

Answer To Tokyo Rose—

Librarian Has Colorful Career

EDITOR'S NOTE: We take particular pride in our illustration for the interesting story that Eugene Fallon has written for this week's feature. It is a pen drawing of Mrs. Phillip King, done by the famous artist and magazine illustrator, McClelland Barclay. It shows her in the uniform of the American Red Cross, an outfit with which she served during the days of World War II in the South-west Pacific.

If Mrs. Phillip King, the local librarian, seems to possess a keen knowledge and intelligent interest in books about faraway places, that is understandable. The fact is that she has been there and has seen many of them in person.

Born at Newton, Alabama, the daughter of Professor and Florence Tate, Martha Susan Tate attended the Baptist Collegiate Institute at Newton. Her father was founder and president of that institution, which, says the librarian, "was somewhat on the classical side; four years of Latin, for example". Following her graduation, Sue taught in her home town for a year, before switching to the federal land-bank program at New Orleans, La.

Next stop was Washington, D. C., where she joined other members of her family and worked for a law firm. This last position lasted five years, part of which time Susan spent attending law school at night.

"In the spring of 1941," recalled Sue, "I began working with the American Red Cross on a volunteer basis. Then came December and Pearl Harbor. Since my three brothers had been frozen to their jobs in D. C.," continued Sue, "I felt that some Tate should actively participate in the war, so I signed up with the Red Cross for overseas service."

That organization placed Sue in a Social Service unit and assigned her to the 171st Station

Hospital, located at Camp Claiborne, La. After training in the bayou country, she entrained for San Francisco, where she joined other hospital units. The war was getting ever closer to the slender girl from Alabama.

The little brunette from the Deep South climbed aboard the largest ship she had ever seen one April day in 1942. It was a giant passenger liner, of the S. S. United States class, converted into a troopship.

"Up till that hour," said Mrs. King smilingly, "the Pacific Theatre of Operations had never shipped out so many females! We were 11 complete hospital units, all crammed on that great vessel."

The troopship was so speedy they didn't even bother to give her a Navy escort. Instead, she actually sailed straight South, down along the west coast of South America, before turning east to New Zealand and the port of Wellington. From there the great ship sped to Melbourne, Australia. The unit to which Susan Tate was attached found itself at the Fourth General Hospital in that city, where, after a few days of staging, it was transferred to a sheep station in the real "digger" country, the "out back" as it is called. Here, says Sue, "the sheep could be counted in the millions and the kangaroos bounded over every bush."

Three months of this sufficed, and then the outfit was moved to Brisbane and embarkation to equatorial New Guinea and the little copra town of Port Moresby. This was during the very height of the Buna-Gona campaign, and the war was very, very close. In the jungles and on the forest-covered slopes of the Owen Stanley mountains, the Anzacs were fighting like demons to hold back the onrushing hordes of little, brown men. The Americans were holding a battered mission village, called Buna, up the coast not far from Moresby against what



MRS. PHILLIP KING

seemed a river of Nipponese.

Sue's unit served as an evacuation hospital. It was equipped to take care of 200 patients. Often 600 bloody and battered casualties crowded beneath the huge canvas with the great scarlet cross on top. It was a tent hospital.

Mrs. King remembers those days well—days when as many as 100 Jap bombers roared over and dropped a rain of death and destruction; nights as black as hades, when to show a light was to invite death.

"We were under constant bombardment," she recalls with a wry smile, "from the rains. They never ceased."

But nightmares must end, and, since the Army had an inflexible rule which stated that female personnel could not remain longer than six months in New Guinea, Susan Tate herself was evacuated

to the beautiful city of Sydney, Australia, and a nurses' rest home there.

All during the time of her New Guinea stay a slant-eyed charmer with a dulcet voice and a command of the English language, Tokyo Rose, did her best, via the air waves, to undermine Allied morale. Following the playing of something modern from America, a record say, by the Ink Spots, she would whisper suggestively:

"The Yankee capitalists are this hour sipping bourbon in cozy, stateside nightclubs. Everyone back home is getting rich. The Brooklyn Dodgers have not missed a game. Fortunate 4-F's are holding down good jobs. Wives and sweethearts are lonely. What is your wife doing tonight, Buddy . . . ?" And the Australian and New Zealand troops, too, were bombarded with the like. Tokyo Rose would spin a disc which re-

lated of roses blooming in Picardy; another of that long, long way to Tipperary, ending up with reports of women rioting on the streets of Melbourne, Auckland, Adelaide and Wellington, Christ Church and Darwin over, insinuated the oriental flower of misinformation, American and French Colonial troops . . .

Something had to be done. The lonely fighters in the jungles and mountains hung on every false word uttered by the soft-voiced girl from the slums of Tokyo. The brass went into extraordinary session. This time they came out of it with something good. Something named Martha Susan Tate. And why her?

The hardest thing for an Oriental to master, said the brass, was a bonafide Southern accent. It had to be a Southern girl, and so they tapped the Alabama-bred Red Cross worker on the shoulder and said: "You are it—the U. S. Army's answer to Tokyo Rose."

Susan went on the air at Sydney. Her voice was shortwaved everywhere in the Pacific, wherever there was war. And war covered those latitudes like flies cover a pot of opened jam in August.

Sue spoke with a straight tongue to hundreds of thousands of young men, setting the score straight; reiterating the golden promises of Democracy. Tokyo Rose often picked up something Sue had said and gave it the old slant-eyed twist. But now the battle was more even. Two women slugged it out voice-to-voice. It was the way all wars should be fought. No bloodletting at all. Eighteen months it lasted.

Says Mrs. King: "I received piles of fan mail. I hadn't suspected I could talk so well. Towards the end I wrote my own scripts. I was on lendlease from the Red Cross to the U. S. Army. I felt quite proud."

But there remained the final bloody struggles—waged closer and closer to the Jap home islands. "They (the Japs) jammed our broadcasts whenever we got closer . . . finally I was transferred back to my original outfit."

It was a weary way to go: Hollandia, Moratal, the Philippines, and finally surrender and Tokyo itself. And suddenly it was all over. Martha Susan Tate found herself back in San Francisco in March, 1946. But while in Tokyo she had met a young Lt. Colonel, U. S. A. His name was Phillip King and he was a native of Washington, D. C.

The Red Cross sent Sue to that very city. Her path crossed King's

again and they were married in the chapel of Walter Reed hospital on March 13, 1948.

Members of the Tate family had been vacationing at Southport for some 30 years. Sue went along on a visit. She liked it, too. She saw and Phil liked it, too. Both were tired of large cities, Phil loved to fish, so, in 1950, the Kings moved to Southport, following Mrs. King's resignation from the Red Cross.

How did this vital and varietal person wind up behind a librarian's desk? Mrs. King says it was quite simple. She had been named to the Library Board at Southport and the board was having difficulty getting a professional librarian. Sue was again tapped—and, as usual, went gladly.

To fulfill requirements, she has already attended two full sessions of summer school at the University of North Carolina. Three more classes remain for full certification. Southport is the winner and everybody's happy.

The Kings have three children, Phillip III, a junior at U. N. C., Susan, now attending Congressional School at Washington, and Jenny, 8, a student at Southport school.

Garden Time

The official opening of the Second Southeastern Flower and Garden Show will be a gala event at the State Fair Arena, Raleigh, on Feb. 23.

The First Lady of North Carolina, Mrs. Terry Sanford, will be Honorary Hostess. She will cut a "ribbon" of North Carolina-grown orchids to officially start the festivities.

Of particular interest will be an enlarged display by the North Carolina State Florists Association which will be placed near the main entrance. The N. C. Commercial Flower Growers, the N. C. Orchid Society, the N. C. Federation of Garden Clubs and the N. C. Association of Nurserymen are the other participating groups.

Richard C. Bell, well-known Raleigh landscape architect, has planned 15 gardens offering a wide choice of themes. The average homeowner will find many new ideas which can be used in home garden planning. There will also be educational displays staged by N. C. State College, and also by commercial flower growers of this area.

A new feature this year will be public demonstrations of flower-arranging by the florists. A daily



Waterfront

For a long, long time there was so much waterfront property in Brunswick county, counting the ocean, rivers and creeks, that little or no thought had been given to the idea of developing more of it. However, the sudden emergence of boating as a favorite American sport has brought about a change, so much so that vacation property with access on a navigable stream now sells at a premium.

The result has been to make good use of draglines and shallow draft dredges to open up narrow channels and to create new ones, often using the spoil to improve and to raise the level of the land. Perhaps the most spectacular work along this line has been carried out at Sunset Beach, where Developer Mannon Gore not only used his homemade dredge to build a causeway across the marsh from the mainland to his beach, but did a considerable amount of dredging and filling to create Twin Lakes, one of the most desirable sections of his residential development.

Much work along this line also has been carried out at Ocean Isle Beach, where Developer Odell Williamson has dug a series of canals from the inland waterway into the marsh area extending to a fashion show will be staged by the merchants of Cameron Village of Raleigh. This presentation last year was one of the daily highlights of the show.

ward the beach. Here the spoil was used to form high and dry lots, each fronting on water deep enough to accommodate small pleasure craft.

Over in the Tranquil Harbour section of Long Beach the deepening of Davis Creek and the digging of a canal has created waterfront lots which afford good and safe elevation for lots shaded by big live oaks. These latter features are attractive, but the magic appeal—and the thing which places this property in the higher-priced category—is the possibility of being able to tie up a boat on your own private property.

One other result of some of these operations, and one which takes on more and more significance as time goes by, is the fact that the proper use of fill and the improvement of drainage in marsh areas is helping tremendously to help control the mosquito problem.

That is a matter of practical importance in a county where the big emphasis is upon residential development. Although spraying has proved to be a great help in mosquito control, in the long run drainage is the only thing which will help to bring about satisfactory, lasting relief. It is of practical significance that improvement of property and mosquito control frequently go hand in hand.

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