

# 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 Wilming-  
 ton, N. C., Postoffice Under Act of Congress  
 of March 3, 1879.

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 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  
 FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1943

With confidence in our armed  
 forces — with the unbounding de-  
 termination 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 prosecu-  
 tion of the war to complete Victo-  
 ry.

### THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Thine ears shall hear a word behind  
 thee, saying This is the way, walk ye in  
 it.  
 Isa. 30:21.

## Stop The Horn Blowing

Police Chief Casteen says the tooting of  
 horns is too violent and warns drivers that  
 if it is not stopped offenders will be arrested  
 and prosecuted.

The warning is timely. Not he alone has  
 noticed the steady increase in horn blowing.  
 Many ill persons have been disturbed, many  
 sleepers awakened, by an unnecessary blast  
 when industrial workers pull up at a curb  
 and summon passengers in the early morn-  
 ing. And nervous persons, working under  
 pressure in these war times, all too often re-  
 ceive a shock which lowers their efficiency  
 for hours when horn sounds off unexpectedly  
 in their hearing.

Respect for others, the common courtesy  
 due one's fellow mortals, ought to be enough  
 to make all drivers refrain from blowing the  
 horns on their vehicles save when it is ne-  
 cessary to avoid accident. When it does not,  
 the only alternative is prosecution of the of-  
 fender. Whether he is an industrial worker,  
 a truck driver, or "bloated bond holder,"  
 let the law take its course.

## The Ottawa Address

For the most part President Roosevelt's ad-  
 dress in Ottawa is significant for what it  
 does not say.

Naturally it could contain no word concern-  
 ing the pattern of forthcoming campaigns, but  
 he made it clear that coming blows against  
 the Axis will not only be heavier than in the  
 recent past but distributed among more and  
 more vulnerable points of attack. At the  
 Quebec conference decisions were reached  
 with Germany, Italy and Japan "will be  
 duly acquainted on the field of battle."

Thus far, and no further, did the President  
 go in his speech before the Canadian Parlia-  
 ment and Canadian officials and civilians who  
 thronged Parliament Hill. But so plain were  
 his words, so confident his tone, the advice  
 he gratuitously offered Herr Hitler—"surren-  
 der now"—which ordinarily would be looked  
 upon as unmitigated gall is instead sound  
 council.

If he made no specific reference to the  
 war in the Pacific we may reasonably sup-  
 pose that the omission was not accidental, on  
 the ground that he had devoted much time  
 in preparing his address and doubtless took  
 council of his advisors, including Mr. Church-  
 ills, what should be said and what left unsaid.

The pattern of the war in Europe is fairly  
 clear. In the Pacific it is still obscure. Any  
 hint of plans drafted at Quebec for downing  
 the Japanese would be news to the enemy.  
 We would like to know what to look for as  
 the Allied offensive expands to new frontiers,  
 but so would the Japanese. Silence, we think,  
 regarding preparations for assault on Japan,  
 is the right course.

But Mr. Roosevelt might, without indiscre-  
 tion, we think, have been more specific on  
 post-war plans. The pattern of peace is be-  
 coming more and more important as the tide  
 of war turns against the Axis. It could do

the enemy no good and certainly would stim-  
 ulate greater public cooperation if he had  
 taken the people into his confidence, had given  
 them authentic information on the principals  
 of peace laid down at Quebec. By dealing only  
 in broad generalities he will hear them ask-  
 ing questions that will be harder to answer  
 as time goes on.

## City Improvement Program

The six-project post-war development pro-  
 gram laid before the Federal Works Agency  
 involving expenditures of \$4,600,000, as re-  
 vealed by City Manager A. C. Nichols, is  
 quite comprehensive. Certainly all of the de-  
 velopments are needed, and some have been  
 too long delayed.

An outstanding example of the latter is the  
 proposed sewage disposal plant with its in-  
 tercepting sewer and extension of the sewer  
 system. Wilmington has long outgrown the  
 bad custom of dumping sewage into the Cape  
 Fear almost in the heart of the city.

Another striking example of a long neglected  
 and greatly needed project is the proposed  
 expansion of the park program, which con-  
 templates the improvement not only of Green-  
 field park but the installation of recreation  
 facilities for both whites and Negroes at Hil-  
 ton park, Thirteenth street park, Robert  
 Strange park, and for whites at Wallace and  
 Mary Bridges parks. In the final analysis,  
 the proposed auditorium on the Marine hospi-  
 tal site is an item in the park and recrea-  
 tion program.

It is right to think that the park program  
 is fully as important as any on the city's  
 schedule, and that the longer it is delayed  
 the more difficult will it become to deal ade-  
 quately with increasing juvenile delinquency  
 which has far outstripped existing controls.

Surveys of the Council of Social Agencies  
 are shocking enough to convince the most  
 skeptical that there is no time to be lost in  
 redeeming Wilmington's wayward youth. And  
 it is a nationally established fact that parks  
 and playgrounds are a potent medium in cor-  
 recting juvenile delinquency.

A supplemental water storage reservoir,  
 also listed among major projects, would be  
 a valuable asset, as also would be the pro-  
 posed incinerator and street widening and  
 paving.

Altogether the city has drafted a program  
 which well deserves public approval and sup-  
 port. The developments, whether financed in  
 part through federal grant or wholly by the  
 city, would provide employment for many  
 workers at a time when jobs may not be as  
 easy to get as at present and fit the city  
 for taking its proper position in the post-war  
 world, when its opportunities, and its respon-  
 sibilities too, will be greater than at any pe-  
 riod in the past.

If government money is not made avail-  
 able, the city would do well to meet the  
 costs itself. It is worth noting that whatever  
 the agency through which the money passes,  
 it must be derived from the taxpayers, and  
 no part of the costs would be dodged by ac-  
 cepting federal gratuities. Even double the to-  
 tal expenditures contemplated would not be  
 too much for the people of Wilmington to  
 spend in view of the benefits to be derived.

## Second Front

It has been our contention that the Allied  
 air blitz constitutes an actual second front  
 in Europe. It has appeared to us that the  
 enemy has been hit as hard from the air as  
 he could be in land combat. This belief has  
 grown, particularly since Berlin became a  
 major target for Allied bombs.

Support for this opinion is offered by Han-  
 son W. Baldwin, military commentator of the  
 New York Times who, in the first of a series  
 of articles on the war in the air, appearing  
 in Tuesday's issue, writes:

The strategic bombardment of Germany  
 is now equivalent in its effects to a major  
 front; it has added the internal blockade  
 of air power to the external blockade of  
 sea power. Like any weapon of attrition,  
 air power works slowly; the effects of the  
 gradual destruction of German industry  
 are apparent on the fighting fronts only  
 after a time-lag.

But those effects are becoming more  
 and more apparent. Horses and mules  
 are gradually being substituted in large  
 quantities for motor vehicles in German  
 units on the Russian front — a clear sign  
 that bombardment, blockade and battle  
 losses are outstripping Germany's ability  
 to produce motor vehicles and gasoline  
 and oil to keep them running.

## Beaten At Own Game

In all land fighting on Pacific islands, Allied  
 troops consisting chiefly of Americans and  
 Australians have proved superior to the Jap-  
 anese in stealth and cunning.

The reason is not hard to find. Americans  
 learned the trick of skirmish-line attack from  
 the Indians in colonial days and their de-  
 scendants have inherited it. The United  
 States Army has developed new strategy, as  
 it had to, for mass attack, but at no time  
 since the earliest conflicts with Indians have  
 Americans forgotten or neglected stealth as  
 a weapon or cunning as a means to success.  
 The Australians too, who have had to outwit  
 aborigines to survive, find jungle fighting what  
 we sometimes call "second nature."

As the Japanese found their infiltration  
 tactics all that they expected of them in Malay  
 and other of their earlier attack areas, it  
 must come as a surprise to them to discover  
 that the foes they derided in the days of  
 their conquests, and expected to wipe out  
 in short order wherever encountered, know more  
 about their favorite attack than they do them-  
 selves. It must be a severe blow to the Tokyo  
 war lords to learn that their soldiers on land

are no more adept than their fliers aloft or  
 their navy at sea. It can be no solace to  
 Tojo to know that his forces in all armed  
 branches are being outmatched.

## On With The Pacific War

Another reason for getting on with the war  
 in the Pacific is the number of Japanese  
 prison camps in which Americans are con-  
 fined. There are seven in China, twelve in  
 Japan, one in Korea, fifteen in the Philip-  
 pines, one in Manchukuo, five in Formosa,  
 one in Java—forty-two in all.

Too many accounts of the way Japanese  
 mistreat prisoners of war have been pub-  
 lished in newspapers and magazines to leave  
 any doubt in anyone's mind that each is lit-  
 erally a hell on earth.

Moldy rice, rotting fish, tainted water is the  
 diet of prisoners who are herded, like rab-  
 bits in a warren, in filthy cells, exposed to  
 vermin and disease and covered only with  
 rags and sores. That any survive is a mir-  
 acle.

They are our sons, our brothers, our babies'  
 fathers, our friends — these prisoners. Their  
 only hope lies in Japan's overthrow.

On with the war against the barbarians of  
 the Orient!

## 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.—A few days after my little  
 side-trip from Rome to Mussolini's adapta-  
 tion of Mrs. Roosevelt's Archduke experi-  
 ment at Pontinia, a fellow called up one  
 morning and said he could fix up a visit with  
 Mussolini's girl, strictly in the interests of  
 journalism, of course, and was I interested.  
 With my ardent nature and my devotion to  
 my work, could I say no! Du Barry! Pom-  
 padour! Love, that beautiful mystery, was  
 never so baffling as on that rainy afternoon  
 when my friend drove to at an apartment  
 near Il Duce's own estate and, after the usual  
 small ceremonies, led me into the presence  
 of a moist and slappy object reclining on a  
 couch and introduced me with the raucous  
 elegance of a master of ceremonies commending  
 a microphone disease in a joint held by  
 Congress on Wabash, in Chicago, for the 2 a.m.  
 show.

He had the suffocating honor to present  
 an American journalist to a lady of incom-  
 parable charm, a distinguished professional  
 colleague, the amanuensis and biographer of  
 no less than himself, Benito Mussolini, the  
 Duce of the Italian people and the rebuilder  
 of the Roman Empire.

She was pink-haired and portly and gurgled  
 like a hot water bottle as she shifted on her  
 couch, never disturbing, however, her left  
 foot which rested at an elevation on an elab-  
 orate cushion. She had, she said, the gout,  
 in a land where the people were going hungry  
 in compliance with Il Bum's commands to  
 sacrifice for fascism and the empire.

I mentioned my visit to Pontinia and the  
 sacrifice of their wedding rings and their  
 precious, trashed little gold-washed lockets and  
 watch-chains by so many thousands of poor  
 muddy Italian farm people and, as she floated  
 and swished on her pillows, Signora Mar-  
 guerita G. Sarfatti said that yes, the Italian  
 people were very loyal and brave, I noticed,  
 and so did my friend, that as she praised  
 the fitness of the common people of Italy  
 and their devotion to Il Bum, she twisted a  
 ring on her own wedding finger which moun-  
 ted two enormous diamonds. She wasn't trying  
 to hide it. She was beyond even that decency,  
 a sordid, arrogant grafter and original mem-  
 ber of the gang who was on her way out of  
 power and out of Italy even then, although  
 she didn't know it.

Sarfatti's principal graft was the journal-  
 istic by-product of Il Bum's position.

She had visited the United States and met  
 many powers in the new deal and some of  
 our noted syndicate managers and publishers  
 and had sold copy to the value of an enorm-  
 ous fortune in any nation's money, much of  
 it ghosted material under Mussolini's name.  
 Fascism was something new and tremendous,  
 interesting in the early stages and pub-  
 lishers not only here but in Britain and Europe  
 as well were paying high for authentic in-  
 formation. Moreover, Sarfatti had a son, a  
 lawyer, who had been dropped into the fascist  
 regime, and he was the man who had to be  
 seen by any American importing agent who  
 wanted to ship back to the United States more  
 money than the fascist law allowed.

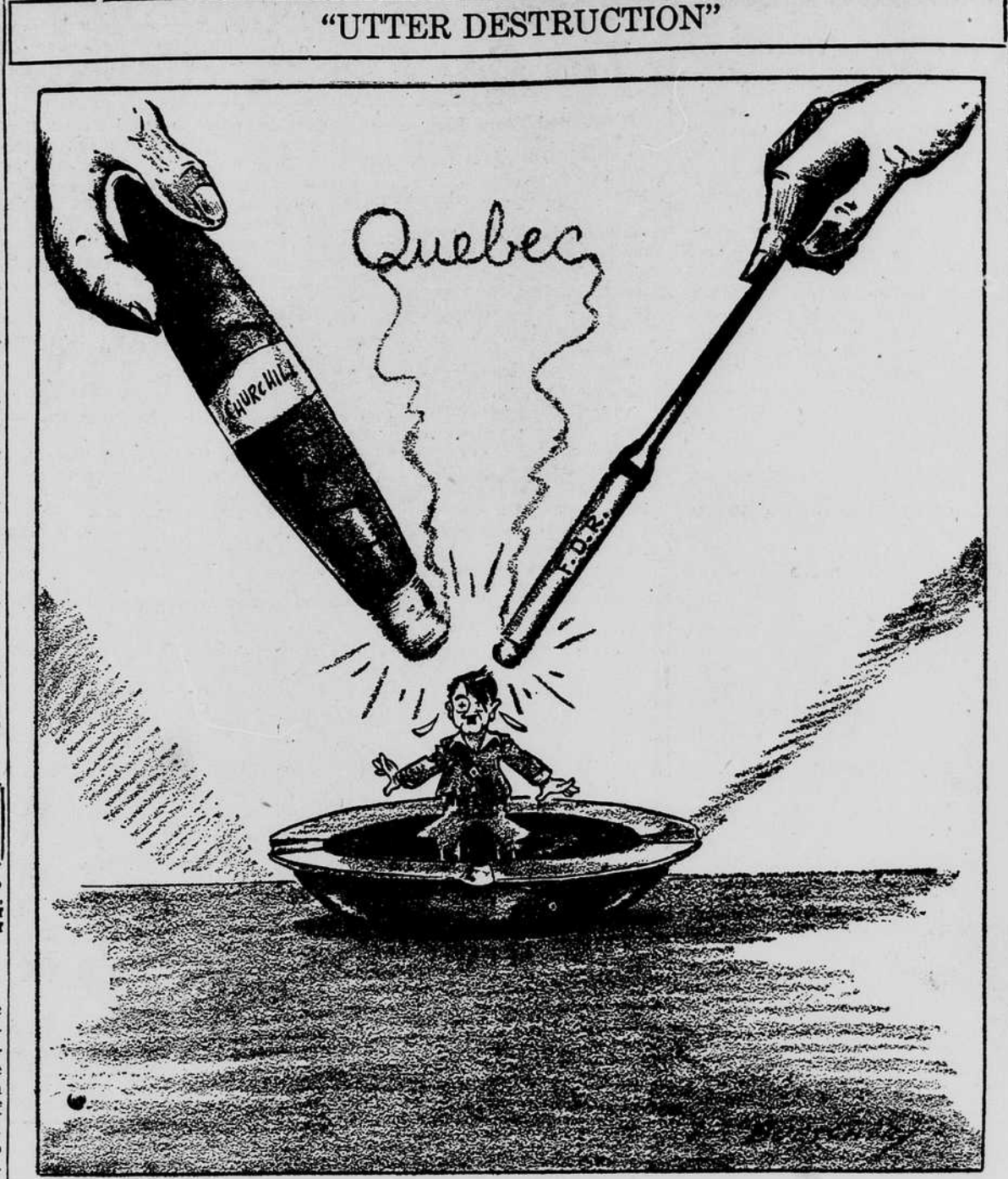
My friend was an importing agent and had  
 dealings with Sarfatti's cub on terms  
 which gave to the son of Il Duce's love-in-  
 terest 50 percent of the money thus freed  
 from the Italian treasury.

I have never kept a diary but I did write  
 a letter home about my visit to Sarfatti  
 which recently came back to me when she re-  
 ported to be in Buenos Aires, having earlier  
 been chased out of Italy for reasons which  
 I can speculate upon. One would be that she  
 was very unorthodox as age came over  
 her and had been well paid off in her special  
 grant derived from the exploitation of Il Bum's  
 office and such other loot as she and hers  
 collected along the way. The other would be  
 that when Il Bum sold out to Hitler he ac-  
 cepted Hitler's anti-Semitism. She was first  
 reported to have gone to Paris where Italo  
 Balbo and even Il Bum, himself, were sup-  
 posed to have cooed of money and I hadn't  
 heard of her again until the New York Times  
 had a story about her under a Buenos Aires  
 date-line. If we ever do go through with our  
 threats to destroy not only fascism but those  
 who were blood-guilty of fascism, Sarfatti,  
 by any fair process, should be put against  
 a wall for she was one of the lowest and  
 meanest of the whole greedy crew.

My letter home said, in part: "I met one  
 show in her apartment. Mussolini's old  
 playmate, a frowsy thing, dumpy and bilious  
 and gouty. She is quartered in a big flat,  
 which is of course, a salon, and by coinci-  
 dence, Mussolini's own villa, as big as Balti-  
 more, is only a block away but not as close  
 as it used to be. Until recently, she got 16,000  
 gold lire a week from the USA for articles  
 signed by Mussolini which is an easy way of  
 paying off."

"We sat overlong until a tasty little item  
 in a maid's uniform gave Sarfatti the high  
 sign and we helped her into her scooter, a  
 quick howdy-do to a roomful of blackshirts  
 and, by a deft pass, were heaved out into  
 the rain.

Sarfatti and her young were not the greatest  
 exploiters of public office of their time but



## Washington Report

By HELEN ESSARY

WASHINGTON.—You have to  
 keep a running every second in  
 Washington. Not to get ahead. It  
 takes a gallop, double-speed at the  
 turns, hand-springs at the water  
 jump plus a knack of scrambling  
 up and away when thrown, if you  
 want to get ahead in the Wash-  
 ington race.

You have to run in the Wash-  
 ington race, merely to stay where  
 you are. You have to work the  
 poor mind and the welcoming  
 smile, the act of knowing every-  
 thing about everything, and the  
 intimate anecdotes to shreds. If  
 you don't, you will get so far be-  
 hind, the pack won't even stop to  
 snap at you. It will let you lope  
 your lonely way into oblivion.

To prove my point—and I have  
 gone a long way round to do it—  
 but that's the Washington way—  
 consider the new Soviet Ambas-  
 sador, the gentleman's name is  
 Gromyko. Sounds like a frog in  
 the throat, or a well advertised  
 gargle. Doesn't it? Try to pro-  
 nounce Gromyko. I phoned the  
 State Department for advice. Al-  
 though that sterling branch of our  
 government had no ruling for syl-  
 lable accent or consonant enun-  
 ciation when speaking the name of  
 this surprise representative of the  
 you could forge the Russian con-  
 sonant. Forget the frog in the  
 throat approach and merely say  
 "Grom-meko."

You couldn't expect the State  
 Department to know how to ac-  
 cent anything or anybody Soviet  
 at the moment. There's Uncle Joe  
 still hiding out in Moscow. Wait-  
 ing to race into Berlin, swishing  
 his sabre like the good Cossack he  
 is and cut off Herr Hitler's ears  
 in person. At least that's what  
 I think Mr. Stalin is holding out  
 for. My guess on the present So-  
 viet mood is as sound as any-  
 body's.

Where was I? I was saying how  
 difficult it is to keep ever mildly  
 au courant in Washington. We had  
 just begun to get accustomed to  
 Ambassador Litvinoff and his wife  
 Ivy. And now with this sudden  
 change in Soviet diplomacy in  
 Washington we have to rush out  
 and quickly bone up on Ambassa-  
 dor Gromyko.

In my pursuit yesterday of facts  
 concerning the quiet Mr. Gromyko  
 I came upon one interesting re-  
 semblance between him and Oum-  
 manskoy the Soviet ambassador,  
 who preceded Litvinoff. Before Oum-  
 manskoy there was Troyanovsky,  
 jovial and popular. There was Ma-  
 dame Troyanovsky making friends  
 daily in Washington. Suddenly the  
 Troyanovskys were mysteriously  
 recalled to Moscow. From behind  
 the diplomatic doors, so to speak,  
 there came the younger Oumman-  
 sky. After Oumanskoy had done  
 his Washington stint, there came  
 from Moscow another good mixer  
 —Litvinoff plus his dramatic wife.  
 Once again behind the diplomatic  
 door comes a younger successor  
 —Gromyko.

I wonder if Ambassador Gromy-  
 ko will be very grand in the new  
 Soviet manner. The Soviet is go-  
 ing a shade magnificent, with its  
 epaulets and things on its uni-  
 forms. And did you hear about  
 the goings-on in Mexico City when  
 the new Soviet Ambassador Oum-  
 manskoy, the same Oumanskoy who  
 was in Washington recently, asked  
 permission to present his creden-  
 tials to the Mexican President Avila  
 Camacho. The Mexican presi-  
 dent replied that he would be de-  
 lighted to receive the Soviet Am-  
 bassador, and would Mr. Oumman-  
 sky perhaps like to wear a sack  
 suit? He would like the call to  
 be informal, Ambassador Oumman-  
 sky answered quickly that he ap-  
 preciated Avila Camacho's sug-  
 gested.

They were very highscore. We have  
 had some very good hands, our-  
 selves.

gestions about the sack suit. He,  
 however, would prefer to make  
 his first official appearance in  
 Mexico in a costume suitable for  
 a Soviet Ambassador—full evening  
 dress, tails, white tie and such.  
 So garbed he did call on the Mex-  
 ican president.

I see no reason why Russia  
 should not proceed with style and  
 splendor. Well do I remember that  
 Red-letter Day when Ambassador  
 Troyanovsky opened the red and  
 gold palace on Sixteenth Street to  
 the most elaborate party Washing-  
 ton could remember. It was easy  
 to see that this new crowd of So-  
 viets, having come into power that  
 once belonged to the White Rus-  
 sians, meant to have a chance at  
 their left-over elegance. If this  
 were not so, why were the gold  
 cadesticks still marked with the  
 emblem of the Czar reposing on  
 the mantels? Why the unlimited  
 caviar and champagne?

Why the thick red velvet car-  
 pets and the roses?

## You're Telling Me

Fifty years ago, we read, when  
 bananas were first introduced to  
 America, they were sold wrapped  
 in tinfoil. Tinfoil? Gosh, that's just  
 like wrapping diamonds in butch-  
 er's paper.

Living costs in China have in-  
 creased from 60 to 100 times. Gosh,  
 even a Chinaman's pocketbook  
 hasn't a Chinaman's chance.

The recent cool spell seemed  
 to call for that autumnal delight:  
 pancakes and—if you had the ra-  
 tion points—sausage.

If there is another "who-won-  
 the-war" controversy after this  
 conflict at least one thing has  
 been definitely settled—Mussolini  
 didn't.

Grandpappy Jenkins says he has  
 just learned, to his astonishment,  
 that Vella Lavella is an island  
 and not the name of a new movie  
 star.

The post-war car, we're prom-  
 ised, will have tops in comfort,  
 transparent plastic bodies, super-  
 ease in driving, great economy  
 in operation and—best of all—gas  
 in the tank.

## The Literary Guidepost

By JOHN SELBY  
 "Winter Harbor," by Bernice  
 Richmond (Holt; \$2.50).

When Maine fascinates a per-  
 son, the job is usually thorough,  
 though not always as thorough as  
 in the case of the Richmonds,  
 Reg and Bernice. Bernice Rich-  
 mond does chores in show busi-  
 ness, and her husband is a social-  
 ogist. Mrs. Richmond is Maine  
 born, and almost fanatically fond  
 of the state; what is more impor-  
 tant for the general public, she  
 wanted to own a lighthouse more  
 than she wanted any other thing  
 in life.

And one day her husband found  
 an advertisement which offered  
 two lighthouses. They scurried  
 together the money, Reg Rich-  
 mond hurried to Maine, and Win-  
 ter Harbor Lighthouse became  
 family property. Although they  
 did not know it, a book also was  
 begun.

This is called "Winter Harbor,"  
 and as a change from the war diet  
 it is strikingly good. It is not ex-  
 citing, and it is not (praise be)  
 too folksy. And yet it has a quiet  
 sort of excitement and it is largely  
 about folks. The day before Mrs.

## Daily Prayer

FOR HELPERS OF MEN

In Thine infinite wisdom, O  
 Eternal Father of mankind, Thou  
 hast put it into the hearts of Thy  
 children to show compassion to  
 the unfortunate. We thank Thee  
 for the countless company of good  
 men and women who are helpers  
 of their fellows in multifarious ways.  
 And for the organized philan-  
 thropy that this war has produced;  
 Troyanovsky opened the red and  
 gold palace on Sixteenth Street to  
 the most elaborate party Washing-  
 ton could remember. It was easy  
 to see that this new crowd of So-  
 viets, having come into power that  
 once belonged to the White Rus-  
 sians, meant to have a chance at  
 their left-over elegance. If this  
 were not so, why were the gold  
 cadesticks still marked with the  
 emblem of the Czar reposing on  
 the mantels? Why the unlimited  
 caviar and champagne?

Why the thick red velvet car-  
 pets and the roses?

## As Others Say It

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW  
 The sky is the limit for the  
 farmer next year. They are free  
 to raise all they can of everything  
 except tobacco, which will continue  
 to be restricted. But telling the  
 farmers to go to it and produce  
 all they possibly can without giv-  
 ing them more labor is like Phar-  
 aoh's iniquitous ultimatum to the  
 Israelites when he ordered them  
 to produce bricks without straw.  
 —Chester (S. C.) Reporter.

### THE AUTHOR

The instructor in a course in  
 cryptography was striving to ex-  
 plain an obscure point to his stu-  
 dents. Finally he referred them  
 to a particular textbook, saying,  
 "I hope some of you will read it,  
 as I consider it one of the finest  
 books extant on the subject. I only  
 wish I could remember the name  
 of the author." A meek little pri-  
 vate in the last row raised his  
 hand. "I wrote it, sir," he told  
 the teacher. — Cleveland Plain  
 Dealer.

### FINAL STATISTICS

Someone in the Treasury Depart-  
 ment has found that a dollar bill  
 in its usual routine will last seven  
 months. That's longer than it will  
 last in my regular routine.—Frank  
 P. Briggs in the Macon (Mo.)  
 Chronicle-Herald.

## Interpreting The War

BY KIRKE L. SIMPSON

Assignment of Vice Admiral  
 Lord Louis Mountbatten, Royal  
 Navy, as supreme Allied comman-