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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.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1945.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Charles H. Spurgeon reckoned as the highest compliment ever paid him the words of an open enemy who said: "Here is a man who has not moved an inch forward in all his ministry, and at the close of the Nineteenth century is teaching the theology of the first century, and is proclaiming the doctrine of Nazareth and Jerusalem current eighteen hundred years ago."

Publisher Unknown.

Wise Measure

Approval by the General Assembly's joint education committee for appointment of a controller is wise. The schools are the biggest business in North Carolina, require more of the state's funds than any other part of the state's system, and certainly need a business manager. That is what the controller would be.

The constitutional amendment adopted in the last general election did away with this office, but even before the election there was half-promise by those advocating the amendment. The necessity was clear even as the office was being abolished. The new measure, which has yet to go through the House and Senate, corrects this.

It does seem that no corporation, concern or governmental agency having the expenditure of millions of dollars on such an important thing as schools or anything else would do without a business manager. They wouldn't. That would be regarded as essential as having technicians, professional people and others.

Worse Trouble

Apprehension that the Nazis may seek a haven in the Western Hemisphere when their house in Germany comes toppling down is expressed by Secretary of State Stettinius. He warns America to be on guard. If some should slip through from across the Atlantic and find refuge in the vast reaches of South America or Central America and Mexico they could do a great deal of damage.

Then they would be at our back door instead of across an ocean. They are skillful schemers, crafty brutes, deceitful spies. They could worry the United States for a long time if ever they get a foothold, however small, in the New World. They must be watched, repressed, slapped down. There will be no peace, no contentment wherever they are.

Unless necessary steps are taken to prevent such an influx from Nazi lands—and all the Nazis aren't in Germany—there will be trouble long continued. They are unfit to pollute the air of the Americas; too dangerous to have around in this hemisphere. Among the persons who will seek refuge in the New World will be some of these rattlesnakes. They must be filtered out with every load on every steamship.

Iwo and Berchtesgaden

By coincidence, our Army Air Force bombers made their first business trip to Berchtesgaden, Germany, on a day when the Marines were in the midst of the bloody battle of Iwo Island across the word in the Pacific.

Thus we were reminded that the lessons and techniques being learned on Iwo, one of the most fiercely defended spots of earth on the face of the globe, may one day be applied to that other tiny portion of our planet where Hitler and the remnants of his band may have to be dug out from behind their bristling defenses.

It appears that the successful landing on Iwo was possible largely because of the lessons learned at Tarawa. Iwo has been a fiercer battle than Tarawa. The initial losses were higher, but they were expected. The strategists who planned the attack knew that a high price for this crucial dot on the map was inevitable, however reluctant they may have been to commit the lives of gallant fighters in payment.

Tarawa was a surprise in the strength of the Japs' defenses, the fierceness of their heavy preliminary bombing and shelling. But Tarawa's lesson was reflected in the 74 successive days of air bombardment, joined in the last three by naval batteries, which punished Iwo before the landings were attempted.

This time the Marines were not surprised to find the Japs alive and fighting. They were

alive because they, too, had learned some lessons and had exploited a friendly terrain to the utmost in fortifying their volcanic rock.

The defense of Iwo is no mere preview of the Japs' defense of their homeland. Geographically, Iwo is the homeland—no precarious conquest like Guadalcanal or even Luzon, but part of the inner circle of Japan's island possessions.

Iwo is the beginning of the end, the end of the home island's security from sky, sea and land attacks. However long Japan may hold out on the Asiatic mainland, the loss of Iwo means the beginning of incessant bombing.

But if Iwo is the beginning of the end, Berchtesgaden will probably be the end itself. A last stand there is only conjecture, but many signs indicate it—the reports of elaborate preparations, the growing peril to Germany's northern cities, the stubborn German stand in Italy, the physical advantage of defensive war in the Bavarian Alps, the likelihood that Hitler and his gang will fight desperately for their lives when all hope of victory is gone.

Berchtesgaden is no Iwo, and the Alps are not the Pacific. But the problems may not be too dissimilar. So perhaps Iwo's "eight square miles of hell," where skill and courage matched crafty defenses and desperate, fanatical fury, may be remembered to advantage if the rats of Nazidom are finally cornered at Berchtesgaden.

Up To Governor Cherry

South Atlantic ports are preparing for the most competitive race for commerce in their histories.

With only one exception—Wilmington—all are pressing state-aided plans for terminal expansion. With the pent-up flood of world trade that will gush forth with the peace as the grand prize, they figure in millions for development as they move to the starting line. Today, they are all practically on an even basis as far as traffic is concerned. But all realize that the best prepared ones will get the jump with the firing of the gun when the war ends.

Frankly, unless something is done and done immediately, Wilmington will be left at the post. The era that will unquestionably find this country engaged in its greatest world trade will pass us by.

If we, assisted by the state and federal governments, do not improve our terminal facilities, obtain better freight rates and widely advertise the advantages of the port, then the others will race so far ahead that the Port of Wilmington may forever be relegated to an even less desirable position than it has held in the past. The water-borne commerce of North Carolina will continue, for many years to come, to pay higher freight rates through other states' ports and support their terminal facilities.

Here is the picture as to other Southeastern ports:

We cannot forget that Norfolk normally handles nearly all of North Carolina's commerce, with the exception of fertilizer material and petroleum products. This port alone has more wharves and warehouse facilities than all other South Atlantic harbors combined.

South of us the South Carolina legislature is considering the expenditure of \$16,000,000 for new terminal developments at Charleston. The spirit that the project is much more than just a development for that city is spreading throughout the state. As an example, at a meeting of industrial leaders in Greenville on Feb. 16, 120 of these executives representing the state's Piedmont area voted their wholehearted and unqualified endorsement of the program.

Likewise, Georgia is busy. There is a plan for expenditure of millions for development of the ports of Savannah and Brunswick now before its legislature. After visiting the Alabama-owned docks at Mobile, the interested legislators introduced a bill for the creation of a State Ports authority with power to issue bonds up to \$15,000,000. In his remarks to the delegation, Governor Chauncey Sparks, of Alabama, said: "In my opinion, no single investment that Alabama has ever made has contributed so bountifully to the progress of the state as the Alabama State Docks. It is easy to see the direct results but it is impossible to measure the indirect benefits that have accrued since the great project was started."

The port of Tampa also has an ambitious program involving the expenditure of several millions for modern and adequate terminals. Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana have already spent great sums to provide port facilities for the commerce of their states, the south, central and western territories generally.

Today, the State Planning Board is scheduled to present to Governor R. Gregg Cherry a report on its findings, and possibly definite conclusions, obtained during the recent inspection trip here. This report will, to a large degree, determine the fate of the proposed terminal finance bill, a comparatively simple measure through which the state can finance its ports on a self-liquidating basis.

The Governor's reaction to this survey will determine the port's future. If it is favorable it will mean the "go ahead" signal for development of a harbor adequately equipped to serve North Carolina.

If unfavorable or postponing a delay until the war is over, it will be a serious setback from which the port, in view of the extensive preparations under way elsewhere on the South Atlantic, may never recover.

It is now up to Governor Cherry.

When told of the distressing lack of responsibility on the part of so many mothers, people are inclined to shrug their shoulders and blame it on the war. This is not the case. Child abandonments are symptoms of social ills which grow worse in wartime.—Mrs. Ethel R. McDowell, Chicago Municipal Court social service director.

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 (Copyright, 1945, by King Features Syndicate)

While the bleeding-heart or socio-political personality of the Roosevelt government has been insisting that we are all brothers under the skin and that discrimination among us on grounds of race, creed or color is un-American, the Supreme court has quietly given us a decision to the contrary. According to the majority opinion of Justice Hugo Black in the case of a native American named Fred Toyosaburo Korematsu, of San Leandro, Cal., it is lawful and correct in certain circumstances, to imprison in concentration camps native Americans of good reputation who happen to be descendants of immigrants who country to which we are at war.

By the dictum of the majority opinion, upholding the conviction of Korematsu, if now we were at war with Russia, all children and descendants of immigrants from old Russia, including many of our most influential union leaders, could be rounded up and interned indefinitely in desert camps. Probably, in the long run, they would lose not only their liberty but their property as well through inevitable neglect, depreciation and sale at distress values. Ironically, Felix Frankfurter, who concurred in a separate opinion, being a native of Austria, a country with which we find ourselves at war, would seem to offer himself for internment as an unreliable person. However I say only that Mr. Frankfurter "would seem" to do this because, in common with some of his brethren, I have difficulty understanding his opinions and am ever mindful of his proviso that to draw plain meanings with plain language is to indulge in pernicious over-simplification. Obviously it is even more hazardous to draw plain meanings from language which, whatever its other virtues, certainly is not plain.

Justice Black, an old Klansman, took note of the contention, upheld by other justices, that Korematsu was sent to a concentration camp "solely because of his ancestry" but, with a straight face, denied it.

"Korematsu," he says, for the court, "was not excluded from the military area because of hostility to him or his race. He was excluded because we are at war with the Japanese empire" and because the military authorities on the West coast decided that military urgency demanded that all citizens of Japanese ancestry be temporarily segregated from the West coast. From that, I believe, a logical mind would proceed to the conclusion that if Adolf Hitler had not attacked Russia and, presently, this nation had gone to war against both Germany and Russia, all persons of German and Russian ancestry, including many who were most active and influential in the Political Action committee in the late election, could be deported to concentration camps. At this very moment, indeed, Senator Robert Wagner, not a descendant of German immigrants but, like Frankfurter, an immigrant, himself, is at liberty only by virtue of the forbearance of the military authorities, and F. H. LaGuardia, too, if it comes to that.

Justice Murphy, dissenting, relied on an imputation of probable disloyalty to Korematsu, strictly on the ground of undiluted racial strain, by Lieut. Gen. DeWitt, then commander of the western defense command, who further remarked, informally, that "a Jap's a Jap." Mr. Murphy seemed to palter with the majority momentarily when he noted the absence of evidence that individuals had so behaved as to justify their "exclusion as a group." Apparently, if some number of them had so behaved, he would have been willing to consider the exclusion of innocent among the guilty.

However, in a later paragraph, he pulls himself together for he says: "To infer that examples of individual disloyalty prove group disloyalty... is to deny that the under our system of law, individual guilt is the sole basis for the deprivation of rights. This inference, which is at the very heart of the evacuation orders, has been used in support of the abhorrent treatment of minority groups by the dictatorial tyrannies which this nation is now pledged to destroy."

Justice Jackson, also dissenting, scored compromise entirely. "A citizen's presence in the locality was made a crime only if his parents were of Japanese birth," he wrote. Korematsu had been convicted of an act not commonly a crime, to wit "being present in a state where he was a citizen, near the place where he was born and where, all his life, he had lived." A German alien, an Italian alien, an alien enemy, or a personal or native son of native ancestors with a personal record of treason, but out on parole, all were exempt from the order while this loyal native was ordered away and punished for his refusal to leave. Thus, Mr. Jackson finds that Korematsu's fault was nothing that he did but his racial stock.

"If any fundamental assumption underlies our system," Mr. Jackson further wrote, "it is that guilt is personal and not inheritable. Here is an attempt to make an otherwise innocent act a crime merely because this prisoner is the son of parents as to whom he had no choice and belongs to a race from which there is no way to resign. If congress, in peace-time legislation, should enact such a criminal law I should suppose this court would refuse to enforce it."

Where now does the prevailing opinion leave us in the field of racial discrimination, according to the Supreme court? For all his effort to deny the racial consideration, the Black opinion flouts the principle of Fair Employment practice in domestic industry and commits the state in advance to repudiation of the anti-discrimination scheme he proposed. Korematsu could be punished because he was at war with a country which, as far as we know, he never saw, by imprisonment in a concentration camp, by surely it is a lesser deprivation at all, to deny a man a job for any arbitrary reason. This, however, now is the law of the land and millions of the best native American and millions of the arbitrary imprisonment by order of local military commanders only because their parents or even their grandparents came from Russia.

And, by this dictum, had Germany been Germany's ally when our country went to war, much of the dominant personnel of the political action committee would be subject to the same treatment today. They might be punished not for any personal guilt but for a turn of international politics over which they had no control.

"Bull Session"



Your War--With Ernie Pyle

BY ERNIE PYLE

IN THE MARIANAS ISLANDS—(delayed)—Before starting out on my long tours with the Navy, I've decided to visit the famous B-29 Superfortress boys who are bombing Japan from here.

This came about largely because I have "kinkfolk" flying on the B-29s, and I thought I'd kill two birds by visiting and writing at the same time.

So here I am, sitting on a screened porch in my underwear, and the sun beats on a cat, with the surf beating on the shore and a lot of bomber pilots swimming out front.

The B-29 boys, from command clear down to lowest enlisted men, live well out here. They are all appreciative of their good fortune, and I've not heard a dissenting voice. Of course, they would all rather be home, but who wouldn't?

The man I came to visit is Lieut. Jack Bales, another farm boy from down the road near Dana, Indiana. Jack is a sort of nephew of mine. He isn't exactly a nephew, but it's too complicated to explain. I used to hold him on my knee and all that sort of thing. Now he's 26, and starting to get bald like his "uncle."

Jack's folks still live just a mile down the road from our farm. But Jack left the farm and went to the University of Illinois and got educated real good, and was just ready to become a famous lawyer when the war came along and he enlisted.

When I thought Jack and said I'd be out in about an hour to stay a few days, he said he would put up an extra cot in his hut for me. When I got there the cot was up, with blankets and mattress covers laid out on it. Jack had told the other boys he was having a visitor and on the assumption it was a woman, Jack had six eager volunteers helping him put up the cot. When I showed up, skinny and bald, it was an awful letdown, but they've all been decent about it.

Jack lives in a steel Quonset hut with 10 other fliers. Most of them are pilots, but Jack is a radio man. He has a squadron of five charge boys and all his squadron's messes except now and then to check up.

But upon arriving I learned, both to my astonishment and pride that he had been on more missions than anybody in his squadron. In fact, he's been on so many that his squadron commander has forbidden him to go for a while.

He doesn't go on so many because he enjoys it. Nobody but a freak likes to go on combat missions. He goes because he has things to learn and because he can contribute things by going. Another mission or two and he will have had his quota authorizing him to go back to rest camp for a while. But he seems to show no strain from the ordeal. He's pretty phlegmatic, and he says that sitting around camp gets so monotonous he sort of welcomes a mission just for a change.

During flight Jack sits in a little compartment in the rear of the plane, and can't see out. In all his only one Jap fighter. Not that they didn't have plenty around, but he's so busy he seldom gets to a window for a peek. The one time he did, a Jap came slamming under

the plane so close it almost took the skin off.

Like all combat crewmen, Jack spends all night and at least half of each day lying on his cot. He holds the record in his hut for "sack time," which means just lying on your cot doing nothing. It doesn't take much of his time between missions, and since there's nothing else to do, you just lie around.

Jack says he has got so lazy he won't be able to face a job after the war, so he's working out in civilian life gradually by going back to school again.

The B-29 fliers sleep on folding canvas cots with rough white sheets. Sleeping is wonderful here, and along toward morning you usually pull a blanket over you. Each flier has a dresser of wood-

en shelves he's made for himself, and several homemade tables scattered around. The walls are plastered with maps, snapshots and pin-up girls—but I noticed that real pin-up girls (wives and mothers) dominated over the movie beauties. In fact eight of the 10 men in the hut are married.

Although the food is good here, most of the boys get packages from home. One kid wrote and told his folks to slow up a little, that he was snowed under with packages.

Jack has had two jars of Indiana fried chicken from my Aunt Mary. She cans it and seals it in Mason jars, and it's wonderful. She sent me some in France, but I'd left before it got there.

Jack took some of his fried chicken in his lunch over Tokyo one day. We Hoochers sure do get around, even the chickens.

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some interesting answers. They know how devastating is enemy fire from high ground on the fastest-acting assault boats on the river.

The men up here don't talk very much about what they are doing, but you can't help feeling their restlessness from the world from which you have come. They talk with a kind of hesitation that might almost be indifference. It's a sense of being cut off from everything familiar and secure out of the past.

"Phrases of this world" is one of the phrases the GI uses most often. He uses it in an effort to express the alien quality of almost everything that happens to him in the hell of war. There are degrees of being "out of this world." Back at headquarters, the men feel pretty

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Interpreting The War

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON Associated Press War Analyst Collapse of a 40-mile segment of the Nazi West Wall defense system between Roermond and Boxmeer on the Maas appears close as the American south and British-Canadian north jaws of a potential trap close in on its communications. Its fall would see the end of the Siegfried Line fortifications west of the Rhine and expose the river itself to Allied attack along its whole lower reach from Bonn to Emmerich.

The plight of Nazi forces in the Roermond corner already is critical. American Ninth Army tanks surging northeastward out of the wide bulge to the west rim of the West valley have cut the Roermond-Gladbach railroad and also are threatening the parallel highway. A German retreat from this dangerous pocket to escape entrapment, abandoning the small sector of Dutch soil they still hold at the Roer-Maas confluence and the fixed Siegfried Line defenses behind it, appears in the cards.

That may be the moment Field Marshal Montgomery is waiting for to signal into action his British Second Army, lying along the Mass between the American Ninth and Canadian First Armies.

The Roermond anchorage is vital to enemy hopes of clinging to the whole sector from that point through British-fronted Venlo to the Boxmeer area where the Canadian bulge to the Rhine begins. With such enemy communication hubs as Uedem, Calcar and Kerpelen overrun by the Canadians driving southward down the left bank of the Rhine, the Allies are gravely threatening entrapment of major enemy forces west of the river.

The developing Canadian-American north-south squeeze operation is only one phase of the surprisingly swift American two-army lunge in the center, however. Ninth Army elements already are on the left bank of the Erft, the last river moat guarding Cologne.

Available maps show only one bridge across the Rhine between Cologne and Düsseldorf. That spans the river just southwest of Düsseldorf where the Rhine makes a double bend westward. There are half a dozen bridges still intact below Düsseldorf, however, and the implication of the strategy and the implication of the gap between the Erft and Gladbach is an effort to squeeze Nazi retreat lines into such compass as to render them desperately vulnerable targets for air strafing.

Daily Prayer

FOR COMPASSION

While war rages over the world, O Lord, may our hearts remain serene and steadfast, and established upon the firm foundation of Thy father care. Deliver us from all meanness of mind and from the hurt of hate. Lift up our hearts to fellowship with Christ's own spirit of compassion, the even toward our enemies. In the dreadfulness of war, may we be delivered from all ignoble passions. Make us brave in action, but pitiful in victory. So shall we conquer our own souls, as well as our misguided foes; and be ready for a peace animated by the Spirit of Jesus. Amen.—W. T. E.

Town Plans Storm Cellar

GREEN FOREST, Ark., Feb. 27. (AP)—This small Ozark town has twice been visited by destructive storms. So the Green Forest Lions Club, looking forward to the coming "tornado season," is considering a proposal to build a public storm cellar—complete with rest rooms. The cellar would be placed 30 by 30 feet and would be placed in the center of the town square.

Woman Doctor, 82, on Job

MEREDITH, N. H., Feb. 27.—(AP)—New Hampshire's oldest practicing woman physician is Dr. Mary N. Sanborn, 82, who has been serving the town of Meredith for more than 50 years.

The Literary Guidepost

By W. G. ROGERS

"WARSAW GHETTO." By Mary Berg (L. B. Fischer; \$2.75); "NO TRAVELER RETURNS," by Henry Shokes, edited by Curt Reiss (Doubleday, Doran; \$2.50).

"No Traveler Returns" is subtitled "The story of Hitler's greatest crime," and so it promises to be hair-raising, breath-taking, skin-prickling. "Warsaw Ghetto" is subtitled "a diary," without one superlative, unpretentious; might be interesting, might not be.

They are about exactly the same thing: the nine-mile-square ghetto which the German government brutally forced upon Jews in Poland's capital in November, 1940, and obliterated, even more brutally, in April, 1943.

The principal differences are indicated subtextually in the titles. Shokes' book is his account with what might be called the magazine touch, makes his villainous Nazi blood thicker than black, spills more black than a body can contain, kills his victims not just once, but maybe once and a half... like Dryden's rampaging hero who slew his enemies thrice.

Where Shokes overstates, Miss Berg understates. Some readers

may welcome the spice in Shokes', but I found myself more persuaded by Miss Berg.

Actually, both books assert that one of the great riddles of our time is the democratic peoples' hesitancy about telling Hitler, in words he would understand, to stop slaughtering Jews.

There are many areas of agreement, and even of similar if not identical observation. Both writers tell of Gestapo agents who pulled out Jews' beards by the roots; of mercenary Latvians and Lithuanians who shot down Jews for fun; of theaters, cafes, schools, makeshift rikshas, the horse-drawn trolley (or Kohn) and Halber; of girls obliged to strip and dance for the Germans; of children shot to death; of janitors creeping up the blood spilled in the streets by the Nazi masters; of the curfew of ghetto mayor Adam Czerniakow.

Shokes... and Reiss... are more diplomatic. Miss Berg more blunt. She recalls frankly the number of Poles who were anti-Semites. Shokes offers, however, a fuller account of the last battle in the ghetto... which Miss Berg had already left on her way to America.