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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.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1945.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

O son of mine, when you come home
This is my prayer, that you will be
A soldier of the King of Kings,
That you who serve your country well
Will better serve the Lord of Hosts.
Martha Snell Nicholson.

A Heavy Decision

It is good to know that the increase of the Italians' bread ration from 200 to 300 grams a day, ordered many weeks ago by President Roosevelt, has at last become effective. It is less pleasant to realize that the basic problem of caring for underfed Europeans cannot be settled till the war is over.

There is only so much shipping space available. So which shall it be—military supplies to shorten the war and save the lives of American and Allied soldiers, or food to avert death, disease or permanent disability among the innocent civilian sufferers in devastated regions?

It is a heavy decision, and one which none of us would like to make. But when it has had to be made, there has been only one possible answer. The war must come first. The enemy must be beaten as quickly as possible. Lives and hard-won gains must not be sacrificed for want of munitions and equipment.

Hugging the Shore

Mixed in the strategy of naval attacks always going nearer and nearer the Jap homeland, is the attempt to draw out the Japanese navy for a finish fight. So far the wily Jap, who in spite of his fanaticim and suicidal battle tendencies still seems to appreciate living to some extent, has avoided this. After the engagements off the Philippines when he took a sound drubbing, he seems content to wait, although he may not know what he is waiting for nor what will happen if ever his navy does venture forth to battle.

He still has plenty of caution. He knows that when the Jap navy is destroyed that is the last of Japan. Japan has a big army but without a navy to provide safety for supplying it, it can be only a handicap. The Japanese soldiers in China and in Japan can be sealed up without a navy.

Not all the Japs want to go down shouting banzai. At the last they will cringe and plead, hissing "So sorry," and blandly expect to be allowed to escape with little punishment. But they might as well bring the navy on out. It's going to be destroyed no matter what course the Japanese leaders pursue. Whether crying banzai or mercy, it's curtains for Japan and the curtain will fall sooner than is generally expected.

America has the mightiest navy afloat. One of its task forces is as large and powerful as the entire navy was a few years ago. It is indeed mistress of the seas, especially the seas about Japan. And the Japs, whether fanatics or friends; dumb or delirious, know it and fear it.

Production In Southeast

A good picture of Southeastern North Carolina's part in war production was given during the week-end by Henry I. Shepherd, War Manpower Commission director for the area, as he pointed out 30 establishments are producing "must" items for the war effort.

These factories, he continued, are employing 30,192 workers and need an additional 1,644. When they can get a few more emplayes from less critical activities and reduce absenteeism to half of its present rate, their manpower problem will be solved, he added.

In an effort to show the extent of operations in the southeast counties, he listed some of the war items being produced as being high octane gas ingredients, rocket bodies, signal satin, camouflage netting, assault bridge parts, airplane components, ships, precision machines, cable parts and field assault wire yarn. Other details of the manufacturing propram cannot be made public because of security reasons but all Southeastern North Carolinians may be assured that their section is doing its part toward winning the war.

Several factors are responsible for this excellent showing. Chief of these is good labor, men and women who are anxious to do their share in keeping their sons, fighting overseas, supplied with the necessities of battle. While practically every other section of the country has been affected by labor discord, there has been none here. To the southeastern defense worker, the job of winning the war is much too big to have anything else placed before it. As long as this spirit continues, this section will hold its place as a real contributor to victory.

Junior Rotarians

Too often the contributions, either large or small, of an individual or group to making the community a better one are not properly recognized as we hurry though everyday life. Of a worthwhile civic undertaking we may say "that's a good project" and let our interest go at that, not pausing to go deeper into its merits and benefits.

Then, someone somewhere else comes forth with a similar project and the value of ours comes into its true light.

A good example of this point is the Junior Rotarian plan, now being carried out in its second year in the Wilmington club. In considering its importance to the High school students selected for the honor, it has received comparatively little publicity. Recently, General Mecklenburg, in the Charlotte Observer, congratulated the members of the Charlotte club on establishment of a similar program there. So, not belittling the Charlotte club, we say "we've been doing that all along" and take time to consider what it means to the students, club and community.

Under the plan here, two High school students are selected, on the basis of their school activities, scholarship and leadership, each month to be Junior Rotarians. It is considered, as it should be, quite an honor. They attend the weekly meetings and, during the program of the last one each month, give their views and observations collected during their "membership." Incidentally, the talks of the youths are often quite interesting, bringing out points in club life that many a member has overlooked.

The program is much more than just an educational one. The young men have the benefit of weekly association at the luncheon meetings with many of the city's outstanding business and professional men. They are being taught the principles and practices of Rotary, which in essence mean good citizenship and the full ideals of service—service to one's fellows, community state and nation.

A fine introduction to one of the better phases of civic life, into which the Junior Rotarians will enter in a few years, the program's future benefits to the community may be measured as considerable.

Curfews and Cussedness

Perhaps we're cynical, but it strikes us that the streak of stubborn cussedness in the American character may defeat the purpose of War Mobilizer Byrnes's midnight curfew order, just as it defeated prohibition. That isn't a new thought. But the fact that it popped into many heads as soon as the curfew was announced only strengthens our contention.

It also strikes us that Mr. Byrnes may have worded the order in a way to aggravate our native stubbornness. Certainly no one can quarrel with his intentions. We're all for anything that will save scarce material and manpower and hasten victory. And most of us will agree that, except for soldiers and sailors on leave, anyone who attaches prime importance to having fun in times like these is a moral moron.

Doubtless the Byrnes curfew won't effect any great saving. Only a few big cities allow amusement places to stay open till 3 or 4 o'clock. Many cities and states already have midnight closing laws for bars, which are the most numerous of the establishments affected. Most others have 1 or 2 o'clock curfews.

As for transportation economy, schedules will have to be maintained for night workers abroad after 12, curfew or not. And the curfew's effect will scarcely be drastic enough to save manpower by forcing many waiters, entertainers, bartenders and hat-check girls into other employment. For most of them it will just mean shorter hours and less pay.

Granted that the saving will be small, it is still worth achieving. And there may be other savings, in efficiency and perhaps in a curb on inflationary spending. Mr. Byrnes didn't mention these things. In fact, it seems to us that he expressed himself rather unhappily.

He didn't specify that the curfew was temporary, though logically it might be. He did specify that restaurants that serve liquor may continue to serve food if they close their bars at midnight. He also specified that night clubs, which likewise are restaurants, may not stay open after midnight, even with their bars closed, because they are "places of amusement."

That sounds more like a stop-having-fun order than a coal-saving directive. It is, we fear, just blue-nosed enough to invite speakeasies and black-market entertainment — as if we didn't have enough trouble already.

It will be a pity if that fear is justified. Mr. Byrnes's idea deserves whole-hearted cooperation. The curfew will affect only a minute segment of our population, and the "sacrifice" it requires is too trivial to discuss. But the idea was presented in such a way as to invite the reaction that prohibition aroused. Perhaps another, franker statement by Mr. Byrnes might remedy the damage before it's done.

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
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The people of the state of New York apparently are condemned to a period of bedevilment by a new state board charged with the duty of preventing discrimination in employment on the ground of race, creed, color or national origin.

The Republicans, including Governor Dewey, seem to have decided that votes are more precious than principle for they are engaged in an unseemly scuffle with the Democrats of all hues, including the Communists, to grab credit for a pernicious heresy against the ancient privilege of human beings to hate collectively or selectively and to choose their associates. Carried to its logical extremity, this law might be invoked some time to compel a Catholic parish to hire a rabbi for its pastor should he be first under the wire with his application for the job in case of a vacancy, or a Jewish family to engage for the duties of butler in their home an unreconstructed ex-member of the Nazi-American bund with papers to prove that he came from Hamburg or Munich. Or a producer of a movie or play could be forced to hire a colored girl for the title role of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

All such proposals and measures, including the national device improvised for the industrial emergency of the war, are the works of the Communists and their kind whose intent is not open to opportunity to Negroes but to cause friction and provoke disorders by creating intolerable personal situations. They flout solid facts of life because birds of a feather do and will continue to flock together, in business, at work and in their social life. The United States, itself, as a nation, discriminates against all orientals on the ground of race, color and national origin. So do our good neighbors to the south and our gallant ally, Soviet Russia, has similar stout aversions. In the city of New York, many Jewish employers reveal a marked and understandable preference for their co-religionists with never a complaint from other groups, who also seek compatibility in the same way. Hoosier cries to Hoosier when a job is open and brother to brother in the bonds of the college fraternities. We are divided into groups by our sympathies, religions, old associations and national origins and such preference in hiring has always been regarded as a right and, by many, as a moral obligation.

It will be observed at a glance that this is a hypocritical plan in its basic pretense. It pretends to abhor discrimination because of creed. Creed means belief. I believe no American should be compelled to join a union as a condition of employment. But in circumstances which are common and almost prevalent I could be rejected by an employer for that belief and the anti-discrimination board would rule that it served me right.

I note that discrimination on the ground of political affilition is not mentioned. This may seem to be a concession to the sound prejudice of Americans against Communists but it is more likely to work the other way. In practical effect, it is more likely to compel employers to favor registered Democrats lest they find themselves denied priorities or facilites for the operation of their plants by this or that agency of the party in power, in Washington. This would be discrimination against Republicans.

Politicians naturally would dodge the subject of political qualification. Dewey cleaned out the Democrats within a reasonable time, as politicians always do when one party unseats another, and President Roosevelt's principal stated reason for nominating Henry Wallace to be Secretary of Commerce was that Wallace had been a loyal party worker in the campaign. That was rank discrimination against Jesse Jones whose work in the job Roosevelt was forced to praise in kicking him out. And discrimination on family grounds was flagrantly apparent when he appointed his son, Jimmy, to a $10,000 job in the White House, some years back, and his cousin to a $6,000 job selecting curtains and harmonious furniture in the embassies and ministries abroad. Some of the Roosevelt appointees to the Supreme Court have been more noted for their tolerance of his policies than for their possession of the traditional qualities of mind and balance. Here was political discrimination again.

We should not forget, even in the glamor and confusion of war, the effect of a similar prohibition against discrimination under the vicious Wagner act. By virtue of this evil writ, agents of the Labor Relations board made it possible for the most disruptive member of a normally harmonious newspaper staff to keep his job, provided he never let down in his hateful agitation against the peace and efficiency of his colleagues. If he was fired, the reason then was "union activity" and the boss had to reinstate him, with accrued back pay. In one notorious case, a group of men who applied for work and didn't get it because no jobs were open, were deemed to have been rejected bcause they were union men and awarded back pay for a purely arbitrary and hypothetical period of employment, although they had not been hired. Their union cards thus became drafts on the company's bank account. A dark skin, a foreign accent or a certificate of membership in a religious sect could be used to similar effect under the New York scheme.

The New York law would encourage and protect incompetence, loafing and other misbehavior on the job by any complainant who claimed he was fired for any of the forbidden reasons. And any applicant for work who was turned down on the honest, unprejudiced judgement of an employer as unsuitable for the job could drag the executives of the firm through long, expensive proceedings merely by proving that he was a colored man, a Baptist, Jew or native of Italy, Poland or Bulgaria. It probably did not occur to the architects of this monstrosity that in some cases applicants for work have been rejected because the country of their origin was the United States of America or some particular section of the country.

The worst of it all is that judgment of character and personality is denied the employer as a guide in hiring. And, in the end, he is not merely forbidden to reject an applicant because of certain considerations but required to hire him because of them. Far from erasing such taboos this law should emphasize origin, creed, color and race and result in the Hitlerian rule of quotas by which Jews in schools and the professions were restricted in proportion to their number in the entire population which was about one to 400.

The more I see of government agencies in relief work, the better I think of private agencies.—James G. McDonald, chairman President's Advisory Committee on Political Refugees.

New Wine, Old Bottle

Your War--With Ernie Pyle

BY ERNIE PYLE

IN THE MARIANAS ISLANDS—(delayed — Soldiers and Marines have told me stories by the dozen about how tough the Japs are, yet how dumb they are; how illogical and yet how uncannily smart at times; how easy to rout when disorganized, yet how brave.

I've become more confused with each story. At the end of one evening, I said "I can't make head nor tail out of what you've told me. I'm trying to learn about the Jap soldiers, but everything you say about them seems to be inconsistent."

"That's the answer," my friends said. "They are inconsistent. They do the damnedst things. But they are dangerous fighters just the same."

* * *

They tell one story about a Jap officer and six men who were surrounded on a beach by a small bunch of Marines.

As the Marines approached, they could see the Jap giving emphatic orders to his men, and then all six bent over and the officer went along the line and chopped off their heads with his sword.

Then as the Marines closed in, he stood knee-deep in the surf and beat his bloody sword against the water in a fierce gesture of defiance, just before they shot him.

What code led the officer to kill his own men rather than let them fight to the death is something only another Jap would know.

* * *

Another little story—a Marine sentry walking up and down before a command post on top of a steep bluff one night heard a noise in the brush on the hillside below.

He called a couple of times, got no answer, then fired an exploratory shot down into the darkness. In a moment there was a loud explosion from below. A solitary Jap hiding down there had put a hand grenade to his chest.

Why he did that, instead of tossing it up over the bluff and getting himself a half dozen Americans, is beyond an American's comprehension.

* * *

On Saipan, they tell of a Jap plane that appeared overhead one bright noonday, all alone. He obviously wasn't a photographic plane, and they couldn't figure out what he was doing.

Then something came out of the plane, and fluttered down. It was a little paper wreath, with a long streamer to it. He had flown it all the way from Japan, and dropped it "In Honor of Japan's Glorious Dead" on Saipan.

We shot him down into the sea a few minutes later, as he undoubtedly knew we would before he left Japan. The gesture is touching—but so what?

* * *

As I've talked with Marines, I've begun to get over that creepy feeling that fighting Japs is like fighting snakes or ghosts.

They are indeed queer, but they are people with certain tactics and now by much experience our men have learned how to fight them.

As far as I can see, our men are no more afraid of the Japs than they are of the Germans. They are afraid of them as any modern soldier is afraid of his foe, not because they are slippery or ratlike, but simply because they have weapons and fire them like good tough soldiers. And the Japs are human enough to be afraid of us in exactly the same way.

Some of our people over here think that, in the long run, the Japs won't take the beating the Germans have. Others think they will, and even more.

I've not been here long enough really to learn anything of the Jap psychology. But the Pacific war is gradually getting condensed, and consequently tougher. The closer we go to Japan itself, the harder it will be.

The Japs are dangerous people and they aren't funny when they've got guns in their hands. It would be tragic for us to underestimate their power to do us damage, or their will to do it. To me it looks like soul-trying days for us in the years ahead.

LETTER BOX

NURSES AND THE WAR

To the Editor:

During the past few weeks there has been so much controversy relative to the drafting of nurses that I would like to present my side of the case, as it relates to the war and to the need for nurses in connection therewith.

There are a great many registered nurses who graduated from small hospitals, now practicing in Wilmington, who would make almost any sacrifice to enter war work. However, nurses garduating from hospitals over the state which average less than fifty daily patients are not eligible for Red Cross nursing, and until this critical shortage of nurses for the armed forces developed, a small hospital graduate could not enter the service unless she took an additional nine months of post-graduate work, regardless of her years of experience.

Until 1927, there were only about seven hospitals in North Carolina which met Red Cross requirements. We have private-duty nurses in Wilmington who have had post-graduate courses, who also have done general duty in Duke Hospital and others which average 275 beds, but who still are unable to enter the military service due to having graduated from a small institution.

We just can't understand this, and that is the reason that so many of us are still doing private duty when we have all tried to get in the Army since the war began.

A REGISTERED NURSE.
Wilmington, N. C.
Feb. 26, 1945.

SEAFOOD PROPOSAL

To the Editor:

Our sounds are an ever present help in time of need or food troubles. In fact, it would be difficult for the Southeastern counties to get along without fish, oysters, clams, shimp and crabs. At least it would not be pleasant to be compelled to further tighten our belt in wartime. There is need here for a greater production—"more sea food and safer seafood."

The yield can be stepped up by the establishment of a seafood processing plant on the inland waterway at Wrightsville terminal. With a small pickup boat operating a few miles to the north and south, twice a day, seafood could be quickly transported, and the lone fisherman saved the time and toil of poling his boat and then laboring uphill with his catch, which he is now forbidden by law to process in the bush or backyard. Sound produce would be certified by the Board of Health and made available to Wrightsville residents in a few minutes after preparation and almost as speedily put on the Wilmington market.

In every sound, north of Jacksonville, the seafood industry has been organized and made more profitable to the fisherman and more palitable to the public. In fact, some of our local delicacies are shipped to Morehead and Bellhaven and like bread upon the waters, returned to us after many days. Let us do something about organizing here and now.

A SOUNDER.
Wilmington, N. C.
Feb. 26. 1945.

Daily Prayer

FOR STRENGTH

With hearts bowed down, in reverence and confidence, we approach Thee, O Almighty Father, with a prayer for a share of Thine unfailing strength. Make stout our hearts within us, in the sure faith that our times are in Thy hand. May we not dishonor Thee, or our godly forebears, by any panic weakness or wavering of minds. Bestow upon us the grace of patient continuance, that in quietness and in unshakable trust, we may carry on faithfully at our appointed posts. Let thoughts of Thine inscrutable almightiness rule ever in our minds, that we may have the fortitude of good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Elevate all of the way of our life into nobility and courage; and make us kind to one another. In Thy good time give victory to our arms, and to the holy cause they represent. Amen — W.F.T.

PERFECT LANDING

HUNTINGTON, Ind., Feb. 26.—(U.P.)—At least this pilot guessed right! When he was delivering the private plane which Ralph Brown had ordered for his personal use in CAP work, the pilot found he was low on gas and had to land immediately. He set the plane down on an empty plot and walked next door to a farmhouse, only to find that it was the home of Ralph Brown.

Interpreting The War

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON

Nazi Germany's hold on the last crescent of the Reich west of the Rhine was fast slipping as the climactic Allied winter offensive accelerated its speed.

From the Tier anchorage in the Moselle valley to the Emmerich gateway on the Rhine itself to the Hanoverian plain there was little to indicate any determined Nazi stand against the steadily mounting power General Eisenhower is bringing into action. American, British and Canadian troops were too rapidly shredding the last segments of Siegfried Line defenses west of the river for doubt that the enemy is pulling back behind the Rhine itself as best he can to escape being trapped with the river at his back.

Relatively, the resistance encountered by the American First and Ninth Armies in the center or the American Third Army on the right flanks appears no more than rear guard action. The implication of official and field press reports on the third day of the main drive beyond the Roer is that only secondary troops are being encountered by American forces and that the Germans are fighting primarily delaying actions. Whole complicated networks of trenches and anti-tank ditches have been found unmanned.

The only potentially serious natural obstacle on the First Army front guarding Cologne is the Erft river. It is a looping left bank tributary of the Rhine that rises in the highlands at the north end of the Cologne plain to empty into the Rhine just above Dusseldorf. The Erft forms an inner moat for Cologne itself, most of which also lies on the west bank of the Rhine.

The Erft line is distinctly vulnerable, however. A broad sweep of open plain lies north of its eastward bend dotted only by the Gladbach industrial community group of which Odenkirchen is the southern member. Ninth Army advance forces were nearing Odenkirchen as this was written, apparently aiming at slicing in between Gladbach and Dusseldorf. A gap six miles wide exists there and an Allied penetration at that point would outflank the Erft moat even before First Army troops reach in on their direct march on Cologne.

The speed with which the First and Ninth Armies forced the Roer and stormed on beyond it verifies the reports of gravely thinned out Nazi troop concentrations in the west to meet the Russian advance in the East. The same thing appeared true to even a greater extent in the surprise lunge of Patton's Third Army on the right to invest Bitburg and Trier and threaten an immediate breakthrough to the middle Rhine down the Moselle Valley.

The Nazi commander is up against the problem of shuffling his meagre first line reserves from point to point along a front now more than 200 miles wide and all flaming with action. Nor is it probable that Eisenhower has thrown his full strength into the wide and deep drive.

Charcoal Burning Trucks Carry Goods To Prisoners

A fleet of charcoal operated trucks recently has been put into service in Germany to carry recreational and educational materials to prisoners of war, according to a report from E. L. White, president of the Community War Chest.

These trucks were put into use by the War Prisoners Aid of the YMCA, White said, in order to ease the transportation difficulties in Germany. The vehicles, which have a trailer attachment, have been secured from a neutral country, White added, and will enable War Prisoners Aid to maintain its service to war prisoners despite internal transportation limitations. The War Prisoners Aid is a participating service of the National War Fund.

CITY BROOM-MAKERS

BURBANK, Calif., Feb. 26.—(U.P.) Broom-making has become a civil service position in Burbank, at a salary of $164 a month, and city officials say it's cheap at the price. The brooms, they explain, go on Burbank's street sweepers.

The Literary Guidepost

By W. G. ROGERS

"IN THE MARGINS OF CHAOS," by Francesca M. Wilson (Macmillan; $3).

Miss Wilson saw her first refugees at Tilbury, across the Thames from Gravesend where she was teaching. They were bewildered and confused Belgian men, women and children. Obviously their needs were great and she wanted to help. When she applied to the Society of Friends for a position, she was accused of being interested only for "love of excitement."

She admits she did love excitement, then throughout the rest of the book, though perhaps without being aware of it, she proves she loves people: not generals, ambassadors and consuls who are important and clean and easy to love, but the hungry, homesick, heartbroken, wounded, dirty and ragged

Miss Wilson helped to alleviate suffering from 1914 to 1944; from Ajaccio to Bizerte and Belgrade, Nish, Vienna; in Russia beyond the Volga, in Spain in government areas during the civil war, in France among Spanish refugees, in Hungary among Polish refugees.

As she now views her work, she finds it without glamor or heroism; her readers will contradict her on this score, but will agree with her that it was fascinating.

Out of her extraordinary range of experiences come specific suggestions for relief work after this war: qualified workers; intelligent provisions for supplying food, clothing, medicine; adequate camps for the millions of displaced peoples; and a coordinated volunteer effort, though without too much centralization . . . she sensibly mistrusts the perfected "spit and polish" of American organization, efficient but sometimes dehumanized.

This is a very warm and moving record. People are the subject matter. The same people and the same problems will confront the victors in World War II. This English writer has made a direct, significant contribution to the literature about the postwar world.

She hesitated to write, she apologizes, because of the paper shortage. Let the people who turn out the trash hesitate; there'll always be paper for books of this quality.