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=: Editorial Comment :=

Don't Let North Carolina Down

The following item from our King, Stokes county, correspondent E. P. Newsum, in the last issue of the Reporter, sounds ominous:

"The doctors in this section are being run to death and cannot begin to see all the sick folks who place calls. Everybody should read Mr. I. M. Gordon's letter in last week's Reporter and try to start some kind of a move that will bring about some relief."

The alarming statement published recently in the Reporter showing that there is great difficulty for many of the poorer classes to get medical treatment or hospitalization, even in emergency cases, while the county has only one doctor to each four or five thousand of our population, has caused widespread comment and serious consideration.

A few weeks ago a lady of this county was stricken and was carried to an adjoining county hospital. After lying on a cot in a cold hall for an hour or two after arrival at the hospital, she was finally placed in a bed, but died several hours later. Possibly if she had received prompt and adequate attention she would be living today.

It is now difficult to get emergency cases into hospitals, while for chronic sufferers there is not much relief except the kindly stupor of death. There are men and women dying because of the lack of proper medicine, medical attendance and surgery.

Governor Cherry has the opportunity of his career to come to the aid of the sick and the afflicted and the suffering unfortunates of the State.

His predecessor Governor Broughton blazed the way for this relief by appointing an able and outstanding committee composed of many of the most eminent leaders of thought and patriotism in the State, with Clarence Poe chairman. The committee has acted, made recommendations, created the program for a gigantic agenda of relief.

It is now up to the Governor and the General Assembly to carry out this program which is just as urgent as the program for education, good roads, or farming.

Good roads, schools, better farming and balanced budgets are insignificant when compared with one's dying without adequate medical help. Is not this so?

In times of great emergencies like we have in this time of war, we need men at the head of public affairs, men with foresight, broad grasp, and courage—men like Andrew Jackson, Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin Roosevelt.

The people are demanding the relief. The sick are suffering and dying. The State's credit is good. If the budget will not stand the expense of the Hospital and Medical Care bill—

To hell with the budget.

The Watch On the Rhine

Several United States and British armies have arrived at the Rhine, the last great barrier before the vital centers of Germany.

Stupendous and invincible power poised for the kill.

The crossing of this great river will cost men, but it will be crossed. It is some 400 yards wide, and 50 feet deep. The Allies know how to cross it, and General Eisenhower has said "we will cross." One great military personage says it will be almost like a naval undertaking, but no power on earth will keep America, England, Canada and France on its west side long.

The great city of Cologne has been captured by the Americans. Cologne lies on each side of the river. Bigger part on the east side. But the Americans report white flags already flying from many buildings on the east side, a token of surrender of the civil population.

The news comes that the Russians have begun their gigantic assault on the front before Berlin, only 30 miles away.

Great news will come from the German war soon.

One of the captured German generals says it may last five months longer. Not many people believe the end that far off. The German said "we are fighting without gas."

Spring

Now has arrived the season of the asphodels, the jonquil, the fluer-de-lis—the sweet things that have been asleep in the earth and have come back to make us happy.

After the long, beastly, heinous winter, everybody with the heydey still in the blood will welcome the fair lady called Spring comin' around the mountain. It is like a drink of fine wine.

She brings with her softened airs and sunshine, and her breath is of the sweet south.

There will be a lot of rain yet, and cold swishing winds that will whip the rose bushes and drive us back to the fireside.

But it will not be long till we see a big bumble bee standing still in the air above the path, inviting us to hit him with a stick.

And the blacksnake will crawl up on the brushpile to thaw out his hide, while in the meadow the bulfrogs will chant.

And then will come the bluebirds and the humming bird with his invisible silken wings, sucking the honeysuckle; and at night the chatter of the whipperwill from the moonlit hedges.

Then to hie away to the mountain in the evenings to picnic, frying chickens and eating devilish eggs, and listening to the croon of smiling water slipping through the laurel.

The Red Cross

Last night over the radio we heard a boy, wounded seriously, talking to his mother seven thousand miles away.

He was one of the boys arriving from the tragic scene at Iwo Jima, and was in a hospital at Pearl Harbor. Helping him at the microphone was a Red Cross nurse, who tenderly consoled him and encouraged him.

And yet we hear of men holding high positions in business or office and in farming who will not give to the Red Cross, or at least will give only a pittance.

One who has two boys in the war, and if the Japs or Germans should capture one of them, the only way in God's world by which the father could communicate with his boy would be through the Red Cross.

The Red Cross is the world's greatest organization for the relief of suffering. Its tender ministrations of mercy and sympathy and material assistance may be found wherever there is death, sickness or suffering.

There is shame for the man who will not give to the Red Cross, but for the father who has boys in the war and is too tight, contrary or ignorant to contribute to this great organization, there can be nothing but pity or contempt.

Leaving Town

Danbury will be dry as a Sahara sand dune by July.

At least so far as Messrs. Budweiser, Schlitz and company are concerned.

These undignified dignitaries have been declared personae non grata by the citizenry signing a scroll which must effectively siphon the sizz definitely out.

Just as was set forth in these columns some weeks ago, those who love beer best are always those who make it scarce and hard to obtain.

The loud-mouthed blatherskite, the nit-wit, the nincompoop go haywire when the amber flows into their anatomies. They rip, cuss, dance and shout with one small bottle.

Their furor then of course gets the ladies aroused.

The moral of this piece is—if you are fattening on a nefarious traffic, don't wake the women.

Wallace Can Take It

Wallace accepts the Commerce secretaryship with its lending power stripped. The Haters are quite satisfied now, have vented their spite—not at Wallace, but the President. Wallace is willing to be fodder long as he can't be corn.

The Senate has confirmed the appointment of Vinson to be the federal loan administrator.