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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

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1945.

TOP 'O THE MORNING
Religion should be a rule of life, not a equal incident of it. **DISRAELI.**

By Way Of Contrast

Simplification of menus for German prisoners of war in this country has been effected in most areas. It is not explained by provost marshals that changes and reductions are not influenced by a spirit of retribution and were planned before the truth concerning Germany's treatment of American war prisoners came out.

In light of what we have learned about this, it is hard to understand their squeamishness. Here is a typical bill of fare in American prisoner of war mess halls:

Breakfast: Apples, oatmeal, fresh milk, coffee cake, oleomargarine, coffee. Dinner: Liver, boiled potatoes, sauerkraut, lettuce salad with dressing, bread, oranges, coffee. Supper: Baked beans with fatback (the upper half of a side of pork after the belly, loin, ham and shoulder have been removed), boiled cabbage, fried potatoes, string-bean and onion salad with dressing, bread, raisin twists, coffee.

Contrast this with the swill provided American war prisoners in Germany, and keep calm if you can.

Nations Attending And Missing

The San Francisco Security Conference got away to a bad start when Commissar Molotov maneuvered Secretary Stettinius out of the permanent chairmanship and Britain's compromise proposal for alternating chairmen was turned down cold. It appears that Russia wants to be a party to a security organization—provided Russia can say what kind of organization it is to be.

In great international gatherings heretofore the chief representative of the host nation has been the presiding officer—a courtesy that needs no explanation or excuse. That Commissar Molotov sees fit to override this precedent suggests he will exert a dominating influence on later proceedings which may not be to Russia's liking.

But the present purpose is not to throw cold water on the San Francisco parley which may yet produce the groundwork for lasting peace, but to give an account of the nations participating in the deliberations and the nations without representation.

The forty-six participating powers, headed by the "Big Five"—the United States, Great Britain, France, China and Russia—are:

Australia, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Columbia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Egypt, El Salvador, Ethiopia, Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, India, Iran, Iraq, Lebanon, Liberia, Luxembourg, Mexico, Netherlands, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Norway, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Philippines, Saudi Arabia, South Africa, Syria, Turkey, Uruguay, Venezuela and Yugoslavia.

Eighteen nations are excluded for various reasons. This does not mean they may not be invited to join a peace league later, if the machinery for such an organization is created. The formula for admission was included in the Dumbarton Oaks draft.

To receive an invitation, a country had to have met two requirements: (1) It must have declared war on the Axis. (2) It must have signed the United Nations declaration.

Those requirements automatically cut out some nations. Here are the left-outs: The neutrals—Sweden, Switzerland, Eire, Spain, Portugal, Afghanistan. The enemy—Germany and Japan. Hungary, Finland.

Those with vague diplomatic status—1. Denmark has no government in exile. 2. Poland still is caught in that London-Warsaw tangle.

3. Iceland has been almost an ally, with United States troops based there, but it has not declared war. 4. Italy declared war on Germany and Ja-

pan in 1943, but it still is technically at war with Allies.

5. Argentina has declared war on Germany and Japan but has not been admitted to the United Nations.

6. Thailand, although invaded by the Japanese, is an unknown quantity.

Forces Joined

It has come at last. Russian and American forces have united in the very waist of Germany, at Torgau, a town where many years ago another Russian Army joined its Austrian allies in their war with Frederick the Great.

Thus the thousand-year dynasty envisioned by mad Hitler comes to an end, inglorious for the Nazis, triumphant for the United Nations.

First contact was made by accident on Wednesday when an American jeep failing to receive an order to stop at a certain point kept moving east, twenty-three miles beyond its intended destination, and found the Russians awaiting an order to move into the Elbe town selected well in advance by the combined staffs for the junction. The actual joining of forces in strength came at 8 o'clock Thursday night.

Now all that is left of Hitler's once might; military power are three resistance zones, one in Holland and north Germany, another in Berlin, and the third in southern Germany. In the first British and Canadian armies are making rapid progress with Bremen and Hamburg, Germany's main port cities, in flames. Berlin is overrun with Russian troops whose chief purpose, besides razing the city, is to capture Hitler. In the South General Patton's Third American Army is speeding with resolute power toward another junction with Russian forces and the alleged redoubt Hitler has created in the Bavarian mountains for a last stand by his most fanatical followers.

With German resistance growing lighter in all these areas, and even SS troops surrendering in great numbers, with highways lined by German soldiers watching but not opposing advancing Allied armies, it would appear that the end of the war in Europe cannot be far distant.

Whatever troops still loyal to Hitler may be afield, it is obvious that the tremendous forces now sweeping the Reich under Allied colors will not require much time to wipe them out. Although it had been assumed that a stubborn stand would be made in the Bavarian hills it now appears that even the most hardened of Nazis had enough of fighting and dying in a lost cause, and will not require much persuasion by Patton's tanks to call it a day.

While this junction at Torgau does not mean the war in Germany is over, as President Truman said in a statement made simultaneously with London and Moscow, it does mean, as he adds, that the hour for which the Allies "have toiled and prayed so long draws near."

After what the world has suffered at the hands of the German war-makers this assurance is sufficiently, consoling to send everybody to bed tonight with hearts freer from worry and anguish than in a long time past. At the same time, it must not lead us, in our rejoicing, to overlook the war in the Pacific which is still to be won and which demands the most consecrated effort at home to assure victory.

One With Ninevah And Tyre

Berlin is dying. The Russians obviously are determined to destroy the city totally, in retribution for the German destruction of Stalingrad. And they are very near the end of the job.

Encircled, with Red troops rooting the enemy out of cellars and subways, with flames spreading among what buildings still stand, the seven hundred year old city, which represents the heart of Nazism, and in which Hitler and his murderers plotted this war, is being reduced to ashes and its defenders smashed.

This is the city that Goering said would never hear the hum of enemy aircraft, never feel the impact of enemy bombs. Now Goering is deposited and may be dead. Now Hitler is depending on his intuition to defend Berlin. Now Goebbels is reported in flight.

The end of Hitlerism, as typified by the city, is but a short time ahead. If Hitler is in fact hiding within the burning city his capture cannot long be delayed. No hole or crevice, however concealed or deep, will be unexplored by the invading Russians.

Thus the city in which the torch of war was lighted, and the man who held the match, are doomed. Berlin will become one with Ninevah and Tyre.

The problem then will be to see that no tyrant power ever again rises to destroy another Stalingrad, another Berlin, and no bandit gain the strength to plunge the world into war.

The attempt to bring this about has been started at San Francisco, where representatives of forty-six nations are assembled with the aim of finding the way to permanent peace. Despite a turbulent start it can still be hoped that the way will be discovered.

The cover design of every history of glorious war should be a crutch.—Roanoke (Va.) World News.

The best tonics and the most effective "beauty treatments" for women and men are out-door physical exercise, cheerfulness, mental exercise, kindness and good will.—Raleigh Times.

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)
SAN FRANCISCO, April 26—Senator Robert M. La Follette, Jr., United States Senator, Washington, D. C.

Dear Senator:
Not too long ago for my remembrance, you were running one of those badgering committees there in the Senate whose purpose was to punish citizens who should spy on private organizations, ostensibly voluntary but in most cases compulsory and in many cases rackets known as labor unions.

I have been wondering why you never called on me because I am a hardened old offender and it would rejoice me greatly to tangle with you on this proposition. As I understand your attitude, you hold that it is wrong to spy on such outfits. On the contrary, I regard this as a public service and in my work I have had the assistance of many unwilling members who were dragged into unions by the new deal against their will and with no protest from you, and of many another willing but rebellious union worker who was being persecuted by union bosses.

It wasn't necessary for me to seek them. They came to me with their troubles and told me what was going on and, as one result, quite a few criminals have gone to prison who would have been protected in their racketeering if you had scared us off. They would tell me about shakedown in the form of fees and assessments, personal terrorism and grafting by union bosses who would sell the members out to employers and we would get busy and pretty soon we would have the crooks wired.

By the way, what have you ever done about that, Senator? You don't hold with racketeering, do you? I don't think I get your attitude when, in the presence of notorious conditions, you would give us a law which would make it dangerous to investigate such doings.

If private or unofficial individuals were forbidden to do this, who would do it? Certainly the Department of Justice hasn't done it although John Edgar Hoover has in his files down there in the same building with our august Attorney General absolutely authentic police pedigrees on hundreds of such bums. And I am sure you remember that when the House of Representatives passed a bill to forbid at least a few racketeering practices and sent it over to the Senate, this reform was strangled by a Senate committee and buried in the dark of the moon. You didn't do anything to bring it out of committee, either, so I draw the conclusion that you were not interested in the prevention of such predatory unionism.

Why shouldn't we spy on unions, anyway? The unionizer has a right to spy on the employer, hasn't he? He can buy a share of stock and sit in on the board meetings, for instance, and tell the wide world all that everybody said. He can plant a clerk or stenographer in the front office to filch carbon copies of intimate business correspondence and sell the employer out to his rivals and by this espionage can anticipate any move that the company is contemplating, such as reduction of the force or change in the managing staff.

How do you suppose I ever learned about the big insurance shakedown in the boiler-maker's union by which the son of the union's president got an income greater than we pay the President of the United States derived from premiums paid by the members who had to buy this insurance to get their jobs building ships for the government in this war? Do you think I got it from the Department of Labor or the War Labor Board? But you know better than that. You know they protect and perpetuate such rackets. I got it from members, from one-time, horny-handed boiler-makers and ship-builders who just couldn't get any relief within the union and were tossed around for trying. We didn't stop the racket but we did get the old man out of there, although boosting him into the title of president emeritus the mob gave him a sweet raise in pay which certainly was inconsistent with the little steel gag. Maybe, though, in another year, we will bust the insurance racket, too. These things do take time, especially under a national administration that connives and cooperates with racketeers at the expense of the workers on the daily jobs.

One of the most interesting little jobs of espionage in my experience was done by a nice young fellow in New York who went to a meeting of a local union whose boss had been convicted of a stickup in which the victim was Mrs. James Forrestal, the wife of the Secretary of the Navy. This gangster was strictly an underworld bum and he wanted some money to pay for his defense and his appeal and he was going to shake down the poor suckers for it. My young friend walked into the meeting and acted like a bolshevik, sounding off with denunciations of the employers and hinting of a ruthless plot to railroad a fine labor leader to prison because he was improving the condition of his fellow man. It took quite a lot of nerve but he had what it took and he came out with a fine report of all that took place. Our labor spy later lost his life in the war and the people who hoisted Mrs. Forrestal, at last reports, were alive and well in prison.

The most important result that I can see of a forbiddance against espionage on unions would be to make it even harder if not impossible for the victims in the unions to get publicity and eventual relief. Because you know that Department of Justice won't do a thing and you, yourself, have never lifted your voice to promote new laws which would give them a chance within the unions.

Why don't you cite me for spying on thieves and racketeers? Do me something.
WESTBROOK PEGLER.

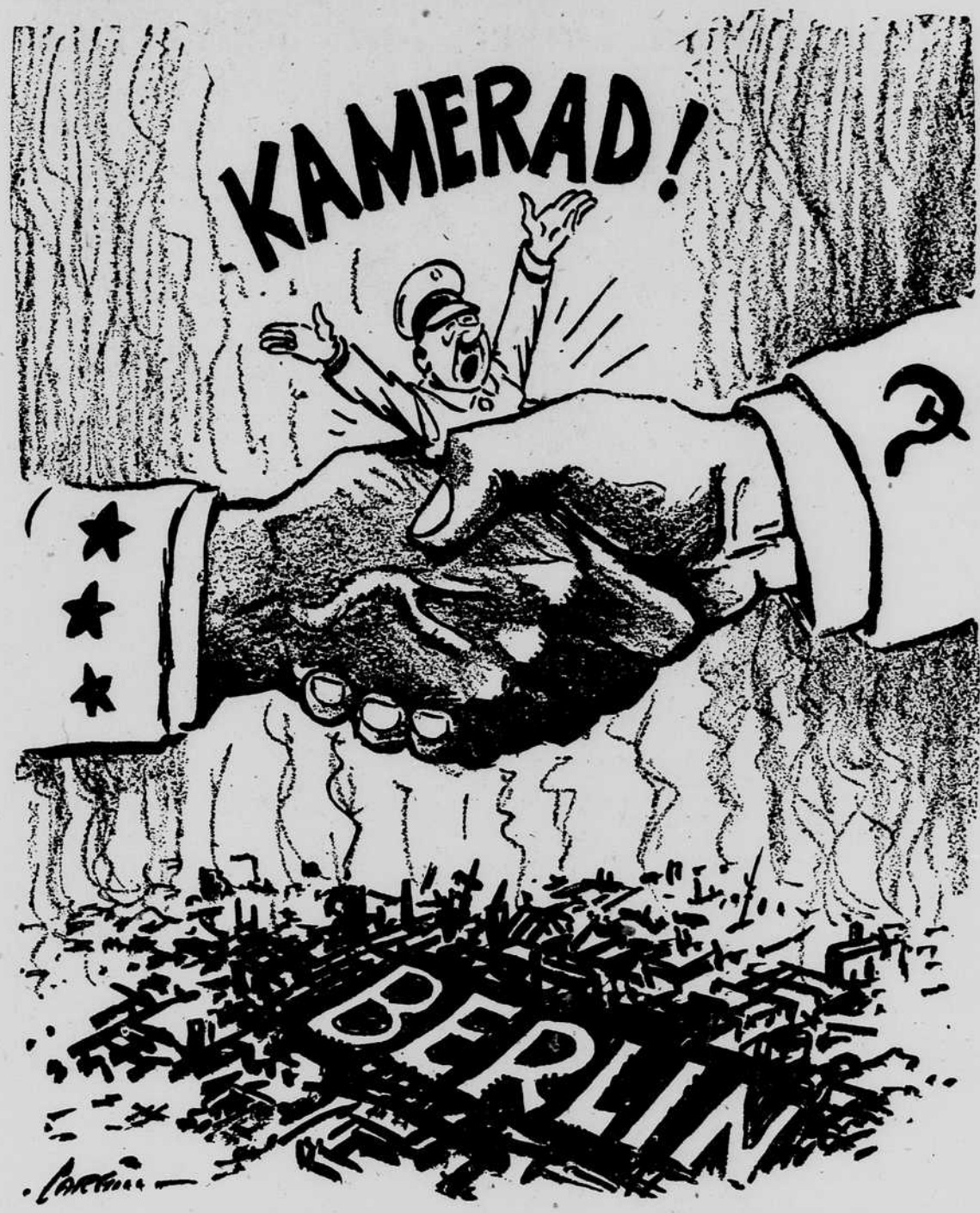
EDITORIAL COMMENT

DR. BUTLER STEPS DOWN

Columbia University will hardly seem the same without its incredible president, Nicholas Murray Butler. During the 43 years of his leadership, Columbia has become a truly great center of learning, in quality as well as in magnitude. And throughout, Dr. Butler has been its peripatetic advertisement and ambassador extraordinary. He has been called "the most comprehensively decorated individual extant." He has known just about everybody, including every British Prime Minister since Gladstone, and has crossed the Atlantic over 100 times in keeping his contacts bright.

He has "been in there" fighting vigorously for most national and world issues which have arisen during his career. He may, officially, leave the president's chair, but he cannot leave the American scene. One cannot hide so cosmopolitan a luminary under the bushel of retirement.—Christian Science Monitor.

TOVARICH!



Your War--With Ernie Pyle

Editor's Note: Yesterday the Morning Star carried what was believed to have been Ernie Pyle's last column. In addition to the story which appears here today, we will print several others which we have just received from Ernie on Okinawa. We believe he would have wanted us to. As a great reporter, a great newspaperman and a great person, he would have wanted his stories to go through, despite his tragic death.

BY ERNIE PYLE

OKINAWA—(By Navy radio)—Back nearly two years ago when I was with Oklahoma's 45th Division in Sicily and later in Italy, I learned they had a number of Navajo Indians in communications.

When secret orders had to be given over the phone these boys gave them to one another in Navajo. Practically nobody in the world understands Navajo except another Navajo. Well, my regiment of First Division marines has the same thing. There are about eight Indians who do this special work. They are good marines and very proud of being so.

There are two brothers among them, both named Joe. Their last names are the ones that are different. I guess that's a Navajo custom, though I never knew of it before. One brother, Pfc. Joe Gatewood, went to the Indian school in Albuquerque. In fact our house is on the very same street, and Joe said it sure was good to see somebody from home.

Joe has been out here three years. He is 34 and has five children back home whom he would love to see. He was wounded several months ago and got the Purple Heart.

Joe's brother is Joe Kellwood who has also been out here three years. A couple of the others are Pfc. Alex Williams of Winslow, Ariz., and Pvt. Oscar Carroll of Fort Defiance, Ariz., which is the capital of the Navajo reservation. Most of the boys are from around Fort Defiance and used to work for the Indian Bureau.

The Indian boys knew before we got to Okinawa that the invasion landing wasn't going to be very tough. They were the only ones in the convoy who did know it. For one thing they saw signs and for another they used their own influence.

Before the convoy left the far south tropical island where the Navajos had been training since the last campaign, the boys put on a ceremonial dance.

The Red Cross furnished some colored cloth and paint to stain their faces. They made up the rest of their Indian costumes from chicken feathers, sea shells, coconuts, empty ration cans and rifle cartridges.

Then they did their native ceremonial chants and dances out there under the tropical palm trees with several thousand marines as a grave audience.

In their chant they asked the great gods in the sky to sap the Japanese of their strength for this blitz. They put the finger of weakness on the Japs. And then they ended their ceremonial chant by singing the Marine Corps song in Navajo.

I asked Joe Gatewood if they really felt their dance had something to do with the ease of our landing and he said the boys did believe so and were very serious about it, himself included. "I knew nothing was going to happen to us," Joe said, "for on

the way up here there was a rain-bow over the convoy and I knew then everything would be all right."

One day I was walking through the edge of a scrubbed Okinawa village where marine telephone lines were strung wire to the tops of the native telephone poles.

As I passed, one of the two line-men at the top called down rather nervously saying he was afraid the wobbly pole was going to break under their weight.

To which one of the men on the ground, apparently their sergeant, called back reassuringly: "You've got nothing to worry about. That's imperial Japanese stuff. It can't break."

There are very few cattle on Okinawa but there are lots of goats and horses. The horses are small like western ponies and mostly bay or sorrel. Most of them are skinny, but when you see well-fed ones they are good-looking horses. They are all well broken and tame.

The marines have acquired them by the hundreds. Our company alone has more than 20. The boys put their heavier packs on them but more than that they just seem to enjoy riding them up and down the country roads.

They have rigged up rope halters for them and one marine made a bridle using a piece of bamboo for a bit. They dug up old pads, and even some goat skins to use as saddle blankets. But it's surprising how many men in a company of marines don't really know how to ride a horse.

WASHINGTON CALLING

by
MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON—When the war with Germany ended in November of 1918, Herbert Hoover had more than 16,000,000 tons of food stored in America and ready to ship to starving Europe. Of the 27,000,000 tons used for rehabilitation in the first year of the peace, at least 16,000,000 tons came from this country, and of this total 2,400,000 tons was in meat products or vegetable oils.

That is a lot of food. It is more food than we have today to do a job that may be twice or three times as big. As the delegates assemble in San Francisco to write a world charter, they should remember that it is hard for hungry people to think about cooperation and world peace.

Three years ago, Hoover estimated that more than 500,000,000 people would be suffering some degree of food shortage after the end of this war. Knowing food and knowing Europe, he called the turn on those countries which "will be much worse off than last time." He named Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Greece, Poland, Yugoslavia and the Baltic states.

As boss of the entire world food supply at the end of the last war, Hoover had extraordinary powers, and he used those powers to the fullest extent to save millions of Europeans from starvation. Then, as now, shipping was short, but Hoover took drastic steps to make sure he obtained every possible square foot of space.

One step he took was to compel both British and Americans to take ships off trade routes and use them to carry food for the relief of Europe. That is not being done today. We are exporting luxury goods to South America and getting back what are, by any wartime definition, non-essentials. Similarly, the British are reported to be using ships in the Far Eastern and the African trade in an effort to develop post-war commerce.

A second step taken by Hoover was to obtain virtually all the shipping held by neutral countries for the job of feeding a stricken continent. While neutral shipping companies were compensated for the ships they chartered to the relief administration, it was made very clear that the ships had to be forthcoming.

That has not been done this time. Sweden, for example, has a considerable pool of reserve ships. Those who are connected with

the Hoover food administration insist that per capita consumption of food here at home was lower during the war years 1917 through 1919 than from 1942 through 1944, despite the fact there was no rationing under law in World War I. A look at the statistics tends to bear this out.

This is particularly true when you compare 1917 or '18 with 1944. Per capita meat consumption was 136 in 1917 and 143 in 1918. For chickens, the comparison is 17.8 pounds in 1918 and 23 pounds in 1944. For cooking fats, it was 10.5 per person in 1918 and 16 in 1944.

No statistical proof is necessary, however, to show that our food controls have failed. In this failure, it seems to me, are the potentials of great misfortune, if no disaster.

Interpreting The War

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON
Associated Press War Analyst
However portentous the final link-up of Allied and Russian armies in the heart of Germany on the Elbe seems, an even more important similar junction farther south impends.

American Third Army elements plunging down the Danube valley virtually unopposed were reported in tank-radio touch with Red Army armor plowing northward up the same stream. That would indicate patrols were within less than 30 miles of each other when the incident was reported many hours ago.

A junction on the Danube would split the Nazi Bavaria Alps last-stand citadel off from both Germany and Czechoslovakia, expose it and its Berchtesgaden nerve center to immediate attack. The mere fact that a Russian tank-radio was heard in American lines indicates that the Red forces are far beyond their last official Moscow reported positions.

That chaos and disillusionment are spreading fast even among the Hitlerized youth of Germany and Nazi army elements as well as German regular forces is vividly indicated in front line dispatches describing the first Russian-American contact scene at Torgau in the Elbe. To effect that touch with Red troops, American jeeps plowed their way through hordes of German civilians in flight from the Russians, hoping for shelter in American lines. Freed Allied war prisoners, marching beside informal columns of German troops vainly seeking to surrender, added to the utterly fantastic scene as pictured by front line correspondents.

Obviously, nowhere from the lower Elbe to the Sudeten mountains is there anything approaching organized resistance. There is no convincing evidence of German will to prolong the fight except in isolated cases of die-hard groups. It is no longer a war in much of Germany, but a problem for the victors of what to do with the mobs of refugees, both civilian and military, caught between closing Allied and Russian lines.

If there is any semblance of a fight-to-the-death attitude anywhere in Germany except in Russian beset Berlin, it is around the falling North Sea and Baltic ports in the far shrieking northern pocket. Southward in Austria and born last deflection of the national redoubt would be encountered here so far gone unfulfilled. Press men at the front have dubbed it instead the "redoubt of doubt" in token of that.

The situation in Italy no less shows military disintegration at work. American troops on general Clark's left of line leaped into Genoa at a bound. His center in captured Verona closed the Brenner Pass escape gate on the main body of the foe fleeing before him. He had in effect split northern Italy apart to the Alps, penning up most of its Nazi garrison in the west.

French troops are moving into Italy from the west along the Mediterranean coast with no indicated opposition. The situation looks full credence to Italian anti-Nazi reports that the Germans are negotiating with partisans for a general surrender.

Daily Prayer

FOR WORTHINESS OF VICTORY

Because we have sought objectives learned in Thy word, and because the help of Thy strong arm has been with us, we have won great victories in this war. All praise and honor to Thee, O God of Battles. Thou hast been on our side, against pagan foes who have flouted Thy name. Now we pray that we may be fit for our victory. In humble acknowledgment of Thy help hitherto, may be set about rebuilding a destroyed world. Deliver us from vindictiveness and hatred and all baser passions. May our forces be victorious in peace as they have been victorious in war. Open all hearts to an awareness of the new, high tasks ahead of us, the fulfillment of which is impossible unless we have the Spirit of Jesus. Father, forgive our sins, and open up to us the richness of the spiritual life. Make us keep in the quest for Thy and for Thy will and for our world's welfare. Send peace in our time. O Lord, Amen. W.L.F.

The Literary Guidepost

By W. G. ROGERS
"THE BUILDERS OF THE BRIDGE," by D. B. Steinman (Harcourt, Brace; \$3.50).

Biography is a lot of hard work. The man who tackles it has to satisfy that vague thing called the truth; he has to deal personally with his subject, if living, and placate him, or with his subject's heirs and assignees; he has to please a publisher, he needs to please the public, or a section of it.

So no man undertakes the job coolly; he either loves his subject or hates him. Steinman is the loving kind. He lifts John Roebeling, who built the Brooklyn Bridge, to pinnacles way out of sight of even the bridge's soaring towers. Not content with making the elder Roebeling an engineering genius, he and he was certainly one of the 19th century's boldest and most individual builders. . . he also credits him with a kind of supernatural power, in particular over disease.

The lion really needs no lionizing; the facts in themselves are astounding enough. Born in Germany, where he studied under

Hegel, John Roebeling came to this country in 1831, founded Saxtonburg, Pa., made wire rope in factories later moved to Trenton and Roebeling, N. J. He was a firm, an undying and bitterly obstinate believer in the suspension bridge, and his three masterly, historically significant structures were built at Niagara and Cincinnati and at Brooklyn Bridge. The last-mentioned span caused his death by accident and crippled his son, Col. Washington A. Roebeling, the book's next subject.