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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.**

FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1945.

**TOP 'O THE MORNING**  
Teach us to look in all our ends  
On thee for judge, and not our friends,  
That we with Thee may walk uncowed  
By fear or favor of the crowd.

**RUDYARD KIPLING.**

**Slower, Please**

Third Street property owners, at their organizational meeting, outlined a splendid program in the carrying out of which the stretch of the thoroughfare involved should rapidly be materially and permanently bettered.

One recommendation particularly is called to the City Council's attention. It is that oil tankers be compelled to travel at a speed not exceeding fifteen miles an hour there.

It was pointed out that the vibration caused by them when they move at higher speeds is known to have cracked plaster in homes, and the new Legion headquarters was pointed out as an example. This is not the only building in which walls show great cracks, all traceable to the same cause.

But this is not the only reason it would be advisable to bring down the oil trucks' speed. Their thundering fast through Third street causes many light sleepers to lose a night's rest. And if they waken sleeping persons, how much worse is it to have them disturb invalids who, though not sleeping, may be resting.

Certainly it would serve the public welfare to require oil tankers and all other heavy vehicles to move at low speed, and not only on this section of Third street, south to Castle, but on streets in all residential areas.

**Set Sights High**

The proposal to create at Warm Springs a great memorial to former President Roosevelt, where he fought and won his battle with infantile paralysis and from where thousands of victims of this disease have regained use of twisted, shriveled legs and arms to take their place in the world again and earn independent livelihoods, certainly deserves popular support. It would be infinitely better than rearing a monument to his memory and placing a bust of him in Stairway Hall.

But in planning for Warm Springs and its further development as a haven for polio victims it would be well to consider the financial situation of thousands of families into whose homes the disease enters. If the institution is to meet the greater need and fulfill its highest destiny it must be sufficiently endowed to treat many patients without charge and even pay for their transportation to and from the institution.

Many millions of dollars would have to be raised and invested in sound interest-earning securities to make this possible. For this reason the promoters of the Warm Springs Roosevelt memorial movement will have to set their sights high.

**Herriot Freed**

Many notable prisoners of Germany are finding their way back home either to live in security or stand trial, as in the case of Marshal Petain and other Frenchmen, for treason. For the most part, American interest is mild. It centers chiefly in the release of military prisoners from German torture pens and charnal houses. But word of the freeing of one German captive is certain to be received with genuine pleasure in this country.

The man in Edouard Herriot, and the reason is that he alone of all high French dignitaries at the time demanded the French government pay its debt to the United States following the former World War. Back in the twenties, that was, when war debts were a matter of keen interest and all countries, save Finland and sometimes Hungary, were repudiating them as often as payments fell due. With unexampled courage, M. Herriot stood up on his pudgy legs and declared that France ought to pay on the barrel head without further ado and evasion, and was promptly ridden out of office.

Furthermore, M. Herriot could not abide Laval. Although he had joined the Vichy regime and served as chief of its puppet Chamber of Deputies for a time he protested an order of Laval in his customary blunt manner and went to jail for it.

Now he is free. Somewhere in the widening field of Russian operations Red troops came upon him and turned him loose. It would be dangerous for him to remain in France. Even if he escaped trial and execution for his Vichy services, he certainly could not get along with De Gaulle and a clash with him would lead to further trouble for the 72-year-old man who, for all his years, probably has lost none of his stern sense of right. He is one Vichyite who could find asylum in the United States with popular approval.

**Still The Same Alternative**

In his address to the delegates at the San Francisco Security Conference, President Truman, among other things, said: "We still have a choice between the alternatives: The continuation of international chaos, or the establishment of a world organization for the enforcement of peace."

We are particularly impressed by Mr. Truman's use of the word "still" in stating the case. The choice is not new. It existed after the former World War. When the Senate of the United States rejected the League of Nations it made a choice that laid the foundation for the international chaos Hitler brought about.

The bitter fight in the Senate over the League of Nations was a party fight, with a republican clique led by Senator Lodge determined to defeat Wilson's cherished dream of a lasting peace. The league never had a chance, lacking United States membership.

It is not unfair to think that had we been represented at Geneva when Mussolini was rampant there would have been sanctions against Italy and Mussolini would not have dared make war in Ethiopia. It was that Ethiopian war that marked the first outrage of the growing dictator group and encouraged Hitler to militarize Germany for the war he was so soon to launch.

With the league lesson learned, and well known among delegations to San Francisco from so many nations, it is to be expected that partisanship, as such, will be repressed regardless of what quarter it might spring from, and the decisions affecting the peace of the world for generations to come be reached solely upon the principles of right and justice.

**Patton's Shifts**

It seems that General Patton no sooner gets set to take a major objective than he is directed to detour and started toward another.

After Normandy it looked like he was to occupy Paris. But he was told to skip it. Then he was headed for Berlin and when the way seemed clear for his advance upon the Reich capital he was told to veer southward apparently to link up with the Russians at Leipzig, but again he was told to swing further south, which indicated to the easy chair strategists that he would contact the Russians at Dresden.

When General Patton and his Third Army were only forty miles from Dresden another order came from headquarters eliminating the Russian juncture and sending him with his valiants to the Danube valley and the Alps.

One might suppose that General Patton, denied so many spectacular maneuvers, would be down in the mouth, especially as he is a temperamental fellow craving the spotlight. But it is reported that he is in a most cheerful humor, his face wreathed in smiles.

There must be a reason for his happiness. What it is must remain a matter of speculation, but it would appear that he has been commissioned to clean out the last island of resistance in Germany or German-held territory.

For some time General Patton and his Third Army have met little resistance, and other and his men love a fight. We must assume, in the absence of better information, that they are going to have a fight in Hitler's Bavarian redoubt, and are honin' for it.

**Another War**

War has broken out in the Western Hemisphere. Unlike the war in Europe and the Pacific it stirs warmest sympathy. Washington can be imagined as saying: "Let us know if there is anything we can do to help." It involves no international complications, levies no drain on manpower. Even with the San Francisco conference occupying the spotlight, the United Nations wish it well.

Columbia has declared war on house flies. The sanitary department at Barranquilla has imported 2,000 wasps. Immediate victory is not foreseen. The wasps and the flies will engage in no aerial warfare. Instead the wasps, if they pursue their customary habits, will feed on fly larvae and so kill off the oncoming generation before it is born, and we may suppose the people of Barranquilla will do something about exterminating living flies aloft by swatting them as they alight.

All success to the war.

In our area the Germans are frankly hostile. Closer to the border and before we crossed the Rhine their attitude was different. But here they look at us with actual hatred in their eyes. — Capt. Doris Donovan, Army nurse at Darmstadt.

## 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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SAN FRANCISCO, April 27.—A few days ago, over in the Arizona desert, one of those telegrams came from Washington to a young woman of 26, the wife of an Army flyer, whose most recent letter had announced that he had been decorated and promoted to captain. Now he was gone. He wouldn't be home, that evening, after the girl had been put to bed, her mother blurted in rage through her tears, "damn those politicians if they don't give us a decent peace this time—"

Although the present deliberations here in San Francisco have been pointedly described as preliminary discussions, to warn the people that they will not produce peace or even in its final form an organization to preserve peace, millions of human beings do anticipate something substantial and reassuring. They expect much more than this conference is likely to produce and they would be hurt in their souls and made rebellious if they were to hear it referred to as a clambake, as it often is in these preliminary stages, and compared to those cynical and vulgar rites by which we choose our presidential nominees in the national conventions. There are points of similarity to the nominating conventions, it is true, but people who have lost husbands and sons and others who have dissolved their homes and sacrificed young years in this war have great hopes which it were heartless to mock in this way. Perhaps, this time the agents of the peoples will be able to compromise and adjust and observe a decent respect for the feelings of the victims of war such as the one who damned "those politicians," even in an atmosphere of doubt, amounting almost to fippancy.

It would be dishonest not to admit that confusion, distrust and past experience justify at the beginning a lack of confidence that so unwidely a meeting can give promise of a great peace. There has been so much discussion already, there have been so many plans, understandings and tentative proposals that few men understand the basis on which this conference meets. And many who for years attended Versailles, the Washington disarmament conference, the League of Nations and other European treaty meetings may be pardoned the comparisons which now come instinctively to mind out of the past.

At sight it is plain that Russia and the United States dominate the situation in the sense that these two must agree and in good faith if a good peace is to be given the world. Yet it is plain, also, that the Americans are doubtful of Russia concerning Poland and then the question arises whether the woman who damned the politicians would be willing to risk that peace for the sake of a victory on this point. There are many Polish groups in the United States who would insist that Poland, the first nation to feel the might of the Nazis, at a time when the Russians were collaborating with Hitler, had been betrayed again and here we wonder what would be the verdict of the widows and mothers who have lost their men if that came to be the issue on which the success or failure of the conference should be decided. And would Poland actually be worse off under Russian domination?

This distrust of Russia, for all the propaganda of the communists in the United States and the abusive publications released by left-wing American collaborationists, does rise from an old record of revolutionary activity here directed from Moscow. It is all in the official documents of the American government and beyond question this political activity, especially in the American labor movement in the early years of the new deal, was intended to overthrow the American government by the violent revolution of a minority of the people. The proof exists in the records of the Dies committee and of the Department of Justice. The Roosevelt government gave aid and comfort, oard and lodging to some of these revolutionaries in Washington and maintained for all the years of the new deal many of their sympathizers in offices in Washington. President Truman never has been their friend and he may gradually ease them out and reassure his own people that in cooperating with Soviet Russia toward the peace he nevertheless repudiates communists here and all who believe as they do in the United States. Certainly the influence of the communists and their friends will be less than it would have been but for the change of presidents and this might cause, in turn, a new understanding between the two countries that the price of cooperation will be a decent respect for the political privacy and governmental integrity of our own country.

It is true that the mechanics of operating this enormous congress resemble the clambake or the national political convention. After all, there must be stages and flood lights, press rooms, ceremonies, orations and picturesque or grotesque characters and they must be housed and fed and we are going in for a few amenities which are on the old world or oriental side. And, in the end, the conclusions may be reached in the equivalent of the smoke-filled room, which is not to say, however, that they must necessarily be sordid. For, after all, in Congress the conclusions often are shaped in committee rooms where smoking is not forbidden and nothing could be accomplished in any such meeting as this by full and open debate in many strange tongues.

Notwithstanding appearances, there is ground for hope that this time the politicians will produce a promise of peace in which the American system need not succumb to an alien form of government. More depends on Russia, however, than on the United States.

**You're Telling Me**

Astronomers tell us that every day more than 15,000,000 meteorites strike the earth's atmosphere. Who's throwing rocks at us? Mars—or Venus?

Some falcons, according to Faetographs, live as long as 150 years. They enjoy both high life and a long one.

Cost of living is terribly high in Japan. Well, the Mips should have known that Hirohito and his gang were no bargain.

Nothing, mourns Zadok Durnkopf whose favorite cage team lost the annual tournament, looks so forlorn as a basketball in April.

Post-war gold mines, we read, will be air-conditioned. Gosh, this should make treasure hunting doubly enjoyable.

## MURDER MYSTERY



## Your War--With Ernie Pyle

Editor's Note: This is Ernie Pyle's last column

BY ERNIE PYLE

OKINAWA —(By Navy radio) — One of these days Mrs. Leland Taylor of (101 Francis Court), Jackson, Mich. is going to be the envy of all her friends. For she is about to come into possession of four pairs of the most beautiful Japanese pajamas you ever saw.

These are daytime pajamas or drawing room pajamas—the kind that some American hostesses wear at cozy cocktail parties.

Mrs. Taylor's husband, who is a marine corporal and known as a "Pop," found these pajamas in a wicker basket hidden in a cave. They apparently are brand new and have never been worn. They are thrilling to look at and soft to the touch.

Pop carries the basket around on his arm from place to place until he can get a chance to ship them home.

One morning I wandered down to our mortar platoon and ran onto a young fellow with whom I have a great deal in common. We are both from Albuquerque and we both have mosquito trouble.

This New Mexico lad was Pfc. Dick Trauth of 508 W. Santa Fe St. Both his eyes were swollen almost shut from mosquito bites. At least one of mine is swollen shut every morning. We both look very funny.

Dick still is just a boy. He's seen nineteen months in the marines and a year overseas. He's a veteran of combat and still he's only 17 years old. He has one brother in the marines and another in the army in Germany.

Dick writes letters to movie stars and not long ago he got back a picture of Shirley Temple, autographed to his company just as he had asked her to do. Dick is very shy and quiet and I had a feeling he must be terribly lonesome. But the other boys say he isn't and that he gets along fine.

One of the marines who drives me around in a jeep whenever I have to go anywhere is Pfc. Buzz Vitters of (2403 Hoffman St.) the Bronx, New York.

Buzz has other accomplishments besides jeep driving. He is known as the Bing Crosby of the Marines. If you shut your eyes and don't listen very hard you can hardly tell the difference.

I first met Buzz on the transport coming up to Okinawa. He and a friend would give an impromptu and homegrown concert on deck every afternoon.

They would sit on a hatch in the warm tropical sun and pretty soon there would be scores of marines and sailors packed around them, listening in appreciative silence. It made the trip to war almost like a Caribbean luxury cruise.

Buzz's partner was Pfc. Johnny Marturello of 225 Livingston St., Des Moines, Ia. Johnny plays the accordion. He is an Italian, of course, and has all an Italian's flair for the accordion. He sings too, but he says as a singer, his name is "Frank Not-so-hotra."

Johnny plays one piece he composed himself. It is a lovely thing. He sent it to the GI Publishing Co., or branch or whatever it is in the States and I feel positive it could be widely played it would become a hit.

The piece is a sentimental song called "Why Do I Have To Be Here Alone?" Johnny wrote it for his girl back home, but he grins and admits they are "on the outs." Johnny came ashore on Love Day and his accordion followed two

days after. Now in his off moments he sits at the side of the road and plays for bunches of Okinawans that the marines have rounded up. They seem to like it.

Johnny had a lot of trouble with his accordion down south in the tropical climates. Parts would warp and stick and mould and he continuously had to take the thing apart and dry and clean it.

But it was worth the trouble. It had kept Johnny from getting too homesick. He brought it along with him from America just for his own morale. He knew the accordion would probably be ruined by the climate, but he didn't care.

"I can always get a new accordion," Johnny said, "but I can't get a new ME."

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## WASHINGTON CALLING

by MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON—While the delegates at San Francisco are solemnly debating the form which the world security organization is to take, Congress will be considering the economic and financial proposals that are essential if any international organization is to be more than a hopeful gesture.

The Reciprocal Trade Agreement bill and the Bretton Woods Agreement are just as important as what comes out of San Francisco. That may be why the administration has apparently decided to allow these measures to get no further than the committee stage until after San Francisco.

That seems to me a dubious decision. It might be better to put the full responsibility squarely up to Congress and let the debate go on while the delegates of the 45 nations are our official guests.

Bretton Woods, in particular, is a test of our intentions. Are we going to talk a noble peace while, on the economic side, we insist on keeping the old weapons that finally led to war?

The Bretton Woods plan—agreed to by representatives of 44 nations—sets up two international organizations. One is a bank for reconstruction and development. Everyone, including the American Bankers association, is for that part of the plan.

The second part of the agreement has stirred a controversy. This is the international monetary fund.

It is a pool of money formed by the contributions of all member nations. We put up so many dollars, Britain puts up so many pounds, the French so many francs, and so on.

Then, if a country feels that its currency is depreciating—slipping downward in relation to world prices—that country can come to the monetary fund and get a stabilization loan. If England had large payments to make in France, she would get francs from the fund and agree to repay the credit later in pounds sterling.

This would help to do away with currency speculation—the kind of gambling in money which has made big profits for a few people at the expense, often, of currency stability. It would help to eliminate the kind of funny business with blocked currencies which the Nazis, under the guidance of crafty Hjalmar Schacht, carried to fantastic lengths.

The bankers object because, they say, the privilege of getting credits is "non-discriminatory." That is a banker's word meaning they would like to see tighter restrictions put on the privilege of borrowing from the fund.

The treasury experts, who have nursed the agreement along from the beginning, say that the 30-page Bretton Woods agreement

contains very careful provisions limiting the right to obtain credits. Certain requirements are laid down, and if the borrowing country does not comply, then the director of the fund can refuse the loan.

The adoption of the Bretton Woods plan is not going to bring the millennium, with Wall Street paved with gold and choirs of angels singing in the Stock Exchange building. As the bankers have pointed out, its usefulness is limited.

But it does seem to be a beginning. The United States worked with Britain and France to hold the chief currencies of the world on an even level. Our treasurer entered into bilateral stabilization agreements with Latin-American countries, and out of that operation came a profit of \$100,000,000. Bretton Woods carries stabilization the next logical step, in a formal international compact.

President Truman, at his first press conference, gave his complete approval to the plan in language that no one could misunderstand. Hearings before the House Banking and Currency committee are still going on. Representatives of many large organizations have come out for Bretton Woods as an economic prop under the political plan that will evolve at San Francisco.

The delegates out on the West coast are going to have one ear cocked at Congress. They will want to know whether we intend

to stand behind our noble professions of good will.

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## The Literary Guidepost

By W. G. ROGERS  
"The Ghostly Lover," by Elizabeth Hardwick (Harcourt, Brace; \$2.50).

Love is the subject of this first novel. Miss Hardwick may pretend to write about Marian Coleman and Bruce, or the senior Colemans, or the inscrutable Hattie, or Gertrude, or Florence and Jesse, but her real subject is love, love like an immense longing, an enormous and insatiable appetite, sometimes very proper and sometimes reprehensible, often mysterious, always present from the girl of 16 to the dying grandmother, from the right side of the railroad tracks, the white side, to the wrong side, where the Negroes live.

But if this is about love, there is no actual love in all the 300 pages. Love doesn't quite materialize, it stumbles, it hides, it evades, and finally it is renounced bravely, almost in the grand manner.

Marian's mother has run all over the country with Marian's father in the effort to keep him to herself. Marian's brother Albert gets married, much as a man gets a cold, and there's some love in it.

Gertrude yields irrevocably. Bruce pays for Marian's education, and that's all he pays for and all he gets.

Marian herself is the central problem. We stay with her for some five years, out of high school and through college, or out of the yard where she first met her divorced neighbor Bruce and into New York where she finds Love.

The problem of the girl becoming conscious of desire intrigues many writers, but few of them are adequate to handle it. We are interested definitely, but ignorant; you women are informed, but inclined to be reluctant.

Miss Hardwick has the information and she is not reticent. Indeed, she is honest and frank. She knows more, she writes subtly. She knows how to please a reader's interest. And she doesn't let him down. ("Sick Bay" by Alex Gard (Scribner's); \$1).

This is the gayer side, if there is one, of being a sick lady. Gard does a good two baker's dozens of cartoons, and dedicates them to doctors, nurses, corpsmen and patients at the Norfolk Naval Training Station.

## Interpreting The War

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON  
Associated Press War Analyst

The long awaited junction of Allied-Russian forces in Germany is fast changing its potential scope and meaning even though first patrols contacts in some Elbe river sector are still to be announced.

With the great Elbe estuary port of Bremen in British hands and the similar Oder estuary city of Stettin taken by White Russian armies, a general merging of Russian lines on a front 200 miles or more wide from northwest of Berlin to east of Leipzig appears impending. The jaws of the great vise are already closing down to squeeze last Nazi resistance out in the north, clear to the Baltic coast. Far to the south the Third Army is clamping its grip on the Danubian river port of Passau, within sight of turning the last northern water barrier guarding the Nazi Alpine redoubt.

The unknown factor in the south was the distance Russian columns, pushing up the Danube valley from Vienna or crashing through the Australian Alps in a direct line with Berchtesgaden, had to go. Moscow has been silent as to their progress for many hours. An Allied-Russian junction on the Danube may be much closer than current progress reports would indicate.

General Patton's tanks pushing down the left flank of the Danube valley on the German-Austrian-Czechoslovakian frontier corner near Passau will be in a position to turn potential Nazi northern defense lines south of the Danube when they reach that city if it is not already in American hands.

A major Danube tributary, the Inn, flows into the greater river from the southwest at Passau. A Danube crossing east of Passau would expose Salzburg and Berchtesgaden to immediate blitzkrieg attack. Patton's tanks were last reported racing down converging highways that meet at Passau from Tittling and Rhoimbach.

Every report from the European fronts bore out Secretary Stimson's unusually emphatic statement in Washington that German military power had been everywhere broken "with final finality." The American War Secretary, echoed by Prime Minister Churchill in London, gave his words additional meaning by the assertion that the situation in Germany "should be a direct warning to Japan of what is coming to our enemy in the Pacific."

There is no question that a beginning on assembling that best striking power beyond the Pacific has already been made. Much of the equipment used last June to jump the channel from Britain to Normandy and the specially trained personnel to man it probably has already started for the Pacific. Troops, seasoned veterans of European battlefronts, will follow as they can be released by a general merging of Allied and Russian fronts for the final mopping-up in Germany, the "battle of the pockets" as Mrs. Stimson styled it, for there are only pockets of Nazi resistance, big or little, that remain.

## Daily Prayer

AS WE BOW IN PRAYER to Thee for victory, Eternal Father, our hearts upleap in thankfulness for the heroism and idealism of our boys in the service. We thank Thee for what they mean to us, and for what they mean to our Allies. Still keep them brave and true, saving them from loneliness and from misgivings concerning us at home. Enable us all to live up to the high level of the holy Cause that engages our powers; and to find our best finding thee. For this is the daily and agonizing cry of our hearts: that we may know Thee, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent. Open the eyes of our spiritual understanding, that we may behold Thee as our Father and our God. Deliver us from doubts and indifference and enable us to see something of Thy purposes in this chastening war. Amen.—W. T. E.