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EDITORIALS

The Passing Show Of 1942

PSYCHOLOGY AMOK

In a large Boston hospital the board of planners—that is the medico-scientists—decided to see what effect suggestion had on the sick.

They had three patients, all tough fellows about the same age and all needing operations for same trouble.

All were operated on the same day by the same surgeons, and each operation very successful.

It was such a coincidence of person, time, disorder, etc., that the idea of experimenting hit the doctors.

So they worked it this way:

The patients were classified as No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3 and the treatments to be used were:

No. 1—Idiotic

No. 2—Pessimistic

No. 3.—Optimistic

Each patient was to have five visitors a day, and the visitors were instructed:

Visitors to No. 1 were to say on entering the room: "How you feelin'?" No other question the visitor could ask but this, but the prescribed schedule to be carried out strictly every day. The visitors came and each asked on entering: "How you feelin'?"

Visitors to No. 2 should carry long faces, talk very little to the patient, but when as many as two of them were present at the same time, they were to seat themselves and talk long-windedly to each other, their conversation being in the narrative style, as for instance, "By the way, I was talking with so and so, the other day and he told me so and so," which reminded the other of some dry data that he read in some newspaper—he had forgotten just which newspaper it was," etc., etc.

This program was regularly performed every day faithfully.

Visitors to No. 3 were coached to come in laughing and each was to have a fresh joke to tell, not a dried one. They never once conceded that the patient was sick. One of them told him one day he had overheard a doctor telling an intern in the hall in low tones that there wasn't a damn thing the matter with No. 3, and that he would send him home but that the hospital was needing all it could get right now.

RESULTS.

At the end of the sixth day Patient No. 1, seeing one of his visitors coming, hastily jumped out of a third story window and broke his neck.

When the visitors arrived on the ninth day to see No. 2 they found his room occupied by a newcomer. On inquiry it was learned No. 2 had been sent to an insane asylum, and was pronounced a hopeless case.

No. 3 left for home on the fourth day of his incarceration, going whistling down the hall, tipping everything in sight and kissed one of the nurses. On the way to the station he stopped at a corner saloon and set up the crowd of glass-drainers to Red Top beer, and when he got on the train he found that he had tipped so much that he had even tipped himself and was very tipsy.

Now, as you surmise, the above is a fable, but hasn't it many of the earmarks of truth?

"This is a wonderful world."

SENATOR REYNOLDS AGAIN UNDER FIRE

They've got our junior North Carolina Senator on the spit again.

Why should North Carolina—so proud in her political traditions, so rich in her backgrounds of history and statesmanship—always have to have a United States Senator on the spit?

Walter Winchell showed last Sunday that G. L. K. Smith, one of those "stink-sheet" publishers charged with sedition, has started a new magazine, and that Senators Gerald Nye and Robert R. Reynolds had both written letters to Smith commending him for his views as set out in the magazine.

Smith is a pal of Father Coughlin, whose magazine was disbarred from the mails last week, because of its near-treasonable editorials.

Why should our Senator hobnob with Nye, who has always been known to be a bitter isolationist and is at heart against the government in its defense efforts, and who in the event of our losing the war would doubtless vie with Lindbergh and Wheeler in the race to be the American Quisling.

Lately Senator Reynolds sent out a long press-release defending his course in Congress.

This was in response to the unfavorable comment on his course by his constituents in North Carolina.

Why should our Senator be always on the defensive?

But instead of being a valid defense, the Senator's explanation was a tacit indictment of himself.

For he admitted having voted against practically every measure the President had been working to get enacted to prepare this country against the cyclone that the President knew and every intelligent statesman knew was inevitable.

The Senator admitted his isolationist record and was "proud of it."

Thus the Senator confessed his unfitness for the high office which the people of North Carolina had entrusted him with, because he had been either insincere in his votes or he had been a victim of bad judgment.

Either shortcoming renders him a liability that the Democratic party of North Carolina does not wish to carry longer than it has to.

We want assets, not liabilities. We do not want one of our most high public officials to be always in a corner, fighting not for the interests of his constituents but to save his own skin.

MA'S SAFETY RULES

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

"Yes, my darling daughter,
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb
And don't go near the water."

"Mother, may I en'list to fly?"

"You may, my son, my sugar-pie;
Ride anything from bike to train,
But don't get in no aeroplane."

SKI-ING IN BOLSHEVIKI

A Russian named Kaminski

Over near Smolenski

Spied a Nazski

Plied a swatzki—

And that was the endski.

BRING YOUR WORRIES TO THE SWARRIES

When from out the south come soft asphodel-freighted winds, and the bees are singing in the trees, and the partridge whistles from the green wheat, and feathered jongleurs are making the woods ring with music, it is Mayday in the mountain, and you are invited.

Take a day off and forget your troubles. Roam the beautiful zone touching Hanging Rock, and lose yourself in the restfulness and charm of the everlasting hills.

The trees, the rocks, the singing waters, the smell of awakening rhododendron and ivy, the pungent odor of fresh strange plants, these are vitamins that mean life and health and rest for the tired.

There's a creek that tumbles through gorges leading from the Cascade. At a point by the Alum Springs the bottom of the stream is smooth flat rock for a mile, cushioned with moss. If ever weary feet felt anything so velvety and soothing, we don't know where. Go in, the water's fine. On each bank rise great hills, and on one side cliffs. The place is glamorous in the subdued light caused by the towering hills and cliffs. Here is nature in its pristine wildness. A large smooth boulder in the center of the stream is an idéal place for a picnic dinner.

The trees are now leafy and green with life, and you see the tall lithe and lissome poplar, the wide spreading beech, the sweetgum, the black, red and white oaks, the flaring dogwood, and a wild cucumber tree its roots laved by the water.

When we think of the gloom and terror that has killed the hearts of so much of the world, we better appreciate the quiet and peace of our mountains.

THROW LINDBERGH OUT.

We notice the workers in Ford's big Willow Run plant are circulating petitions to old man Henry to dismiss Lindbergh as a foreman in the big plane factory.

Mr. Ford is a great citizen, one of the brainiest and most successful business men in the world, but he made a big mistake when he put Lindbergh in that shop.

Lindbergh is a German in name, by blood and at heart. He is a hater of the President of the United States who is commander-in-chief of our armed forces.

Having been feted by the great Assassin of Europe and decorated with a swastiki, his hankering is with his own brood.

Ford had better get this leopard out of his flock.

BUY BONDS OR WEAR 'EM

From all indications the people of Stokes county will go over the top in buying Victory bonds and pledging for more.

These securities are the safest investments in the world today, but in the unthinkable event that they should become worthless, that would mean the people of this nation would wear bonds of the kind fitted on you by the Gestapo.

The giant resources of America will defeat the Axis powers just as sure as the sun rises tomorrow, and a big part of those resources are the money which the people invest in Victory bonds and stamps.

Every dollar goes to make planes, ships, guns, tanks and other material which will win the battle.