War Name Is Wanted

President Roosevelt Raises Point That There is No Suitable Designation.

By CHARLES P. STEWART
(Central Press Columnist)

Washington, April 11—Quite a controversy has broken out among authorities who especially will start writing its history as to what our current war ought to be called. The theory is that wars are entitled to a name each, such as will identify 'em all, separately from one another.

Everybody understands perfectly what's meant by a reference to our Revolutionary war. There's no confusion when the Mexican war is mentioned. Our chat between the states is variously termed our War of the Rebellion, our War of Secession and our Civil war, but any one of these designations is accurate enough to be unmistakable. Foreign wars have been the same way—the Boer war, the Napoleonic wars, the Punic Years' war, and away back into the remotest past to the days of the Punic wars and assorted sheets of international notoriety. Inconsistencies may be a bit uncertain concerning some of the very early ones, but historians tell 'em all about without the slightest trouble.

It took President Roosevelt to raise the point that now, though we've fallen into the bad habit of talking about World War I and World War II.

His confusion hadn't had more than sufficient time to get into print before the historical sharks had begun proclaiming in chorus that it was a point exceedingly well taken.

Confusion Ahead

Not only is it quite apparent to the No. 1 and No. 2 differentiation inelegant and sloppy, but look at the confusion it inevitably will result in.

Oh yes, we're able to distinguish all right between so-called World Wars Nos. I and II, both in our own generation, but I guess the ancient in Old Testament days or thereabouts, had started in by proclaiming War No. 1 and then War No. II, and so on indefinitely up to date. We now we'll be in the midst of War No. about 1,000,000, and nobody's going keep the printed tricks at the series between the first one and the millionth.

We fancy, according to the historians, that when we speak of the World war, World war, we put it into a different class from all other wars, and, long as we don't have those two or three of 'em, we can describe our memorically [illegible] to be understood by posterity.

But what we forget, explain the experts, is that all wars presumably are going to be worldwide henceforward, and, a few centuries ahead the figure'll be so formidable that school books won't be able to make any sense out of them.

President Roosevelt's scheme is to choose a suitable World War II name on the strength of a popular contest, like picking a designation for some new brand of soap or breakfast food. Savants don't very unitedly indorse this idea. They'd prefer to make their own selection. The trouble is that they don't put forward a title that fits over-satisfactorily. The "War in Defense of Democracy" is proposed but it is lengthy and lacks pep, it's generally conceded. Furthermore, "defense" isn't exactly the term dellar. Yet even that won't look quite right in historical literature in 2042 or later.

Besides, World War I remains to be appropriately christened.

The Last War.

Most American historians record ed it simply as "the World war" until the latest strife broke loose. European scribes usually named it "the Great war." It was "the European war" until the United States cracked into it. After that it ceased to be exclusively European. It wasn't any greater or more worldwide than this one, either. In fact, it wasn't as much so.

President Roosevelt perhaps was joshing when he called for a name to fit the emergency, but the historians are serious. They're writing letters to the newspapers and breaking out into lectures and addressing themselves to college classes.

They've got two wars on their hands to get into text books, and they've got to have compact, pungent names to identify 'em by, and the demand for the current war's name is urgent.

Anybody with a good hunch on the subject will be making a substanital contribution to education by contributing it.

The War of What?

It must include a patriotic boost for the democracies or a vicious jab at the axis or both, if a combination of 'em is possible.

It's President Roosevelt's inspiration.

I'll gladly transmit hints to the White House, if available.

WHAT'S A FISHWAY?

It is the function of a fishway, or fish ladder, to permit fish to pass over a dam from the stream below to the stream or pool above the dam, and also to permit them to pass downstream over the obstruction without injury.

SMALL BATTLEFRONT

Although it changed the history of the world, the battle of Waterloo was fought over a front of only two miles and lasted nine hours.

AROUND CAPITOL SQUARE

By BOB THOMPSON
Daily Dispatch Bureau
In The Sir Walter Hotel—Raleigh

IN RE WOPS—No, that $18.75 you intend to spend on a war bond next pay day will not be used to keep one of Mussolini's interned diplomats lolling in luxury around the Grove Park Inn up in Asheville for a couple of days.

The information comes from the State department through the office of emergency management in Washington to the state OEM here. It was sought because reports reaching here are to the effect that many a prospective bond and stamp buyer has had his or her ardor cooled by the fact that the inn, one of the state's most luxurious resort hotels, had been packed full of 242 Italians, Bulgarians and Hungarians—wops for short—and that Uncle Sam was footing the bill. Joe Doaks and his friends wondered why an abandoned logging camp or two wouldn't be good enough.

It is true that the United States government is paying the interned diplomats' bills. But it is also true that there is a "clear cut and all defined international precedent" that the national treasury will be repaid from frozen [illegible] and other assets after an exchange of diplomats has been arranged, which should be before long. And it is also well to remember that diplomats of this country are also being held in enemy countries. The only way to assure they get a break is to give one to enemy representatives in this country.

JUDGE BELL—What's this Governor Broughton appoints Hortonite Charles Cannon to the Highway Commission one day and gives Horton Manager Dan Bell a $3,200 job the next. How times have changed during the last eight or ten months.

One explanatory factor in the appointment of Judge Bell as the assistant rationing administrator in charge of tires and automobiles is that he has been the general counsel of the North Carolina Automobile Dealers Association. Another is that Governor Broughton wants to increase his political support above the 52 per cent which got him through last primary.

FILLING STATIONS — A great proportion of the filling stations of this state—perhaps the majority of them—are violating the regulations governing the number of hours they may stay open, according to an internal OEM survey.

Whether the stations are staying open more than the 72 hours a week to which they are limited is unknown. The rules let the operators pick their own hours and it is difficult to keep an accurate check unless the hours of operation are posted—which also is required. It is this rule which the stations are ignoring.

It is probable, said the OPM representative, that many of the station operators knew nothing about the rule. The OPA in Washington puts out a 5,000 word order. The only notice the operators have is the digest carried in their newspapers. Rules and regulations have been coming so thick and fast that there just hasn't been time to give formal notice to the people who are supposed to obey them.

POWER POOL—Despite the fact that officers in charge say that the proposed pool of power produced by eastern North Carolina municipalities and cooperatives is of major importance to the Marine camps at New River and Cherry Point, Washington has taken no action on the proposal which has been pending for months.

The State Rural Electrification Authority has been expecting a report on the proposal for months. If the priorities authorities make available the material for the high tension lines, the federal REA is ready to put up the $1,500,000 or more needed. In the meantime the size of the Marine bases has been increased beyond original plans and the future power needs will be even greater than expected.

GASOLINE—Figures on the gasoline consumption in the state are not available until sometime after the figures on gasoline tax collection. Therefore it is just now coming to light that gasoline consumption in the state during February was around 5,000,000 gallons below that of the previous February.

Let's see. The average automobile was run about 500 miles a month before the war. Say the average mileage was 15 to the gallon. That means that insofar as total traffic was concerned the effect was the same as if 150,000 cars had been taken off the road. Of course nowhere near that many cars were parked. But almost all of them are being used less.

The drop in March is expected to be greater. All that is necessary to realize what is happening to the American habit of rushing around the country for one reason or another is to take a trip these days. The "traffic problem" may soon be a thing of the past.

MEAN MUSKRAT — AND DIZZY, TOO

Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyo.—(AP)—A hitch-hiking muskrat crowled between the rear dual wheels of a 2 1/2 ton Army truck and went for a dizzy ride over several miles of rough road. Pvt. Ronald Pierce, the driver, found the little animal at the end of his journey and reached in to rescue him. The muskrat bit him on the finger.

Steady Stream Of Workers Leaving State Every Day

Daily Dispatch Bureau
In the Sir Walter Hotel.

By BOB THOMPSON

Raleigh, April 11—Workers are leaving North Carolina at the rate of about 100 a day—and have been doing so for around a year.

Such was the information revealed from the federal Employment Service and the Unemployment Compensation Commission. Despite the fact that at long last war production contracts are being secured for North Carolina it will be some time before they materially increase the number of war-wage jobs in the state. The service still lists North Carolina as a labor supply rather than war production territory.

Although there are serious aspects to the situation, it is not as dangerous as it might seem at first glance. For one reason, most of the war production workers are not leaving the state with any intent of moving away permanently. They go to Norfolk or such places usually "lock en masse" in temporary quarters. They make more money than they ever made before but they spend it much faster, too. Many who went away already have returned.

The UCC reports that the expected great decrease in employment in this state has not materialized. Classic example of this is within the hosiery industry. There has been curtailment in many instances and the manufacturers are not getting more than 30 percent of the fibre they used a year ago and that 30 percent is made up of substitutes to which the machinery had to be adapted. However, at no time since last summer have as many as 10 per cent of the North Carolina workers in the silk industry been listed among claimants for unemployment compensation.

In many instances the number of hours of work available to the silk workers has been reduced but not to the extent that they were classified as unemployed. It's higher wages rather than out-and-out unemployment that is taking the workers out of the state.

The employment service, itself, has had much to do with promoting the exodus of North Carolina labor to war production centers. The nation's needs come first, and first need of the nation is war production. Thousands of North Carolina workers are being trained here for work in airplane factories, shipyards and other installations in other states. Certain centers have standing orders with the employment service for so many workers every week. It was with this shifting of labor in mind that the state employment service was federalized at the beginning of the war.

Although North Carolina fell far behind in securing war contracts, definite progress has been made since the first of the year when the WPB opened the state contracts distribution office here and cleaned house in the Charlotte office, which had been ineffectual to all practical purposes. Not much information is made public about the war contracts coming into the state. There has been some but not much publicity given the Fairchild airplane plant to be opened in Burlington and a few others. Yet the war work is coming and the prospect for more is good—especially in the case of sub-contracts to be awarded small firms. But it will be months before these developments begin to absorb available North Carolina labor and it is doubtful if the wages will ever be as high as those paid in such places as the shipyards. Nor will bed and board cost as much, either.

Last January, the last month for which complete figures are available, employment in the state was 5 per cent above that of the year before, despite the decrease in certain lines such as those connected with the automobile and tire industries. Payrolls were up 25 per cent. In the meantime there probably has been an additional increase in the number of people working and in the average wage. But the wage increase of late has not climbed with the rapidity of the cost of living. Consequently, the steady stream of workers out of the state in all probability will continue for quite some time to come.

FRESH WATER COD

The fresh water burbot, known also as ling, lawyer, and eelpout, is the only member of the cod family that lives in fresh water. It is found in large number in the Great Lakes and in lakes and large streams northward to the Arctic Circle.

The U.S. Feeds Them

Plenty of good food is served to the Japanese evacuees at the Santa Anita, Calif., reception center. Mrs. C. Hora leaves her full plate for a moment to attend the wants of her hungry six-months-old son.
(Central Press)

Jack Oakie relaxes while the campus cuties go through their routines in "Rise and Shine," co-starring George Murphy, and Linda Darnell.

EMBASSY——Sunday-Monday-Tuesday

Mary Beth Hughes doesn't seem to approve of Lloyd Nolan's stalking blondes and diamonds at the same time in "Blue, White and Perfect."

STEVENSON——Tuesday Only

Orphan in Diamonds

by LORENA CARLETON

WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

"GONE FROM the hospital?" shrieked Lois Lyndon and hurtled herself from her crosswise lounging position in an armchair to one of erect surprise and indignation. "Why he can't do that!" Her almost straight blonde mane was swinging in the air with the violence of her movements.

Anette put in, "The answer to that, Lois, is that he did. He left a note telling them not to bother looking for him, that they couldn't find him." Again she was holding onto the diamond necklace so wickedly and blindingly bright against her tanned throat.

Lois gave a laugh that turned into a cackle. "Isn't that just the crazy conceited sort of trick Larry would pull? Leave a little peekaboo note, 'I'll bet you can't find me. Ha! Ha!' then hike out."

There was a strange, but happy light in the topaz eyes of Anette. "I think I'll not go celebrating after all. I'm sure Larry will come here."

The Lyndon girl agreed. She got up and began getting into her full-length silver fox coat, that nipped about her tiny waist with a black suede, silver nail head-studded belt. "Yes. That's the plot, I imagine, so I'll run along." She put on a tiny hat, mostly black tulle, and soon was gone.

Larry did not come home. Not that night. Nor the next. Nor the next. And so on, into weeks. After the beginning of the New Year, Zenith, Incorporated, settled down in earnest to completing Anette's picture. This helped occupy her mind.

At first Lois tried to comfort her. "Larry hasn't a chance." On emerald-studded fingers she clicked off names. "You're looking for him. Walt is looking for him. Ralph Hay is looking for him." After an instant she admitted, "Even I'm looking for him. I have the same detectives that Daddy sent after me when I ran away from Mrs. Benson's school at the tender and tough age of 14 to elope with the boy who delivered the milk and eggs. He hasn't a chance," she repeated with confidence.

"Sometimes I wonder why I bother," Anette said moodily, "when it is so apparent that he doesn't want anything to do with me. Even his own mother doesn't know where he is. Every time I send her a letter she writes back that she hasn't seen or heard from him."

Nevertheless she continued to bother. She even called on Sandra Owens, who had left the hospital, picked up her belongings from her aparament and moved into a house of such elegance that Anette could not help being greatly amazed.

Though limping and further handicapped by one arm in a sling, she looked extremely chic in the identical pair of white wool, mink-collared, tailored pajamas that Anette had tried on a few days previously and rejected as too expensive and impractical. In spite or her bad ankle Sandra remained standing, definitely unfriendly.

Though equally eager to terminate the interview, Anette glanced about in a direct hint. "Have the papers been deceived? This place looks as if there had been a most successful lawsuit?"

Sandra's long narrow eyes were slits of hatred. "There has been no lawsuit. And there will be no lawsuit." With her free hand she managed to light a cigaret. She did not offer one to Anette.

Her unwelcome guest spoke her thoughts. "How fortunate that the studio is standing back of you to this extent."

Sandra Owens' eyes were as hot as the cigaret smoke through which she stared at her guest. "You should talk, with your Bel Air mansion. And now, I wish you'd ask what you came to ask, then leave."

"I want to know where my husband is."

Arrogantly, Sandra asked, "Why come to me with such a question? I don't know where he is and I don't want to know. I can't move without aching somewhere and it's all his fault. He led me on. He put me in the picture, only to use all the sneaking theatrical tricks known to steal it from me, then had the nerve to tell me I was no good, that he couldn't do anything more for me, that he didn't intend to, that he was through." Her maroonred lips curled. "And then you ask me where he is. Me, of all people. Find your battered-up husband yourself. You're safe at last. No other woman would have him."

Anette said no more. She gathered her mink coat about her and rushed from the contamination of such hatred.

Although her heart was heavy with unhappiness, it seemed not to help her in the tragic scenes required of the character, Mona. Instead of her sadness producing the needed tears, it seemed to crystalize her emotions.

"Please try," the director pleaded. "If I can just get the crying scenes—those shots of your tortured, wet face, we'll be through. Without them we don't even have a picture. But they've got to be good, Anette." He beat the fist of one hand into the palm of the other. "They've got to be absolute misery, sodden, puffy-eyed misery. You must look as though you had cried for a week. None of this delicate pearl drop on the cheek stuff. And so far, that's all you've accomplished." Brutally he concluded, "Whoever said you were so good at tragic scenes must have been plumb, stark nuts."

Neither his derisive words, nor his striding away furiously bothered the young actress. True, she felt a certain shame that she could not do the scene, but it was nearly deadened by the strange trance-like spell that clutched her.

After her director had walked off the set she did not stir for several minutes. Other players and the workmen, subdued by the tension, were also almost motionless, victims of apprehension. Anette gathered up her long skirts and sat down in her chair. She took off the elaborate mantilla of white Chantilly lace and held it protectively in her lap while she closed her eyes.

A combination hairdresser and makeup girl, assigned to her for the picture, took that opportunity to arrange the actress' curls. Anette's eyes remained closed during all the combing and brushing, but when tiny scissors made a barely audible snipping sound as they cut off an obstinate curl, those topaz eyes widened to stare angrily at the hairdresser.

Suddenly frightened, she backed away. "I'm sorry, Miss Winslow. But it was in the way. I've cut so much of your hair and you've never cared. This spoiled the line. And it was such a little curl." Such a little black curl. "Oh, Miss Winslow!" the hairdresser entreated in a wail as Anette began to cry.

They took the weeping scenes a half hour later. Weeping, caused not by Larry's flirtations, his deceit, his refusal to help her, his accident, his leaving her without a word—but by the snipping of a little black curl that carried her back to Verrazano's amateur play, dozens of pupils shambling about, the scolding dramatic coach, and suddenly Larry at her side with three curls in his hand.

She wept for that Anette as if she were a different person, which in a way she was. The little orphan girl whose heart had been absolutely slashed by three curls from three wigs.

The picture was the sensation old Mr. Carruthers wanted it to be. He was beside himself with joy, as were the conspirators, Lois and James Lyndon.

It happened that Zenith, Incorporated, gave the premiere on February 11, the usual premiere of lights, microphones, fur wraps, limousines, chatter and bright laughter. Outside were the usual hundreds waiting for glimpses of their favorites.

Both Carruthers and Ben Granville, who had played Steven, escorted Anette. She wore a white chiffon dress, her diamond and yellow sapphire jewelry and a long white wool evening coat lined with yellow satin. Carruthers' gardenias were pinned on her coat; she carried the ones Ben Granville had sent.

After the furor that swept through the crowd had died to a certain extent, an announcer led her to the microphone. The voices quieted. Except one voice. It shouted in strident tones of curiosity, or perhaps accusation, Anette could not decide which, "Where is Laurence Peyton?"

Instantly her escorts' hands were on her arms, but she shook them off to draw nearer the microphone. Her face, above the heavy diamond and yellow sapphire neck clips, was lovely and sincere.

"I don't know whom I'm answering," she said. "That voice could be a bitter young woman—a rude child. I only want to say I wish I knew where Laurence Peyton is. I want to say, also, that exactly three years ago today I married him and today I think he is just as wonderful as I did then."

Surely, if Larry loved her at all, that would bring him back to her, or at least bring some message from him. The words of her little speech had come straight from her heart. The crowd felt that sincerity. Some even had tears in their eyes when she finished and all remained in poses of quiet transfixion. Then suddenly, as if released from a spell, they burst into cheering applause.

Ben Granville said thankfully. "I'm glad I'm with you. I'd hate to follow that little bit of showmanship."

"Yes," praised Carruthers. "You have won a million new friends with that speech."

Beneath his glances of proud admiration the girl felt her cheeks growing hot with something akin to anger. "But, I meant it, Mr. Carruthers."

"Of course you did, dear, of course you did." He kept giving her tiny exultant pats on the shoulders and back.

Although she made no further explanation, she knew he did not even begin to understand the hope that had been in her heart when she spoke those words into the microphone.

(To Be Continued)

Citizens Realty & Loan Company
Complete INSURANCE Service
REAL ESTATE PROPERTY MANAGEMENT
Henderson, North Carolina

REPORT OF CONDITION OF

Citizens Bank and Trust Company

OF HENDERSON

In the State of North Carolina at the close of business on April 4, 1942.

——ASSETS——

Loans and discounts		$1,325,023.92
United States Government obligations, direct and guaranteed		357,300.00
Obligations of States and political subdivisions		364,648.12
Other bonds, notes, and debentures		72,695.33
Corporate stocks		4,505.00
Cash, balances with other banks, including reserve balances, and cash items in process of collection		1,733,190.29
Bank premises owned	$26,250.00	
Furniture and fixtures	$ 7,786.04	34,036.04
Real estate owned other than bank premises		52,922.01
Other assets		92,712.03
TOTAL ASSETS		$4,036,132.74

——LIABILITIES——

Demand deposits of individuals, partnerships, and corporations		$1,863,606.47
Time deposits of individuals, partnerships, and corporations		1,386,346.02
Deposits of United States Government (including postal savings)		1,652.15
Deposits of States and political subdivisions		287,491.01
Deposits of banks		3,035.54
Other deposits (certified and officers' checks, etc.)		3,315.25
TOTAL DEPOSITS	$3,545,446.44	
Other liabilities		33,403.47
TOTAL LIABILITIES (not including subordinated obligations shown below)		$3,578,849.91

——CAPITAL ACCOUNTS——

Capital*	$ 175,000.00
Surplus	137,500.00
Undivided profits	94,392.42
Reserves (and retirement account for preferred capital)	50,390.41
TOTAL CAPITAL ACCOUNTS	$ 457,282.83
TOTAL LIABILITIES AND CAPITAL ACCOUNTS	$4,036,132.74

*This bank's capital consists of first preferred stock with total par value of $50,000.00, total retirable value $50,000.00; and common stock with total par value of $125,000.00.

——MEMORANDA——

Pledged assets (and securities loaned) (book value):	
(a) U. S. Government obligations, direct and guaranteed, pledged to secure deposits and other liabilities	$ 179,000.00
(b) Other assets pledged to secure deposits and other liabilities (including notes and bills rediscounted and securities sold under repurchase agreement)	174,000.00
(e) TOTAL	$ 353,000.00
Secured and preferred liabilities:	
(a) Deposits secured by pledged assets pursuant to requirements of law	$ 287,491.01
(d) Deposits preferred under provisions of law but not secured by pledge of assets	1,652.15
(e) TOTAL	$ 289,143.16
(a) On date of report the required legal reserve against deposits of this bank was	$ 388,052.19
(b) Assets reported above which were eligible as legal reserve amounted to	$1,733,190.29

I, Roy O. Rodwell, Vice-President and Cashier, of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, and that it fully and correctly represents the true state of the several matters herein contained and set forth, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

ROY O. RODWELL.

Correct—Attest:
E. F. PARHAM
B. H. PERRY
J. P. ZOLLICOFFER
Directors.

State of North Carolina, County of Vance, ss:

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of April, 1942, and I here certify that I am not an officer or director of this bank.

ELIZABETH R. WATKINS,
My commission expires October 28, 1943. Notary Public.