

THE PROPER PLACE FOR THE SUPER-RACE

Just take a look at the little son of Nazidom's Joy Through Strength movement! He's only a pop-eyed, brain-beclouded shambles of a soldier now. And the uniform he too long swaggered in: the flag he thought to carry to glory over a paradeground of blood, are nothing but stained tatters. Super-race, indeed! See the people he presumed to have led — but only bled to feed his war machine. They're starving; suffering from disease-rampant; suffering too from broken bodies which are a fine commentary on the broken promises once made by Der (ex)Fuehrer's raucous voice! Super-race! What a myth! There couldn't be a better place for it than the garbage dump on which the United Nations are throwing all the offal of the vanquished enemy — to await proper disposal. We can go wash our hands and spray the atmosphere with disinfectant — and feel we've got one pestilence out of the way: the second of our decade in fact. But — before we return to all the things we'd enjoy doing with our time, there's another mess we've got to clean up. Hitler and his Aryanism formed only one of the clawing races of would-be supermen. There is a little yellow counterpart that's just as evil; in fact more so, because it still has the strength with which to menace the democracies. The military machine, quite wholly mechanized — without heart or any human emotion — that military machine known as Japan, still has to be shown the error of its ways. Tojo and his

Emperor Hirohito must still be made to pay "through the nose." And that's not going to be as easy as some might think! Remember, before December 7, 1941, when folks laughed at Japan as a potential enemy: thought we'd "mop her up in just a few weeks"? That was many months — years — ago: and Japan's still a very active enemy. YOU KNOW what to do about it. KEEP FIGHTING — — — BUY BONDS!



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