

THE DANBURY REPORTER.

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The Red-Headed Step Child.

A cogent subject for investigation might be: "What in the h— is the matter with Stokes county?"

Why is Stokes the red-headed step child in the family of North Carolina counties?

Why in the dispensation of honors, deserts, rewards and emoluments from the State and federal administrations, is Stokes always forgotten or ignored?

And why sit we supine and indifferent?

Is there no native pride, patriotic consciousness or cave-man resentment left?

You ask what, wherefore, why?

And the answer is:

Our district judge is a citizen of Surry.
Our solicitor is a citizen of Rockingham.
Our district highway commissioner is a citizen of Wilkes.

Our district prison supervisor lives in Iredell.
Our district highway engineer lives in Forsyth.
Our county farm agent hails from Alamance.
Our welfare superintendent comes from Orange.
Our federal seed loan chief emanates from Wake.

Our WPA boss is in Forsyth.
Our Resettlement administrator is of Forsyth.
Our district health physician-director is of Forsyth.

Our sales tax is collected by non-resident officers, our accounts are kept by alien auditors.

Are we the victims of a fatal "complex"? Do we every time we hear the zoom of a silver hulk floating in from the ether expect to see a new furreign "official" land from somewhere—ANYWHERE except from a home port?

Why nobody from Stokes when it comes to filling positions of honor, of directorship, of emolument, of salary?

Do other counties have a monopoly of attainment, of fitness, of excellence and merit?

Are the citizens of Stokes fit only to be the hewers of wood, or the drawers of water?

Are there no men and women of education, character, efficiency and worth in our home county?

There is no criticism or reflection here on the above-mentioned officials. They are men and women of character and capacity, of efficiency and usefulness.

What we mean is—what is the matter with Stokes county?

This newspaper for one believes the time has come for us to assert our native pride, our independence, our assurance and our determination not to submit further to this unfair discrimination, this brutal ignoring of our rights.

The Fine Fun Of Feathering One's Own Nest.

Already out of the opaque mists of the early dawn the fruits of Gov. Hoey's and Farmer Bob Doughton's choice for highway commissioner in the 8th district begin to emerge.

The Reporter is informed and advised that the WPA has awarded Wilkes county a \$70,000 grant, and that this luscious slice will be matched by the North Carolina highway commission with another \$70,000.

Thus Wilkes, the star Republican county of the State, fares well, and will build \$140,000 worth of new highways at once.

The 8th's new highway commissioner—appointed by Gov. Hoey because Farmer Bob asked it to please his Sheriff-son—is no doubt happy to bring to his own county such wonderful results so soon, even if other counties in the district get nothing—not even new props to keep their camp shacks from falling down.

The Medical Hegemony Of Hege.

The people of Stokes county are pretty well persuaded that Stokes county can better afford to dispense with the services of Dr. Roy Hege than with our health nurses whom he is peremptorily removing.

The people of Danbury and Walnut Cove and of this half of the county where she has worked, believe in Miss Nicholson. She is a young lady of high character, and is thoroughly competent. Her service to the sick and afflicted has been at all times prompt, and marked with sympathy and kindness.

Recently she has gone beyond her official duties or pay, and has started a project of philanthropy which has the full approval of the Stokes county public. We refer to her efforts to establish a TB sanitarium on the county home grounds for the unfortunate sufferers not able to get entrance to a regular institution.

If Dr. Hege has shown any interest in this peculiarly Stokes benevolence, nobody has heard about it. He removes Miss Nicholson in the midst of her usefulness.

Possibly it is because she did not at first obtain his O. K. and get his permission to engage in this or other unscheduled humanitarian activities that she has incurred his personal animosity, which he has been frank enough to admit he bears toward her.

Dr. Hege is alleged to drive over to the county seat of Stokes once in two months and look the commissioners over. He then lights a cigarette and hurries back into Winston-Salem with his salary voucher in his pocket.

Five hundred dollars a year is entirely too much money for the people of Stokes county to pay for the honor of having our health policies manufactured in Forsyth county. This nice salary should be paid to one of our Stokes county physicians who are just as competent as Dr. Hege, in our humble judgment and who have nobody to make their living out of except Stokes county people.

We are not impugning the character or capacity of our therapeutical overlord, but we honestly believe it is high time the people of Stokes were buying something "made in Stokes county," and ridding themselves of the inferiority complex that always concedes foreign brands to be the best.

The tax-payers of Stokes have never kicked on the small salary paid to Miss Nicholson or Miss Hamilton. They have earned all they got.

Stokes county has doctors who are old in experience, and young physicians recently graduated from college. If the State will not cooperate with us in our health programs unless we go abroad to get medical advice and direction, then cut loose and establish a clinic of our own.

If we have to pay the bills we ought to have the say.

Cornfields.

Nobody has ever seen such bountiful crops of corn. And what is more beautiful than a great field of dark green, waving corn.

Corn is one of the bulwarks of the world, one of the pilasters of empire. No nation will starve that raises plenty of corn, for corn makes meat and meat makes sinew. In a great world famine, America could feed the whole works on corn.

The farmer who always grows enough corn to answer the purposes of his household without having to buy, is putting himself in position to hold the cash his tobacco brings in. Otherwise he must dish out his ducats for something he should have had in his cribs.

New Spokes For the Hub.

As if Alex Hanes had not utilized all the highway areas of Forsyth, the news percolates out that our rich sister is building several more miles of new roads.

To the layman who has heard there are no funds left for construction purposes—not even to repair camp shacks—the news from Forsyth may be mystifying.

But those who are in on the know and the how, can understand how maintenance funds may easily be diverted if you've got a friend at court.

Happy Birthday to You.

Yesterday was Miss Bit Pepper's and Mr. L. J. Young's birthday.

Bit was 11, Mr. Young 86.

Bit thinks life is a funny thing and is made up of paper dolls, swimming pools, roller skates, tap dances, pigeons and blackberries. She also believes it will continue on indefinitely at an increasing rate.

Mr. Young knows that it is a serious world, full of frills and frauds and frivolities, and that it won't last. He has also learned that the things most worth while are the things that money can't buy.

Let us have a sort of blending of the philosophies of both Bit and Mr. Young. Give us a tincture of each.

We have a life that all must admit is interesting, oftimes sad, sometimes honest, frequently ridiculous, full of kindness and cruelty, of sense and nonsense, of laughter and tears, and fortunately fleeting, else there would be too many of us. Hence the necessity of wars.

We hope that Mr. Young may be spared many years yet, and that Bit may live as long as he. We certainly hope she may always have as much common sense as he has.

Visits Danbury After Seventy Years

Mr. Aquila Moore of Roanoke, Va., on a visit to the Old Forge and Furnace site just across the river from Danbury, called to see Mr. H. M. Joyce a few days ago. Seventy years had passed since Mr. Moore was here. He has been engaged in mining and engineering. Mr. Moore knew all the older citizens here who have passed away. He remembered that a few days before Gen. Stonewall, with his nine thousand calvarymen, called at the works where 300 bushels of corn had been stored and all of it was taken and fed to their

horses and what was left the citizens gathered it on the hills for feed. Mr. Moore promised to pay us another visit in the near future and visit the Rogers Ore Bank. When the iron ore was mined it was hauled to the head of the pond and floated down the river on flat boats, dumped into the furnace, melted, run out into pig metal and then to the a hundred. cmfwyp shrdlu h hhh forge.

Used Cave for Glass Work
The first glass maker in Scotland was George Hay (1566-1625). He took advantage of a peculiarly formed cave at Wemyss, on the Fife coast, and set up his furnace there.

SAVE! SAVE!

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