

# THE DANBURY REPORTER

Established 1872

Volume 71

Danbury, N. C., Thursday, December 10, 1942

Published Thursdays

\* \* \* \* Number 5,681

EDITORIALS

## Of People and Things

### Robert Browder Buys George Priddy Farm—Other King News.

(By E. P. NEWSUM)

The battleship that won't stay sunk—the Lexington.

King, Dec. 10.—Mr. and Mrs. Ringo White have returned from Norfolk, Va., where they spent a few days the guests of their son, Nome White, who holds a position with the Virginia Traction Company.

James Wolf of Walnut Cove, formerly of King, was among the visitors here Saturday.

Announcement is made of the marriage Saturday of Edgar Meadows of Tobaccoville to Mrs. Cleo Caudle of King. They will reside in Pilot View.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Slate are spending some time visiting relatives in Detroit, Michigan.

Guy Walker of the U. S. Army, stationed in Alabama, is spending a furlough with relatives here.

The following patients underwent tonsil removal operations here last week: Charles Kallam, of Pinnacle; Miss Anne Davis, of Germanton, and Mrs. Herman Wolf, of King.

Robert Browder has purchased the George Priddy farm containing 55 acres. Consideration \$1,525.

Mrs. John Beasley, who has been undergoing treatment in a Winston-Salem hospital, is sufficiently improved to be removed to her home on east Main street.

Vest Wall is confined to his home by illness his friends will regret to learn.

Theodore Newsum made a business trip to Winston-Salem Friday.

Banks Turner was carried to the Baptist Hospital, Winston-Salem, last week. He will undergo an operation for a back injury.

Friends of Mrs. L. K. Pulliam will regret to learn that she is right sick at her home on west Main street. Her condition is somewhat improved however.

And that's the news from here.

### Indian Convicts Removed From Robeson County To Stokes Some Of Them Lifers And Considered Dangerous.

Seventy-seven Indians from Robeson county were last week removed to the Stokes county State highway camp at Meadows.

Robeson county has quite a large population of Indians. Many of them were in prison Robeson. Because the Stokes camp has recently been largely depleted of its colored inmates, the

### HIGH LIGHT OF TOBACCO SEASON

Remarkable Sale Of Tobacco Made By Woman And Daughter Of Flatshoal, Stokes County—Greatest Average Yield At Big Prices—Probably A State Record.

Last week on the Winston-Salem market at Taylor's Warehouse, was made possibly the most outstanding sale of tobacco grown in the State in the year 1942.

Mrs. J. M. Carroll and 17-year-old daughter Mary Ann sold 1894 pounds of tobacco grown on one acre of land for \$881.45.

Mrs. Carroll and Miss Mary Ann are the wife and daughter of Deputy Sheriff Mose Carroll, of Germanton, Route 1.

For pounds per acre and price received, this sale will possibly be a record in the 1942 season among the markets of the State.

After all commissions by the warehouse were deducted the Flatshoal lady and daughter got a clear check for \$881.45.

The Reporter man questioned the growers as to how it was done.

They said they used five sacks of 3-10-6 fertilizer. On second working 50 or 60 pounds of soda was applied. On the third working they used 20 pounds of potash and 20 pounds of soda and half a sack of grain fertilizer.

If this record can be beaten in Stokes county or North Carolina the Reporter will appreciate the details.

State authorities decided to use the Stokes camp exclusively as an Indian prison.

It is learned that some of these prisoners are lifers who were serving for the commission of capital crimes, and several of them are considered rather dangerous and are consequently closely guarded.

Guards who will attend these prisoners, who are to be worked on the roads, are Hardie Smith, Lon Sisk, G. H. Crutchfield and Edgar George.

J. H. Keaton of Vade Mecum was here Tuesday night.

The Reporter acknowledges the receipt of a nice mess of pot from Mr. and Mrs. Lem Mabe of Route 1.

### BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS

Judge—After this, you had better stay out of bad company.

Culprit—Yes, Sir, judge. You won't see men again in a hurry.

### RALPH WALDO AND HIS IRREFRAGIBLE LAW

Recently Harvard University conferred added encomiums on the sage of Concord, by celebrating his memory with appropriate ceremonies.

Once upon a time a Stokes county man was handed by Fate a lemon.

He used it to start a lemonade stand.

You can put a fellow on a rock for a living and first thing you know he is selling building stones.

Physical handicaps, alleged adversity, hit you. Others dance, go on fishing parties and excursions. You have to sit down at home a bundle of disconsolate inertia. But you turn to the Bible, Shakespeare, Joseph Conrad, Dickens and Elbert Hubbard.

The final laugh is on the ribald crowd. Nature very nicely provides for you the balance.

Sometime in an unguarded moment you lose your right arm. Don't worry. Its strength slowly infiltrates into your left. You emerge with a jab that discourages your adversary. Pearl Harbor was a masked blessing. It put America in super-gear.

Under the Emersonian law of compensation, all expenses are paid back. If you are short on one sector, you become long on another. It is all a matter of debits and credits. Nothing is ever lost. If you kill my dog I kill your cat. Nature plays a game of tit-for-tat.

Now, dear brethren, we know you are confused by this display of metaphysical disquisition, but we will illustrate by recounting a tale of two Stokes county hunters which we will designate as:

### THE ADVENTURES OF ALEX SOUTHERN AND JERRY BAKER.

'Twas in the early fall of this year at Flatshoal. Alex and Jerry are close neighbors and close friends.

Alex is long and lank and lean. Jerry is short and scrawny and cross-eyed. Both are fine hunters.

Now Alex came in one day with the news that squirrels were so thick in the hickory woods half a mile toward the foot of the mountain that the noise of their falling hickory nuts sounded like a hailstorm tearing up a tobacco patch.

Jerry scratched his head, grinned and said: "Let's git 'em."

You see the game law was not yet out and the reason Alex told Jerry was because he was afraid to shoot squirrels, as Jerry would tell on him.

The funny part about it was that Jerry already knew about the squirrels and would have been in on them himself but was afraid Alex would tell on him.

So when Jerry said "Let's git 'em," Alex agreed, and it was decided that they would hunt together, and then neither one could squeal on the other.

That evening they went down to their places at the foot of big trees some 50 yards apart. No use to have dogs, as the squirrels were romping and dancing up and down the hickory trees and playing with the nuts as they ate.

Soon the guns began to pop. All the two hunt-

### OLD OFFICERS NEWLY INSTALLED

Bonds Are Renewed And Everything Moves Along Smoothly Under The Court House Dome.

At the court house Monday Sheriff John Taylor, Clerk J. Watt Tuttle, and County Commissioners Howard Gibson, Harvey Johnson and Preacher J. A. Joyce renewed their bonds and were newly installed in the business of running Stokes county's public affairs. The new Coroner S. P. Christian was also sworn in.

There was quite a crowd around,

notwithstanding the raw cold day. There was a good deal of handshaking from the friends of the officials who were congratulated for the confidence the people reposed in their integrity and ability.

The regular meeting of the board of commissioners was held, at which the transactions were of a routine nature.

Richard McKenzie, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. McKenzie, Jr., of Germanton, who has been a patient at City Memorial Hospital for several weeks, has returned to his home.

### BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS

ers had to do was to sit quiet and shoot and reload.

Long about sundown as the animals began to show signs of being gun-shy, Alex picked up his game and had six fine fat squirrels. But at that moment Jerry walked up with 13 bushy-tails on his shoulder.

"The hell," thought Alex, who had imagined Jerry would not kill a thing, being cross-eyed.

Alex was right much crestfallen as they walked on home together. He felt like his prestige had been kicked in the pants.

Jerry crowed. Alex says: "Jest you wait. My gun needs cleaning out."

Next evening at 4 o'clock Alex and Jerry were back again, and the squirrels were as plentiful as ever.

Their guns were soon popping. At the quitting time, Alex had 5, and then Jerry came up with 11 on his string.

As they trudged back home Jerry crowed again, but Alex said nothing. He lay awake all night trying to figure out what was the matter. There was bound to be some trick.

He got up about day-break with an idea in his mind. He didn't exactly believe in witches, but he knew there was something hoo-dooing about this thing. No sawed-off cross-eyed galoat could out-shoot him like that. He would slip up behind Jerry when they went back again and see how Jerry was having so much dam luck.

That evening after the two hunters had taken their accustomed places and the guns began popping again, Alex carefully laid down his shooting iron and slipped out into the woods and came up softly behind Jerry and right close to him, and Jerry didn't know it.

Alex watched Jerry shoot and every time he shot, down came a fat squirrel to the ground. Then Alex watched the squirrels, and as he watched, the solution of the problem suddenly came to him.

He noticed that when Jerry aimed that the squirrel Jerry was aiming at would sit perfectly still while Jerry let him have it. The squirrel did not know Jerry was looking at him.

Whereas when Alex had aimed at a squirrel, the squirrel would often dart behind a limb or hide himself in the branches.

Thus was again clearly demonstrated the truth of the Emersonian law of compensation.

The moral of this story is: Never fool with a cross-eyed man.