

TERRY AND THE PIRATES



DOES THE KIFFER ORDER A MARCH TO THE MOUNTAINS?



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By MILTON CANIFF



Hastily Recruited Jury Grants Divorce

R. A. Sells, Soldier at Fort Jackson, Given Decree in Uncontested Case

R. A. Sells, formerly of Charlotte but now a soldier stationed at Fort Jackson, S. C., will be able to be married next Sunday.

Accompanied by his attorney, M. K. Harrill, he appeared here today in Judge Wilson Warlick's Superior Civil Court and asked for a divorce on the ground of two years' separation, but the jurors had been dismissed because Judge Warlick was hearing motions only.

Sheriff Frank Pily was a busy trio through the courthouse and recruited a jury of County employees, persons at the Courthouse on business, and others. The jury quickly granted the divorce because Mrs. Sells, who is in Washington, did not appear to contest the case. The jury: Court Reporter Alex Norman, C. A. Paul of The News editorial staff, Leigh Colyer Jr., George H. Kallam Jr., C. L. Tate, Deputy Sheriff George S. Mays, G. W. Felger, who is known in show business as Jerry O'Moore, J. E. Little, K. D. Ballard, R. P. Jensen, D. M. Pruette and Court Reporter E. D. Blair.

Robert Cook Harrill FOREST CITY—Funeral services were conducted Sunday afternoon at the residence on South Broadway for Robert Cook Harrill, aged 49, who died suddenly Friday morning at 1:15 o'clock following a heart attack. Although he had been in ill health for several years, Mr. Harrill's wealth was very unexpected.

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From Bataan To Solomons They Call It Pacific

By Clark Lee

Along the road signaled us to stop, and we drove into ditches. The towns consisted of only a few huts, an electric line, the road and possibly a wooden general store and a few streets ending in a main highway. Most of the buildings were closed.

"We pulled into San Fernando and parked just south of the old arch bridge and the cathedral. Where we stopped there was, suddenly no more traffic, and we saw that all the trucks were turning into the left-hand road a few hundred yards behind us, the road that our map showed led to Bataan. We went back and stood there and watched the buses and trucks go past.

"We studied our map. Most of the Bataan area seemed to be mountainous and there were only a few towns, most of them on the Manila Bay shore. We debated going there and decided against it. Some American officers came up.

"If you fellows are looking for news we suggest that you drive about five miles east along the dirt road to the town of Mexico. The Twenty-Sixth Cavalry is bivouacked there and they have been fighting the Japs since they landed at Lingayen. . . .

Mexico was another typical lowlands town, with a few dirt streets laid out in squares, nipa houses on stilts, and a few everywhere. None of those towns were there any sidewalks.

"We found headquarters. The officers were just sitting down to mess and they asked us to join them. They introduced us to their commander, Colonel Clinton Pierce. Pierce was stocky, with black hair parted in the middle and a strong leathery face. He hadn't spoken two sentences before we greeted his home town. "Are you a Dodger rooster, Col.?" "Have been all my life," he said. "We hear you fought the Japs for four days at Lingayen, Colonel. What do you think of them as scorpions?"

"My professional estimate is that they are no damn good on the ground. These fellows they sent against us were nothing but untrained kids. They are shooting at you and they are dressed like a ragged mob. To call their tactics a fourth-rate is being charitable. They can't shoot a rifle, and my Scouts were beating them off right and left. They get confused easily and if you shoot at them they stop coming. On the other hand, their tanks and planes were too much for us.

"I don't know where the bloody blue hell our tanks and planes were, but as soon as they get up here we'll chase those Japs back into the sea."

"We spent an hour or so at headquarters and as we drove back into Manila we stopped along the roadside for a conference. Comparing notes, we decided that part of the Army was moving into Bataan—though we didn't know why.

"Looks like MacArthur is pulling everything out of the south and will let them take Manila," I said. "We've got to get out in the field with the Army, or we'll be captured in Manila."

Back in town, I told Carlos that the Japs were closing in from

Curb Retail Store Delivery

WASHINGTON—(AP)—Effective immediately, retail stores may not deliver any packages weighing less than five pounds or measuring less than 60 inches in combined length and girth anywhere in the Eastern gasoline shortage area.



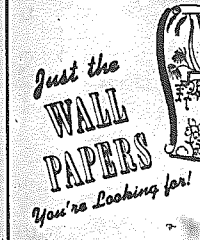
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the south and that we were looking for a way out. The Army had made no provision for us to go to the south and we were considering taking a boat. I asked him to go with us. "You are brave and resourceful and you know the language. We want you along. You have no one dependent on you. We will of course pay your expenses and pay you for your services."

Carlos' answer surprised me. "Amigo," he said, "I am perfectly all right for you to go if you can no longer do your job and the end is near. I despise the thought of captivity as much as you do. But I am a Filipino and this is my country. If my country's fate is to go through hell I must remain here to share it with my fellow Filipinos."

Then he said a lot more, which surprised me still further. He said, "Look me and tell me what you see."

"I see a healthy young man of medium size, with black eyes, and a Spanish nose and mouth."

"And the color of my skin?"

"A healthy tan. The color that Americans spend hours in the sun trying to acquire."

"Well," he said, "you obviously don't realize it because you don't feel that way yourself, but the color of my skin keeps me from living in your white world."

"I protested. "In the first place you are Spanish and what does it matter anyway? You have eaten here in the hotel with me and you can go anywhere you want in Manila."

"I am not all Spanish. One of my grandmothers was a Filipino. And because of that I cannot go with a white girl of my own station in life. Her parents will never let me marry one. In your country I would be looked on as an Oriental and a caste. There are two worlds. Your white one and the Oriental one."

"Are you trying to tell me that you subscribe to the Japanese program of Asia for the Asiatics?"

"Personally, I do not. I believe the Americans will treat us more fairly. But you must realize that such a program has a terrific pull for lots of Oriental people. As long as the Americans in the Philippines insist on keeping their own world and keeping us in ours, the spiritual and psychological differences between us will continue to exist and to grow deeper. And if America doesn't give us help, we know . . ."

"I don't like to hear you talk like an underdog," I said.

"He was firm. "That is the way it is," he said. "And if you still don't understand me, keep an eye on Melba and Burma and on what happens in India if the Japs go into those places."

Alexander Rites Today

Died Yesterday In Hospital Here

Funeral services for Thomas W. Alexander, 43, resident of Macon, Ga., who died yesterday morning in a local hospital, will be held at 5 o'clock this afternoon at the home of his mother, Mrs. William T. Alexander of Mallard Creek. The Rev. C. N. Morrison, pastor of Mallard Creek Presbyterian Church, will officiate, assisted by the Rev. James A. Jones, pastor of Myers Park Presbyterian Church. Interment will be at Mallard Creek.

Mr. Alexander, who has lived in Macon, Ga., for several years, was born in Mecklenburg County. He entered the automobile finance business in Macon. He was the son of William T. Alexander and Mary C. Watkins Alexander. Surviving are his wife, two children, Thomas W. Alexander Jr. and Marjorie Fay Alexander of Macon; one sister, Marjorie Alexander of Charlotte; three brothers, J. M. Alexander and W. T. Alexander of Charlotte, and Robert F. Alexander of the U. S. Army; and his mother, Mrs. W. T. Alexander of the county.

Bellflowers at the funeral will be R. H. Walker, Eugene Walker, Vester McLaughlin, George Alexander, Harvey Alexander, and L. B. Albright.

"The Presidio" is an Army base in San Francisco.

Tomorrow's Special Plate Lunch 30c

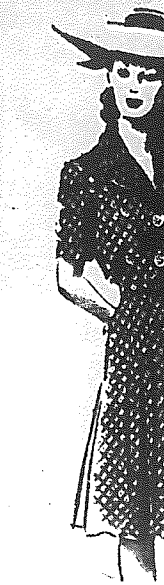
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