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EDITORIALS

Of People and Things

LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa:

Please do not bring me this Christmas fireworks, air rifles, tooting tin horns, deafening blares.

These are incidents of the old-time Christmas, dear Santa, when the world lay down Christmas eve night to sleep in peace and security and happiness till the gay morn, then to rise and celebrate.

Of in the stilly night when Dad had thrown on the last hickory log and banked the fires for the night, have I lain awake and listened for your jingling entourage as it swept across the frozen hills to bring joy to a thousand homes.

Then at dawn I heard the merry Christmas bells. This was the signal for celebration and hilarity and riots of fun and jollity as the kids awoke to say "Merry Christmas to all."

Now, dear Santa, the scene has changed. Our country is sorely troubled. At the hearthstones of a hundred thousand homes memory and sadness brood for those who are gone. There are vacant places at the table.

Dear Santa, please bring me back my brother who is somewhere on a foreign strand, away from home where we miss him so. Is this a time for fireworks, for boisterous shouting and celebration?

But, dear Santa, we are proud of him—how handsome he looked in his uniform. We know he will do his bit for the country which we all love so well. Ten thousand times we will surrender our pleasures and give our best rather than our people and our beautiful land should become the victims of the cruel and treacherous foe that is trying to crush us.

But we do ask you, dear Santa, to protect him, to safeguard him in the midst of the dangers that encompass him, and to keep him ever in the simple faith of our mother as of the days long ago when we knelt at her knee in the twilight to say "Now I lay me down to sleep."

How futile are the dubious doctrines and philosophies of this modern day when compared with the teachings of that Book which has been recognized so beautifully by our great army, when its leaders are presenting every soldier and marine and sailor with a copy of the Bible, and when our great President sees fit to conduct a Thanksgiving service in the White House.

Please, dear Santa, lead our magnificent armed hosts onward—ever onward—to Victory.

Let the white dove of peace fold its wings once more over our country.

At last may the gallant fleets loaded down to the water's brim be moored safely back in the home ports and may our splendid boys view through the lifting mists Old Glory waving triumphant from the ramparts of the castle of our dreams and prayers, listening to the crescendo of a thousand bands playing "GOD SAVE America."

WISE POLITICIANS

Whatever may be said against Dewey, Taft and Vandenberg, no one will deny that this trio of politicians are not fools.

As proof of this proposition we refer you to their respective statements in the newspapers in

DANBURY'S FIRE HAZARD

At the risk of being considered officious, the Reporter would warn the people of Danbury of our fire danger, which is serious.

With a very weak and doubtful supply of water, and with no organized protection against flames, the town runs constantly a serious risk especially on cold nights and days when spigots are frozen.

Danbury has a number of large old buildings, each a fire trap. If fire breaks out in a home or business place, with a high wind blowing, the county seat could be destroyed in a few hours. Citizens would stand by practically helpless.

The most particular and constant caution is recommended wherever there is a stove or electric wires, or kerosene lamps.

Every family would do well to keep tubs or pails of water standing by as a reserve in case of emergency.

The danger is imminent always.

THE TRAITOR PETAIN

One of the first acts after the victorious allies have hanged Hitler and Mussolini should be to punish Marshall Henri Petain who we read has agreed to Hitler's proposal to raise an army of French to fight the allies.

Petai's actions ever since he lay down and betrayed his country when the Germans invaded it have been cowardly, yellow and traitorous.

He is an old man, but he is not too old to suffer for his crime of collaboration with France's enemies and for his hostility to England and America who are battling to strike off the shackles from the heroic French people.

Future historians will record the infamy of this old scamp in words that burn with contempt and execration.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW

It is falling again today, the third snowfall of the winter.

White, pure and unpolluted is this quiet soft mantle that settles over the land of peace—the home of the star-spangled banner.

What a contrast is offered by the crimson snow of the vast steppes of the Ukraine where the defenders of home fall with the invaders, and what a pity that the beautiful snow that comes in the season of the birth of the Prince of Peace should be dyed red with men's blood.

which each of them declared he would not be a candidate for Republican President in 1944.

Gallup's poll, which is generally considered uncannily accurate, shows that the man now in the white house is the favorite candidate of the people for President in 1944.

Of course it is quite a long time till the next presidential election, and much water will go under the wheel before another President is elected. But it will take a lot of water to turn the old wheel against the current.

Nobody knows this better than Dewey, Taft and Vandenberg.

THE DYING WPA

Let the bells toll. The WPA is dying.

Its creator administers a lethal dose. He created it. Let him kill it.

His is the responsibility for its birth. His must be the reward for its virtues.

If in its evil, the WPA should die, if its usefulness is over, let it gently cease to exist. Let it softly, unobtrusively, breathe its last like a spent stabbed giant that has made his last great fight, and won.

The WPA was the outstanding gesture of the New Deal. It was an institution that brought saving grace to a nation in extremis.

The early 1930's saw the country reeling on the rocks of its master depression. No one to throw out a lifeline. The populace discouraged, hopeless, desperate.

Widespread unemployment dammed the channels of trade and traffic. Business was sick unto death. Countless thousands of idle men and women walked the streets and the highways with nothing to do but condemn the hour of their birth or their country's undoing. Revolution was showing its sinister lineaments, and plotting for the overthrow of government and society. Suicides everywhere. Desperation, despair, chaos.

Then what happened?

The Man of the Hour appeared on the scene. He called for a rope to toss out into the seething flood for the rescue of those who were perishing.

Congress under the dynamic leadership of Franklin D. Roosevelt passed the law to give work and pay and hope to the masses who were in need of succor. Clothing, coal and food for those who were freezing and starving.

Then began that cruel, unfriendly fight on the WPA. Intrenched privilege condemned it. The upper bracketeers denounced it and instituted war on its provisions. Political dopsters of an opposite party derided it. Big tax-payers openly proclaimed the ruin that would follow FDR's raids on the treasury. The nation with its 30 billion dollar income could not stand the expense of the feeding and clothing of millions of people who should earn their living and pay the cost of their subsistence.

Today the country with its \$110,000,000,000 income can stand anything.

Of all statutes passed during the present generation the WPA has been the most discussed and the most cussed.

Today when we see the flush of health in the cheeks of the country which was rescued, shall we place on the brow of its savior a crown of thorns, or shall we hand him the diadem of life?

FIRECRACKER NUISANCE

The Governor of North Carolina is requesting that all good citizens keep their boys from shooting fireworks this Christmas season.

He says he has had letters from a large number of people requesting a ban on this dangerous and foolish practice of the kids, but that there is no law to prevent it, yet he kindly asks the co-operation of those who have sense and reason (the last 3 words are ours).

Dangerous to life and property, and altogether out of place this serious time.