

# THE DANBURY REPORTER

Established 1872 . Volume 71

Danbury, N. C., Thursday, October 8, 1942

Published Thursdays

\* \* \* Number 5,672

## Timely Editorials

### NEWSPAPERS AND THE WAR

The outstanding editorial page in North Carolina is the Winston-Salem Journal's.

The editorials of Mr. Sanford Martin are able, conservative, always to the point, frequently brilliant, ever entertaining.

We speak with special reference to the war and its unprecedented seriousness and sadness. We greatly admire the cordial and loyal support of President Roosevelt and his administration which has always been the policy of the Journal. The President so much needs the unswerving support of the newspapers which mould the thought of the masses.

So many newspapers have no serious editorial policy. So many of them none at all. Many are indifferent, a few hostile, others critical.

One alleged large daily of the state, we have in mind, with a stale affectation of independence publishes a page of dull, erudite jaundice which goes over the head of the average layman and is seldom read except by those who enjoy its cynical criticisms, being of the same mind themselves. We always thought this paper would be benefited by calomel.

Some weekly newspapers use canned editorials which look well in type but are inane and decidedly boresome, but are useful to build fires.

The Winston-Salem Journal has more than any other paper that comes under our observation been friendly to the great friend of the people, Franklin Roosevelt. It is unquestionably the sincerest as well as the most accomplished exponent of Democratic principles among the State's newspapers. Its viewpoint is of our Southland and our beloved North Carolina.

The Journal is a great credit to the State and to the city that so liberally supports it.

### MEANNESS BEYOND COMPARE

The German high command senses the tragic specter of an appalling winter approaching when food and coal will be pitifully scarce in Europe.

Adds that the occupied countries—already starving—must give up their slim allowances so that the German armies and the German people may have plenty, and that they mean to have it.

The selfishness and brutality of the Prussian is beyond compare. The world will rejoice when he is at last corralled and chained, and when his supercilious and arrogant spirit is made to suffer the consequences of his crimes.

### GIVE THE RIGHT OF WAY TO DEATH

Every day and all through the night long lithe steel tanks rush through Danbury. Speeding to northern points, filled with the dangerous gasoline. They are death on wheels. Each contains enough inflammable stuff to burn towns and cities.

Last week down in Robeson county one of them collided with a bus loaded with passengers. The result was an explosion and the death of 12 people, besides many injured.

Get out of the way, give the gas tanks an open road. They are dangerous as TNT.

### STALIN SPEAKS

Mysterious, imponderable, unconquerable Russia.

George Bernard Shaw said when Germany attacked the Soviet, Germany would be destroyed. Shaw is an Irishman, a resident of England, not a lover of England, one of the most cynical, the meanest, daringest, most original, scathingest citizen of Europe.

Stalingrad holds, despite never-ending fresh reserves of Hitler coming in. The Russians having burned their bridges behind them, fight, die, but hold.

Stalin the Sphinx—who allows no foreign military inspection of his fronts or plans, whether enemy or ally—speaks. He says no power or combination of powers—having specially in mind Germany and Japan—can defeat Russia.

He intimates that it is high time England and America were keeping their obligations to open a second front to relieve Russia.

But Stalin shows no signs of weakening or conciliation with anybody. He is the unknown quantity of the unknown, imponderable, unconquerable Russia.

And the Frost King of the frozen imponderable, unconquerable North crouches for his spring.

### OCTOBER

Beautiful, silent, pensive October has come.

The woods so sprightly in their freshness and blossoming a few weeks ago have taken the kiss of death.

The sweetgum and the poplar, the sourwood and the beech, the maple and the ash, stand somber in the declining sun. Their leaves slowly flutter to the ground.

October is the month of memories. And who would forget his memories. Memories that bless and burn. Memories of days that can never come again, and friends who are gone. The laughter that is heard no more.

They linger, dallying in the heart. We stroll by the pools of dark clear water where the vines are drying and dying. The enchanting paths lead on through the quiet woods where the stream croons its lullaby. The lure of the everlasting hills, and the great rocks of the ages.

October ever poignantly brings back thoughts of the loved and lost, the place vacant at the table, the echo of the Greyhound bus that roared down the road full of cigarette smoke that curled through tears.

Ah, October, beautiful, brilliant, sad October—month of memories, memories that bless and burn.

### SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD

The sweetest story a Stokes county farmer ever heard is "high tobacco."

Read the list of sales in Taylor's Warehouse advertisement this week and say it doesn't sound sweet.

The 1942 crop of tobacco is bringing the handsomest figures seen since 1919, figures that mean debt paying, surpluses to buy bonds and a beautiful bank balance.

In the meantime, "praise the Lord and pass the ammunition."

### THE FLYING FORTRESS WILL WIN THE WAR

It is read with extremeunction that the Jap rats are scared out of their skins over the threat of America's Flying Fortresses.

British listeners in India heard a broadcast by a Jap naval spokesman who warned his people that the U. S. was building new fortress types that could strike Japan from Midway or the Aleutians.

This Jap broadcaster has the correct idea. The Flying Fortresses are coming to pay Japan for Pearl Harbor with compound interest. Coming in lethal fleets armed with bottled vengeance.

The rats may well watch for the great silver ladies silhouetted in the sky, bristling with guns and able to drop 4-ton bombs from incredible heights with uncanny accuracy.

The Zeros may swarm out to meet the Fortresses, but it will be a sad day for them. The last fight showed 47 to 0 in favor of the Flying Fortresses.

We do not know when the all-out offensive will begin in the Pacific. But when it does begin the U. S. queens of the skies will be there in overwhelming and invincible power.

With enough of them—and, don't worry, we'll have enough—Japan will rue the day when she started the war which means her doom.

### THE SERIOUS FOOD OUTLOOK

Manpower on the farms of Stokes county will be seriously depleted another year and the result will mean greatly less tobacco and still higher prices, but—

Look you, Mr. Farmer, don't neglect food production. Dean Schaub in his address at Vade Mecum recently sounded an ominous note. He said there will possibly be hunger in places where there has been ample eats, before this war is over.

Let every Stokes county farm not fail to produce enough food for its own uses, and if possible a surplus to help feed our great armies and our allies.

You can't eat tobacco.

### BUILDING THE GIANT ARMY

Last week 62 men went from Stokes to the war training centers.

If in the same proportion to population other counties of the United States were assessed for manpower, the same day 432,000 Americans joined the military assembly.

The fighting forces now possibly number at least 5,000,000 men.

This swells the giant army, slowly, systematically, inexorably—swells to create the most powerful military force on the globe, and which when fully trained and armed will be able to smash the unholy designs of Germany and Japan to enslave the free peoples of Europe and America.

The Stokes boys who left Danbury for camp were 100 per cent. Americans of pure Anglo-Saxon blood right from the soil of free Carolina.

### WATCH FOR EASTER, '43

The news is good from all the war fronts. The Axis power, now at its peak, is reeling. The allied power grows stronger every day. Will the war be won by Easter 1943 for the allies? We think so.

Poor Print