

THE DANBURY REPORTER.

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Interesting Movie Subjects.

The Catholic church deserves a lot of credit for starting a nation-wide boycott against the immorality and indecency of the movie films. Some of the Protestant churches, slightly belated, have shown their willingness to leave their golf and bridge long enough to join in the crusade.

Hollywood, where the films are made, is reported to be alarmed with the fear that the American public will not patronize clean pictures.

But Hollywood is unduly frightened—the public will liberally patronize pictures with the crime and the filth left out, provided the films are interesting.

The trouble with most pictures is not that they are so rotten, but that they are dull. The Western scenes are all alike. The Tom Mix stuff has been done to death. The comedies are mostly sad things, and make you wish you had gone to the other theatre. You are often bored with monotony.

Why not give us more historical themes, arrange our fine artists like Adolph Menjou, Wallace Beery and Will Rogers and the Barrymores, and Garbo and Joan Crawford and Janet Gaynor in medieval roles playing some of the interesting escapades of the holy Roman Catholic church when it burnt men and women at the stake because they didn't believe the papal doctrine; depict some of the ingenious mechanisms of the Spanish inquisition used by the Catholic monks to break the bodies of people on the wheel and pull their tongues out, when they refused to acknowledge Boniface the Third as the supreme head of heaven and earth; when the common people of England were kept in ignorance so they couldn't read the Bible, but were compelled to listen to Italian priests chant the Scriptures in Latin, which they couldn't understand; when you had to pay good money to get your sins prayed off, and were routed for a scorching hell if you didn't have the price.

The Catholic priests themselves would doubtless make fine actors in this sordid stuff, as they, being familiar with their church's history, could the better interpret it for the American audiences.

It certainly wouldn't be dull, would it?

The Baby Hospital.

Those who have visited the infant hospital at Piedmont Springs are delighted with it.

One visitor remarked that of all the projects established in the county by federal relief, this is the most worthy, the most humane and the happiest.

The quarters are ideal, the medical attention is adequate, the nursing very effective.

Quite a number of tots who otherwise must have suffered or died, are being successfully treated.

The most praise for this commendable and benevolent enterprise must be accorded the Stokes county administrator, Mrs. Doyle, who has tirelessly and enthusiastically worked for its materialization, and through whose efforts the funds from the FERA for its maintenance are forthcoming.

Does Advertising Pay?

No, answers the country merchant who has never tried it, and who having kept his goods under the counter or on dusty shelves behind dirty windows—goes out of business.

Advertisers who increased their total newspaper expenditures 50 per cent. in 1933, as compared with 1932, also increased their total net earnings about 200 per cent., during that period, according to a report submitted by the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, New York.

Mementoes of a Departed People.

When we listen to the soft voice of the river as it murmurs down the valley through the sycamores, we think of Dannaha, the chief of that last tribe of Indians who infested this section; and when we look on the beautiful mountain that lifts its head over the Dan, we recall the Saura tribe, over which Dannaha reigned.

The saddest incident of American history is the story of the simple children of the hills who once occupied this land we call ours, and from whom we unblushingly stole it, swapping them in return leaden pellets shot out of flint-and-steel rifles.

No more the war whoop of the painted brave is heard echoing through the enchanted woods of the Suarries, and never again in the starlit night will be seen the blazing of the wigwam fires.

Over the western hills, fading away in a pathetic silhouette, the last squaw with her papoose strapped to her back, disappeared forever.

But this proud, stoical race left behind mementoes of the days when they hunted through the leafy forests and fished in the limpid streams which now we occupy with the same color of title that the Jap holds in Manchukuo—a title by right of might.

All of this being a prelude to what we set out to say about Tom Petree and his Indian relics.

Tom owns without doubt the finest collection of these curies in the State, gathered over a period of years from many sections of the country, consisting of tomahawks and war clubs, bludgeons, arrow points, pipes and bows, and many curious patterns of pottery.

The assortment is of great historical interest and should surely be preserved for future generations as well as the present.

We doubt not Mr. Petree would present his array to the public if the county authorities would furnish adequate quarters for its display.

And we would have a museum of the handiwork of a people who will soon be extinct on the American continent.

Nemesis.

Many people in moralizing on the inevitable fate of John Dillinger, express surprise—that a person with as much sense as the bandit showed in escaping from numerous prisons, putting over various difficult feats of robbery and racketeering, and then so long baffling the authorities—surprise that such a bright fellow would follow a career of crime, knowing the certain results of it.

But John's intelligence was the wrong kind. He had the cunning of the fox, and the blood-thirst of the jaguar, but his moral susceptibilities were dull.

John might have reasoned that a woman who would co-operate with him in his war on society, would betray him when the government was making it worth \$10,000 for her to squeal. And she did squeal. The red dress lured him on to his doom, while it was also the pre-arranged signal for the secret service men to close in.

No person of normal intelligence will engage in crime, knowing from past histories of crooks that destruction, while not always swift, is certain.

When Uncle Sam sets out to get his man, he gets him. The chase may be long and elusive, and the scent may at times be evasive and sometimes become lost for awhile, but the hounds of the secret service never leave the trail until the game is treed.

More than a hundred super-trained sleuths were on this gunman's track day and night, and they were backed by the facilities and the resources of the federal government. The cordon of death was always around him, though he did not know it.

John was by no means a brilliant crook, but was undoubtedly the boldest one that had shot up banks since Jesse James was betrayed by his friend Bob Ford for a large government reward.

The chief of the federal officers said John was only a yellow rat, checked his name off the list and said "Let's go after the next one."

Supply & Demand will pay more for this crop than Parity Price.

Sympathy.

The good Stokes county farmer rises at dawn and views the rose-light on the hills—listens to the first matin of the lark down in the deep woods—hears the partridge whistle to his mate in the stubble field—smells the pungent odor of the new-mown hay—puts in a large quid of home-spun tobacco in his left-hand jaw—summons his old lady to get up and cook his ham and eggs—and then calculates that another good day is about to shine on the finest crops of corn and tobacco grown in a decade.

And just here if he be a man of a heart, and with that fine and fair sense of being willing to live and let live—his mind reverts to the mid-west.

There where five great states are burning up with the pitiless drouth, the most destructive in the history of our great country. In Nebraska alone, the damage to crops is estimated to be \$150,000,000. Desolation is wide spread. Ruin rides on the parching winds. The elements filled with fine sands, float a scourge over the countryside for hundreds of miles. Farmers drive 60 miles to get water for themselves and stock, while the cattle is being shipped east as there is nothing on which to feed the animals.

Governors of many States meet this week with representatives of the federal government at Washington to study how to cope with the dreadful situation.

And the heart of the true Stokes farmer aches, and he sincerely sympathizes with his stricken Western brother.

The Family Reunion.

In this day of good roads everywhere, making it easy to get together from the wide spaces, the happy family reunion is all the go.

And nothing is more conducive to good fellowship, good feeling, the revival of sweet family remembrances, and all that sort of thing, than the family reunion.

And August is the ideal month for the festivity. Watermelons are ripe, peaches are in evidence, the red beet is in its glory, and frying-size fowls are in their hey-day.

There is oratory, reminiscence, laughter again over time-tried jokes. Babies scream with happiness as they sprawl on the cool green sward, and grandpa shakes his sides and pulls his chin whiskers as he enjoys the occasion.

The family reunion is healthy and makes for fine citizenship, but is a heavy tax on digestion, and many a case of cramp colic may be traced to a too long stay around the long table.

Is Another War Impending?

The new Anglo-French rapprochement is a good sign that danger of a new war is recognized in Europe.

When you see France and England making fresh deals for mutual defense, you may know that they fear Germany.

The average American who watched Germany's armies about to cross the Marne in 1914, and again in 1918, with so much trepidation, will not feel the same way when the same danger threatens again.

France's bad faith with America and her refusal to repay the money we loaned her to defray expenses of the world war, has estranged our people, and cooled the warm friendship we once felt for the French nation.

A Dangerous Habit.

Reports tell of a killing which occurred in a western town a few days ago. The coroner's jury after examining witnesses to the homicide reported that the deceased came to his death on account of a peculiar habit. While conversing, he always yawned, or gaped. The jury acquitted the accused after deliberating 10 minutes.

So if you are afflicted with such habit, remember the law protects your slayer. If you are sleepy, go off and take a long nap, but do not yawn and gape while talking. It is a very dangerous habit.

Advertising is the life blood of Business. Without this blood Business atrophies and dies.