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Editorial Comment

Then What'll Dewey Do?

As long as the Sphinx of Albany can dissimulate, he'll get by.

As long as he can make believe he is no candidate for President, it's nobody's business.

It is an affair peculiarly his own, just what he would be doing to win this war, or how he would stand on the vast world problems to come up when the war is won.

In the silence and mysticism of Mr. Dewey there is smooth and sly method.

No question but that he wants the nomination. He wants it with a great and consuming want. Everybody with a mattering of sense knows that.

He is afraid to announce himself a candidate. That would mean he must put his cards on the table.

That, he is determined not to do now. It might defeat him. He recalls how a certain great liberal was candid and frank and what happened to him when the Wisconsin isolationists got a crack at him.

As long as the Governor of New York can preserve his fascinating indifference, he is safe for the nomination.

But the day is approaching when he must lay aside his glittering generalities and let the world know his position. The voters will want to know. And Dewey must then speak out in meeting. Glittering generalities that may be construed both ways will then have to give place to a plain statement of position. No longer will his bark be drifting rudderless down the River of the Roses.

And then where will Mr. Dewey stand? He will be caught between two cataclysmic forces popularly known as the devil and the deep blue sea. He must move toward the one or be engulfed by the other.

Will he then take a position for home front perfect defense, and collaboration to make democracy and freedom safe—along a path blazed already by President Roosevelt?

Or will he bow to the forces that crucified Wendell Willkie, obeying the behests of a vast clientele whose reactionism and isolationism have compromised the safety of the Republic—

A clientele who backed their representatives in the congress when they assassinated the League of Nations, sank a billion dollar fleet that would have kept off the tragedy of Pearl Harbor; voted against adequately arming the country by sea, land and air; voted against enlarging the army; voted against lend-lease which enabled Russia to hold back Hitler, and England to preserve her fleet; voted against fortifying Guam; voted against every measure advanced by the Roosevelt administration to protect the nation.

Which side will Dewey take when the show-down comes?

We shall have to wait and see.

L. M. McKenzie

"Friend after friend departs — who hath not lost a friend?"

The other day we had a letter from our old friend Luther M. McKenzie. Before we could answer it he was dead. We had not known he was sick.

We wish now we could answer his letter. If so, it would be bathed in our tears. He was always our true friend. Cordial and cherry, he always had a hearty handshake, a pleasant word and a smile. His heart was of gold. We shall miss him.

Like some of the others of us he had felt the buffetings of fate and could take it with a smile. He was one of those who could "meet with Triumph and Disaster and treat those two imposters just the same, or watch the things you gave your life to, broken, and stoop to build them up with worn-out tools."

May a tender and sympathetic heaven soothe his tired spirt, and assuage the anguish of those he left behind, leaving them only the cherished memory of the loved and lost.

He was a gentleman.

The Touch That Makes the Whole World Kin

That was a strange but beautiful Easter service on the Cassino front, when American army chaplains through loud speakers asked for a cessation of fire while the words were read:

"Christ died and rose for all men. For Germans and Americans alike. Therefore I wish you, in the name of my soldiers, a happy Easter."

The great guns became still as the message of hope for all men was read.

A hundred thousand men for a few moments probably reflected on the insanity and folly of war.

Can anything ever stop war but the divine spirit exemplified in the brotherhood of man?

Stopping Roosevelt

A Danbury man says he has discovered a way to end the war quickly. He would drop five bombs, one on President Roosevelt, one on Churchill, the other three on Stalin, Hitler and Tojo.

This might not stop the war, but it would stop Roosevelt, and that would please this fellow no doubt better than stopping the war.

The Laughing Woods

The heyday of life is racing through the veins of the denizens of hill and dale.

After the somber winter, once more the trees are decking themselves in living green. Once more the miracle of resurrection tells us there is no death, nature sleeps but never dies. The stars go down only to rise on another shore.

What a delight to see the awakening through the carpeted aisles. The tall poplar and the demure sweetgum; the flaring sourwood and the flaming dogwood; the maple, the ash and the beech.

And the birds come back—the feathered ambassadors from the deep south, the robins; the thrush, the field lark, the wren, the bluebird and the cardinal.

The aria of the mockingbird is heard in the leafy branches. Doves coo at sunrise and sunset.

Silver streamlets murmur and croon through the mountain laurel. Fern fretted by the moving water, nods the day long.

Springtime is in the Swarries.

Give Us a Tobacco Break

On account of the manpower famine, every day becoming more acute as more and more boys leave for the armed services, it will be impossible to increase the supply of leaf tobacco—now steadily depleting.

With this regard some concessions of account should be made by the government to the farmers.

There has been an increased acreage allowance of 20 per cent. But this will not help much, as there will not be labor to take advantage of it.

Let us have a raise in the leaf ceiling price, and let the farmers of these belts have a differential as compared with loose bundle marketing down South.

The tobacco farmers—the old men, women and children—must be shown more inducement if they put out their efforts.

Otherwise there will be a serious shortage in tobacco next fall.

Come In, Girls

Mrs. Kenneth R. Byerly of Pine Hall is WAC chairman for the county and she invites you to join the WACs.

This is an attractive thing for young women who want to do their part in the war effort.

All over the world the WACs are winning the admiration and respect of the armies and navies and air forces, and it is good pay.

Write Mrs. Byerly today.