

# OUR POINT OF VIEW

EDITORIALS

## Danbury Reporter

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### PAGAN LOVE

Who loves to fight?

Listen to this from Stalin—dictator of Russia:

"Whoever dares to step across the threshold of our home will be destroyed. We not only know how to fight—we love to fight."

It is a terrible thing in the soul of mankind that loves to fight.

Fight—in the sense of modern war—means to smash uncounted thousands of men into unspeakable agony—laceration, blindness, death. It means to massacre old men, sick and helpless persons, defenseless women and children. It means the destruction of civilizations that centuries were required to build.

The Russian chant reminds us we are not yet removed far from the dark ages when Atilla and his hordes swept across to annihilate the Roman empire with fire and blood; and later when Vikings with knives in their teeth swam across ice-bound seas to overrun England, slaying all in their path, laughing and eating raw fat for refreshment.

Russia with all her boasted military power, and who England tries so frantically to enlist in the stop-Hitler encirclement, must stand as the world's No. 1 traitor. This is the Russia that signed up with the allies to never agree to a separate peace till the Kaiser was conquered—then laid down and let England and France fight and bleed white, till a hundred thousand American boys filled the "Russian gap" with their precious lives.

If Russia loves to fight let her fight the man with the slanting eye who insults her at her eastern door with impunity, who has taken her valuable ports, and who conquered her in 1905.

### KIND KOUNTY KOMMISSIONERS

We think our board of county commissioners are due the cordial thanks of the public for offering to donate the old convict camp site to the World War kids for a place to build their club and home. Some 400 of our boys from every walk of life went into that hateful thing that fell on us in 1917-18. Some of them paid the supreme price and are sleeping today amid the poppies of northern France. To their sweet offering and to the everlasting honor of those who came back, may we of Stokes today dedicate this ground which should hallow memories that will live as long as human devotion and self-sacrifice shall survive.

The power of the press is invincible. The only thing about it is that it focuses the light on you, and you know everybody is looking. Beware of the calcium ray.

### STOKES "FIRSTS"

No State in the Union is more justly celebrated for its "firsts" than North Carolina.

Thus we have our Mecklenburg declaration, giving our State the honor of being the first to throw off the yoke of a foreign king.

We were first at Bethel when the war-drums of 1861 began to throb. We were first in the number of our sons who fought and died for the South, as proportioned with our population.

Today we are probably first in the van of progressive Southern States after reconstruction.

And now we are first in the amount of our water powers and our undeveloped natural resources. We are first in towels, first in cigarettes, first in tobacco production and manufacture; first in many lines of industry and agriculture, and first among forty-five states in the amount of taxes paid to the federal government. And we are first in the purity of blood of our citizenship.

But while you are talking about firsts, remember the firsts of our county of Stokes which—

Is the only county in North Carolina that can claim a mountain range of its own. The Sauratown mountain rises in Stokes and disappears in Stokes.

Stokes is the only county in the State which has had only one first-degree murder conviction in 71 years, though we have had many revolting murders in the county.

Stokes is the only county in North Carolina that is without a bank at its county-seat.

Stokes is the only county in the State without a high school at its county seat. From 4 to 8 children only will attend school at the local institution next year, of the home town, all the others migrating.

Stokes has the only county-seat in the State without a hotel. Many workers have to commute daily to adjoining towns where they eat and sleep.

Stokes is the only county in the State that can boast of a half million dollar highway that only 2 per cent. of its citizens use. However, the State highway commission concedes us the honor of owning this fine highway that serves other counties and States, and charges us with the expense of it.

Stokes is the only county in the State that is willing to let others superimpose it, being without a single federal or State appointive position of note among its native sons and daughters, and is satisfied for nearly all political and educational positions of honor and emolument to be held by non-residents.

Stokes is the only county in the State without a club or association of intelligent and determined citizens who feel justified in claiming a fair place "in the sun" and who through organization demand and GET their rights. Our citizens are meek and unobtrusive, submissive and unresisting, content to let others eat the meat if we may have only a little gravy.

And for these reasons may fairly be said to be the only county in the State without GUTS.

### BUCOLIC RESTFULNESS

On the southern slant of a beautiful landscape where the sun shines all day long, and the sedate Flatshoal keeps eternal guard, you may run upon a garden of sweet-scented things—irises, peonies and gladioluses, quietly blooming and dreaming there in their innocence and beauty.

Somebody said flowers are frozen music. Then here corralled away from the scattering winds you may hear in the silences of the great hills an anthem that carries you back to childhood with its soothing lullaby, its restfulness, its forgetfulness of trouble and strife that rack the world today.

John M. Taylor has built a lodge-place at his estate a mile or two south of Danbury. There is a lodge, a great square room filled with reclining chairs and settees, table and lamps, though you may have electric light with the turn of a switch. There are cosy corners, easy seats, and a great fireplace to gather round on a cool night to crack jokes and hickory nuts. A long narrow window on the east side looks down on the pretty lake below. Rooms for guests fitted snugly into the spaces, a tiny kitchen, a commodious pantry always well filled. Outside, garages, and other buildings of convenience and utility, and a large cooking place for special occasions.

Just a retreat for a business man who delights to escape from worries of the day and come to sleep and rest with a whipporwill chanting on the window sill, and the soft murmur of the creek in his ears all night long.

### LET'S NOT ENCOURAGE RACE SUICIDE

There is a question in the minds of many people whether the marriage restriction fixed by the late N. C. legislature was wise. From many counties comes the news of the lessening number of marital contracts.

Couples used to avoid embarrassment by hieing to Stuart and Martinsville to get tied. Now they must submit to the State's rules when they come back, just the same. The already declining birth rate of America needs digitalis.

Can't the medico-scientists devise some less embarrassing tests?

If the change that has taken place in family-building during the last 20 years, continues in the same ratio, the next century will consider a baby no less curiously than we now view television.

### TO CONVERSATIONALISTS

It takes great powers of magnetism to be able to impose on your hearer with details of inconsequential incident. If your audience looks off or gapes, you may be sure he is not listening. Then quit, but ask him what he thinks the weather is going to do.

When a mean creditor gets you caught in a tight pinch he says: "Now pay me." America is not mean, but ain't this a good time to send a red-headed dun to England, France, Italy, etc.?