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MEMBER THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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

TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1944.

Our Chief Aim

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

TOP OF THE MORNING

Our time is all today, today, And while it flies With still small voice the moments say Today, today, be wise, be wise.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Vice Presidential Candidate

Governor Broughton's announcement that he will be a candidate for the vice presidency comes without surprise to his friends in North Carolina and in other states where his influence has been felt and his real worth recognized.

It has been understood for some time that he would be available if the forthcoming party convention should settle upon him for nomination to that office.

It is also realized that with evidences of defection in the "solid South" during recent months a vice presidential candidate from Dixie would go far to heal Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina and Texas wounds.

Mr. Broughton's administration as governor of North Carolina in this trying war period has demonstrated his capability for a national office.

The Fighting First

It was by no accident that the American "fighting first" led the invasion of Europe. The "fighting first" was the first American division in France in the last war, the first to meet the Germans, the first to take prisoners.

It was the center-task force in the north African landing, taking Oran three days after the attack. Next, says a Reuters dispatch, it saw action at Gafsa and El Guettar.

From Tunisia it moved against the enemy in Sicily and did some of the hardest fighting of that campaign. When it was counter-attacked at Gela by some forty to fifty German tanks, its artillery was moved to the front and from 3,000 yards knocked out twenty-four tanks and broke up the attack.

Now this First Infantry division is fighting on the Normandy beachhead, the first American force to land in France in this war, as in the last. It had its trial by fire a quarter century ago and is not being found wanting now any more than then.

French Aid

For a couple of days reports have been coming in showing the French people at many places taking summary revenge on German agents and collaborators. At this writing it is said French patriots had seized strategic positions in Toulouse, Limoges and Tarbes, executing prefects of police, mayors and other public functionaries with Vichy leanings.

It is not apparent that anything that has happened thus far is the concerted uprising of the French underground, although members of that organization, as individuals, probably have had a hand in it. The underground has wisely delayed its principal outbreak until General Eisenhower gives the signal for attack.

The blow from within France must be as carefully timed as was the Allied landing in Normandy. In the meantime, however, it is heartening to find that many Frenchmen are seizing opportunities to dispose of Quislings and wreck German trains and bridges on rail lines over which the Germans would otherwise move reinforcements and supplies.

folies, the common people of France are more concerned with the defeat of the common enemy than in his political aspirations.

It must be considered, however, in estimating the help the French people as a whole will give the Allies as the campaign on their soil progresses, that after four years of Nazi occupation and oppression, a large number have become so benumbed that little can be expected of them.

A Soldier On Strikes

Often since labor leaders started strikes in war industries members of the American armed forces abroad have voiced opinions of the situation.

No group has a better right to say what it thinks of labor and interruptions in production due to strikes than the men who are bearing the brunt of the fighting.

Certainly the uniformed ranks of the nation deserve a wider and more sympathetic audience than the Labor department and all government officials combined.

We may be sure that when they come home, triumphant in war, they will demand an accounting which will not end in a love feast. But to get back to the letters sent home by boys at the front who have been riled by the news of strikes. One has just come to our attention. It is from the son of a Wilmington man.

He has been on an LCT (landing craft, tanks) in England and probably participated in the invasion of Normandy. The letter was written on May 20. He says, in part: "I have been reading about the strikes they are having back home. It really burns me up to even see it in print.

All those guys should be put on the front line without a minute's training. I've already seen dead soldiers and sailors and it's not a pretty sight... all were American boys from American homes, and then when you see all that stuff in the papers it just makes you mad as hell. You don't hate the Germans like you do your own people, if your own people let you down. I saw where one strike was about who should deliver cold drinks to the workers.

When you read stuff like that you wish Adolf Hitler himself were delivering block busters to them. I'm not complaining because I think that we're right in trying to knock out the Germans and the Japs, and I don't regret one day of it, nor do I begrudge any one for my being over here, but I do say let's get the thing over with as quick as possible.

Some people there seem to think the war is practically over, and yet the worst and nastiest fighting hasn't even started.

John L. Lewis had better join Hitler in finding a 'safe place' when this mess is over."

How many other boys are feeling the same way about labor strikes? There is no way of taking a census of them. But they are legion. Mails from war fronts bring thousands of just such letters.

A German Blunder

The Allied air command is convinced that the Germans blundered when they failed to send the Luftwaffe up on the first day of the invasion.

We may be grateful for the blunder but that is no reason to overlook it from a purely military viewpoint. Whether Hitler himself was responsible, or the decision was made by his high command with the idea of holding the Nazi air force in reserve for the protection of Germany proper has little bearing on the case, but it is to be remembered that Hitler himself made the decision when the Germans failed to follow up their advantage in France after Dunkerque and that he alone ordered the invasion of Russia.

The fuhrer again has proved he is not the demi-god he led the Germans to believe when he was preparing to conquer the world. Lieut. Gen. Barney M. Giles, deputy commander of the Army Air Forces and Chief of the Air Staff, has said in Washington: "We expected air opposition the first day and were surprised when it did not develop."

We had superiority in the air, but if the Luftwaffe had chosen to fight, we perhaps could not have claimed complete command. The Germans would have been defeated in the air and would have suffered heavily but there were so many ships in the channel that they could not have helped but sink a good number of troop-laden transports."

If, as we have suggested, the Luftwaffe remained grounded because the Germans concluded it could be more effective elsewhere at a later time, General Giles is as sure they are blundering as badly in this as on the first invasion day.

He says: "If the German air tacticians held back in hopes of finding a numerically weak Allied air force in the skies after the period of initial landings, they will be sadly mistaken. "As General Arnold has pointed out, we still are building up our air strength in the United Kingdom. The Germans will find no let-down in the skies over France."

A Pat For Farley

Throughout his long public career James A. Farley has been assailed more than he has been praised. Everything that could be said against him without the filing of libel suits has been said—and repeated. If his enemies could be believed, he is pretty bad. We remember particularly an article exonerating him as boxing commissioner written

by Westbrook Pegler in one of his more vitriolic moods. To swallow it whole would gag the toughest consumer.

Because Mr. Farley has been subjected to so many attacks and his motives so generally impugned, chiefly by persons who failed to receive favors from him, it is consoling to find the New York Times speaking up in his defense and praise. We may not go all the way with the Times, but in the main agree with what it says.

So may you. Because we believe many readers of this newspaper hold the same view we are quoting the Times article in part:

"Born with the gift to like and be liked, his tact and power to please are natural, not acquired. He must know by sight no small part of the voting population of the United States. Enlarging a Jeffersonian trait, he has written letters to most of the rest of the population. He comes down to us in a stream of green ink. He never talks too much and never bores us. Brought up in a Republican county, he has never had the bitterness that might have been expected. He has been moderate and reasonable. If he has had disappointments he keeps them to himself. He is a good fellow with no sacrifices of dignity. He is a good man, though he doesn't know it and won't believe it if he is told. As a public man he is Al. The best of luck to him as a private man. As he gives up the chair we recall this recipe from his book of reminiscences. He 'still believes that the only way to get ahead in public life is to understand people and sympathize with their viewpoint.'"

An old song, or saying, notes there's a bit of good in the worst of us and something bad in the best of us. In Mr. Farley's case we may well believe the Times when it infers that the good in him far exceeds the bad.

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 its readers. His articles serve the good purpose of making people think.)

BY WESTBROOK PEGLER

NEW YORK.—The lady who is suing an auditor of the OPA for \$25,000 on the ground that he bruised her reputation by challenging her expense account has sounded a sickening note in the revolution. It is not pleasant to us who, by tradition and instinct, have regarded auditors as worthy opponents to be met with such fair weapons of ingenuity and high dignity and, in some cases, with temperance. This action may be in the spirit of the times but it will arouse no cheers among journalists or ballplayers of the old school, and I doubt that any veteran traveling drummer will wish the lady well.

That is not the way the games is played. You don't try to collect for personal injuries when a sportsman bleeds your nose in a friendly fight.

Auditors, in their peculiar way, are not bad. Their job is to detect not larceny so much as stupidity, and some have been known to glow with admiration for beautiful examples of a peculiar art. If a war correspondent with Pershing's column in Mexico lost \$125 in the poker game and the item showed up as the price of one horse shot from under him by skulking Villistas, the auditor might know privately that the reporter had an expensive curiosity and a weakness for inside straight bets but pass it, nevertheless. But if the correspondent had two bad nights and charged \$250 for the horse, the auditor was justified in faulting him for sheer laziness. He should have had the energy and personal pride to split it up into two entries, accompanied by receipts, of \$125 each, separated by several other items and dates, such as "mess bill, May 8 to 15, \$84.50, "News tips from Mexican peons, \$35, May 11, and "share of cost of presentation award for Captain Patton, May 14, \$40. An auditor has a right to demand a little plausibility.

Of course auditors do vary but mostly they vary according to circumstances beyond their control. If the paper is frugal, the people know it and reckon their expense accounts accordingly. A rich and extravagant paper has another set of values and higher expense accounts, although the two men may share the same room and the same taxi and both patronize the same Chile parlor for their meals.

As a young reporter in Iowa on a very economical paper, I got away with murder on an assignment of a hamlet called Cambridge, where a little boy was reported to have been murdered by a neighbor through the cruel and unusual device of stuffing him down a post-hole. The fare was only 80 cents, fixed by law, and subject to no liberties but I belted them good with 75 cents for a room overnight and \$1.25 for dinner and breakfast. The farmer who found the little boy in the hole put me up on a sofa in the parlor and fed me night and morning because I honestly assured him we would orin a picture of him in his wedding suit. The \$1.25 for meals really amounted to \$2.50 for I would have spent that much anyway had I remained in town. However, we didn't print the picture because the little boy hadn't been showed down the hole at all, the dirty little liar. He climbed down, himself, and couldn't get out and there was nothing wrong with him that couldn't be fixed by a good licking. So the story made up to writing more than a little item back among the electric belts and gitters. That farmer and his family probably believe to this day that our press is utterly untrustworthy.

For ironic contrast, many years later, a city editor whose name will ever be revered, wired me \$500 in Miami and bade me gamble illicitly and write a fearless denunciation of wantonness in a prohibition state. For two nights fortune mocked me and I ran the \$500 up to \$800, and won even at the slot machines. Meanwhile, however, champagne at \$24 a bottle, and caviar, and burning cherries in candy liquor at \$3 an issue, plus converts at \$5 each for 'self and party' as the stilted expense account phrase has it, helped toward a balance. And then I really did get caught in the spokes and disposed of the nest egg with elegant grace. But it was an ordeal. Had I won a thousand dollars, the auditor might have been pleased, but the city editor had been a reporter, himself, and he still respected the fine old manners and customs of the craft.

I never saw a Floyd Gibbons expense account, but an original Gibbons would be suitable for framing, for Floyd had grandeur. His uniforms were beautiful, his leathers aristocratic and where another man might have hired a Model or a camel to cross the Sahara, Floyd organized a caravan. Where others telescoped phrases into frugal gibberish Floyd expanded, using "the's," "and's" and

WHERE TO GO THIS SUMMER?



With Ernie Pyle

Editor's Note: Ernie Pyle arrived on the beachhead with the Allied assault forces. Transmission difficulties prevented his sending any account of his experiences in Normandy at once. The following, written on the way across the Channel, describes some of the preliminaries to the invasion.

ON THE NORMANDY BEACHHEAD, June 7.—(Delayed)—It will be several days before military security permits us to describe in much detail the landings just made in the long-awaited Allied invasion of Europe.

Indeed it will be some time before we have a really clear picture of what has happened or what is happening at the moment. You must experience the terrible confusion of warfare and the frantic nightmarish thunder and smoke and bedlam of battle to realize this.

So we will take up this short interval by telling you how things led up to the invasion from the correspondents' viewpoint. This column is being written on a ship column in a convoy, crossing the English Channel, so that it will be ready to send back to England by dispatch boat as soon as we hit the beach.

When we secretly left London a few days ago, more than 450 American correspondents were gathered in Britain for this impending moment in history.

But only 28 of those 450 were to take part in what was termed the assault phase. I was one of those 28. Some of the rest will come over later, some will cover other angles, some will never come at all.

We assault correspondents were under military jurisdiction for the past month while waiting. We had occasional freedom in London, but occasionally the Army would suddenly order us in batches to take trips around England.

Also, during those last few weeks we were called frequently for mass conferences and we were briefed by several commanding generals. We had completed all our field equipment, got our inoculations up to date, finished our official accreditation to Supreme Allied Headquarters, and even sent off our bedrolls 10 days before the final call. (We will rejoin them some time later on this side—we hope).

Of the 28 correspondents in the assault group about two-thirds had already seen action in various war theaters. The old-timers sort of gravitated together, people such as Bill Stoneman, Don Whitehead, Jack Thompson, Clark Lee, Tex O'Reilly and myself.

We conjectured on when we would get the final call, conjectured on what assignments we would draw, for few of us knew what unit we would go with. And in more pensive moments we also conjectured on our chances of coming through alive.

25 Years Ago Today

(From the files of the Star-News)

June 13, 1919

Capt. Sidney MacMillan, who has recently returned from overseas, is at home on a leave.

Another member of the Taft family to attain scholastic distinction is Miss Helen Taft who is acting president of Bryn Mawr college for the coming year. She has been dean for two years. The president, D. M. Thomas, is to make a tour of the world.

Mrs. Anson Alligood, Mrs. Robert Bowden and small son, Robert, Jr., and Graham and W. L. Burkheimer are spending a week at Wrightsville Beach as guests of Mrs. Eloise B. Burkheimer and daughters at their cottage.

W. A. McGirt is in Atlanta attending the meetings of the Southern Development company's session there this week.

In China coffee costs \$35 a cup. With or without cream and sugar?

impregnated against gas attack, a shovel to dig foxholes, seasickness capsules, a carton of cigarettes, a medical kit, rations and one funny little item which I can't mention but which was good for many purposes. We also drew three blankets just for the night, since our bedrolls had gone on ahead.

The weather was cold and three blankets were not enough. I hardly slept at all. When we awakened early the next morning, Jack Thompson said, "That's the coldest night I have ever spent."

Don Whitehead said, "It's just as miserable as it always was."

You see, we had all been living comfortably in hotels or apartments for the last few weeks. We had got a little soft, and here we were again starting back to the old horrible life we had known for so long—sleeping on the ground, only cold water, rations, foxholes, and dirt. We were off to war again.

The Literary Guidepost

By JOHN SELBY

"Leave Her to Heaven," by Ben Ames Williams (Houghton Mifflin; \$2.50).

There will be many readers for Ben Ames Williams' "Leave Her to Heaven," since the novel is the current Literary Guild choice. So it may be well to say at the outset that they have to get over a pretty high hurdle if they are to enjoy the book as they should.

The hurdle is the fact that the chief character, one of fiction's least appetizing females, allows the crippled brother of the hero to die when she could have saved him, and that the "hero" rather a sloppy chap, not only protects the monster but continues to live with her. The hero is presumably a novelist, but he is actually an imbecile. It is devilish hard to feel sympathetic toward a fool.

However, that's the worst of the book. The best is that Mr. Williams is an old hand at the fiction trade, and knows exactly how to draw his reader along, and how to make him overlook such matters as the foregoing. He is also very adept at analyzing female stinkers—he seems to be fascinated by

such creatures as the Ellen of "Leave Her to Heaven," who not only gobbled up her father, but her hunched brother, her husband, her unborn baby, her foster-sister and cousin, her mother and eventually herself. Ellen had literally no one thing to recommend her, but was desperate throughout. Mr. Williams lays it to possessive jealousy, but I should guess it was just a habit with the woman. She was a black widow spider in some previous incarnation.

Having agreed to accept Ellen, however, Mr. Williams' readers will probably do what I did, which was to read all of the book twice. This odd procedure came about through the author's habit of doing the same scenes through at least two different pairs of eyes, cutting back continuously, enriching the picture by a process of overlay that a painter would understand better than anybody else. His habit of reversing sentences is strong, too, and the result is that sometimes there is an almost archaic flavor in this wholly modern novel. It is not inappropriate, inasmuch as literal acceptance of Ellen is very difficult indeed.

Interpreting The War

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON

Associated Press War Analyst Just one week after their take off from Britain by air and sea, Allied forces were within sight of their first prime second-front objective, capture of the Cherbourg peninsula.

They had out-guessed and out-fought the Nazi foe on ground of his own choosing, long prepared for resistance to invasion. A 60-mile wide gap in his coastal defenses yawned. Through it Allied reserves poured under blanket protection in air and on the sea. The Cherbourg peninsula Nazi bastion was certainly doomed. Even the enemy held on its greater Brittany neighbor, tipped by the fine port of Brest, was gravely threatened by an American infantry break-through 20 miles deep in the center of the beachhead line to the gates of St. Lo.

At the head of this deepest Allied beachhead salient west of captured Cerey Forest, Allied troops stand some 20 miles from Avranches in the light of the Gulf of St. Malo. Base lines of the Normandy and Brittany peninsulas meet there, and another 45 miles southeast lies Rennes, the controlling communications hub to all Brittany. Any grave threat to it must force Nazi commanders to weight the necessity of evacuation of that peninsula, and the threat is clearly present even now.

Nazi Position Difficult With fall of the Normandy forehead, seemingly imminent, giving the Allies use of Cherbourg to speed up movement of troops and heavy equipment to the continental battle fronts, the situation of the German garrison in Brittany will be ominous. It may be the next Eisenhower objective, backed by forward air bases just across St. Malo gulf in Normandy. Its capture would double Allied weather-proof communication facilities in France.

Failure of the foe to prevent landings in Normandy or to seal the first beachheads off effectively with available reserves has already created an acute problem for the German high command. Neither its local reserves nor the first waves of tactical reinforcements have served to halt the Anglo-American advance through Normandy. The tone of official announcements from Allied headquarters indicates astonishment at the relatively poor defensive showing of the foe up to date.

For there is a growing danger to the German position in all northwestern France, from the Seine to the Loire, to be seen in the now well consolidated invasion dent. Even Paris is menaced, with British forces on the Allied left of line at encircled Caen less than 100 miles from the French capital. German reports have contended for days that in the south, where a complete Nazi army debacle is fast developing in Italy, another Allied army estimated at 300,000 strong is standing by to strike the coast of mainland Italy or to foothold in the Rhone valley delta of France.

Fear New Blows In the circumstances German leadership dare not greatly weaken its defensive front in the south to bolster the Normandy-Britain front, just as it dare not pull reserves from elsewhere on the Channel and North Sea coast of the continent for fear that the Allied blow in the west is yet to fall at points closer to German Sooner or later, due to failure to repel the Allied landings in Normandy a major decision upon retreat in France to shorten defense lines will be forced upon Berlin.

The enemy is already revealing the weakness of over-extension in the west as his Russian front disclosed similar fatal defects on the Soviet army was ready to open its long offensive all along the line. In Finland the Russians are striking with crushing force to knock that Nazi war associate out of the struggle. That is merely a fore-runner of greater Russian blows to come against the Germans, however, and possibly key in with Allied plans to strike in Norway.

Daily Prayer

FOR FERTILE MINDS

O Thou, who art the source of light and life, from whom come inspirations, hear our prayer today that our minds may be quickened and stabilized. Grant us that we may think Thy thoughts after Thee. In spaciousness, in peace and patience. Stir us to steadiness of thinking, that we may see clearly the relation of all our departments of our life to this present crisis. Deliver us from childish swiftness and complaining and shirking. Bestow upon us the blessing of opened eyes that we may devise better ways of furthering our Cause, which we believe to be Thy Cause also. Quick-heaven to be Thy Cause also. Grant us the thoughts of all inventors, of all executives; may we see Thee, as Jesus bade us, "with our minds." Give us a better set of relative values and of our darkest standards. Light of our darkest lead us in a plain path to the attainment of the goals Thou hast set before us. Amen. — W. T. B.

GET NEW OFFICE

The new office of the New Hanover County Alcoholic Beverage Control police in the basement of the new section of the county courthouse was formally occupied yesterday. The location previously has been used by the Consolidated Board of Health as a florist's room.