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TOP OF THE MORNING

For years I've prayed, and yet I see no change. The mountain stands exactly where it stood.

The answer may be almost at my door, Or just around the corner on its way.

Edith L. Mapes in "Open Windows"

Americanism Week

In concert with Jaycee units over the country the Wilmington Junior Chamber of Commerce is sponsoring the period between Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, February 12 and February 22, as Americanism Week.

It is to be emphasized that the proposal is not for Jaycees alone to observe the week, but all citizens of every degree.

With the world in its topsy-turvy condition and the domestic situation far from satisfactory, the Junior Chamber's project is especially commendable.

Truman And 1948

President Coolidge's statement that "I do not choose to run," in answer to an inquiry concerning his attitude toward an additional term, was variously interpreted because of the colloquial form in which he made it.

The incident, as related in the Sun, occurred some weeks ago, in the hearing of a "handful of close White House advisers."

Well, Mr. Truman, if correctly quoted, does not say he will not be. He merely says, according to the Sun, that he does not wish to seek the presidency.

Thomas F. Reynolds of the Sun's Washington bureau, accidentally or intentionally, makes the President guilty of double-talk.

NLRB Under Fire

"To talk of holding prices while the payroll is pushed is to attempt the impossible." This is the sage remark of Dr. Leo Wolman, professor of economics at Columbia, during an address before the American Bankers Association's trust division.

Doctor Wolman leveled his sights at the National Labor Relations Board, declaring that as long as such agencies "are free from effective restraint or control, there is no point in rewriting the Wagner act or any other labor law."

We have not seen such a straightforward and clear statement of what has been going on for more than a decade and what is largely responsible for the many crippling strikes now in progress as in this paragraph in his address:

"Since 1933 we have gone so far in conferring rights and privileges upon organized labor that it is today hard to think of any responsibilities and restraints to which labor unions are subject.

Unless this is done, the independence we cherish so greatly will be under as serious a threat from within as it faced when Hitler was riding roughshod over Europe with the purpose to attack our shores and add the United States to his conquests.

Unsound Economics

The Labor Department reports that the cost of living for middle income urban workers reached the highest peak since 1921 in mid-December. According to a United Press dispatch from Washington, the consumer's price index stood at 129.9 on December 15, or 31.7 per cent higher than in August 1939.

On top of this, consider what the effect upon the national economy will be when wages of industrial workers are raised as the means favored by the government for settling strikes.

Clearly the proposition of paying higher wages just to get men back on the job is not sound economics.

Help The Needy

With the Cape Fear rising above Wilmington, it is gratifying to know that there is practically no danger of flood here. The probability is the high water will not rise to the level reached last summer, when trickles reached Water street.

But it is not pleasant to think what may happen to dwellers in low land both above and below Fayetteville, many of whom suffered heavily in last summer's overflow.

We have never been very enthusiastic about billboards. Many of them obstruct attractive views. Some of them add to highway danger. And to be a little more frank than some of our colleagues—billboards compete with newspapers for the advertiser's dollar.

Fair Enough

By WESTBROOK PEGLER (Copyright, 1946, by King Features Syndicate)

Driving home from work the other evening, George Spelvin, American, picked up a thumbor who noticed Mr. Spelvin's paper on the seat between them and said: "I don't see how you can read that dirty smear sheet, nothing but lies about President Roosevelt and his wonderful help-mate and always trying to smear labor and every day they publish those hate articles by that louse, Pegler. And if a man stoops so low-down that he can't let our great President rest in his grave after he gave his life for the common man, why does he wait until he is dead and can't defend himself and any decent man and not even a rat wouldn't smear their worst enemy after they are dead."

"What lies about Roosevelt?" Mr. Spelvin asked. "Nothing but low-down, cowardly smears about how he helped his boy Elliott get out of debt like any decent father would and about how his grandmother left them a million dollars from smuggling opium into China and our gracious First Lady she profiteered by teaching us on the radio how to be tolerant and always smearing the working man," the thumbor said.

"Were those lies about how Roosevelt got Jesse Jones to square Elliott's debts and then he got back the collateral by telling the suckers it wasn't worth a damn and then the old man, personally, sent it to Elliott's wife to square the alimony rap and it turns out to be worth \$250,000," Spelvin asked.

"Why didn't he do it when Roosevelt was alive?" the guy asked. "Nobody but a rat would smear a dead man when they can't answer back."

"Maybe he didn't know the facts until he died," Spelvin argued. "But anyway, why didn't Elliott defend him instead of admitting it was all true when the Treasury got after him and if you know it is all a pack of lies why don't you defend him and if it was my old man they smeared in his grave you can bet your sweet life I would show them up if it was all just nothing but a pack of lies but if it was true, I guess I would change the subject."

"Not when the victim is dead and can't answer back," the thumbor insisted, "and all the low-down louse-rats why even a louse-rat has respect for the dead and here he is doing Hitler's work and—"

"What about Hitler?" Spelvin asked. "Him and Mussolini, what about them, and Goebbels, too?" "What do you mean, what about those low-down louse-rats, the dirty—"

"But," Spelvin said, "they're dead, ain't they, and they can't answer back and here you go, smearing them in their graves—"

"Well," Spelvin said, "what about Harding and Coolidge, because they are dead, too, and I don't suppose you would want to smear them in their graves although it seems to me like I have read a lot of new dealers all right about the Ohio gang and old Harry Daugherty was the head man of that bunch and with Coolidge it is always that he busted the police strike in Boston and he was nothing but a Wall Street tool and—"

"Well, if you are so crazy about that crooked bunch from Ohio and you think Coolidge was so swell, why don't you defend them?" the thumbor asked, "and the reason is it is all true."

"But he died in office," Spelvin said, "so I was wondering if that means he gave his life for the people like Roosevelt or the one just croaked while your guy died of natural causes but he was a martyr."

"I can see you have been doped by hate-propaganda," the guy said, "after we just fought a terrible war to abolish hate."

"Roosevelt was a pretty fair hater, himself, I always thought," Spelvin said, "and it seems to me like you do a good job hating this Pegler because—"

"Because he is always knocking the working man," the guy yelled, "About how all unions are rackets and all the rich people are right guys."

"Well, those union crooks ain't dead," Spelvin said, "and a lot of them are in the can so why don't you prove they aren't racketeers and, anyway, I never noticed where the guy said all unions are rackets and I never knew him boasting rich people or anybody else, much, but a picket brushed me with a brick, today, and, brother, tomorrow I am going to carry my own brick because picket or no picket, no dirty brown shirt is going to bust me with a brick."

HER HOPE CHEST



This Is One Of Those Boy-Meets-Girl Stories You See The Movies Work Out

BY JOHN SIKES

Let's plot one of those Boy-Meets-Girl items and send it out to Hollywood and see if we can't get it in the mo'om pitchers. All right? All right.

The Boy joins the Army and, after the proper lapse of time to let him get activated—as I believe one of those high-falutin' words they use in the Army is called—he goes through the African campaign.

On a furlough he gets back to Oran, Algiers. Ah! Algiers, one of those places where Charles Boyer talks up to Hedy Lamar, and vice versa.

In Oran the Boy Meets Girl. Then the Boy pops off to Italy and Sicily and stays long enough to chase the Nazis to well and gone. Then he comes back to Oran and marries the Girl. But his leave is short and he only has 24 hours with his bride. Then he pops off to Italy and again to help chase the Italians back to the Alps. This trip the Boy gets sick and is in and out of hospitals for six months.

During those six months there is no correspondence between Boy and Girl. Not one letter! Then the War ends. This time the Boy has three days' stay in Oran, making four days all told—he gets to be with his bride. Along comes a ship to America and the Army says the Boy's gotta go home now and the Girl cannot go, too.

So the Boy comes back to America and gets discharged from the Army. Then he sets out to do something about getting his bride, to whom he's been married for nearly a year but whom he hasn't been with but four days, over here to America so they can settle down and live happily ever afterward.

Like all boys want to do, this Boy came home; came home to Shelbyville, Tenn. He looked for a job here that would support the Girl. No job.

He came to Wilmington and looked for a job. No job. He went to Detroit and Cincinnati and

probably a lot of places in between, but still no job.

Then a kinsman, right here in Wilmington, got wind of a job in Lake Wales, Florida, that just fits the Boy's talents. So he started—the kinsman started — to tracing the Boy down by long distance telephone. He called all those places the Boy had been, including Kingsport, Tenn., which I forgot to mention up yonder. Finally, the kinsman located the Boy in Cincinnati, where he was stopping with an aunt and probably fretting because he couldn't get a job so he could bring the Girl here so they could start living happily ever afterward.

Well, the Boy got here, accepted the job and then turned about to send the good news to the Girl who was still over there in Oran, Algiers, so far as the Boy knew.

Then, in came a cablegram before the Boy's cablegram had time to get to Oran—from the Girl announcing that she had left Oran on the good ship Francois Jenkins—the first name sounded like it was going to be a very romantic full name—on Jan. 19.

Well, you cannot, on most ships like the Francois Jenkins, receive a cablegram so there was, and, no way for the Boy to get word to the Girl that everything is lovely and for her to come on and join him here.

The Boy, after finally tracking down that job, was finally stumped by the one thing he thought he'd settled when he got the job: getting in touch with and bringing the Girl here. So far as he knows she's somewhere on the high seas. But it's been a long time—for him, at least—since Jan. 19. For all he knows, the Francois Jenkins may be sailing all the way around Cape Horn. At least, it seems it's taking time enough for that. You know how time drags along when Boy is away from Girl.

The Boy has mentioned the matter to the Red Cross and, although they haven't been able to help him yet, they tell him they've got in touch with the Army people in Washington and as soon as some word has been given to the Girl they'll contact him. When she reaches America they'll send her on down to Lake Wales and the Boy and Girl can pick up from that four days.

So the Boy left here yesterday by plane to go to Lake Wales, depending on the good old Army to find his bride and send her to him. You think I'm making all this up just because it happens to be Wednesday.

Well, I'm not either. The Boy is James Glenn and his home town is Shelbyville, Tenn., and he's a nephew of Mrs. E. W. Stacy, out on the Carolina Beach road, and Mr. Stacy is the kinsman who called all over the country for him.

And the Girl was, before she married James, Yvonne Membrives of Oran, Algiers, and she can speak French, Italian, Spanish, Arabic, and English. She certainly ought to feel at home at most any port the Francois Jenkins puts in, speaking all those languages.

Religion Day By Day

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

BY THE DRUM TOWER In old Peking stands a famous drum tower. Near-by are the homes of American missionaries. To me, both suggest a profound memory. For it was while visiting a missionary friend that, all unknown to him, I underwent a fundamental spiritual struggle, in which faith emerged victor over doubt.

We all have these memories of great hours when the soul has undergone its profoundest testings. They have an abiding influence upon our lives. Decisions then made are permanent; at least, they are standards whereby life is tested.

This is an hour to "have it out with God." His reality, His Providence, and Father care, and His revelation of Himself in Jesus Christ, are fundamental issues for every soul to face.

Literally everything depends upon the decision.

"Lord, show me myself; Lord, show me Thyself, in Christ's name. Amen."

McKenney On BRIDGE

By WILLIAM E. MCKENNEY

America's Card Authority Throughout the country today an increasing number of groups are playing good bridge, but there is a wide variation in bidding. For that reason, I believe it is a good idea to present from time to time some of the bidding problems that interest the experts.

In today's hand, East made a fourth-hand opening bid of one diamond, which is certainly a minimum. When his partner responds with one spade, what should East do?

Some may say that East should be satisfied and pass one spade; but there are hundreds of hands that West might have passed originally, with which, in combination with East's hand, a game could be made. For example, if West had a holding such as six spades to the queen, the king and one heart, the ace and one diamond and three small clubs, it might easily produce five-odd.

The majority of experts feel that if West had bid a heart over the diamond bid, East could pass this, but that spade overall should be kept open for one round.



(Continued on Page Twelve)

The Doctor Says— FOOD INFECTION CAUSES ATTACKS

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

Physicians often are called to see patients suffering with stomach and intestinal upset characterized by pains, vomiting and diarrhea. The attacks come on rather suddenly and seem to be related to food. Patients assume they have been poisoned by food but most attacks of so-called poisoning turn out to be food infection. The patient has eaten foods which contained disease germs, and this has made him sick.

Many years ago physicians believed that ptomaine caused food poisoning. For a time, all food sets were called ptomaine poisoning. It is not likely that anyone could eat food which was decomposed so badly that it contained ptomaines. When "poisonous" foods are examined for germs, the true cause of the difficulty reveals "ptomaine poisoning" to be a myth.

In the past, milk and milk products were the foods which most frequently transmitted disease. In many places in our country, milk still is a common method of spreading disease. As soon as a community starts to use properly pasteurized milk, food infection of this type rapidly disappears. Raw milk is a common spreader of disease.

Inspection of meat is another safeguard against spreading infections through food. There are certain animal diseases which are included in meat inspection. Trichinosis or pork worm disease is contracted by eating improperly cooked pork. The larvae of the worm which is imbedded in the muscle are effectively killed by appropriate storage at a low temperature. Storage standards are well established. If meat is used before the proper time, and if it is not thoroughly cooked, the person who eats it may develop trichinosis.

If food poisoning is suspected the patient should be made to vomit and a physician should be summoned. Sample of the suspected food should be kept and turned over to the physician on his arrival. To be certain that all suspected food has been removed from the stomach the physician may pass a stomach tube and wash out the remainder. Further treatment depends on the cause of the upset and the condition of the patient.

True food poisoning may cause abdominal cramps, nausea, vomiting and diarrhea. More often the attack turns out to be an infected food which the patient has eaten without realizing anything was wrong with it. Food infection is less common today, due to a better food supply. Attacks of stomach and bowel upset are not necessarily due to poisoned or infected food.

The Literary Guidepost

By W. G. ROGERS

WASTELAND, by Jo Sinclair (Harper; \$2.50).

The hero of this novel has christened himself John Brown, anonymous and impersonal names. When we meet him, he is seeking relief from a psychiatrist for his aches and pains.

With Miss Sinclair's help, the psychiatrist digs into his history. John, we discover, is really John Brown and is his defensive contraction and Americanization of the multisyllable surname of Polish-Jewish parents. He has rejected his blood, family and religion; sometimes panic seizes him at the thought Gentile acquaintances will penetrate his disguise; but he has no more at ease with strangers than relatives; he is physically and psychologically homeless.

A not unusual background, shaped by not unusual influences, has trapped him; he lies lost through circles within circles. Though America has not real ghettos, it has ghettos of the mind, strange and frightening places, and if a man is prompted by ignorance, poverty, pride and fear, he may easily people them with grotesque creatures.

Brown was in a ghetto; he hated, a mother he longed to love, a sister whom he scorned and another whom he feared, envied and resented.

Under the psychiatrist's guidance, the ghetto vanishes, the ghettomen are routed, and the reader learns how prejudice and social maladjustment take shape and how they may be combated.

This novel, the first by this Cleveland author, is remarkable for its expert development, strong emotions, profound insight into character. Above all, the author's consecration should be commended; she doesn't add a word for the sake of a laugh, nor spoil the subtlety your senses with the adventures natural to the novel of women who are integral parts of her story. She works with admirable directness.

"Wasteland," border region of ill-adjusted personalities mixed in an unstable economy and thwarted by that half-knowledge which can make fools of the best of men, is a most worthy addition to the list of winners of the Harper prize novel contest, one of the few dependable literary awards.

LETTER BOX

FEED THE HUNGRY

To the Editor:

There is a saying that fools rush in where angels fear to tread and that possibly applies to me in getting into a controversy that has been going on for two years without a decision but which has now reached a point where some immediate and permanent solution must be found. The problem to which I refer is that of the Associated Charities and its inability to meet the needs of its clients due to lack of funds.

This situation has developed due to the fact that effective January 1, 1946, funds from the Community Chest are no longer allotted to the Associated Charities. These funds had amounted to \$5,000 per year, so naturally a deficit developed as soon as these funds were stopped.

The present budget of the Community Chest provided for funds for a family service agency to be set up by the board of directors of the Associated Charities, and this new agency is to take over short time and rehabilitation cases only and provided \$1,500 per