A crusade is developing in the State against the slot machine, which is beginning to be recognized as a great evil in teaching the young boys the fascinating art of gambling, while it deprives the community of its loose change.

The slot machines are said to be law violators, and in many towns they have been put out of business by order of the authorities.

### Relief For Toothache.

Since toothache is one of the most tantalizing ailments which human flesh is heir to, a remedy for its excruciations will doubtless be of interest to the public.

And here it is:

Next time one of your molars goes on a rampage and you begin to stand on your head in agony, just start off down the street and meet a friend who will quickly inquire: "What on earth is the matter?" And you will explain "I have the toothache."

Your friend will at once say: "Well, toothache is bad misery."

This will have a soothing effect on your nervous system, and your pain will begin to subside, but you go on and meet the next friend, who will ask: "You seem to be suffering—what's the trouble?"

You explain the nature of your pain and he will inform you at once sympathetically:

"Toothache is bad misery."

You now feel the pangs rapidly leaving your jaw, but you continue on to third stop, and this acquaintance inquires with unalloyed concern: "You have been in pain, what's ailing you?"

You advise:

"I have had the toothache."

"Well, it is such bad misery."

You are now entirely free of pain, in fact you feel highly elated and exhilarated, and you return to your work whistling a lively tune.

### The State Highway Commission and Stokes County.

The Federal government through the PWA, is allocating giant road funds to North Carolina as our part of federal relief.

The North Carolina Highway Commission dispenses this money to many counties of the State building new roads, hardsurfacing old ones, tearing down good steel bridges to erect new concrete ones in their places.

Anything, so that the government cash may be cached.

Why doesn't Stokes county get a slice of this luscious melon? Why is this county treated like a red-headed stepchild at a family reunion?

Because we can't agree on our needs—because we do not reduce our wants to a feasible, possible demand.

We hum and haw, we dicker and vacillate, and the Commission takes advantage of our indecision to give us nothing at all.

The Commission is waiting for our townships and bailiwicks to concentrate on something and then demand it with teeth showing.

And in the meantime while we dilly-dally and fluctuate, the PWA money is dwindling every day.

### Judge Alley.

Judge Felix Alley of Waynesville, Danbury's distinguished guest for two weeks, during the criminal term last week and the civil court this week:

We will not expatiate on the favorable impression His Honor has made among our folk with his uniformly appropriate rulings, his calmness and poise with fanatical subjects, his fine sense withal that wins for him the respect and the admiration of the people. Judge Alley is one of the outstanding jurists of the State.

Now, he came here preceded by a reputation for a charming gift of speaking, not alone on law subjects, but on other cultural themes, and for this reason he has been importuned to entertain our community with an address. But the Judge has lately been hard worked, the weather is hot, etc., and a compromise was accordingly reached in which he promised to come back at October term, when he would accommodate us.

The citizens of Stokes will not forget the engagement, but will look forward to it with pleasurable anticipation.

### Hauser Beats Cox in Forsyth.

The Reporter was glad to learn that its old friend Chas. M. Hauser beat Bob Cox in Forsyth for the legislature in the second primary.

Bob Cox is a fine fellow, but he had been in the legislature long enough, and they put him in dry dock for awhile.