

THE DANBURY REPORTER

Established 1872

Volume 66

Danbury, N. C., Thursday, Jan. 29, 1942 * * * *

Published Thursdays

* * * * Number 6,620

Editorials

A Slant On the Times

FRUIT OF THE FIFTH COLUMN

"Yes, G— d— you, you ought to have to go. I hope every G— d— ship the United States sends out will be sunk before it gets half way across."

Will Baker and Mrs. Baker have contributed a fine boy to the service of his country. They love him and are very proud of him. He is a splendid strapping fellow, about 20. He is a creditable part of that ever growing magnificent army now building to crush Hitler before he crushes our country, and to keep him from invading the fair land which is our home.

No doubt it was quite disconcerting to Willie and Mrs. Baker to be handed such a violent and unkindly expletive as the first paragraph above, which was occasioned only by Willie's remarking that this war is a terrible thing, and that before it is over he himself might be called on to "go across."

This reply to Willie's observation came, look you, from a citizen of Danbury or near Danbury.

Back in the hectic 1860's a band of merrie gentlemen operated out of the woods of Stokes, Surry and Patrick counties under the leadership of Scott, a half negro. These fellows were very retiring in their habits, not to say exactly modest, but they only came out in the open when all the men of the counties were absent with the Army of Northern Virginia fighting with Lee and Jackson the invaders of our Southland. The farms of Stokes and Surry and Patrick were tenanted by the old men, women and children, and when all was quiet, the buccaneers issued forth to rob old man Charlie Moore at Moore's Springs of his two or three horses and encourage his negroes to leave; to tote off Dr. John Pepper's meat over on Neatman creek; to steal old man Buck Neal's wheat at Meadows, which later some of them living near were made to tote back and beaten as they toted. Emboldened they sometimes left the mountains to raid Maj. Anderson's corn at Pine Hall on the Dan bottoms. One Sunday morning they broke and scattered old Mrs. Christian's dishes at Westfield because their sacks were too full to carry them away. Years later Mrs. Christian recognized one of her plates at a place and accused a (by that time a "respectable") man present at the gathering.

"Oh," he said, sort of laughing like, "them was war times then."

The old lady replied:

"If you were rogues then, you are rogues now."

In the latter part of 1864 Scott was run down and hung by soldiers home on furlough. His followers were absorbed in the tri-counties.

The Citizen who insulted Willie and Mrs. Baker and who uttered such traitorous remarks against his government, should not be condemned too severely. He is only a symptom. He is grossly ignorant to think that way. Ignorance nurtures viciousness. Maybe he is a reversion to the type above depicted of the 1860's. Maybe he is a blatherskitish offshoot of Scott's knaves. The leopard, you know, rarely changes his spots.

More probably this Citizen is a victim of delusion, of studied misinformation, of distilled malice and prejudice of our local Fiftths who laugh when an American ship is sunk and who delight when the crowd is right to criticize everything the war administration does and to prate on its mistakes. Quislings, seditionists, traitors—or what have you? The blatherskite, easily susceptible by his ancestral trends, easily becomes a

foul mouthpiece of the disloyal advice received from higher up. He is a rotten apple from the tree of Fifth Columnism, and an innocent dispenser of Axis propaganda.

God help the man without a country. He is little better than the toad that feeds on the foul vapors of a sewer ditch, and too sad it will be for him when he tries to live respectable when the boys come home from their fight to save this Christian and democratic civilization, to hold our homes and our liberties. Better had he be hanged and quartered and his carcass thrown into the sea than to stand in the way of the storm now muttering with its zigzag lightning on all frontiers of our awakened homeland.

The fathers and mothers of America are sacrificing all that they hold most dear and that which is more precious than all other things combined, even life itself. Stand in the way, discourage and demean if you like, but beware of the retribution which broods and will rise on its wings of fury in the days to come.

In this most solemn hour of the nation's peril it is the patriotic duty of every true American to encourage, uplift and cheer rather than instill fear and doubt into those who are making the sacrifice. Those who sow the seeds of distrust and disloyalty deserve and will receive that withering and everlasting contempt which is the portion of traitors to their own land and country.

The blatherskite who listens to seditious talk and who lends himself to the propagation and dissemination of Axis doctrine should be put in a detention camp for the duration with a taste of Gestapo treatment.

Hitler's slaves rise at 4 a. m. under a cat-o'-nine lash and drive steel all day to make implements to murder free peoples; their diet is turnips and dingy water, and their nether anatomy smarts all day long as they wield the sledge.

At last the weary body is pitched into a trench and covered by oblivion.

BANISH THE BATTLESHIP— THE SKY'S THE THING

It costs \$75,000,000 and takes nearly three years to build a battleship that a bombing plane can sink in 15 minutes.

Up to date America has 16, England 13 and Japan 11 of these capital ships. The United States has plans to build 16 more.

Recent events in the Pacific have shown that the airplane is the master of the battleship.

Let America spend no more money on the huge fortresses which are too slow for the modern tempo of war. Concentrate on flying fortresses which are now producing such fine effects against the yellow rats of Nippon.

Build more and more and yet still more of the deadly bombers until American and British air-superiority smashes all opposition on all of the seven seas.

AND THIS IS THE NEWS TO NOW

If the radio service continues to improve, it is only a question of time until it will furnish the public with news as early as the daily newspaper. Business men who pore over the morning paper at breakfast could save time by waiting for the announcers who will serve the same news throughout the day.

THE STRONG POSITION OF THE FARMER

Compared with that of everybody else, the position of the farmer for the duration of the war appears to be exceptionally favorable.

High prices for food and other commodities of the farm are certain. A farmer who goes in for all kinds of produce, may be assured of easy living for his own household, while there will be a strong market for his surplus. This will include bread and meat, poultry products, milk and butter, fruits and vegetables, as well as all kinds of stock forage.

The farmer must experience difficulties in the production of his crops, and he must be prepared for high and higher taxes, but all in all, amongst all the businesses, trades and professions, and the labor organizations, he will be the luckiest.

ANNIVERSARY

In case you didn't know about it, last Sunday was the Danbury Reporter's birthday.

If a cake had been baked for the occasion it would have required 70 candles, as we were born January 25, 1872.

Our old-time friend J. J. Priddy, now passed over, told us that the first issue was printed in a room in the old court house. The event must have been considered momentous with such a judicial setting. Vox populi evidently had to do with the nativity.

At the time Danbury was only a small town, having the court house and jail, a tavern, 3 bar-rooms and a few residences.

The county was of course yet undeveloped. The culture of tobacco was in its infancy and produced but little revenue. It was mainly used for chewing or smoking in a pipe.

Great forests of virgin timber skirted the streams. Wild turkey and wild cats were plentiful. Newspaper subscriptions were paid in turnips. We imagine grandpa threw in a few pills if you paid in advance. Many people were doubtless yellow then as now.

The Reporter was a small paper not quite as large as the Winston Journal, but very large for its size.

There were no automobiles and the highways were free of honk-honks, just like they soon will be again. Strange how history repeats itself. The only rubber then was a few necks stretched when a stranger came to town.

The old files are mostly missing but we gather a few incidents. A constant subscriber over on Snow Creek paid up for his paper every time he got drunk. The old subscription books show him paid up 46 years ahead. As he left no heirs his subscription was finally stopped.

The people came to town every Saturday to fight, mostly by fist and skull. There is a story that one citizen who kept his hog pen in the northwest corner of the square fattened his old sow on fingers, eyes and ears left by the Saturday evening melees.

The paper lived on somehow to see Stokes grow and blossom into one of the best counties in North Carolina, and with a population of a type that will compare favorably with any in this or any other state. The Reporter hopes it has been of some use to them in their evolution.

And in place of the old ramshackle court house, the county seat of Stokes can boast of one of the largest and most modern temples of justice, surrounded by a town of intelligence, character and culture.