

Old Mabe
ELLERBE, N. C.

THE DANBURY REPORTER

Established 1872 Volume 71 Danbury, N. C., Thursday, Mar. 5, 1942 * * * * * Published Thursdays Number 3,643

EDITORIALS

Hanging Rock Road == Jeffress

IMPROVE THE ROAD TO HANGING ROCK NOW.

E. B. Jeffress, former chairman of the State highway commission, says in today's Greensboro News:

"Recently the decision of the highway department to proceed with some road construction with the funds which Governor Broughton recently allocated for secondary roads, enabled the department to proceed at once with surfacing an approach road from highway No. 66 to the new state park known as Hanging Rock park. This ought to be finished in time for the park to be opened this summer.

"This is an urgent state responsibility and ought to be proceeded with immediately, because with the tire and automobile situation as it is many folks who have been able to take long trips to the seashore heretofore will not have a place for an outing unless this park can be brought into use. It will give a nice week-end recreational place within reach of the big industrial cities of the piedmont area.

"Regardless of so-called allocation, the highway department ought to find money enough to at least straighten the existing road, widen the bridges and put on a surface treatment so that people can go to this park in comfort. In addition to serving Hanging Rock state park this county road will also serve Moore's Springs, which always has been a very popular place for many people from this section, and will serve Vade Mecum, where the North Carolina Episcopal diocese has a summer program every year, bringing people from over the state. They deserve a better road than now exists. This work should be done immediately—in time for the spring and summer seasons.

"It was held off because of an effort of the highway department to divert highway No. 89 by this way and use federal funds, but federal funds are out of the picture, making it now possible to use state funds on this road."

MORGANTON MESS

We have received from W. C. Dowd, editor Charlotte News, a copy of the expose of the Morganton State hospital conditions, written by Tom P. Jimison, a former inmate of the asylum.

The details of this report read like an account of the corruption and horrors of medieval times where there was no law except the will of some tyrant who imprisoned his victims in castle dungeons, to rot and starve.

This mess is a stigma upon the good name of the state that should be wiped out and punishment meted out to those who are responsible.

The next legislature must go into this thing deeply, and provide that there shall be no repetition of such disgraceful conditions at a state institution.

NORTH CAROLINA'S CIGARETTE TAXES

This state paid \$330,468,577 into the Federal treasury from cigarettes last year. This was \$48,887,559 more than we paid in the year 1940. Virginia paid in \$232,829,752.

North Carolina and Virginia's total of \$563,316,329 compares with \$107,617,751 paid in cigarette taxes by the rest of the states.

Great is tobacco and great are North Carolina and her sister state.

NOW HERE'S JACOB RUPPERT WITH THE NEWS

Good evening, everyone:
There's a lull in the fighting on the Saliva front. You see, it all happened in this way:

It was 4 o'clock in the evening of Monday, when the race began between the blizzard and Robert Mabe's houn that had up and went mad. The race to see who could bite the keenest and the meanest.

It was a very exciting time, yes a very exciting time.

The snowstorm drove in on the teeth of the north wind, swirling and swishing and seething.

Robert's houn drove in on the same wind, swiping and sniping and teething.

The populace rushed to cover. Kids made for home. Housewives slammed doors. Visitors in town became snowbound. County commissioners, tire rationers and draft functionaires were marooned. Others also beered.

Yes, it was a very exciting time.

Irate citizens began to challenge each other:

"They say it's bit everything. Why don't they kill those dogs. They, too, might go mad."

"Why in the hell don't you kill yourn?"

Soon the mails couldn't arrive. Cars were dancing on the Stevens hill like high school girls jitterbugging on Sunday evenings. Big trucks went sidewise and blocked the highways.

Towards night, to add to the exasperation, the lights went out. Trees reposed on the Duke wires.

Yes, it was a very exciting time.

By the time darkness had fallen from the wings of night, reports came in that deputy sheriffs bristling with six-shooters and blackjacks were preparing for the massacre, in the morning at sunrise.

All dawgs were to be killed—yes killed till they were dead—dead—dead.

In the meantime Robert's houn, its appetite cloyed with town dawg meat, struck out across the country into Peter's Creek where it gnawed a number of pigs and cows, till somebody shot it. Yes, shot it to death. No more will it scratch its friendly fleas, nevermore will it suck the luscious egg in neighbor hen houses.

No, nevermore, no nevermore. And the victims of his cunning still are running, still are running.

Yes, still running.

Next morning county seat people rose early to see the pile of dead canines. A pyramided heap of mangy houns, of mongrel curs, of bench-legged fice, all grades of demised dawgs lying in one huge mound like tanked Nazis on the Leninograd moor.

But not a durn dawg was in sight, dead or alive.

Nothing but the driven snow, only the driven snow that enwrapped the landscape, the sheathed cedars looking like veiled brides.

And Dallas Kirby with his knee boots on.

Only the veiled brides, and Dallas Kirby with his boots on.

What was the matter, yes, what was the matter?

It seemed the blitzkrieg had petered out with the blizzard—run into a sort of cul-de-sac.

As everybody was estopped by everybody else. It was a case of who's going to start something—a question of mutual ownership, mutual possession, mutual guilt.

Tune into this station again next Thursday.

Yes, tune in again.

Thank you, Gabriel Ruppert.

W. N. REYNOLDS AND OTHER PROMINENT PEOPLE VISIT DANBURY

At six o'clock in the evening 54 years ago, W. N. Reynolds of Winston, and J. Spot Taylor of Danbury, wrestled in the grassy plot next to the old street well. Several falls were taken by each—I think they quit 50-50.

These young men were the best friends in the world, and the friendship lasted. J. Spot Taylor died in 1928. W. N. Reynolds is chairman of the board of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., still living and in good health.

Now I saw this bout. I was a kid but remember it well.

At that time W. N. Reynolds and many other prominent people were summer guests at the Taylor and McCanless hotels, each house taking care of more than a hundred guests. There was no hotel then at Piedmont Springs, though the last hostelry at that popular resort was completed one year following this incident, opening for guests June 1, 1889. The incidents mentioned herein occurred August 16, 1888, according to the files of the Danbury Reporter.

Now here is a list of a few of the guests being entertained at the Taylor and McCanless houses at that time. Read the list and see how many are still living. Among them are representatives from some of the most distinguished families in the State:

Misses Kate and Lillie Bitting (the former later became Mrs. W. N. Reynolds), Lecie and May Tate, Mary Gorrell, Kittie Mae Penn, Mary Sue Motley, Julia Smith, Mary Walker, Marion Richardson, Haigh, Maggie Clack, Mabel Brown, Lou and Mary Martin, (Miss Lou afterwards became Mrs. Dr. J. H. Ellington. She is living at Sandy Ridge.) Maggie Watt, Lizzie Settle, Cora May Scales, Cora Lou Hay, Lemma Carter, Wimbish, Marion Follin, Emma Martin, Elia Griffin, Mary Hardy, Georgia Liipfert (afterwards Mrs. Thomas R. Pepper).

Going back to the wrestling match between W. N. Reynolds and J. Spot Taylor. Each was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, each weighed more than 200 pounds. Many of the guests from the hotels and lots of Danbury people were present, forming a ring around the participants.

The bout afforded much entertainment to the spectators.

(Bob Carmichael of the Winston Journal-Sentinel, and the editors of the Reidsville Review, the Madison Herald, the Stuart Enterprise and the Danville Register are invited to copy. Many of the people whose names are mentioned above were residents of Winston, Reidsville, Danville, Madison and Stuart.)

N.E.P.

BUS LINE STUART TO WALNUT COVE.

The Reporter has been agitating for several years a bus line from Stuart, Va., via Lawsonville and Danbury to Walnut Cove.

Now is the time to start it. Buses can get tires, and the bus over this route will have almost a monopoly of travel. It will pay hand over fist.

The first to get the franchise will be lucky. Above all the line will be a great public service.