

Wilmington Morning Star

North Carolina's Oldest Daily Newspaper
Published Daily Except Sunday
By The Wilmington Star-News
At The Murchison Building
R. B. Page, Owner and Publisher

Telephone All Departments
DIAL 2-3311

Entered as Second Class Matter at Wilmington, N. C., Postoffice Under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER

Payable Strictly in Advance

Time	Star	News	Combina-
1 Week	25	20	35
1 Month	1.10	.90	1.50
3 Months	3.25	2.60	4.55
6 Months	6.50	5.20	9.10
1 Year	13.00	10.40	18.20

News rates entitle subscriber to Sunday issue of Star-News

BY MAIL

Payable Weekly Or In Advance

Time	Star	News	Combina-
1 Month	75	50	90
3 Months	2.00	1.50	2.75
6 Months	4.00	3.00	5.50
1 Year	8.00	6.00	10.00

News rates entitle subscriber to Sunday issue of Star-News

Card of Thanks charged for at the rate of 25 cents per line. Count five words to line.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

is entitled to the exclusive use of all news stories appearing in The Wilmington Star.

THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1943

With confidence in our armed forces — with the unbounding determination of our people — we will gain the inevitable triumph — so help us God.
—Roosevelt's War Message

Our Chief Aim

To aid in every way the prosecution of the war to complete victory.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

May Easter joys all be so true
And bring such happiness to you
That they will leave when they depart,
Precious keepsakes in your heart.
—From "Scrapbook"

Forty Years Of Service

It was forty years ago this month that a group of publishers in southern states gathered in Atlanta and organized the Southern Newspaper Publishers Association. Of that group only two survive. They are Victor H. Hanson of Birmingham and James J. Smith at present on the staff of the Florida Times Union of Jacksonville. Among those who have passed on, whose names are associated with the accomplishments and traditions of journalism south of the Mason and Dixon line are Clark Howell, Frank P. Glass, H. H. Cababiss, Robert Ewing, D. A. Tomkins, J. C. Hemphill, E. M. Foster, T. T. Stockton, A. R. Holdery. Wherever the newspapermen gather in Dixie and, as their custom is when outsiders are absent, talk over the exploits of the men who brought their profession out of the doldrums following the War Between the States—the effects of which lingered oppressively for a generation after its close—these names are sure to hold the admiring attention of all present.

During the four decades of the Association, with its changing membership and the swift changes in the business it watches over, tremendous strides have been made in the South's agriculture and industry, most of which may be traced directly to its foresight, insight and constructive planning and its alertness to economic threats in the Congress and financial circles antagonistic to the South. In the last analysis, Southern progress is as much obligated to the consistent and persistent honesty of intention and integrity of purpose of the newspapers in the region as to any agency of progress.

It is fair to think that but for this association of newspaper publishers and the clear thinking of its leadership, Dixie would not now find so many of the changes during forty years to its advantage as they have turned out to be.

Bless His Heart!

Prentiss M. Brown has not only escaped the baneful influence of bureaucracy, he is even trying to reform it.

This decision to conduct the next registration by mail is a case in point. His predecessor, Leon Henderson, devoted himself to creating all the trouble he could for the public. When time came to apply for ration cards or books he enlisted school teachers everywhere to list applications, a job they must do in addition to their class room duties without pay and scant recognition.

Now, Mr. Brown, still clinging to his human sympathies despite his affiliations, proposes to have the post office distribute applications for Ration Book No. 3 next month, which applicants may place in the mails and it properly filled out receive their books by the same method, without shouting or tumult, without annoyance or confusion, without a strain upon teachers or the nervous systems of the people.

Like Abou ben Adhem, may his tribe increase at Washington.

Roosevelt And Camacho

It must be assumed that economic and financial differences which so long disturbed our relations with Mexico are approaching satisfactory settlement. Else it would be difficult to account for President Roosevelt's journey to that country or his felicitations to President Camacho in his radio broadcast from Monterrey, when the two Chief Executives metaphorically scratched each other's back, as Josh Billings urged an editor to do for him when he was hunting a job.

United States relations with Mexico, which have been growing closer and friendlier ever since General Camacho became president of the land south of the Rio Grande, were pretty well cemented when the Axis threat of world domination crystallized at Pearl Harbor. Mexico City was quick to make common cause against a common enemy, and while it is not probable that Mexico will share the battle she is doing well in sharing the economic burden of war.

Furthermore, her open support of the Allied cause and vigorous crusade against Axis agents has checked Hitler's propaganda and sabotage campaigns in the Americas—a very different situation from 1914-18 when the Germans maintained spy headquarters in Mexico City and engineered many depredations in this country from that office.

Because of this changed attitude, and because there are doubtless many problems confronting the United States and Mexico jointly, which concern the war and the era of peace to follow, President Roosevelt's conferences with President Camacho serve a good purpose. If they complete a settlement for American oil properties which were expropriated, and Mexican oil pours into this country to the limit of production less only Mexico's own requirements, they will have been well worth while.

Vacation Travel

The Office of War Transportation has issued valuable suggestions for vacationists. A significant feature of its bulletin is that no reference is made to junketing in the family bus. That is out for the duration, unless oil and rubber production should reach unanticipated volume.

The bulletin limits its advice solely to train patronage and discourages long trips. It is suggested that persons able to take time off this summer study this excerpt, and observe its recommendations:

Vacation near home. Once you reach your destination, plan to stay there without taking side excursions. Plan to leave and return in the middle of the week when travel is less heavy. Army leaves are being scheduled in this way whenever possible, and civilians have been asked to follow the lead.

Forget about week-end trips entirely. Short, three-day Army passes are reserved for week-ends to avoid interference with training. Leave room for the soldier getting a quick glimpse of his home town over a week-end.

If travel to the vacation spot is long enough to cover meal periods, take box lunches with you. Overcrowded and understaffed diners must feed hundreds of travelers more important than vacationers.

If the family is spending the Summer months at a near-by resort, warn working members and visitors that commutation may be difficult. Latest indications are that there will be very little additional rail service to resort areas for the duration.

Increased Bond Sales

The war bond campaign in Wilmington is progressing admirably. But this does not mean that participation in purchases may slow down without reflection upon the community and all its people. Rather, it can and should be an inspiration for larger sales and a broader basis of purchase.

The full tabulation of individuals and firms thus far enrolled is not available, but it is believed that one class of potential purchasers is not represented as it might be. Many business firms maintain branch offices in Wilmington. It is felt that if they permitted their local agents to buy bonds in the company name they would be doing a fine thing for the city from which they derive a part of their aggregate revenue.

Maybe some of them have done this. Others that have not are encouraged to do so.

American Air Power

As the battle situation in Tunisia seems to be shaping, the final land blow will be delivered by the British 8th and 1st Armies, with the American air force completely dominating the skies.

It is not that American land forces have not met the test of combat satisfactorily. General Eisenhower has set the seal of his approval on their participation in the fighting, thus discounting the adverse opinion that followed initial reverses. While they have been quick to profit by experience they lack the numbers necessary to carry the chief burden of the final coup.

But in the air they are superb. This is freely conceded in all quarters. The proof is offered by the destruction they have wrought upon enemy air transport and harbor facilities at Tunis and Bizerte. It is not alone upon the British Mediterranean fleet that the Allies will depend to prevent the escape of any large number of Hitler's troops, when the end comes, but upon the American air force as well.

This, in conjunction with the performance of our fliers in the Pacific, is significant. But for the umbrella General MacArthur has spread over the southwest Pacific it is fair to believe that the Japanese would have added

materially to their conquests and increased their strength so greatly as to place a doubt upon an Allied victory in that vast arena.

The war cannot be won by air power but by the concerted effort of all branches of service. But it becomes apparent, with each success, that the American air force will play a vital role in the ultimate triumph over the Axis.

An Anomalous Situation

When the President and the Vice President are simultaneously out of the country, the Secretary of State becomes the high official. Were both the President and Vice President to die or resign or be removed, the Secretary of State would be interim President in fact. As it is now, Secretary Hull is and is not President of the United States, an anomalous situation that could exist only in such a republic as ours. Without disrespect, it may be noted that under identical conditions in most of the other American Republics a revolution would break out and a change of regime immediately follow.

If our memory is reliable, the last time an American Secretary of State was and was not President came in the administration of Woodrow Wilson when William Jennings Bryan headed the State Department. Failing so often to be elected President he nevertheless held (or didn't hold) the office for a day.

Step Up, Gentlemen

Wanted: two men of independent means with no private business commitments or engagements; with patience unlimited and wisdom above Solomon's; who will work for nothing, never get ruffled or use profanity; who are natural lie detectors, untiring and always "on call". Apply local draft board.

Fair Enough

(Editor's Note.—The Star and the News accept no responsibility for the personal views of Mr. Pegler and often disagree with them as much as many of his readers. His articles serve the good purpose of making people think.)

BY WESTBROOK PEGLER

NEW YORK.—Two generals of the quartermaster department have admitted recently that there has been waste of food in Army messes and, on the basis of a recent visit to Camp Nameless in the status of guest, I will undertake to corroborate them. The name and location of the camp I cannot mention lest I violate hospitality but my host of the occasion has said he does not object to a discussion of the shocking waste of fine food which we saw there. There were, I should say, about 200 soldiers in the mess, served by waiters who were enlisted men, and the meal consisted of pot roast, string beans, creamed peas, mashed potatoes, cole-slaw, milk, coffee and cocoanut custard pudding. There was much more than plenty for all hands, most of whom had high-power appetites and each man had about a quart of milk. My young friends at the table said they often had steaks and that they had seen some waste of excellent beef in a section of the country where the civilians found it almost impossible to get any and where the little they could get was scrawny, stringy, juice-less meat with no more flavor than a boiled bathmat. However, such waste of steak consisted mainly of plate-leavings which is to say that no whole steaks were thrown away, untouched and possibly this is an unavoidable loss although civilian authorities have been raising quite a fuss with restaurants for over-serving and with the guests themselves for failure to eat everything set before them and demanding smaller portions.

There were considerable leavings on the plates of the soldiers in this mess on this occasion which my host said was typical, but that was a trivial waste by comparison with the wanton destruction which occurred as the waiters advanced along the aisle between the two rows of tables after the meal, dumping huge quantities of untouched food from the serving bowls into garbage cans which they shoved along before them. On each table there were two or three large bowls at least half full of mashed potatoes above and beyond requirements of the diners, all made with rich milk and first class butter and all that was thrown into the cans along with large quantities of string beans, creamed peas, slaw and custard and many stacks of a dozen or so slices of fine white bread which, surely was not contaminated and would not have spoiled if returned to the bread box for the next meal. The only meat that I saw thrown away was that which was left on the plates, the surplus on the platters apparently being returned to the kitchen possibly to be made into hash, although I am not sure it was so used. I just observed that it was not heaved into the garbage along with the other untouched food which could have fed a considerable number of civilians without depriving the soldiers.

The soldiers, themselves, were conscious of this waste and deplored it although not, of course, to the extent of complaining for, after all, the camp management was none of their business and suggestions might have been resented by their officers. They said, moreover, that they had seen similar waste on other posts and that the only effort at conservation which they had observed had been a rule in one place which required each man to help himself to no more than he could eat. If he left food on his plate he invited a mild form of punishment.

The noncom in command of the preparation and serving of the meals said that all opened but unfinished bottles of milk were emptied into containers. This milk was used for cooking but that, and the surplus beef and the butter seemed to be the only salvage. The rest of the overset food was gathered at a central point with the garbage from other messes on the post and carried away by a contractor to be fed to the pigs on neighboring farms. Great pitchers of coffee were poured away.

There may have been a few absentees from this meal but if so they were not enough to justify the Army excuse recently heard that waste is caused by the practice of cooking for the full strength of a command rather than for the number actually on hand. It was a flagrant case of reckless mismanagement and in a region where the Army's food comes off the top of the whole regional supply and comes off first, leaving the civilians to shop for and worry over a very insufficient remainder.

I am sorry not to be able to identify the post and unit but perhaps it will be just as well if each command which is throwing the swine good food which civilians are doing without will take this description and criticism to itself and act accordingly.

"ORDER OF THE BATH"



INSIDE WASHINGTON

By CHARLES P. STEWART

If ever there was a crazy boom town in modern history it is present-day Washington.

I once lived "out west," when it was growing up. It grew too rapidly for comfort. Accommodations were inadequate. Visitors had to sleep on floors, with blankets over them. Separate rooms were lacking, but, if you would bunk in, you could get a ceiling over you. There was chow enough. Provided the railroads couldn't accommodate you, you could get a stage coach. I once attended a session of the South Dakota legislature, where there wasn't hotel accommodation, but they provided us with tents. It was zero weather. However, nobody hollered. It wasn't overly tony, but it was common to all of us. It wasn't disgraceful to exist like a hobo. Nearly all of us did it. I had a tent, for awhile, adjoining a lieutenant governor's.

You can't do this in today's Washington, though. I do fairly well, having a mortgaged shack out in the suburbs, clear beyond the District of Columbia. I acquired it before the rush started. But I have had multimillionaires drift in of late, and thankful to accept the humble one-apartment cubbyhole I am able to offer to them, provided I didn't have too many previous applicants.

It isn't Washington alone that's bulging. The congestion slops over into adjoining Virginia and Maryland—yes, and Jersey and more distant areas. Illustratively, take my little burg of Alexandria—a mere hamlet until the current influx started. Night on the Virginia side of the Potomac (out in the country until comparatively a few days ago) is the War department's Pentagon, the world's largest office building. It is workers' headquarters for thousands and thousands—a big city, all by its lonesome.

The entire region is similarly infested. What it does to transportation is a plenty. The lack of desk space and omnibus standing room, though, isn't what plays essential havoc.

There is an urgent requirement for living space. For instance, Washington, having grown so fast hitherto, has not coverage for its dwellers. It always has been a "slum city." It is full of fire risks. Every little while one of them is realized and a few folk are burned to death. Naturally that causes a wowl and a demand for regulation. But it CAN'T be regulated; new building can't be dictated fast enough. So we keep on consuming them.

Eating places do not want your business. They not only don't want your fair proportion of "points"; they don't want ANY. You are lucky to get a sufficiency to meet the simple "points" of nature. It just is a local famine. If you get your stuff, you are welcome to get out and eat it on the curbstone. Inside there aren't seats for you. I don't think the pressure is national; I think it's Washingtonian. What hurts is that certain classes are privileged. Officialdom is taken care of. As you might expect, that kind of family get privileges. So does diplomacy. Legations and embassies are fed until they can't rest. I have heard them discussing it. They say, "How can their own countries be so starved?"

In general, our public outfits are taken care of amply. They get plenty to eat and more, too. So do our diplomats. That's the trouble with Wash-

ington. It has been provided for in advance.

Imagine a diplomatic headquarters shy on rooms and feed! Did I ever hear of one of them being chased out into Virginia or Maryland? Not so you could notice it!

Well, it is a war town. And it is worse than a boom town. A boom town is progressive into something better. A war boom town! Murder! I am trying to get away from a boom town.

This is it—Washington

You're Telling Me

FACTOGRAPHS says the white termite queen lays 10,000,000 eggs a year. There's an item farmers might clip out and paste up in their hen houses.

A cookery item tells how to make chicken feed edible. No, thanks, we'll stick to horseburger.

We won't argue the merits of rocking chair philosophy or horse and buggy ideas, but we sure could use some palm leaf fan weather.

Benjamin Franklin, according to an historian, couldn't keep his bank balance straight. Gosh, the great preacher of superthrift was human after all!

The hide of a wairus is said to be an inch thick. If he could only talk—what a politician he'd make.

After the war, we read, boats may be made of transparent plastic. Won't work. The fish will be able to spot us baiting the hook.

A magazine declares Americans spend \$200,000,000 yearly to have the future foretold. Why not spend that on War Bonds—and INSURE the FUTURE!

FOR LONG LIFE

The way to live a long time, says an old gentleman in Chicago who is 107, is to retire at 100. Yes, fellows who stick to their jobs until they are past 90 are apt to work themselves to death. —Roanoke (Va.) Times.

Civilian Defense Timetable

BASIC TRAINING COURSES
New Hanover High School, room 109 at 8 p.m.

FIRE DEFENSE A
Monday, May 3 and every two weeks thereafter.

GENERAL COURSE
Tuesday, May 4 and every two weeks thereafter.

GAS DEFENSE B
Wednesday, May 5 and every two weeks thereafter.

SPECIAL COURSES
Auxiliary Police course, Wednesday nights, at Trailer Camp Office, Sgt. Thomas B. Hughes, instructor.

If you hear or observe anything suspicious in character report it promptly to:
Wilmington Police, 5244.
Wrightsville Beach Police, 7504.
Carolina Beach Police, 2231
Carolina Beach Clerk, 2001.
Captain of the Port, 2-2278.
County Defense Council, 3123.
Sheriff, 4252.

As Others Say It

ON, WISCONSIN!
Wisconsin can make Swiss cheese or a reasonable facsimile thereof. And it has built a submarine. Can Switzerland do that? —H. V. Wade in the Detroit News.

ABOUT COFFEE

News about coffee shows that Brazil unloads its surplus on the United States. As a matter of fact the United States is buying the surplus of their chief crops from all Latin-American republics, thus serving lend-lease and boosting the Good Neighbor idea. The indications are that there is plenty of coffee in Brazil and other Latin American countries, but how to get it into your own cups is quite a different matter—too intricate in rationing details to explain. —Raleigh Times.

THE OLD TROOPER

In the theaters of war, much that is interesting and perhaps prophetic now goes on. In lively Tunisia the old trooper, Rommel, is bringing back the one-night stand. Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.

Interpreting The War

By GLENN BABB

Hitler obviously is using the weeks that Rommel and von Arnim are buying for him in Tunisia to muster another tremendous army, and the belief is growing that he will use the best part of it for a third desperate attempt to crush Russian resistance before the western Allies land in Europe. Diplomats in Switzerland with Balkan connections say he is seeking a striking force of 5,000,000 men with an offensive against the Red army the first item on the agenda.

If this is his plan, it means that the fuhrer is taking the gamble that there will be no major invasion of the continent until late summer. He can hardly hope that a few weeks will suffice to dispose of the Soviet armies which defeated him so thoroughly last winter, wiping out all his 1942 gains and some of those of 1941. But he is confronted by desperate choices. Only by bringing off some long-chance adventure, like knocking out the Red army, bottling up the western end of the Mediterranean by a thrust through Spain or a successful invasion of Britain—can he hope to alter the trend of the war which is turning so inexorably against him.

Preparation for the summer climactic battles explains the tattered procession of the satellites through the fuhrer's headquarters which apparently is near an end. Boris of Bulgaria, Mussolini of Italy, Antonescu of Rumania, Horthy of Hungary and Quisling, the Norwegian who has given the world a synonym for shame, have received their orders. The Slovak president and Croatian puppet are under summons, perhaps already in Germany. Collaborators from conquered Greece, the Low Countries and France may bring up the rear.

What tasks have been assigned this sorry company will be disclosed only as the battle unfolds, but experience and the logic of his situation must suggest strongly to Hitler that for another offensive in Russia he will have to rely on the flower of his own German army. His allies, especially the Italians, Rumanians and Hungarians, terribly mauled in the winter campaign, obviously have little stomach for going through the meat grinder again. Therefore, they may provide most of the armies for defense of Europe's southern coasts and suppressing revolt in the rear, at least until such time as the Americans and British leap the Mediterranean and challenge Hitler to produce the best he has to oppose them.

The Russians have no illusions about the coming summer; they are preparing for another terrible ordeal. The western allies are anticipating it also; aid to Russia in the form of weapons and supplies will form a major part of their war effort even while they are straining with every resource to produce the only form of help that will really satisfy the Russians or themselves, the second front in Europe. Ambassador Malisky in London gave a tactful reminder earlier this week that the second front continues a burning issue. "The Red army and the whole Soviet people expect that in the military campaigns of this year the western allies will pull their full weight in the common struggle," he said.

It may be we already are witnessing the prelude to the great eastern battles of 1943. The weight of the fighting has shifted from the Smolensk front and the Ukraine to the western Caucasus. There the thaws appear to be drying and the Germans are battling desperately to hold their small bridgehead around Novorossisk, while the Russians are trying to throw them back across the Kerch strait and blast a way for themselves into the Crimea. It will be recalled that the 1942 campaign was opened in approximately the same region when the Germans on May 8 opened their offensive to clear the Crimea. That date is little more than a fortnight off; the spring lull in Russia probably is nearly over.

Daily Prayer

FOR REFUGEES

In all our thinking and praying, O Lord over all, we would link the services of our service men, and of our behind-the-lines workers, with the desperate needs of the millions of our fellows in foreign lands who are ground beneath the heel of pagan tyranny. The multitude of the dead are with Thee, and Thou hast declared, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay." But the starving, the homeless are looking to the victory of our arms for deliverance. O Compassionate Father, speed the day when peace will bring succor to those who suffer so sorely. May no selfish slackness on our part retard the coming of help to the needy. By Thy Spirit, fire the hearts of our fighters and workers, that they may know themselves to be following in the train of Christ, as saviors of mankind. In His name we pray. Amen.—W.T.E.

MUST BE AN ACE

A single day's developments have shown that the President's order to "hold the line" must cover the whole "line." In the earlier metaphor, if ceilings are imposed on any major items of the cost of living, they must be on all. —Richmond (Va.) News-Leader.

The Literary Guidepost

By JOHN SELBY

"The Complete Life," by John Erskine, (Messner: \$3).
Urbane is the word for John Erskine. He is, probably, as good an example of the culture by application to a city dweller by application to the things readily at hand as we have living today. As far as I know, he has never tried very hard to live outside New York, so that what he has to say in "The Complete Life" must be read with a reservation in mind. He really means "The Complete City Life."

Take, for example, the headings of his chapters—they actually are a series of connected essays dovetailed into a book. Mr. Erskine begins (after a general introduction) with a chapter on reading and writing. The next division is "Music and Dancing," and the third takes up painting, sculpture and architecture.

"The Intimate Crafts" come next, and these are somewhat curious as Mr. Erskine lists them: carpentering, gardening and cooking. From this chapter onward the book becomes more general. The author writes about conversation, manners, foreigners, reli-

gion, politics, love, marriage (in separate chapters) how to be a parent (a little less general in character), and lastly there is a dissertation on the self-made man. So much for the scope of the project. Mr. Erskine is a teacher, a novelist, a pianist, a critic, a lecturer, and for a time he was also an executive of sorts at the Juilliard School of Music. He is doubtless most successful as a teacher, and least so as a practicing musician, although his feeling for that art is considerable and has been useful to him. Perhaps because all these interests are indoor interests, Mr. Erskine has also done a good deal of what one might call just living. He has liked people and they have liked him.

And this gets us back to the new book and its chief value. This is to let air into several subjects that are almost hermetically sealed, so far as the general public is concerned. Most of Mr. Erskine's life is city life, but it has been lived in comparatively lofty apartments, where the view covers more than a New York backyard filled with the neighbors' tin cans.