

The Danbury Reporter

N. E. PEPPER, Editor and Publisher

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Danbury, North Carolina, September 24, 1942.

True Stories Of Stokes Hunters

It was 10 o'clock Saturday morning at the Walnut Cove barber shop when Mr. Blackwell arrived. He usually is on hand for his shave promptly at 9:30. This morning he was a little late.

But a good seat was waiting for him and Crews soon had him immersed in a usual marvelous hunting tale.

This time it was squirrels, a subject in keeping with the season, as squirrels are now free to shoot.

Mr. Blackwell had one of the finest squirrel hounds in seven counties, and the dog never failed to tree when he was led to the woods near Pine Hall.

On this particular evening the sun was an hour high when the dog treed, and Mr. Blackwell quickly was on hand and saw a squirrel in the top of a hickory 40 feet from the ground.

Mr. Blackwell is a dead shot with a rifle, but this time owing

to the wind swaying the limb, the bullet just grazed the squirrel's head but it jarred the animal so severely that it turned loose and hit the ground.

No sooner than it landed than the dog jumped on it and—believe it or not—swallowed the squirrel whole.

Mr. Blackwell was never more surprised and disconcerted in his life, as he had intended to eat that squirrel for breakfast on Sunday morning.

Here Mr. Blackwell took another chew of tobacco, and leaning back in his seat said:

"I never saw a dog swallow a live squirrel before in all my days of hunting."

"Well, what did the dog do then," asked Crews.

"Well," replied the Pine Hall hunter, "I set there and watched that dog for several minutes, and I noticed he was nervous and fidgety, just like a person that had indigestion, and once or twice while sitting on his tail, he give out a short sharp bark or yell, just like he was in pain.

"Suddenly he jumped up on his hind feet, give a powerful heave and out come that squirrel to the land, and before me or the dog could say scat, that squirrel was up the tree and in the top again, looking down on me and the dog proud-like, jest like he had done something smart."

Crews says: "Did you shoot him again?"

"No," Mr. Blackwell says, "I shouldered my gun and went home. I didn't want none of that squirrel."

"Next," cried Carwheel, and Mr. Blackwell took the chair for a shave.

Frances Love left this week to enter school at Brevard as a freshman. She was accompanied by her father.

LOCALS

Mrs. J. S. Taylor is the guest of her son, Dr. Spottswood Taylor and Mrs. Taylor in Kingsport, N. Y.

Captain and Mrs. Walter Hunt, Jr., of Thomasville, announce the birth of a son, Kemp Neal, on September 17. Captain Hunt is in Australia with a medical unit. Mrs. Hunt is the former Miss Miriam Pepper Hall of Danbury and Raleigh.

R. R. King is expected home today from a Winston-Salem hospital where he has spent several weeks, having sustained an appendectomy. Mr. King's friends are glad that he is rapidly recovering.

Fessor S. B. Brandon, both of the King high school, visited Danbury Tuesday in the interest of the big King Horse Show and Farm and Home Display to be held at King on Oct. 2 and 3. O. M. Sisk is president of the management, Prof. Felts is treasurer and Prof. Brandon is secretary.

Mrs. J. H. Doughton and Miss Roper, representatives of the Winston-Salem Red Cross chapter, were visitors in Danbury Wednesday.

D. F. Edwards of King was a visitor here today.

W. J. Hawkins of Sandy Ridge was in town Tuesday.

Lefford Mabe passed through to his home in Peter's Creek Tuesday. He had been to market.

E. R. Nelson of Piedmont Springs was here Wednesday.

Jim Rumley, the pump man, of King, was here Monday.

B. F. Self of Belews Creek was a visitor here Monday. Mr. Self owns farms in both Forsyth and Stokes, and is probably one of the most progressive farmers of the two counties.

Miss Nellie Joyce of Winston-Salem was home for the week-end and had as her guest, Mrs. Robert A. Joyce, also of Winston-Salem.

Up In The Money

Edgar Campbell is here from Brooklyn, Maryland, visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Campbell. He holds a position as electric welder with the Bethlehem Steel Co., and says he is making never less than \$100.00 a week, and sometimes as much as \$48.50 a day when on piece work. The Bethlehem Steel Co. at Brooklyn has a contract with the government for 60 tank ships. These ships are equipped to haul tanks.

Jim Flinchum is back at his old job with Taylor's Warehouse in Winston-Salem.

W. J. Hawkins of Sandy Ridge, Route 1, was a visitor in town Monday.

Angela Taylor left Monday for school at Salem College. She is a sophomore this year.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hall and son, Gray, visited Mrs. W. S. Hunt, Jr., at Thomasville last week-end.

Will Dunlap, of Walnut Cove, Route 1, was in town today.

Stokes Auto Fatalities Show Slight Decrease

Stokes county showed a perfect record in motor vehicle accidents for August of both 1941 and 1942, but had three fatal accidents and three persons killed in the first eight months this year, a decrease from the four fatal accidents and persons killed in the same period of last year.

No Fishing

Bill Fulp, J. D. Johnson, J. T. Moore and Dill Dodson of Walnut Cove were off this week on a fishing trip. It was quietly understood at the starting that there was to be no fishing.

R. W. Sands has returned to his home at Walnut Cove from a Winston hospital where he was treated for an infected hand.

Miss Mildred Jackson of Martinsville, Va., visited Miss Ola Campbell this week.

Robert Sisk, of Pinnacle, paid the Reporter a visit today.

Palmetto THEATER

Walnut Cove, N. C.

September 27-28

"GAY SISTERS"

Barbara Stanwyck—George Brent

September 28

"FLIGHT LIEUTENANT"

Pat O'Brien—Glenn Ford

September 30 - October 1

"YOUTH ON PARADE"

John Hubbard—Martha O'Driscoll

October 2-3

"BELLS OF CAPISTRANO"

Gene Autry—Smiley Burnett

NOTICE OF CHANGE IN SHOW HOURS

The Palmetto Theatre, Walnut Cove, is changing its opening time, effective Oct. 1, to 6:45. Picture will start at 7:00 P. M.

The Palmetto Theatre, King, will open 4 nights a week. Starting Wednesday, Sept. 30th, opening at 6:45 P. M. Picture will start at 7:00 P. M.

Admission: 26 cents—1c sales tax, 3c defense tax—total, 30 cents; Children, 13c—2 cents defense tax—total, 15 cents.

Wed. & Thur., Sept. 30--Oct. 1,

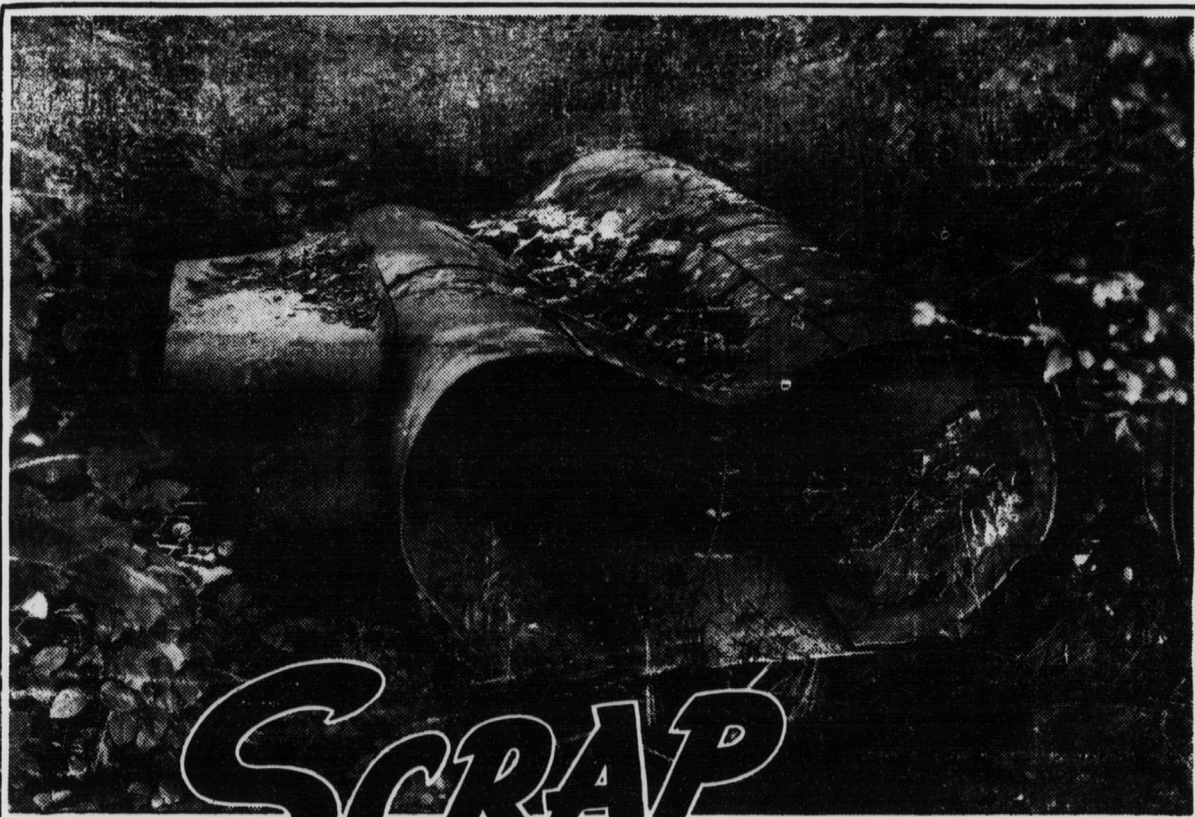
"FLIGHT LIEUTENANT"

Pat O'Brien and Glenn Ford

Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3

"TONTON BASIN OUTLAWS"

Ray Corrigan and John King



SCRAP

LEFT WHERE HITLER WANTS IT

... Rusting away all over this country ... can help lose the war for America. For half of every tank, gun, ship, and submarine is made from scrap.

Some steel furnaces are down, and others are working from hand to mouth, facing shut-downs, because there's an acute shortage of precious scrap metal, which is remelted with pig iron to make our machines of war. Unless 6,000,000 additional tons of scrap is uncovered and turned in promptly, the full rate of war production cannot be attained or increased. The tanks and guns and ships so desperately needed cannot be produced. Result: a critical bog down in our war effort.

Fortunately, there is enough scrap in this country to see us through — millions of pounds of it in the form of worn-out or obsolete machinery, rusted old pipes, storage tanks, fencing, pumps, beams, cables, chains, and boilers (like the abandoned 1,700 pounder pictured above, which contains enough steel to make half of 84 good American machine guns). America's scrap must be turned in. Every factory, warehouse, store, shop, farm, attic, basement and garage must be combed for the last pound of scrap, if we are to give our fighting men the fighting machines they must have to win. It is the duty of every last one of us to get in the scrap for Victory. Look over your premises thoroughly today and turn in all the scrap you can lay your hands on. The time is short.

From the beginning, the Norfolk and Western Railway has cooperated in the nation's campaign to salvage scrap for America's war effort. This Railroad is accumulating and turning back into productive channels approximately 5,500 tons of scrap metal per month—and is reclaiming, for further use, everything down to the smallest nut and bolt.



Norfolk and Western Railway