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Editor and Publisher

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MONDAY, MAY 7, 1945.

in war time men at war need every weapon they can lay hand to. And it may be that it is a sign of returning peace in the world when we can hear from the defeated their notions of what defeated them. Here is Field Marshal von Rundstedt, the last and ablest of Germany's field commanders, who says "air power was the prime factor in the defeat of Germany."

Air power battered his communications, immobilized his reserves, destroyed his supplies and the source of his supplies. When that happened Germany's defeat was assured. Air power did all of them—but it was an Infantryman who finally caught von Rundstedt and bundled him off to captivity and illuminating reflection upon how Germany came to its present unhappy but eminently satisfactory state. The answer is, simply, that we all did it.

**Daily Washington Merry-Go-Round**

By **DREW PEARSON**  
San Francisco—On October 9, 1934, a bomb thrown in the streets of Marseilles killed King Alexander of Yugoslavia and changed the fate of the world. The Yugoslavs blamed the French for not protecting their king, and swerved away from their traditional alliance with France into the German orbit.

The bomb was thrown by a Croatian fanatic carefully trained in a special German sabotage school. Its repercussions started a new European alignment and helped the beginning of another war.

Today, in San Francisco, security precautions are so shockingly loose that the same thing might easily happen. Foreign delegates have complained about them, but nothing has been done. Meanwhile, the world which an outsider can get into the Conference unidentified would be laughable if it weren't potentially tragic.

On one day while 46 top delegates, including the foremost foreign ministers of the world, were sitting in a secret session at the Veterans' Building, two newspapermen plus two University of Southern California co-eds made a test of getting into the building without credentials, carrying four typewriters. The four typewriters could have contained 50 pounds of TNT each, totaling 200 pounds.

**Three Unchallenged**  
The two men and two girls drove in a taxi, not a Conference car, through police lines without being stopped, and walked into the Veterans' Building without the usual security checks. They carried the entire length of the building, through the hall alongside of which the 46 delegates were sitting, and then left still carrying their typewriters.

Twenty minutes later they returned. The taxi stopped at the police lines, but both the Military Police and the San Francisco Police waved them to go inside. No credentials were shown. They also entered the Veterans' Building without credentials, walked through the building with their typewriters and departed.

Later as the foreign ministers were about to end their session, the four returned again, carrying typewriters. Again they were not required to show credentials. This time the Military Police were alerted by the Conference doors. This time, if the typewriter cases had carried TNT, the four people making three trips to the Conference Hall, could have totaled 600 pounds of TNT. Or on the last trip they might have carried automatic guns to meet the delegates as they came out the door.

Neither the Military Police nor the local police would have known the difference.

**Secret Meetings Endangered**  
At the Opera House, where plenary sessions of the Conference are held, security is better. But the secret meetings of the 46 top delegates and foreign ministers at the less-guarded Veterans' Building are much more important. Should a Hitler agent, wanting last-minute vengeance for Berlin and the end of Nazidom, execute a plot against these 46 key men of the world, civilization would be set back for years. And every objection would blame the United States for what happened.

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**Note**—Yesterday while guards checked passes at one door of the Conference, an MP left another door unguarded. So about 20 people turned down at one door, streamed into the unguarded entrance.

**Top Personalities**  
By all odds the two most dominating figures at this Conference are Anthony Eden and V. M. Molotov. They put all others, including the U. S. delegates, in the shade. Crowds swarm the St. Francis Hotel, where the Russians live, hoping to catch a glimpse of Molotov. Crowds crane their necks at the dapper British Foreign Minister enters the Conference Hall.

The two men are direct opposites, yet their lives have been closely intertwined. One was born of wealthy British aristocracy, can trace his family back to the first Eden Baronetcy created by Charles I in 1672. The other comes from a worker-revolutionist family whom nobody ever heard of. . . . Eden is known as the heir-apparent of Churchill. . . . Molotov is known as the heir of Stalin. . . . Eden can and does cross words with Churchill. But Molotov is never known to have rowed with Stalin. Molotov was in power when Russia made its famous exit from the League of Nations. Eden was in the League Assembly at the time. . . . Despite their diametrically opposite backgrounds, Eden is the Britisher who Molotov knows and likes best. In 1941 it was Eden who sat in the Kremlin with the Germans only 38 miles away and signed the 20-year pact between England and Russia. . . . That was one of Eden's three trips to Moscow, one in 1935 to discuss trade relations, the 1941 trip to sign the 20-year alliance, and the trip to sign a pact with Cordell Hull in 1943. He also went to Yalta with Churchill.

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**A SLANT ON BOOKS**

By **JOHN PEELE**  
Howard East, Citizen Tom Paine, The World Publishing Company, 2231 West 110th Street, Cleveland, Ohio, 341 pages, \$1.49.  
Ernie Pyle, Here Is Your War, The World Publishing Company, 304 pages, \$1.

Here are two of the best war books reprinted to make them available at most reasonable cost to the average reader.

Although both are war books, one is a novel of Tom Paine, the American pensman who virtually equalled the contribution in writing about the ideals of the Revolution, and the other is a factual report by Ernie Pyle which the Book-of-the-Month Club selected as one of its choices in 1944.

The book about Tom Paine is unusually entertaining and enlightening. Despite his ability Paine was born in poverty in England and came to the American colonies to better himself.

He eventually became an editor in Philadelphia which became the first national capital.

By writing "Common Sense" Paine made a contribution to the literature of the American Revolution that embodied its essential ideas of freedom and independence as well as Thomas Jefferson's Declaration of Independence.

However, Jefferson was a wealthy Virginia attorney and planter while Paine had no claim to prominence or wealth. There-

**The Once Over**  
by **H.L. Phillips**

**Epitaph for Hitler**  
Here lies Hitler  
Lots littler.

Notice of partnership dissolution: Dissolved: Partnership of Schickelgruber and Mussolini, on account of death, complete reversal plans, etc. Japanese papers please copy.

Explanation for a Nazi general signing the surrender papers: "Gentlemen, this is the Nazi salute spelled backwards."

"Goebbels Reported Killed"—Headline.  
Our guess would be that the microphone just backfired.

"Germany is alone, if one does not count her Ally, Japan."—Stalin.

And, Joe, if we only knew whether you were counting!

Europe (as it looks over the complete Allied victory in Germany)—Popper, the insecticide man's been here!

Top-soil Note  
Judging by evidence unearthed These bright gardening days The last rose of summer Is definitely being supplanted By the first rows of spring.  
—Pearl Strange

**National Whirligig**  
By **RAY TUCKER**

WASHINGTON—Hitler's Bavarian retreat amounts to hardly more than a penthouse by comparison with the redoubt the Japs have built for a possible last-ditch stand in North China, Manchuria and Korea. Hirohito's haven in the wastes and forests of northern Asia may be less romantic than Berchtesgaden, but it is far more formidable.

By withdrawing army-navy personnel, the imperial family, technicians and industrial managers to this vast area, which equals in size the territory lying between the Great Divide and the Pacific Coast, the enemy might hold out for an indefinite period.

These lands have been closed to foreigners since the "Manchurian Incident" in 1937, which led to their conquest by the Land of the Rising Sun, although Korea was gobbled more than 40 years ago. But Army-Navy Intelligence, State and Commerce attaches and other agencies have pieced together information about this possible battlefield.

The Russians, who may soon renew the 1904-1905 war they waged on Tokyo in these eastern provinces, have kept a watchful eye on Japan's military modernization of this border country. Moscow has always anticipated a clash with her the 1941 nonaggression pact that Stalin has de-held belief in Washington is that the date for the belated showdown may not be far distant. There were frequent encounters between the Reds and the Nips in these stretches before they signed ancient foe in these remote regions, and a widely rumored.

Soviet participation, now that Nazidom has crumbled, would help to shorten what otherwise might be a prolonged and desperate struggle.

**RESOURCES**—Japan developed and industrialized the enormous natural resources of these three countries solely for military purposes. First, as a buffer against invading Russians, but since 1941 and even before as a source of supply for a war against the United States and a prospective retiring ground.

The integration of this region's industries with Japan's war economy has been deliberate and complete. Hardly any consumers' goods are manufactured for local markets, as the enslaved natives are made to import necessities from Tokyo.

**SHIPS**—A House subcommittee's behind-the-scenes discussion of berthing the expanded U. S. Navy suggests that Washington expects much more Allied help in the Far Eastern conflict than has been expected. It indicates that numerous warships flying the Stars and Stripes, like certain veteran Army units, will be through for the duration after a German collapse.

In the exchanges it developed that we shall have so many vessels after V-E Day that there will hardly be enough area in the narrow waters of the Orient for them to operate safely and comfortably, especially after the British pitch in. Confidential figures on our naval growth seem incredible.

Naval spokesmen asked the House Appropriations Committee dealing with their affairs for one hundred seventeen million dollars to build docks, wharfage facilities, repair shops etc. They explained that they do not intend to lay up hundreds of units in oil and cotton, as was done after World War I, and let them end as "white elephants." They want permanent and modern lodgings pending final determination of armament questions.

**BERTHS**—Committeemen were amazed at presentation of the problem at this time, thinking it premature. But Secretary Forrestal's representatives insisted that a start must be made immediately. They were given twenty-seven million dollars, and will receive the balance later.

Finding enough berths after V-J presents great and unique difficulties. All except battleships and cruisers will be anchored in fresh water, if possible, as the motion of waves and the effects of salt water in ocean ports hasten their deterioration.

But coves and inlets on our navigable rivers will scarcely accommodate them. The Great Lakes would be an ideal garage, but the larger vessels cannot reach those inland bodies.

So, if any community has warship space it wants to rent or give to Uncle Sam, it should lodge its claim now.

**Mitchell and the Surfmen**

Along the Outer Banks below Oregon Inlet and on Roanoke Island there must be, among men who are by now beginning to be old timers, a grim, almost exultant satisfaction in the laggardly bestowed recognition that has come, at last, to the memory of a man the men of the Outer Banks knew as one of their own kind—the unafraid, the dauntless and the sometimes teapotuous.

It lacks yet a little of 20 years since an Army court martial stripped Brig. Gen. William Mitchell of his rank, of his command, and sent him, disgraced into retirement. It is a little more than 20 years since General Mitchell, living with the late great Capt. John Allen Midgett at Chicamocomico Coast Guard Station, demonstrated to any who would see that there is nothing save human courage that can withstand the power of an airplane.

Along the flat sands of the Outer Banks General Mitchell based 30 bombardment aircraft and a little way off the beach there were two outmoded battle craft. It was a dramatic demonstration of the fearful might of wings—but there were none to look and to believe except the crews of lonely stations along the Banks, and here and there a few men, like Alpheus W. Drinkwater, from Roanoke Island. They saw what was happening—happening actually—and what could happen in a tomorrow that has become today.

But there was something more than that—there was Mitchell himself. Some of them rode the skies with him. They were afraid of aircraft but they trusted Mitchell. Captain Midgett rode even to Langley Field with him, and so, if memory serves, did Drinkwater. Their belief in the man amounted to a passion—and it continued. When humiliation was visited upon him—and it might be as well to remember that Douglas MacArthur was a member of the Court—they felt and expressed a fierce resentment. But now that vindication has come in the guise of a posthumous awarding of the Congressional Medal and the permanent rank of major general, the men along the Outer Banks may forgive—but forgetfulness comes hard for them.

Discursive eyebrows were lifted three weeks or so ago when Lieut. Gen. Carl Spatz, another Pennsylvania Dutchman born not many miles from where General H. H. Arnold was born, announced that the war in Europe had been won. General Spatz has commanded Allied air power in Europe, under the direction of General Arnold and with the help of Lieut. Gen. Ira Baker.

From many quarters there was sharp assent, and a resurgence of perennial discussion as to who won the war and whether aircraft could be totally effective against an enemy. Nobody in the Army Air Forces was foolish enough to enter the discussion, it being the doctrine of air power that the Air Forces were members of a team, with specific things to do. Things like ripping up defenses in a football game so somebody carrying the ball could get through.

Undoubtedly, and unfortunately, there continue in high places in both the Army and Navy officers who are unable to see any virtue in a weapon except those in which they have specialized. An artilleryman will stubbornly insist that there is no implement for winning a war except a cannon, or there is nothing effective against an enemy except a battleship. And, inevitably, there are aircraftmen who believe that nothing will win a war except an airplane. And these are sub-divided into groups, each of which believes that his bomber, or his fighter, alone is efficacious.

Interesting academic discussions these are, and allowable in times of peace. But

Eden knows what he is talking about when he says that the world could not stand another war. His two brothers were killed in the last war. He fought all through it, coming out with the rank of major. . . . Later he did his best to prevent war in Ethiopia, staging a terrific fight inside the British Cabinet against Sir Samuel Hoare who wanted to let Mussolini have his way. Eden knew that if Mussolini broke through the League's peace machinery it was the beginning of a world war.

Eden married the daughter of the publisher of the Yorkshire Post, hates to wear glasses in public, as a result has to peer through his plate to see what he's

It's the Lothario in Him!

I HAVE STRAWBERRY PRESERVES AND HONEY

I'LL TAKE SOME HONEY

DO YOU MAKE LOVE TO EVERY WOMAN WHO COMES ALONG?

RED RYD

THE DUCHESS IS OLD ENOUGH TO GET ALONG WITHOUT YOUR ADVICE, DUSICK!

KEEP OUT OF THIS RYDERY!

WHEN THE DUCHESS ENTERS THE BUSINESS SHE IS THREATENED BY BOSS DUSICK WHOSE MONOPOLY SHE ENDANGERS

YOU ACT LIKE THE RAILROAD WAS TIED UP FOR YOUR OWN SPECIAL BENEFIT!

I'LL SHOW YOU!

YEAH?

WHAT DOES ANY GOOD UP-AND-COMING MADHOUSE HAVE THAT WE'RE SHORT OF?

OW

STEPHEN WAKE UP!

WHAT A DREAM! I WAS THE MASKED MAULER AND WALDO WAS STRANGLING ME!

THAT'S FROM WORRYING ABOUT MY MATCH, STEVE! TSK, TSK!! WHY THE ODDS ARE THREE TO ONE ON ME!

NOW I'LL HAVE ANOTHER NIGHTMARE!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

MAJOR HOOPLE OUT OUR WAY

NOT THAT I'M LONE-SOME, BUT WHERE'S JAKE?—A MEAL WITHOUT HIM CLANKING HIS LIP CIGARETTETS IS LIKE A CIGARET COUNTER WITHOUT A SORRY SIGN!

SURELY HE HASN'T GONE—PROBABLY HIDEING UNDER CAMOUFLAGE, WAITING TO AMBUSH A PAIR OF MY RAYONS IF I FORGET TO NAIL 'EM DOWN!

NO, HE'S STILL AROUND, HOTTER'N A FOREST FIRE BECAUSE THE MAJOR TOOK HIS \$100 FORFEIT, WHEN CHUNG WAS INDUCTED!—SO STAY AWAY FROM DARK ALLEYS!

LOOK AT THAT NEW BROOM—RUINED! A CROW'S NEST! I'D SOONER CLEAN YOUR FEET THAN A BROOM—IT LOOKS LIKE WHAT THEY INTEND TO DO TO TOKYO!

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**You Said It, Mr. Headmaster**

The problem of American education is not to secure adequate financing. It is to set up a system of schools good enough to be worth financing.

—Dr. Allen V. Heely, headmaster, Lawrenceville (N.J.) School.

**It's German People, Too**

After all, this is the third time Germany has behaved like this. It isn't all Hitler. The German people must take some responsibility for their leaders.—Dean Virginia C. Gilderaleve of Barnard College, San Francisco Conference delegate.

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