

Wilmington Star

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER IN NEW HANOVER COUNTY Payable Weekly or In Advance

Time	Star	News	Combination
1 Week	30	25	50
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6 Months	7.80	6.50	13.00
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3 Months	\$ 2.50	\$ 2.00	\$ 3.85
6 Months	5.00	4.00	7.70
1 Year	10.00	8.00	15.40

(Above rates entitle subscriber to Sunday issue of Star-News)

WILMINGTON STAR (Daily Without Sunday)
3 Months-\$1.85 6 Months-\$3.70 1 Yr.-\$7.40

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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

MONDAY, MARCH 5, 1945.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Our job is to do our best, be our best, and bring out the best in others, and so make a better world.—Joseph Fort Newton.

Boss Lewis' Demands

John L. Lewis, boss of the United Mine Workers, is a determined, strong-willed, selfish and clever man. The country has known that for a long time.

But, we have thought, wasn't there a ceiling on his arrogance, his head-strong and continual efforts to place his interests and those of the UMW above those of his country? Somewhere, in his bullish makeup, wasn't there an iota of fear for the operators, the government or public opinion? Apparently there isn't. This man has no limit to which he will go to achieve his aims.

He has set the stiffest fee as the cost of uninterrupted coal production in the history of the nation. His price includes an unprecedented demand that the union be paid 10 cents a ton royalties—about \$60,000,000 a year—on all bituminous coal mined in the United States. The royalty payments, one of eleven demands, would be used by the UMW to give its members modern medical service, hospitalization and other insurance, rehabilitation and economic protection. In short, Boss Lewis wants the American people to keep his miners.

Meantime, he notifies the government that he wants his miners polled March 27 to see if they want to strike if his demands are not met. And he told the government to keep hands off his negotiations.

So, here we have a labor dictator, a man who ignores all but himself at a time when this country is fighting for its very existence.

But Boss Lewis is not an original man, as the Philadelphia Inquirer points out when it says: "Boss Lewis has not been too proud to borrow this nefarious scheme from Boss Petriello, who is now collecting his own private tax on every phonograph record that's turned out. When Petriello blackmailed the record making companies, under threat of putting them out of business, it was widely predicted that other union bosses would promptly follow suit. The Inquirer at that time asked what would happen to the cost of living if Lewis should demand a union fee on every ton of coal and if the automobile and steel workers and members of countless other unions should all gang up on the hard pressed consumer. Now Boss Lewis has done that very thing and it will be a sad day for America if he too, manages to get away with it."

But the fact that this scheme should make the pirates of Tripoli bluish in their graves is not its most unfortunate feature.

It is its great threat to the country's industrial peace that is so serious. Negotiations would be difficult under ordinary conditions and with reasonable demands but with this outlandish request, there is no telling what will happen before the matter of a new contract is settled. The conferences are under way with two strikes on them. If all efforts to reach an agreement fail, there is but one thing to do: The government must take over the mines, even if it has to station soldiers at every pit to see that the country has the essential war commodity of coal.

This nation is too large to wrangle with Lewis. If we have to choose between him and coal, there is but one answer and the sooner it is given the better.

Amendments Will Wait

It's not likely that Congress will propose any more constitutional amendments until after the war and "the boys come home," says Senator McCarran, chairman of the Senate Judiciary committee. He thinks that the men overseas should have an opportunity to vote on these matters, since they will affect their lives, as well as those of ever body else.

The states, including North Carolina, might well follow suit. While there may be no disposition to slip anything over on the men in their absence, it is only fair that such changes, which would be lasting, be submitted to them along with the population as a whole. The majority of them have expressed a desire to come back and find the country as they left it.

The Teachers' Case

Much has been said and written about the plight of North Carolina's under-paid school teachers.

Their case, an exceptionally good one, has been presented to the public through practically every medium. Yet, to us, the best summarization has not been on the front and editorial pages of the newspapers, at meetings of educators or in the halls of the General Assembly. It was an advertisement inserted in the state newspapers recently by Glenn M. Tucker, principal of Bolivia High school.

We reprint it in full:

"Teacher wanted for Bolivia High School. If you have had no professional training the state allows \$71.33 per month. If you have spent several thousands of dollars for four years of college and hold a Grade A certificate, with nine or more years of teaching experience you will receive \$158.00 per month, provided, in this case, your certificate is for mathematics, otherwise \$148.00. Also, withholding tax must be deducted, therefore, net monthly salary is from \$54.00-\$135.00. Your work will be dealing with nothing more important than the minds of the children upon whose shoulders will fall the task of maintaining the peace which is to follow this war.

Why should you expect much pay for this type of work? The work is easy. Lesson studies and plans, papers to grade, teaching of classes, extra-curricular activities etc. will not require more than 12-15 hours per day. We will not lay claim to the balance of your time. Better apply early as we expect to choose from the first 100 applicants (we also need a music teacher and will choose her from this same group). The person chosen to teach mathematics will only be the fourth teacher this year not sixth to eighth as in some schools. Average cost of room and board will only be about \$40.00 per month. Apply in person or write—Glenn M. Tucker, Principal, Bolivia, N. C."

Perhaps the ultra-conservative may believe Mr. Tucker was a bit too dramatic. We don't think so. His is an exceptionally good presentation of the case of the teachers. What stronger or more convincing argument could be offered for a fair and decent wage for them than that advertisement?

What was the reaction? Principal Tucker received 11 applications but the average educational level of the applicants was less than one year of college training.

Tar Heel editors came through with at least half a dozen editorials; letters, all of a commendable nature, poured in from friends, teachers and the general public. There was a great amount of comment, the most common being "I had no idea teachers' salaries were so low. I would never teach school anyway. Wouldn't have the patience."

And Mr. Tucker got a teacher. Later he received a couple of applications from college graduates but they came too late.

Obviously, the principal of the Bolivia school did much more than fill a vacancy in the staff of his faculty. In presenting the situation of the teachers so clearly he has done a great deal not only for their cause itself but for education as a whole in the state.

Shooting Star

Acceleration of invention and impetus given mechanical devices in wartime is well illustrated in announcement that the United States is building in volume a jet-propelled fighter which will outfly any plane now in use. This is the Lockheed P-80 Shooting Star. It travels a mere 600 miles an hour, is simple in design has considerable range and extreme maneuverability.

Incidentally, it is being built by General Electric. You remember when manufacture of refrigerators stopped. This is one of the answers.

It would have taken 20 years of peace to bring about such a plane. That would have also been the case in many other war machines; the amphibious tank for example, that wades through water, floats to the other side and comes out shooting. It seems incredible but nothing is incredible in war. Electronics has come of age within a few brief years as necessity compelled.

There may be a limit somewhere but it isn't in sight. Man's ingenuity appears limitless, the only danger that he may build to the point where he will destroy himself.

Not Surprising

While writing of the determination to see that Germany's war criminals do not escape to some other country when the nation comes toppling down around their ears and when United Nations armies close the trap, Pravda, Russian publication, adds emphasis. There has been talk that Hitler and Co., might try to get to Argentina, skedaddling in a fast plane. Argentina is about the only spot in the New World where they might be tolerated. Pravda declares that Russia would send after them no matter where they might go, "if even to Argentina."

It wouldn't be surprising. Russia has found out what a giant she is, what power she possesses. Her rulers are audacious. They act when the need arises. They would find a way to get the refugees no matter where they went, and who would try to prevent them?

Impudence and Audacity

American soldiers convicted of looting American supply trains on the way to the front, taking great quantities of gasoline, food and other war materials that were badly needed by soldiers in battle, "may receive probation," according to a dispatch from Paris. They might get a chance to "serve their

country again," the item reads. Some have been asked to go back to their railroad battalion and make good.

It should never be allowed. They stole from the men at the front. They are unfit to wear the uniform of the United States. The idea that any should go back—and maybe steal again—is ridiculous. Men are dead in Europe because of lack of supplies these scoundrels took. They were convicted of the crime but stand to go scot free and maybe come back to be acclaimed as heroes, along with the genuine ones.

Proper punishment would be to make them stay in France the rest of their unnatural lives.

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)

Whether by superior initiative and enterprise or through flaws in their censorship, our British colleagues in the newspaper business have scooped our boys on a number of important stories both in the field and on the diplomatic front in the course of the last year. I lean almost horizontally to the belief that our trouble has been no lack of hustle and news-sense but interference and a too-conscientious observance of the code.

However, to anyone who worked among our British brethren a quarter of a century ago or before, it is pleasantly apparent that they have stepped up their methods and pace. This is a compliment to our set because they learned it all from us. It was the American reporter, fresh from chasing fire-engines in this country and with no more reverence for a noble lord in the Foreign office than for the mayor of Chicago in the City Hall, who taught them speed in delivery and punch in preparation. The process was rather painful to them at times.

A few weeks after the Easter uprising in Dublin in 1916, a small meeting was held in the office of the Home Secretary or Colonial Secretary in Whitehall which pointed out the difference between the status and methods of native English reporters, or press-men as they permitted themselves to be called, and the Americans. Wilbur Forrest, now a distinguished executive of the N. Y. Herald-Tribune, but then of the United Press and not long out of Peoria, and some other Americans, had whipped over to Dublin aboard a British man-of-war, leaving the English press flatfooted. Our cousins were quite upset and this little conference was called to thresh things out.

An English journalist, speaking for their crowd, protested to the secretary who was, I believe, Sir Francis Younghusband, against the favoritism to the foreigners. In a wounded and by no means demanding tone, he desired an explanation.

"But," the secretary said, "none of you gentlemen asked to be allowed to go. What was I to do, send for you? These American reporters came to me asking permission and transportation and I sent them on their way."

Our English colleague wilted visibly. This was a revolutionary thing, press-men dashing to a cabinet member in person with such a request. The correct way would have been for one of our editors to write a letter to an undersecretary and possibly, at some future time, a "special representative" would have composed a scholarly and hand-wrought essay to appear back among the goiters and electric belts, as we used to say, perhaps weeks after the ashes and the story had grown cold.

Our reporters had been using the telegraph long before the speed of this remarkable invention occurred to Fleet Street. I would suppose that American reporters who covered the Civil War sometimes filed by wire, but during one of the long, dreary night watches in London in 1916, Hal O'Flaherty came upon an item which dated its discovery by our English friends in 1901.

Mr. O'Flaherty was combing the English blanket sheets for odd fragments of the Bulgarian communique or, perhaps, an attempt on the life of David Lloyd George for they had an exasperating and, to us, incomprehensible way of stuffing big news into obscure corners under one-heads. You had to read the sheets literally from cover to cover lest you miss the greatest story of the day or, for that matter, of the war.

They used to tell of a story that broke a few years before the First World War which illustrated this abusing indifference to emphasis in the presentation of news. There had been a murder trial at Old Bailey which was duly reported with exhaustive Q. and A. by short-hand men with a lead which ran about like this: "The trial was resumed yesterday at Old Bailey of John Henry William Smith-Jones, labourer accused of the murder of his wife, Betsy," under a head which probably read "Unusual Incident." At any rate, at the end of about two columns of letter-perfect monotony, the story, related that along toward adjournment John Henry William Smith-Jones pulled a knife out of his boot and took several slices out of the judge, the prosecutor and the witness on the stand.

Mr. O'Flaherty uttered a cry as of some frightened wild thing and fell, as we sometimes used to say, prostitute upon the floor of the cozy little rookery which then was sufficient to the needs of the United Press. Recovering, he read aloud the obituary of an old English journalist who had died, possibly weeks before, because, as I say, haste in presenting the news was not one of their virtues.

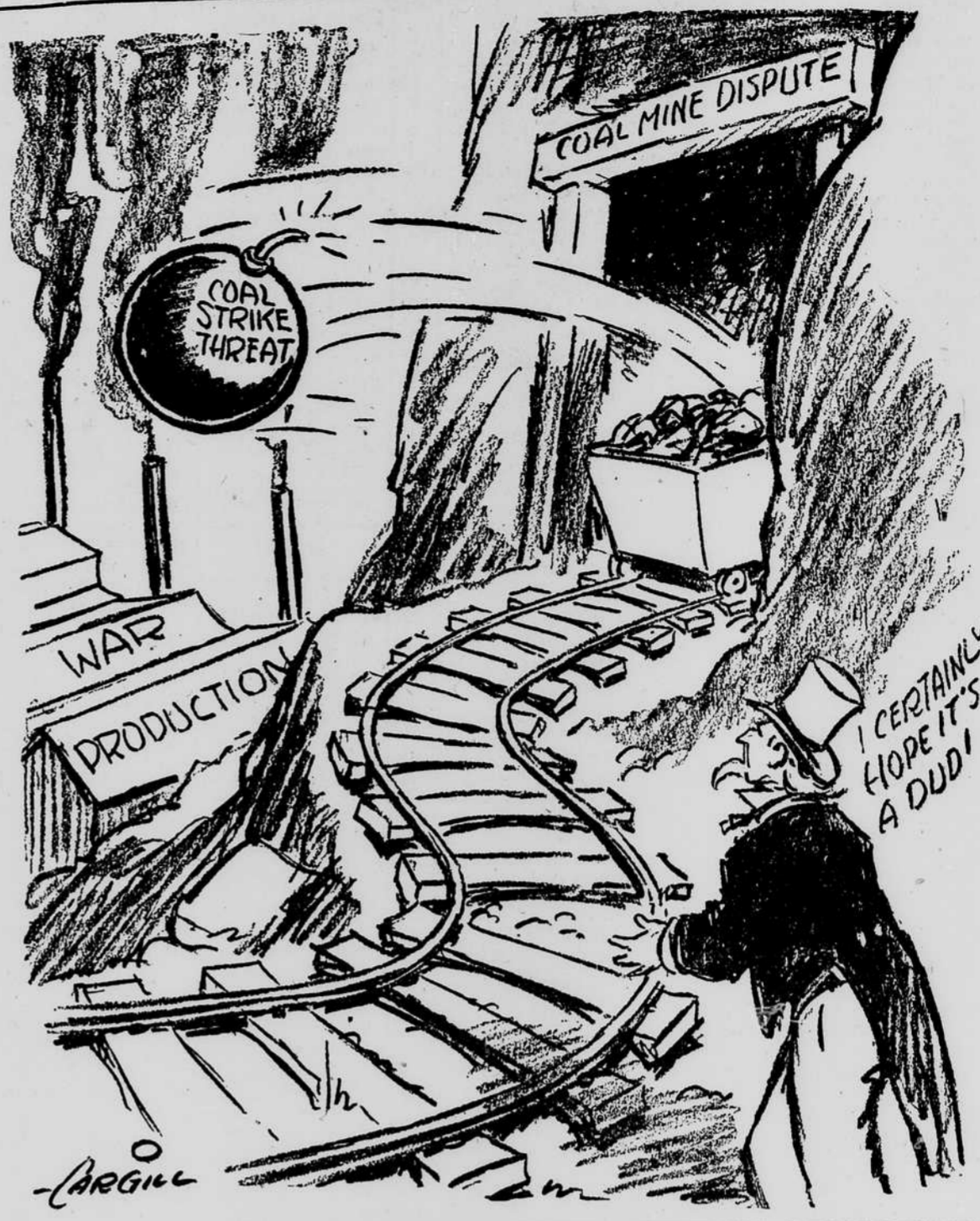
It developed that our late English colleague had been a historic man in his profession. In 1901 he had been assigned with many others to await the death of Her Majesty Queen Victoria on the Isle of Wight which sad event sent them all pell mell, you may be sure, for the steam packet to the mainland, London bound. The subject of the obituary discovered to his dismay on his arrival at the dock that he had forgotten his "gums," meaning in our barbarian tongue, his rubbers and hurried back to his diggings to get them.

"Post haste," in the exciting words of the obit, he returned to the dock only to see the packet disappearing without him. The next available boat left several hours later and our subject was sorely distressed about the time element. At this point he had a flash of ingenuity which made a minor immortal of him.

For he composed his article on the vessel and, on reaching England went to the local post-office where he sent it to London in the form of a telegram while his colleagues were aboard the train, warming themselves, no doubt, with a few dishes of expensive account tea.

"Thereby," the obituary ended, our late colleague introduced the use of the telegraph for transmission of news in England and scored "as our American friends would call it, Swoop."

The Black Watch



Your War--With Ernie Pyle

By ERNIE PYLE
IN THE MARIANAS ISLANDS—

(Delayed) — I've always felt the great 500-mile taxi race at Indianapolis to be the most intriguing event—in terms of human suspense—that I've ever known. The start of a B-29 mission to Tokyo, from the spectator's standpoint, is almost a duplicate of the Indianapolis race.

On mission day people are out early to see the start. Soldiers in groups sit on favorite high spots around the field—on tops of buildings, on tops of bulldozers along the runway, on mounds that give a better view—and even a few bold souls stand at the very end of the runway to snap amateur pictures as the thundering planes pass just over their heads.

As the planes taxi out, it is just like cars at Indianapolis leaving their pits to line up for the start. You wave farewell to your own special friends, and then get as fast as you can to your own favorite spot to watch the spectacle.

My nephew, Lieut. Jack Bales, wasn't on this mission, so we drove in a jeep to the far end of the runway, and parked on a raised place alongside it, at a point where the planes better be in the air by that time—or else.

"If a plane starts wheeling off the runway," Jack said, "We gotta run like hell."

Most of the planes would be in the air long before they reached us. But a few either had trouble getting off, or else their pilots were holding them down, for they just barely raised in the last few feet of runway, and the amateur photographers down there hit the dirt so hard we had to laugh.

The planes were staggering just a little as they took off. The spacing between them was perfect. There was never a blank spot, never a delay. When you turned from seeing one safely off the ground, there would be the

next one coming down the runway.

These Mariana islands are so small that any plane taking off is out over the water within a few seconds. It is a goose-fleshy bluff by a mere few feet, and then sink out of sight toward the water. This is because get more flying down a little to get more flying speed. Pretty soon you see them come up into sight again.

There were no accidents at the start of our mission, but not all the planes did get off. Two were canceled on the ground before starting. Two ran halfway down the airstrip, then cut the power and came rolling off to the side, just like burned-out cars at Indianapolis.

One of them had locked brakes, and was just barely able to pull itself off the airstrip and out of the way. He stayed there alongside the runway as all the others roared past him, seeming, from

our position, almost to lock wings with him as they passed.

Finally they were all in the air, formed into flights, and vanished into the swallowing sky from which some would never return.

I had the same feeling watching the takeoff that I used to have before the start at Indianapolis. Here were a certain number of cars and men. Some of them you knew. They had built and trained for weeks for this day. At last the time had come.

And in a few hours of desperate living, everything would be changed. You knew that within a few hours some would be glorious in victory, some would be defeated in failure, some would be colorless "also rans," and some—very probably—would be dead.

And that's the way you feel when the B-29s start out. It is just up to fate. In 15 hours they will be back—those who are coming back. But you cannot know ahead of time who it will be.

House Plans Day Session To Clear Lengthy Docket

RALEIGH, March 4.—(AP)—With 54 public bills hanging on the roll call calendar, members of the House will hold their first legislative session of the current Congress tomorrow beginning at 3 o'clock, inaugurating what is expected to be the busiest legislative week since the Assembly got underway January 4.

The Senate, a little less pushed for time, will hold its usual Monday night session beginning at 8 o'clock.

Although many important matters are expected to be thrashed out in both houses during the coming week, perhaps the most far-reaching will be the \$129,000,000 revenue bill, which goes on second reading in the House tomorrow. The measure, already amended on

the floor to include a \$1 tax on wine, will reach the Senate for three separate readings Wednesday provided no further material amendments are offered.

However, informed legislative quarters predicted the measure would invoke stiff debate tomorrow from the anti-wine tax group, which formed quickly over the week-end after Rep. Stone of Rockingham had succeeded in installing the \$1 tax on all wines at Friday's session.

Under law the measure must pass three readings on separate days before enactment. The current bill, in the form of amendments to continuing revenue act, had already passed second reading in the House, however, before law makers decided that several amendments offered from the floor on Thursday were "material" amendments. This caused Speaker Oscar Richardson to put the measure back on first reading, giving Stone the opportunity to introduce his wine tax amendment.

Meanwhile, the Joint Appropriations Committee was expected to make a report early this week on its recommendations relative to the proposed State Hospital and Medical Care Program. The bill will be considered Tuesday afternoon, with a number of amendments from members known to favor more concrete allocations for the program expected to be offered in committee.

The House is expected to hold several day sessions this week, Speaker Richardson having indicated several times last week that both morning and afternoon sessions would be necessary to clean up the lengthy calendar before the lower branch.

AUDIENCE WITH POPE

VATICAN CITY, March 4.—(UP)—Eugenio Zolli, former leading rabbi of Rome, and his wife, who recently were converted to Catholicism, were received by the Pope today in an audience of more than half an hour in the Pope's private apartment.

Egypt was considered part of Asia until Ptolemy made the Isthmus of Suez and the Red Sea the boundary between Africa and Asia.

Interpreting The War

By ELTON C. FAY
Associated Press War Analyst

The best and certainly the most authoritative description of the plight of the Nazis at the Rhine is found in the unqualified phrasing of message to German civilians from Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. "The Allied armies have broken through the West Wall and are overrunning the territory west of the Rhine," says Eisenhower.

At another point he speaks of the "stampede of the defeated German army."

And then, with even greater significance, he warns that "there is no safety east of the Rhine. The Ruhr already is under Allied artillery fire as well as air bombardment."

These are strong words from a man long given to cautious public utterances, even when it is considered that they are written for broadcasting to an enemy population. It must be presumed they are based more on actual military information than on the concepts of psychological warfare.

It should be noted that Eisenhower's message was directed to the German civil population "west" of the Rhine. He did not put any north or south boundary on the area. The Rhine extends from the Swiss border northward into Holland.

It is, of course, obvious that at this hour the greatest part of the disintegration of the Wehrmacht is occurring in the area from Cologne north. The American Third Army to the south, however, is stabbing northeastward from Trier toward the Rhine, compressing Nazi forces back on the river, cutting them up, heading them for the same chaos existing for the German troops facing the American First and Ninth and the British and Canadian armies.

Bidding for still greater demoralization of resistance, Eisenhower instructs civilians to tell German soldiers to throw away their arms and take cover until they can surrender as prisoners under the terms of the Geneva Convention.

The general's reference to the areas east of the Rhine being under artillery as well as air bombardment is intriguing. It is upon the weight of artillery fire thrown across the Rhine that Allied crossings of the river must depend to a great extent.

The network of hard-surfaced roads and railroads leading to the west bank of the Rhine will make possible the movement of not only greater numbers of artillery pieces but those of the heaviest calibers.

Meanwhile, Allied air armadas are maintaining a steady program of wrecking rail and highway facilities, both close in to the threatened eastern bank of the Rhine and on the distant approaches.

Daily Prayer

FOR THE GRIEF-STRICKEN

With tear-dimmed eyes and hurt and heavy hearts, we turn to Thee, O Lord, in our grief over the myriads of boys whose lives have already been offered up in this war. Some of them were our own dear sons and brothers and husbands. Like Jesus, they gave of their uttermost to a holy Cause. But our grief stays alive, to walk with us through life's remaining years. We need the comfort that only Thou, O our Father, canst bestow upon the sorrowing. Out of Thy Father heart, increase our faith in the eternal reality of love and of the heavenly home that never breaks up. May our lives be purified and ennobled by this new tie with eternity. And in all experiences we would say, "Thy will be done." Amen.—W. T. E.

Foreign Planes Attack Zurich And Basel; Big Craters Are Reported

BERN, March 4.—(AP)—Foreign planes bombed the suburbs of Zurich, Switzerland's biggest city, and Basel at the frontier today. American bombers attacked in nearby southwest Germany today.

Twenty-five bomb craters were counted in the Basel freight yards, warehouses were wrecked, and a crashing bomber started numerous fires.

A number of persons were injured in Basel and in Zurich, where the suburban agricultural school was wrecked.

22 Nazi U-Boat Experts Die In Experiment, BBC Correspondent Declares

LONDON, March 4.—(AP)—Twenty-two of the highest German experts on submarine warfare, including the chief of the 11th Flotilla, died two weeks ago when their experimental U-Boat was sunk during maneuvers in a fjord near Bergen, Norway, a BBC Stockholm correspondent said today.

The experts were experimenting with a new submarine technique, he added, and sabotage is suspected.

NAZI GARRISON LOST

LONDON, March 4.—(AP)—German High Command announced today that the Nazi garrison on the Docecanian island of Placost, northwest of Rhodes, had been overwhelmed. It declared the garrison "for four months had pinned down considerable enemy naval forces."