

THE DANBURY REPORTER.

Established 1872

Volume 66

Danbury, N. C., Thursday, August 8, 1940.

Number 3,552

EDITORIAL POINT OF VIEW ON THE PASSING SHOW

THE CHURCH—WHAT ABOUT IT?

Danbury beats the world's largest city in church attendance.

New York's is 5 per cent., ours 16.

Greater Gotham contains 10 million souls. Five hundred thousand of them observe divine worship, while nine millions five hundred thousand stay at home or go places.

Danbury's white population is about 200, 32 of whom sit in the pews Sundays. The other 168—we don't know where we go or stay. No rewards are offered for this information.

But we do know we have the edge slightly on the biggest, gayest and wickedest town in the realm.

But we must not condemn too strongly. This is a modern age. It is different from that quiet time, Maggie, when you and I were young and there were no silver threads among the gold, and we had not yet strolled over the crest to begin the leisurely descent down the sunset trail.

Then there were few diversions on the Sabbath. You went to Sunday school and church and then to dinner. In the evening you read, or talked with friends dropping in, or went for a walk in the woods.

That was the old time religion.

Now we are confronted with the new-time religion. Modernism, "ites" and "isms."

The blue Sunday has faded into the opaque ether. You rise late to breakfast, and then peruse the comic strips in the Sunday papers, which occupy the major space of the journalistic treat.

You smoke and loll and yawn till the next meal. The echo of distant chimes does not pinch your conscience—much.

After dinner there is the baseball game where you may sit in the shade, sipping lemonade or eating watermelons, anon listening to the umpire cuss.

Next comes the cooling bath pool where attractive silhouettes may be exhibited gratis to the lounging habitues.

Then supper, and the quick jump off to the Sunday night movie with its comedy, its farce or its sex appeal. Or to the beer joint while you listen to the swing music over your drinks and sandwiches, or join in the jitterbug stuff.

Late, a joy ride to the mountains, returning tired, cigarettes and good-night.

Is there a place in this regime for the church? No.

Some of us, too, are affected materialists who have read Upton Sinclair, and his ilk in the yellow magazines, and have, with our one-track minds absorbed a philosophy of know-nothing—do-nothing—be-nothing.

We read laconically the stories of how Hitler and Staling in the "new era" burned their churches and melted the bells into brass linings for anti-aircraft guns.

We thus become fatalists, follyists and fools.

And bimeby there comes the time when we feel a loosening of the silver cord and look up to see in amazement the shimmer on the wall of the golden bowl that is breaking.

And then we wonder if when the hearse comes we will really be given a Christian burial in the church that we dishonored and flouted, whether there will be a song sung or a prayer said, or whether—

Out on a low slope with only a whipporwill in the night to chant a dirge, we will be left alone with our new-time religion.

One of the outstanding modernists of America has written that even if there are no spiritual values to religion, that good citizens ought to

THE BAD STRATEGY OF THE HIGH COMMAND

When capable generals undertake to break through the barricade of the enemy, they generally pick his weakest point for their blitzkrieg.

The bad strategy of the high command of Roosevelt Haters was betrayed when they chose for their onslaught on Roosevelt, his most impregnable bulwark: The THIRD TERM.

Here they shatter their artillery against the Rock of Gibraltar.

President Roosevelt's best reason for re-election is that the people want him for a Third Term.

He is the first President in the history of the American Republic so strong in the hearts of the people that without asking it, he is given a third nomination by delegates representing NINETY PER CENT. of the party.

No finer tribute to the ability and the efficiency of a public official has been accorded in the annals of the nation

Of course it could not be expected that the High Command would not find a reason for this unprecedented and revolutionary upheaval of a national political convention.

And the reason is so simple and obvious: The President had his finger on the delegates and forced them to put him back in.

And yet only two persons in that great throng ever knew that he would accept the nomination or not.

After the spontaneous and electrifying vote was given to Roosevelt, the Haters fled in riot.

Consternation seized the upper brackets, and pandemonium broke loose when, blended with the bands, 20,000 voices sang "God Bless America."

Scurrying to cover the Haters flocked together, and began issuing their manifestos:

Al Smith who failed one day to Get It Himself, allowed he would continue walking, tho his soles were worn thin.

Cactus Jack, who "also ran," would sulk back to Texas.

Burke, the victim of a Nebraska catapult, would lay off his coat for Willkie.

John Hanes, who failed to save the country at Washington, would join the crusade against Roosevelt.

Lewis Douglas, who could boast he had been a Republican two months longer than Willkie, swore he would stay a Republican.

Rush Holt, who had been kicked in the pants by his West Virginia constituents, echoed, "count me in, too."

And so on.

A third term for President of the United States can only be a praise for his trustworthiness when so many people call for it.

In making the Third Term tradition their chief issue, those who are seeking his defeat are throwing oil on his fire.

The great masses of the people have a sixth sense to see that:

"Nothing Succeeds Like Success."

attend the functions of the church as an encouragement to good government and a safe society, as crime or disorder are not incidents of the church. Its influence is always for the highest standards of living.

This pagan might have added that neither he himself nor any one-track disciple of Sinclair would buy property or become a resident of a churchless town or city. Thus giving the lie to their own philosophy.

MARY TAYLOR TO THE RESCUE

One day a Pennsylvania farmer, discouraged at the unproductiveness of his plantation, sold out at a nominal price and went West to seek his fortune.

The new buyer, shortly after taking possession, found his stock would not drink at the creek. A scum floated on the surface. An examination by experts disclosed oil presence. Excavations were made, and the owner soon became a millionaire.

Read on a little further and you'll see what we mean.

A Danbury radio fan asked a nearby broadcaster to play "Cavaliere Rusticana." At the appointed time, the announcer said he could not find such a tune among his repertoire, but offered apologetically "Coming Around the Mountain." A station from another city declined to respond to the request for the rendition of the beautiful Italian opera.

He was also evidently innocent.

Then shortly afterwards, Miss Mary Taylor was heard playing the classic to perfection.

Mary was educated in music by her parents, the father who had a soul for music, and her mother with a fine background of culture and sympathy like the Quakers of Indiana, who migrated from North Carolina, you know.

Mary can take a piano and make it express the emotions of the human heart. Sometimes like the scream of a tornado through the mountain, then as of a brook that babbles playfully through the ivies to the river, and now soft and tender as doves singing in the night.

The moral of this piece is this: Don't go afar till you see what you've got at home.

MORE NEWSPAPERS AGAINST ROOSEVELT

Here is what Walter Winchell—the best posted newsman in New York—said Wednesday:

"F. D. R. isn't going to have any landslide, perhaps, or 46 states. Insiders believe he may get 35. They concede the loss of Ohio, but won't admit Pennsy is lost. . . . The Broadway bookmakers will lay 6 to 5 for all you want and they'll take 8 to 5 for all you want. . . . In 1936 F. D. R. had 86 p. c. of the press against him. Today the figure is 91."

One of the strongest psychological things in the President's favor before, was the overwhelming hostility of the press.

The reference is of course to the large and influential dailies, and the controlled magazines, and the fraudulent poll-takers.

Most all the big sheets are owned by wealthy men, and their editors are paid to write as the boss says.

Confucius say now—the more the better. That is as the percentage of newspaper support go down, FDR in inverse ratio, go up.

CREPE ON WALNUT COVE

Our neighbor Walnut Cove has the sympathy of Danbury and all other sections of the county in its mourning for the death of five of its good citizens since last week.

We refer to the passing of Dr. J. W. Neal and J. W. Linville on Friday, to Mrs. Nelson's death Tuesday and the tragic end of Mr. Fulp the same day. Also to the demise of Mrs. Thomas Lawson.

All these people will be missed in their respective spheres, and their relatives and friends are both shocked and grieved at the shadow that has fallen on the town.