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EDITORIALS

=: Unrolling Of The Panorama: =

NEWSPAPERS AND THEIR UPS AND DOWNS

The Danbury Reporter will raise its subscription price from \$1 to \$2 a year, come the first day of next month.

Therefore you have two more weeks after this in which you can get this county paper for as long as three years ahead at the old price.

Now if we do not hear from you, please do not expect the paper to come on at \$1 if you are a little behind. As much as we would hate it, we will be obliged to stop your paper, if you are behind with your dues.

Do you run your business on credit, do you have to wait for your money when you sell your tobacco, your wood, your chickens, butter and turnip greens?

Neither can we. We need to buy paper for cash, and it is becoming scarcer and higher all the time. We will thus make it a rule that when we send the paper to you, it must be paid for in advance.

Why do you do business on good business principles and expect us to run ours on bad business principles?

Unless we run our subscription on the paid-up basis, the postoffice authorities will not admit our paper to the mails as second class matter, but would make us pay first class rates, and you know we could not afford to pay two or three cents every week postage on your paper. We could not run on such terrible expense as that, so please pay up ahead so that we can afford to pay the regular newspaper postage rate when we send you your paper.

And if you wish the paper to keep coming, and want to get it at \$1 per year, be sure you pay before December 1, and if you do this you can pay up ahead as much as 3 years at the old \$1 rate.

We value your subscription very highly, and hope you will continue with us.

PROSPERITY AMONG THE FARMERS

The farmers are lousy with money. Not since the great year of Nineteen Hundred Nineteen have so many fifty and hundred dollar bills been in circulation. But farmers like so many of the rest of us are never satisfied. They want their product to bring still more money, when the average is now past 50 on some of our markets.

Once upon a time the congregation purchased their faithful minister a nice gold watch. The church was full the night they presented it. One of the audience after a very appropriate speech handed the watch to the minister. The crowd was very still and listening closely to hear the preacher's words of appreciation and thanks.

Turning over the timepiece in his hands, and inspecting it intently, he said:

"Where's the chain?"

WHERE THE LAW OF LOVE BREAKS DOWN

Is there not a twilight zone somewhere betwixt love and hate?

The Good Book commands us to love our enemies. Are we expected by an incredible stretch of our spirituality to adore that unspeakable Beast called Jap?

Surely the divine injunction handed down to humans would not apply to their dealings with tigers, jackals or pythons.

We are also required to hate sin in all its despicable forms. The Jap is the essence of sin in its most repulsive shape. If the Jap has a soul he has failed to indicate it. He is the incarnation of all that is opposite to love and pity, reason and civility.

If there is a something called anti-Christ, surely the Jap is it. Shall we love it?

We hate the Tiger—but is the Jap better than the striped terror of the Bengal jungle in his cruelty and ruthlessness?

We abhor the Jackal—but is the Jap less treacherous than the skulking brute that feeds on dead bodies?

We detest the python, the tarantula, the scorpion and the slimy lizard—is the unspeakable Jap less odious than these crawling things, which are the enemies of mankind?

We have been reading and listening to lectures about this foul excrescence of Nippon, of his brutal ferocity, his terrible rapacity, his ambition, lust, conceit, venom. We have learned how he sometimes treats American boys who may have been caught in his clutches.

When future history recounts the atrocities of the Jap, we hope never again may American money be appropriated to pay missionaries to civilize him.

Let us rather pay our money for instruments with which to exterminate him.

All red-blooded Americans pray that the day may be hastened—and the sunrise of that day is flashing in the East—when this incredible Beast may be exterminated, and we mean EXTERMINATED, when the combined powers of America, England, Russia and China will turn in their wrath to efface him.

We believe the God of love and mercy would look with approval on the Allies as they blast him from his lair and burn his nest with fire, until his race becomes as extinct as the DODO.

CHEER UP, THE END IS IN SIGHT

Even the most pessimistic are beginning to concede that the war with Hitler is racing fast to its end.

Many of the most eminent military authorities say that Germany will crack

by next spring, some even believe by Christmas, 1943.

Winston Churchill, who with President Roosevelt is in position to know, says the war with Hitler will be won in 1944. But did you think that 1944 is only a month and a half distant? Maybe old "Winnie" meant by early next spring.

President Roosevelt won't predict, except to say that the inevitable, the unmistakable, the inexorable doom of the Axis looms and that it ain't as far off as it used to be.

All thinking people know that Germany cannot stand the strain much longer. She has lost millions of her soldiers, her great manufacturing plants for planes, cannon, tanks, etc., her U-boat bases, her cities, have been appallingly blasted. Uncounted hundreds of thousands of her civil population have been driven from their homes, and food is becoming every day scarcer and dearer, her people are hungry, and many without proper clothing and shoes.

It is only because Hitler and his henchmen know that their terrible doom is poised in the air and waiting to settle down on them, that they continue to fight. There is nothing else these pirates can do but fight for as long a lease on life as destiny will let them keep, but the armies that support them will not stand always for the ambition and greed of these cutthroats. Already we read of mutiny among the German soldiers in France.

As you noticed in the papers this week, there has been a terrible toll taken of U-boats. This under-water terror has been conquered.

In Italy the American Fifth and the British Eighth armies are relentlessly marching on to Rome. Soon the great push across the channel, when millions of allied soldiers fresh and raring to go, will start. The Second Front will soon be opening. The many armies composed of the best equipped and the best trained men in the world will take off in the trek to Berlin.

In Russia it is too bad for the Huns. Great Russian armies, in ever increasing numbers, are roaring through the Ukraine, soon the invader will be cleared from Russian territory, and then no doubt the Soviets will continue their sweep through Poland, Rumania and on to the capital of the proud and blood-thirsty Prussians.

In the air, on the land, and on the sea, the armies of liberation and victory and vengeance are supreme.

Let everybody cheer up, the end is certainly in sight, though the way must be long and bloody.