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EDITORIALS

As the Year's End Approaches ==

The Ills That Flesh Is Heir To

The fellow who said that life is just one damn thing after another may not have been a poet, but he was a philosopher. The sufferings of humanity seem never to have an end. Here it has been only a few weeks back that meteorological changes eliminated the guy that asked you every time you met him if it was hot enough for you, and now he is so quickly succeeded by the creature that observes every cold morning: "The frost is like a young snow."

But even these ills we suppose could be borne somehow if we could once get rid of the cheerful being that never fails to say, even a hundred times a day, "Thanks a lot."

Market Closes

That fat smart limber-tongued bird that sings such a sweet song in farmers' ears, is out of a job.

The auctioneer may go home now assured that he has sung a song of sixpence sweeter than he ever sang it before, unless it was in the hectic year of Nineteen-Nineteen.

Thus closes today one of the most successful seasons that Madam Nicotene ever delighted the natives with. Her parties were gorgeous, the dancers many.

The Reporter that is never so happy as when it is able to say "I told you so," last winter predicted that tobacco would be higher in 1943 than ever before with the one exception, and now since our words came so true, we'll pull another prognostication:

Next year's tobacco will sell higher than this year's.

All right, just wait and see.

Good Business

When the board of directors of a great cigarette company sit down around the long black mahogany table to eat a luscious watermelon, what do they do with the guy whose vision, brains and energy made things materialize?

Do they fire him because he has been in so long?

No, they hire him again and raise his salary.

The value of a good man is not measured in terms of service—even up to the fourth—but by his ability to pay dividends.

Stockholders in great corporations may be likened unto stockholders in a great government.

Neither of these groups are generally fools.

How Long Can Germany Stand?

The question uppermost in the minds of the people of neutral as well as allied countries today is how much longer Germany can fight.

The odds against the great pirate nation are now terrific.

She has lost millions of the flower of her young men, and while she may still with her satellites be able to muster large armies on all fronts, her reserves must be fatally diminished.

Russia alone can probably furnish two soldiers to every German, while the British have at least two millions of highly trained fighters. The vast manpower of America has hardly been touched.

Germany is hemmed in on all sides. When the great push from the west and the south starts—and this is now expected very soon—Hitler will indeed be in sore straits.

The U-boat on which the Fuehrer counted to stop the help coming from America, is defeated. The great convoys to England, Africa and Russia continue to arrive in ever increasing numbers with inconsequential losses, while the toll of sunken submarines grows heavier with every passing day.

In the air is where the doom of Germany is written unquestionably and irrefutably. While Hitler's factories are reported able to turn out only about 1500 planes a month, America alone is now producing more than 9,000 per month. When to these fearful portents is added the production of Russia and England, the discomfiture of the Huns becomes grotesque.

Soon must come the time when people of Germany will feel that their nation may well be compared to Sodom and Gomorrah.

On the sea the allies are complete masters with the facilities to transport and mine the vital sea lanes of the Huns.

It is a matter of time yet come but the day is near. The Nazi machine is crumbling. Inevitable are the disasters that will befall their country. They will see their people to famine, but flesh and blood cannot long endure the agony of soul that is waiting for the common people who have backed the monster Hitler to their own terrible undoing.

And when the entire nation is lined up before the firing squad, the people will be fuller of execration toward them than their own people who have been so bitterly deceived.

London's Difficult Job

Gov. Landon has appointed Wendell Willkie, by a slender margin, as the man who has undertaken quite a job. Willkie is by far the ablest man that Republicans have—that is if they have any—and he is also the most astute politician among the GOP aspirants.

Wendell's strong point is his anti-isolationism. His conservatism is not his strong quality. Isolationism is a fatal disorder in these times when the world is so much smaller than it used to be. To think that we can live unto ourselves alone, is backward.

Foreign entanglement used to be something to be shunned. Today it is a necessity.

Do you believe this is so?

Vitamin Z

The beautiful dark green turnip patches that flourish so profusely around the countryside assure good eating toward spring.

The turnip is a fine thing to have on the cuisine. It has a rare tang that makes the dull appetite leap and tug.

The greens are full of vitamin Z, that means zest and zip and sizz, puts the punch in you, and gives your cheeks that glow like Magnum Bonum apples.

Bad News Today

The newspapers and radio are not pleasing today. Germans sink 17 of our merchant ships, a terrible railroad wreck in the State, a vicious cold snap everywhere, Winston Churchill down with pneumonia, the Yugoslavs leave the bank, etc.

We can't have good news all the time, that's so. But today's tidings are really mean.

Thanks to the Japs

You may condemn the Japanese all you please, but you must hand it to them that they are the most commanding people in the world.

If there is anything that an American admiral or aviator loves above all things, is a nice target.

In this respect the yellow rats have been especially obliging. They have furnished our marksmen with Jap things to shoot at, so nice and palpable it was like stealing candy from a baby.

We hope the Pearl Harbor snaggle-tooth sneaks may perceptibly increase their production soon, as hunting is becoming dull.

One of the most regrettable omissions of Jap targets has been that of Yamaguchi, who expected to get a place in the White House.

He was inadvertently called off on important business, and has never returned.