

THE DANBURY

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Editorial Slant

EASTER LILIES

By Easter in the year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred Forty-three, the war will be won by the United Nations.

Eight months from today twenty armies will be converging on Berlin—the armies of Russia, England and America. The air will roar with the rush of steel wings. The mighty hosts will march to the music of bands playing the glad notes of victory and peace.

How appropriate then on the anniversary of that Resurrection 20 centuries ago when mankind was offered the gift of eternal life, that the enslaved populations of Europe shall be made free, and the threatened peoples of North America be made secure in their rights to live in peace enjoying the blessings of democracy.

You smile at this happy vision of wishful thinking. You shake your head and say it can't happen. We present the proof.

In March, 1918, the first world war had been raging four years and every battle a German victory. In that month of March, 1918, the Great German Push began. Russia had made peace. England and France fought side by side, their backs to the wall, their resources all but spent, their manpower depleted, their hearts bowed down with despair.

The German armies under Ludendorf and Hindenburg thundered at the gates of Paris. The British 5th army under Robinson was destroyed. The foe reached Amiens, reaching for the channel ports, reaching to divide the British and French armies.

Just then the fresh splendid divisions from America began pouring in. Foch was made generalissimo. The American marines stormed and captured Belleau wood. The salient at St. Mehiel was established. Soon the Old Hickory division from North Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia smashed the Hindenburg line, while the Rainbow division under MacArthur was crashing through the forest of Argonne.

The Germans were checked, held, and began the retreat. Foch retained the offensive on all fronts. This was July, 1918.

On November 11 the Kaiser asked for an armistice and escaped into Holland.

The war was over.

History repeats itself.

The signs now are in many respects identical with those of 1918.

The Russians are sorely beset but not defeated. The Bear's head is bloody but unbowed.

The Russian resistance, the Russian defense, the Russian resources are beyond even the conception of Hitler.

Pierre Von Paassen, the most eminent of the European military annalists, says that only two divisions of Russian production areas lie in European Russia, the Leningrad district and the Donetz basin.

Neither of these districts has yet been captured.

Paassen says six other areas, representing two-thirds of Greater Russia's total industrial capacity are SAFELY BEYOND THE URAL MOUNTAINS IN ASIATIC RUSSIA.

When Hitler touches the Urals, the sinister grasp of winter, now but a few weeks distant, will lay its scourging hand on him.

Paassen avers that hundreds of divisions of Russians are being trained and equipped back

of the Urals.

The proofs that Hitler will be crushed, 1943, are many and unmistakable.

And Japan—Japan will crush the smashing of Hitler. Japan cannot the stupendous crush of Russian, Brazilian, Chinese, Mexican, American powers. Japan will fold.

The Nazis have yet had practice except in Russia. The various countries folded when they saw the invader.

Russia has exacted an appalling toll and German manpower is declining.

Can Germany successfully resist armies of from four to eight million and Americans, while her divisions are folding their strength in vast and Russia?

We frankly do not think so.

The signs are pregnant now. The front is soon to develop. When must withdraw heavily from the moment will the Russians return.

Can the Huns meet the vast power of America and England successfully when they have not yet captured Moscow?

A child knows they cannot.

Since the last issue of the Reporter a new foe, Brazil with its 50 million, has been added to the enemy.

British and American air power is triumphant over the North Sea.

The latest improved American B-17, is now the acknowledged air. These giant machines are the air bases of England and will inevitably soon begin the systematic demolition of the cities and war factories softening the route to Berlin. Flying at 40,000 feet it hits the target, is heavily armored and has all other planes.

The curve of the U-boat sinkings is on the decline. British and American are learning U-boat ways, hounding it to its death. The German submarines have all but ceased in the States coastal waters.

When the great invasion of the countries will rise to help the Norway, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Greece—these suffering people opportunity, and with arms at hand, will present a vast power to Nazism.

In a northern port yesterday 45,000-ton battleship slid into more of the same class are built. Days marks the launching of destroyers or submarines, part of the fleet in scores of shipyards.

In our plants nearly 5,000 planes the assembly lines every month tanks are completed every week.

The output of steel without interruption, is more than 90 million which is twice the capacity of the earth combined.

On the African front the German forces have been stopped, while the British are daily receiving the American air power.

REPORTER

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On the News

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And in the meantime our armed forces now are probably numbering four and a half million men, and there is a steady flow of men and material to England. These divisions are the finest in the world, highly trained, well paid and well fed and shouting to go and get the job finished.

Maybe we are wrong, maybe the war will continue for years. By all the rules of evidence, we do not see that it can.

Six months ago we prophesied the war would end by the spring of 1943. We are more confident in our opinion today.

Beautiful lilies, emblem of peace—may they bloom profusely in the early spring to come, and may they be a token even as the rainbow of promise.

Come peace, Easter 1943.

BLEST BE THE TIES

Mrs. Helsabeck's candid and sensible explanation and her graceful gesture of friendship and good will—so becoming to the lady of generous impulses and fine qualities which she is—are met more than half way cordially and sincerely by the Reporter. At the same time we blushing-ly disclaim the justice of her kindly compliments, while enjoying them.

Mrs. Helsabeck's position is thoroughly understood when we remember her mother-love for a fine boy in the air service whose reputation she momentarily believed involved along with that of other gallant birdmen.

The Reporter's skit pulled at the expense of the low-flying drivers was very naturally misconstrued, and its serio-comic vein overlooked.

This newspaper yields to none in its unalloyed respect and admiration, not only for the boys who are risking their lives in the air but on land and sea.

Blest be the tie that binds our hearts to them, and blest be the unbreakable bonds that exist between the peoples of Danbury and Walnut Cove.

BANKS AND BANKERS

A bank is a place where people who don't need money may obtain loans.

Jesse F. Jones is a successful banker, but if the Washington Merry-Go-Round's tales about this Texas financier are half true, he is a tragic misfit as head of one of the nation's most important war supply departments. We who are riding on thin tires or walking may attribute our discomfort largely to his refusal to grant help to deserving manufacturers of synthetic rubber.

As head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation Jesse holds the keys to the nation's biggest reservoir of cash, and in some respects has more power than the President.

A successful banker may not be a success when the goal is victory in the war.

The ideal banker is a thin-lipped guy with a strong chin, gold-rimmed spectacles and a heart of gold.

On Sundays he is usually found teaching the men's Bible class. At church he sits in the front pew looking sanctimonious.

He is suave, smooth, sweet, being Dr. Jekyll.

Someone of the congregation watching him, is

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Poor Print