

THE DANBURY REPORTER

Established 1872

Volume 72

Danbury, N. C., Thursday, June 10, 1943. * * *

Published Thursdays

* * * Number 3,710.

EDITORIALS

The March Of Events

A SENATOR NOT WITHOUT HONOR IN THE ISOLATIONIST CAMP

In the great New York Hearst newspaper--New York Journal American--Senator Bob Reynolds of North Carolina gets a page boost.

The Hearst newspapers are all bitter Roosevelt haters, English haters and disparagers of the war effort and everything the administration does.

Birds of a feather always flock together.

Senator Reynolds, who paid a pleasurable visit to Hitler and was decorated by the Fuehrer as one really good American—who came back home to say there would be no war—to vote against lend lease without which America would today be fighting the Hun at our own doors; who voted against fortifying Guam now so tragically needed; voted against a large air fleet, voted against arming our merchant vessels; and who since Pearl Harbor, in company with the malicious Nye, allowed the influence of his office in Washington to sponsor German propaganda;—

This, Our Bob, though, in the words of the blatant red sheet of New York, is a "Senate Military Chief Loved For the Enemies He Has Made."

Who loves Bob because he has made political enemies by compromising our national safety?

TEACHING LANGUAGES IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Some of the newspapers in the State are discussing the need of more language teaching in the public schools.

It might be inferred that the new-coming ninth month will be stepped up to stress more Latin and Greek, if not German and Jap.

We would suggest that the new-coming 9th grade be named the "Red Headed" grade, in which the students in the Highs be diverted back to first principles—say readin', ritin and 'rithmetic.

Very few of them have more than a passing acquaintance with these very practical branches of learning—especially arithmetic.

A SWIG OF THE SWARRIES

When the days burn and the nights swelter, you should hie away to the Danbury mountain coves and coppices to find peace and comfort and surcease.

Sleep is nature's recompense for all our ills, the chief of all the blessings accorded the race. Sleep "knits up the ravelled sleeve of care," and brings forgetfulness.

Out of the turmoil of work and worry, away from the heat of the brick walls and baked pavements, escape to the quiet woods and waters.

The creek will croon for you its soothing lullaby, the whipporwills will chant for you from the bushes, and the heavy sweetness of the June honeysuckle will enthrall your tired senses.

Stretch one leg at an angle of 45 degrees above the other, inhale a breath from nooks where cascades tumble, and be enfolded in the cool embrace of the night.

The friendly stars will watch over you and when you wake the lark will be singing.

WAR AND ITS SACRIFICES—ARE WE ALL DOING OUR PART?

The R. R. King home in Danbury is shattered. Today the last boy leaves for the front.

Four fine boys is the tribute of the King family to the nation's armed forces.

The sacrifices of the struggle for that which is dearer to us than life itself—the right to live in peace and liberty—is now coming home to us bitterer with every passing month.

With the last King boy went also the second boy of the W. G. Petree family.

The King family is not the only family in Stokes county that is giving up its youth and strength to this fearful thing that is settling like a pall over our fair land.

There are others, with tributes as much or less.

When we think of Mrs. Sullivan of California who tendered five handsome sons, all of whom met death at the same time, in the same swift swoop of destiny, how we admire the mother who said as she bought more war bonds, "This is all I can do now. I do it gladly for my country."

And with what intense concern these heart-broken families must look around to see if other people are also doing their bit, many of whom maybe shield their boys through some pull or influence, and who have not even BOUGHT BONDS to furnish those boys with the weapons of victory.

A parent or friend who keeps the boy out of the war who is physically qualified to fight for his country, is doing that boy an irreparable wrong, one that will dog his footsteps to the grave.

Some day the boys are coming home again.

In that day of victory and celebration, where shall the slacker stand?

SHEEP RAISING

Fifty years ago on the hills south of Danbury more than 100 sheep grazed.

A stone wall, several miles in length, reaching across the mountain, enclosed them.

The Federal and State agricultural departments are urging the farmers to go into sheep raising to a greater extent. Sheep is said to be the most profitable form of live stock culture. The meat is very healthful and wholesome, and brings good prices on the market, while the wool is always in demand with splendid returns.

The reason the Danbury sheep industry declined is said to have been due principally to the ravages of dogs on the flock. Dogs are a menace to sheep. Maybe this disadvantage could be overcome by the shotgun method, which is known to be very effective.

Another handicap in the old days was of course a very cheap market.

In this time of intense effort for food, it would doubtless pay some person of vigor and enterprise to go into sheep raising in Stokes county.

The returns promise to be excellent.

IT IS COMING—WATCH OUT

On the northern shores of Africa, five allied armies are crouching for the spring.

Soon across the Mediterranean these giant hosts, amounting to a million men, will sweep by water and air to strike—who knows where?

One of the five big forces is the American Fifth Army, about 150,000 strong, armed with the best weapons in the world—bombers, tanks, cannon.

In these ranks are many North Carolinians, quite a number from Stokes. They will do their full and noble part. May the God of Battles be with them in the baptism of fire approaching. The prayers of many mothers sustain them, the cause of right and justice animates them. They will not fail.

LESSONS IN JOKE TELLING

Don't ever begin by saying "I was right well tickled the other day when", etc.

That is if you want a good hearty laugh to follow.

The element of surprise is very essential in making your story funny. If you begin by putting your hearers on notice that something very humorous is coming, you must have an incident extraordinarily fine not to disappoint.

Avoid the weary anti-climax.

Many tales intended to evoke rib-splitting shouts are really sad, like the funny papers you read Sunday mornings.

CAN DR. M'DONALD BE DEFEATED AGAIN?—DOUBTFUL

The year Nineteen Forty-four will witness another gubernatorial race that from signs now cropping out will be anything but dull.

The proposition uppermost in many minds is a negative, but a powerful moving one:

Can Dr. Ralph McDonald be defeated again?

Four years ago the greatest fight ever made on any candidate for Governor in North Carolina was waged against McDonald. He lost by a majority that was not large.

Cherry is strong, with a fine background of party service, and will possibly be backed by the powers that be.

But there is no bitter sales tax issue or charge of non-residence against the Professor this time.

This man who survived in good humor—can he hold his formidable following of 1940?

He has already pulled a fast one: Reduce the big surplus in the State treasury by paying bigger salaries to the teachers, the highway boys and all small-pay State employes. He holds up a record of fidelity to FDR and his administration.

It is about 11 months till the primary, but it won't be 11 months before the gubernatorial political cauldron will begin to sizz.