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TOP O' THE MORNING

"And David, after he had served his own generation... fell on sleep."
No finer tribute could be given than that brief simple utterance of praise.

To serve one's generation, to be giving
New strength and courage to one's fellow man,
To tread the highway, bravely ever
living
With one clear purpose, one exalted plan.
—Crowell.

March Of Dimes Dance

New Hanover county's March of Dimes campaign is to close tonight with a dance at the Cape Fear Armory. Patrons who purchase tickets in advance will be charged \$2.50. If they wait to buy them at the door the price will be \$3.

Because the cause for which the money will go is among the greatest humanitarian undertakings of the country, this is one time patrons are not urged to buy early and save money. The fact is, the more who wait until they arrive at the Armory the larger will the county's contribution be, and whatever the quota the total given cannot be too large.

The March of Dimes is one of the principal means of financing the fight against infantile paralysis, which has maimed so many children and filled so many graves. Certainly no one can make peace with his conscience without being a donor.

Throughout the day the receptacles which have been on duty at so many places throughout the city for several weeks will remain at their accustomed stations. Residents who cannot attend the dance are invited, for their own peace of mind as well as the good their contributions may do, to deposit in them all the cash in their pockets.

And to help more substantially, try to attend the dance, or at least buy a ticket — preferably at the door. That extra fifty cents is well worth giving.

GM Strike Mediation

The General Motors — CIO controversy has been so long-lived and hope of settlement so remote, the public had come to view it as a stratospheric proposition. With the appointment of James F. Dewey as special conciliator, and Mr. Dewey's prompt conferences with the No. 1 men on both sides, it would seem to have come down into the atmosphere and so gives promise of mortal solution.

It was Mr. Dewey who settled the sit-down strike at General Motors in 1937. Obviously he has good attributes as a mediator. The government is fortunate in being able to draw him back into its service for this difficult task.

The most hopeful sign comes from Walter P. Reuther, vice president of the striking union, following an interview with Mr. Dewey, who declared: "The union is agreeable to meet again with GM." Although there is no statement from Charles E. Wilson, GM president, Dewey declared his conference with him was entirely satisfactory.

Altogether it appears that both sides are more inclined to compromise points at issue than in the past, which speaks well for the possibility of successful

mediation. At the same time, the public would be wise, despite the optimism that spread so rapidly after Dewey's appointment, not to count too much on speedy adjustments between the union and GM. There is too much involved in the controversy to lead either party to take snap judgment of proposals from the other.

Wants Disarmament

Despite the lessons of disarmament following World War I, Senator Millard Tydings of Maryland has introduced legislation which would require total disarmament, except for minimum national defense, and authorize President Truman to invite all governments into conference with this end in view. Mr. Tydings insists the UNO's action for control of atomic energy could never succeed, and declares the great powers are heading directly toward World War III.

The historic disarmament conference following the former World War is not so remote that its sessions at Washington are forgotten. It was hailed generally as the start of the Millennium. Newspapers viewed it as the greatest movement for universal and permanent peace the nations could launch. From the pulpit and the lecture platform, on street corners, in living rooms and clubs, it was praised to the skies. But the conference had hardly adjourned than Germans of the military caste were plotting World War II without fear of interruption because no other nation was militarily strong enough to oppose them.

Mr. Tydings is too sensible a man to assume that the disposition of mankind has undergone a material change for the better, as a result of World War II. He must know that disarmament is an invitation to war. He also must understand the utter impossibility of forcing all nations to disarm as completely as he proposes.

Since that first murder in Eden, mankind has been fighting. Until the actual Millennium comes men will go on fighting. This does not mean that World War III is inevitable. It means that the way to prevent it is to be prepared for attack at home and ready to nip the first warlike action anywhere in the world in the bud.

Because this is so obvious, it is the harder to account for Senator Tydings' action.

Let's Adjourn Politics

As an actual fact nobody can say with certainty that the return of the federal employment service to the states a year earlier than President Truman wished is wise. Nor is it possible to determine with any exactitude whether the President's view is the right one. It is strictly in the realm of speculation. He may be right. The House may be right. In either case only the outcome could settle the point.

What is especially significant, however, is that the action of the House shows the cleavage between Capitol Hill and the White House, which is steadily widening. This particular bill may not receive Senate approval. But if it should, Mr. Truman would probably veto it and so drive the wedge deeper.

The President has drafted a legislative program which in many ways will not be acceptable to Congress. He is obviously sincere in his views and his purpose to benefit the nation, but has accepted advice which will make it increasingly difficult to maintain even average harmony between the executive and legislative branches of government.

What is needed, if we are to come through these parlous times with credit, is greater willingness at both ends of Pennsylvania avenue to thrash out the nation's problems together. We cannot hope for much with each cultivating stubbornness.

Perhaps what is needed most of all is for the President and members of Congress to forget the fall elections and the national ballot in 1948. At this time there are matters requiring attention which are infinitely more important than politics.

Ex-King Edward of England returned to London and proceeded to Marlborough House unnoticed by passersby. With so many people out of work the Duke must have looked to the folks like any other chap without a job.

Fair Enough

By WESTBROOK PEGLER
(Copyright, 1946, by King Features Syndicate)
H. C. Wendt, of Dayton, O., was one of the men who dealt with Wallace O. Heinze, then of the Smaller War Plants corporation, later and now general manager of the International Latex but could not bring any argumenting manufacturing orders for his future employer at a price which the Army deemed excessive. The item involved was a life raft for Army flyers.

Mr. Wendt reports that a representative of Army Intelligence called on him last fall to get his version of the deal with International Latex whose president is Abraham N. Spanel, a strong admirer of Henry Wallace and a new deal, left-wing propagandist by means of lavish expenditure for newspaper space. It may be stated also that at least one other intelligence operative went to Dayton, where Wright field is situated, and where much of this kind of purchasing was handled, to investigate the deal. This man reports that an officer at Wright field told him the case would be pigeon-holed because it was "too hot to handle" and because some of the persons involved were "too big."

As hitherto stated, Col. Phillips W. Smith, now on duty at the War Department, stated recently in Washington that Major Matthew J. Fox, a reserve officer, formerly with Smaller War Plants, told him in Europe that there was "White House pressure" behind Spanel's successful efforts to get contracts at prices which, in the end were reduced, but nevertheless were still the maximum paid for this device.

Mr. Wendt says the Army Intelligence investigator who interviewed him was especially interested in a report that, in insisting on a price of \$125 each for the life rafts to the Spanel firm, as against a final price of \$72, Heinze said, by phone from Washington: "This comes directly from the White House—Harry Hopkins."
"This statement was supposed to have been made via long distance from Washington to me by Heinze during the last meeting we (Army purchasing agents) had in Dayton regarding the latex contract," Mr. Wendt writes. "This meeting was attended by Colonel Salzman, Lt. Col. Foy (Fred Foy, now of J. Walter Thompson Company, of New York) Major Kintz, Underwood and myself. I recall, perfectly, that Heinze demanded that I must secure the contract for latex for 5,000 life rafts at \$125 each. This was a must. No excuses. However, I do not recall that Heinze said, 'this comes directly from the White House—Harry Hopkins.' Another man, who was on an extension part of the time, has tried to recall this. Latex never did get \$125 for life rafts. SWPC took a prime contract for 5,000 rafts at \$85 and subcontracted the entire order to latex. Other bidders were tossed out at about the same price, as witness my files."

A memorandum in the War Department files reports a meeting of General, then Colonel, Albert J. Browning, until recently director of purchases for the Army Air Force, Colonel Foy, and two other officers, with Fox and Heinze, both of Smaller War Plants, War Production Board.

Col. Foy said International Latex had an extraordinarily large overhead which drove up the price. Colonel Foy said that if the Army accepted SWPC's recommendation of a price of \$101 as against \$63 or \$64 bid by others on the ground that International had to absorb unusually large overhead the Army would have to do the same for other firms. Further on, the memorandum says: "Mr. Fox stated that this company had not been operating for almost a year and if it weren't for the fact that it did a fairly substantial peace-time business they would not be in existence today; that it is a question whether, if they don't get this they will remain in business as they have 40-odd key people with whom they have been pleading to stay. They have been using these people to develop various things for the quartermaster corps, engineers and marines."

Heinze said Colonel Foy had mentioned the company's expenditure for political advertising and stated that not a penny of this cost was included in overhead figures. Colonel Browning replied that the assumption was that if International hadn't spent the money on political propaganda the firm could have used it to take care of the overhead.

In a memorandum to Robert Patterson, then undersecretary, now Secretary of war, on April 19, 1944, Browning, then promoted to brigadier, said: "In addition to high charges for labor and manufacturing overhead, administrative overhead (of International Latex) was out of line. On 13 March 1943, a half-page advertisement of the International Latex corporation appeared in the Washington Post and presumably in other papers. (Note: Many large political propaganda ads were run in many papers.) since International Latex had stated that they had no going contracts or other business, the question arose whether the cost of this advertising and similar expenses had not been included in the costs estimated for the life raft contract."

General Browning told Patterson the advertising campaign suggested to him and his colleagues either that the company had ample funds for indirect advertising or that its management was using unsound judgment.
"On 15 March 1943, Mr. Heinze and Mr. Fox of WPC continued to plead for International Latex corporation, when Heinze was meant to bear that overcame the excessively high price."

STAR Dust

From infancy, from childhood's earliest caper,
He loved the daily paper.

Propped on his grubby elbows, lying prone,
He took at first the Comics for his own.
Then, as he altered stature and his voice,
Sports were his single choice.

For a brief time at twenty, Thought became
A desultory flame,
So with a critic eye he would peruse
The better Book Reviews.

Behold the bridegroom, then—the dazzled
suitor
Turned grim commuter,
Learning without direction
To fold his paper to the Housing Section.

Forty enlarged his waistline with his wage,
The Business Page
Engrossed his mind. He liked to ponder well
The charted rise of Steel or Tel and Tel.

Choleric, pompous, and too often vexed,
The fifties claimed him next.
The Editorials, then, were what he scanned,
(Even, at times, he took his pen in hand.)

But witness how the human viewpoint varies:
Of late he reads the day's Obituaries.
—Phyllis McGinley in the New Yorker.



It's Little Stories That Go To Prove The Human Qualities Of Our Great Men

By JOHN SIKES
When a great man dies the newspapers are full of little stories about him, little stories that prove his humanness.

Great men and humanness, I believe you'll agree, belong in the same breath. When stuffed shirts die they get themselves a perfunctory obituary and editors write sedate editorials about them and let it go at that. Stuffed shirts don't seem to get to first base, either, in the history books.

Some of the best newspaper stories I ever read were written when Franklin D. Roosevelt died. Damon Runyon, for instance, wrote one that still has the boys in the city rooms all over the country talking. Runyon was opposed to many of Roosevelt's policies, but he wrote a story about a little boy and his father standing on Pennsylvania avenue watching the Roosevelt funeral procession that simply breathed with the humanness of Roosevelt. I wish I could reprint the story for you here. But I'll just give you the gist.

The father was a wealthy industrialist, who while Roosevelt was living always referred to him as "that man in the White House." He had disliked Roosevelt intensely. The boy hadn't grown old enough to hate. As the funeral procession went by, their conversation, according to Runyon, went about like this:

Son: "I remember him for his great big smile."
Father: "Yes, we used to think he was giving us the horse laugh. But today I feel like it was the smile of a man who was trying to do something for his fellows."
Son: "I remember him for those

funny, floppy hats he wore."
Father: "Yes, we thought his head was too big for them. But now we're wondering who in the world we're going to get to fill them."
Son: "I remember him for those braces he wore around his legs, just like the ones Jimmy around the corner wears."
Father: "Yes, we used to think they kept him a prisoner to himself and kept him from getting out to see what this country really needs. But now we know they were a reminder to us that anybody, no matter how badly handicapped, can shake off any of his shackles and go on and do his best."
Son: "I remember I used to hear people talking about hating him."
Father: "Yes, son, I was one of those people you heard talking. But, you know, today I can't think of a single reason for hating him."
I hadn't meant to take up all your time talking about Roosevelt. But thinking of Harry Hopkins, who died recently, naturally made me recall the time when Roosevelt died. And to recall some never before published facts about Hopkins, little items that tied him in with North Carolina.

Once, in Raleigh, Hopkins, then head of the Federal Emergency

Relief administration, was talking to a group of county relief administrators who had come to Raleigh from all over North Carolina.

"I read," Hopkins said, "that we're wasting a lot of money by giving it to the wrong people. Well, I know that at least 10 per cent of the people we're helping don't deserve it, but I'd rather make a mistake with 10 per cent of the people than let the other 90 per cent be left out. And while I'm talking to you, let me tell you this: I don't want ever to hear of any of you administrators becoming arrogant in dispensing funds. It's only by the grace of God that we're sitting down behind the desk instead of standing out in front asking for help."

It was through Hopkins the North Carolina Fisheries was made possible. This organization helped to pull through a large group of fishermen during the recession of the middle thirties.

The application for the money necessary to organize the Fisheries had been on Hopkins' desk, awaiting his approval, for a couple of months. It began to look as if he weren't going to approve it.

One week-end Lindsay C. Warren, now Comptroller General of the U. S. but then Congressman from the first North Carolina district, was on a fishing trip with Hopkins at the Jefferson Island club in Chesapeake bay.

Warren and Hopkins were sitting at the end of a fishing pier catching croakers. Warren turned to Hopkins and said:

"Harry, why don't you go ahead and approve that application for the North Carolina Fisheries?"
"What do you know about fish?" Hopkins said, as he pulled in a croaker.

"Why, more than half my district is under fishing water," Warren told him.

"Okay, come by my office tomorrow and I'll see what I can do," Hopkins promised.

The next day Warren was there. "Get that doggone application those folks down in North Carolina sent in," Hopkins told his secretary, "and let's get it signed. I've got to get Lindsay Warren off my neck."

Solaric won the opening lead with the ace of clubs and cashed the club king. Now he had to trust everything to the heart finesse, so he cashed the ace of hearts and finessed the ten-spot. When it held, he cashed the four of diamonds, then discarded the four of spades on the jack of hearts. He ruffed the ten of diamonds and stripped West's hand of spades by playing out the ace and king. A small club was led, which West won with the queen. Now West had to lead a diamond, which allowed the declarer to discard the eight of spades from his own hand and ruff in dummy.

McKenney On BRIDGE

By WILLIAM E. MCKENNEY
America's Card Authority

If today's hand is a sample of the bridge developed by our boys overseas, we can look for some new champions in the near future. This hand came from Branko Solaric, who played it in Rome last year. He was a little optimistic in his opening bid of two clubs, but it is hard to criticize a successful operator.

Solaric won the opening lead with the ace of clubs and cashed the club king. Now he had to trust everything to the heart finesse, so he cashed the ace of hearts and finessed the ten-spot. When it held, he cashed the four of diamonds, then discarded the four of spades on the jack of hearts. He ruffed the ten of diamonds and stripped West's hand of spades by playing out the ace and king. A small club was led, which West won with the queen. Now West had to lead a diamond, which allowed the declarer to discard the eight of spades from his own hand and ruff in dummy.

South	West	North	East
Pass	Pass	2♣	Pass
2♥	Pass	2♠	Pass
2N.T.	Pass	3♠	Pass
3N.T.	Pass	4♠	Pass
6♣	Pass	Pass	Pass

Opening—4♠

Religion Day By Day

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

PILGRIM BROTHERHOOD
Crossing the City of Tokio one night in a jinrikishah, I suddenly found myself acclaimed with friendly shouts by a company of white-robed pilgrims, such as are a familiar sight in Japan. It was an instant before I could understand the reason for the demonstration.

Then I recalled that I was carrying, in plain sight, a Fuji Pilgrim staff, such as is owned only by those who have ascended to the top of Japan's highest and most famous mountain, as I had done a few days before. I waved my staff in return salutation as we passed.

I, too, was a pilgrim. We had shared a great feat experience together, these Japanese and I. So we greeted one another as those who had scaled the heights. We were bound together for the moment by the ties of a memorable experience.

So should fellow Christians greet one another as pilgrims to the greatest heights. Strongest of all the ties that bind men together is the Christian religion, which constitutes the oldest, widest, deepest fellowship among mankind.

As we journey toward a heavenly goal, dear Lord, make us conscious ever of our fellowship with all the other pilgrims on the same Journey. Amen.

The Doctor Says—
BED BEST PLACE TO CURE COLDS

By WILLIAM A. O'BRIEN, M. D.

The possibility of infection with other nose and throat germs is decreased and the attack shortened if the congestion, swelling and watery discharge of the nose in the common cold is relieved, according to H. S. Diehl, M. D., associates, University of Minnesota.

Go to bed when you have a cold and stay there until you are well and good advice, as you protect others from exposure and shorten your own illness.

Any measure which increases the blood flow to the skin has a tendency to dry up the nose. A hot bath is a good early treatment for a cold, and if it is followed by rest in bed with sufficient coverings to prevent cooling, the effect is prolonged and temporary permanent benefit is obtained. Body massage also brings the blood to the surface and has an effect similar to a hot bath.

Favorite prescription of many people is to go to bed with a box of disposable tissue nearby and to drink lots of fluids—water, lemonade, orange juice and others. The theory back of this practice is that the water eliminates waste products and toxins from the body. There is no basis for this assumption. Extra water is indicated if there is excessive fluid loss from sweating or fever, but not for any other reason.

A few years ago, the Health Service of the University of Minnesota conducted an experimental study in the treatment of the common cold. When the diagnosis was made, the attending physician wrote a prescription for cold medication which was filled by the pharmacist with one of the cold remedies under investigation. After 48 hours of treatment, the patient reported the result on a card he carried for this purpose.

Control medicine was milk sugar which was given to find out how many students recovered from a cold spontaneously. It was learned that 35 per cent of the students who received sugar tablets without their knowledge reported improvement of their colds within 48 hours.

Aspirin, soda or quinine gave but little better result (37 to 50 per cent), while most of the advertised cold remedies were in the class with the sugar tablets.

Result was that a remedy containing codeine and papavrine was found to be of greatest benefit. Of the 1500 students who were given this preparation, 72 per cent reported definite improvement or complete relief within 24 to 48 hours.

The Literary Guidepost

By W. G. ROGERS

MOTHER AND SON, by Clarck Crane (Harcourt, Brace; \$2.50).

Helen Wheeler, for years a widow, and her son Drake, a somewhat remote and urbane pair, have withdrawn sedately today to a southern California home; this novel deals with the few stormy weeks, three decades ago, when their interdependence first developed.

Wheeler had just died in Chicago, and Helen takes the boy to a boarding school in the west. Her sister wants her to marry again and there are two eligible prospects: scholarly Roger Bartlett and wealthy George Congreve. But there's a third man, Henry Moore, an uninhibited artist fresh out of Paris, not so eligible in the sister's opinion but so impetuous that he interferes with the scheming.

The attractive Helen gets three proposals, the two which her sister wants for her and the one she Moore, or thinks she wants, from Moore. Falling madly in love with the painter, she becomes his mistress. Her first marriage had been a tepid affair, more marriage than love, and two of the three in prospect promise to duplicate it. But Moore is a fevered, impassioned suitor; he wants a bed, not necessarily a marriage bed.

He gives Helen something she'd never had. Then she fears he is giving her more than she wants. His burning ardor matched against the security and placidity typified by Bartlett and Congreve disturbs her profoundly. The call of the wild, echoing through the elegant, candle-lighted rooms of San Francisco's polite society, sounds raucous and vulgar.

Love is too much, Helen decides, but marriage is too little. She lets mother-love settle her quandary; mother-love is the thing for her, must be for Drake, too. It's better to take than to be taken. She finds refuge in saying nobly to her son: "You can't get along without me," saying selfishly: "I can't get along without you."

Crane deftly turns mother-love inside out, and the lining is shoddy. This sweet sentiment steals a woman from the man entitled to her and fastens her instead on the boy who would have been better off without. Apron strings are tied at both ends, says the novelist in this story which, though at times slow, is subtle and penetrating.

LETTER BOX

ARTICLES APPRECIATED

To the Editor:

In behalf of the teachers of New Hanover county, I wish to thank you for the articles which you published during the fall and early winter months about our schools. I believe Ken Noble wrote most of these articles, and we wish to thank him particularly for the comprehensive way in which he presented the various school activities.

We feel the public is now much better informed about our schools and some of the goals toward which we are striving, and we feel, further, that it has done much to develop a better understanding between the home and the school.

Mrs. Claudia Brown Swinson,
Secretary, New Hanover County Unit,
North Carolina Education Association.

Wilmington, N. C.
Jan. 30, 1946.

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