

Revenge Is Sweet to Some Russian Civilians



The Nazis are taking a beating inside Germany, as we'll see on the war front. This strip of photos shows a German civilian policeman as he plays the unhappy role of "Wermacht." Two Russians, former slave laborers, take a triumphant role as they beat the Nazi into fear and finally let him get away. The Russians met the Nazi as they were searching for American "Displaced Persons Center."

Peas From Tut's Tomb Live Again

33-Century-Old Legumes Amaze Experts by Their Vitality and Beauty.

By CAPT. HARRY E. HAMMER
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

ORLANDO, FLA. — Outside a colonel's office window at the air forces tactical center, within sight of a hangar and celestial navigation towers, garden peas are growing. As is the case with most things at AFTAC, these peas are extraordinary.

The tall, healthy vines are loaded with purple pods, and their stems are thick and branching. Atop the vines, pretty purple flowers wave in the Florida sunlight. The original seeds from which these vines sprang were placed by Egyptian priests in the tomb of King Tutankhamen 3,300 years ago.

At least, this is the only theory that fits what facts are known about the peas' origin.

Col. Harlan W. Holden, commandant of the school of applied tactics at AFTAC and present custodian of the King Tut peas, is the man who has done most to stimulate scientific interest in the little vegetables. He has mailed hundreds of seeds from his two crops to experimental and research agencies desiring to experiment with the "new variety." As to the peas' return from the tomb, Colonel Holden makes no claims. He merely points out the window to where the peas are growing and reminds skeptics that so far no one has been able to offer one fact to disprove the story as given to him.

Found by Carter.

This is the history of the King Tut peas as compiled by Colonel Holden: The original peas came from Howard Carter, who was a member of the Lord Carnarvon expedition to King Tut's tomb in 1922 and 1923. Carter found them in an urn in the tomb. They went to Lady Gilbert of "Grimm's Dyke" Harrow Weald. Her head gardener gave some of the peas to Mr. A. A. Aldrige, who after obtaining a parcel of the peas gave two pods to his friend, Mr. Arthur Easton of Newport, R. I.

After raising one crop, Mr. Easton presented two of the pods to Maj. Walter D. Dyer, who planted them in his garden at Portsmouth, R. I. They proceeded to grow as if they had just come from the grocer's. The seeds from this crop, when planted the next year, bore profusely, and Major Dyer harvested about a pound and a half of fresh peas. Some of these he brought with him to the tactical center in Florida, where among a wide variety of military courses there is one on jungle survival.

Immediately intrigued by the peas' background, the commandant of AFTAC's school of applied tactics, Col. Harlan W. Holden, took up agriculture. The season was far from being the prescribed one for pea planting, but Colonel Holden acted on the premise that sand is sand, whether in Egypt or Florida. He also had a hunch that peas which had pulled through three millennia in a tomb could stand off-season cultivation. On April 10, 1944, after the regular Florida pea crop was finished, he planted about 60 seeds from the Rhode Island germination in the sand-based soil just outside his office.

Any gardener in this part of the country will tell you that you can't raise peas in this area in the spring. As a matter of fact, they told Colonel Holden that; and while he patiently listened to them over the phone, he looked out the window at the healthy vines.

Bug and Disease Proof. Hardly were the first sprouts out of the ground when they started trying to set an altitude record. In the first eight weeks they grew 5½ feet while the natives scratched puzzled heads. By the 4th of July Colonel Holden, who stand 6 feet, 2 inches himself, was looking up to count the budding pods at the tops of the vines.

Corp. Merle Tibbets, jungle survival non com, was fertilizing and watering the vines one day when he noticed another remarkable thing about these plants. Whereas the usual worms, green lice, and beetles continued to chew up surrounding vegetation, they spurned completely the Egyptian intruders. As one gardener observed, perhaps the sardens pests feared some kind of "King Tut curse," but leaving that theory aside the matter still was not entirely explained.

Meanwhile Colonel Holden noticed some more vines growing with zest in his garden. Then he remembered that a few worm-eaten, perforated peas from the same Rhode Island crop had been tossed out the door as worthless. Without any cultivation at all they too were doing fine. And—you guessed it—they were also immune from attack!

Hitler 'Yes Man' Is Paid Lavishly

Had Elaborately Furnished Home to Himself.

COLOGNE, GERMANY. — His neighbors all called him a "dirty Nazi" but he had 25 bathrooms in his house. It is a snug little cottage with a pipe organ, three pianos and a kitchen no bigger than the Astor hotel ballroom.

This Nazi big shot was "cooking with gas" as far as party prestige went, but his own modest meals were prepared on an electric stove with a dozen burners. It did nicely for the American battalion headquarters which used the house for a command post.

The owner had departed in haste, leaving behind a clutter of good things which had come his way as a reward for his uninhibited collaboration with Adolf Hitler's war program.

The four floor rambling brick mansion was built only a few years ago. It bore a studious resemblance to the old castles which stud the Rhineland countryside and even the color of the bricks was chosen carefully to convey the impression of antiquity. A high brick fence enclosed the building and the landscaped grounds.

Inside his little dream bungalow, however, the owner, one of Germany's swastika profiteers, had gone to extreme expense to construct as modern and comfortable an ivory tower as his warborn millions of marks could buy. Into it he had channeled the wealth produced by great Rhineland mines and factories busy with war orders.

American doughboys have nullified this investment to a considerable extent. Only a few random bullets spanged through the windows but the owner didn't hang around to keep tab on his mines and factories or this 60-odd room hut by the Rhine. He skipped—but there are many mementos of his passing, including a few hundred thousand mark property mortgages which now look suspiciously like so much waste paper.

Yanks Hit Jackpot When Shell Gets Silver Cache

MANILA.—A 25th division artillery battery firing on suspected Jap positions near Rizal the other day hit the jackpot with a 105-mm. shell.

A veritable geyser of silver spouted up as the shell exploded. Coins showered down on troops several hundred yards away.

The shell had struck a cache of Filipino prewar silver, including some U. S. money.

The cash, scooped up into sand bags after Americans captured the area, required two trucks to haul it to the 6th army finance officer who began a hunt for the owners.

This was one of several such caches uncovered by advancing Americans, said Capt. Francis Brannan, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Brannan hesitated to estimate the amount finally raked up, but said it certainly would run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Population in the North Decreased by 3 Million

WASHINGTON. — Latest estimates on wartime population shifts, issued by the census bureau, give this picture of the period 1940-44: South and West increased nearly 4,000,000; North decreased nearly 3,000,000.

State-by-state figures were given as between April 1, 1940, and July 1, 1944. The figures represent the changes both in civilian population and military population within continental United States. Thus army camps and training centers in the South had a great effect on that region's population.

Because of a large excess of births over deaths, the total continental population increased from 131,869,275 to an estimated 132,563,271 in the four-year period, despite the sending of between 5 and 6 million men overseas.

Port and Pipe Lover Woman Dies at 102 Years

CHICAGO.—Mrs. Catherine Copulos, who drank port wine and smoked a Turkish pipe for 50 years but abandoned the wine in favor of milk three years ago, is dead in Chicago, two months short of her 103rd birthday.

Mrs. Copulos took up wine drinking and pipe smoking at 50 upon the advice of her husband, Dr. Demosthenes Copulos, Greek neurologist, that it was relaxing for the nerves. Three years ago, after her hip was broken in a fall, she gave up wine, but continued to smoke.

When 77 years old, Mrs. Copulos visited New York and climbed to the top of the Statue of Liberty. At 80 years, against the advice of guards, she took two trips on the Coney Island roller coaster.

Window Service Flag Can Designate Veteran

WASHINGTON. — A family or organization service flag may now carry a symbol to designate an honorably discharged veteran.

The symbol, based on the same design used on the lapel button for a discharged veteran, will replace the blue star which represented a man or woman in service.

The design will be in gold color with blue edging to make it stand out on the flag's white background.

Kathleen Norris Says:

Some Women Are Like Oysters

Bell Syndicate.—WNU Features.



"This man wants a wife, not a dainty, timorous, mollusk of a woman who will expect him to dine off milk toast in an invalid's bedroom, smoke in the back yard and enjoy the companionship of a few gossiping old ladies."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

TOO many women are like oysters. When the oyster is young he is free and independent; he swims about in the ocean in a glory of independence. But as he gets older his shell gradually forms and hardens upon him, and finally he is trapped in it and can only cling a great deal and drift a little.

Perhaps you are one of the women who have grown shells and are imprisoned in them? Perhaps it is you, yourself, who have shut away all changes and adventures, and closed yourself into a narrow groove from which there is no escape.

It sounds to me as if Gertrude Day, who writes me from Buffalo, is one of these "oyster" women. Gertrude is 29, pretty, clever, successful as a big man's secretary, devoted to an invalid mother. Gertrude and her mother live in a pretty white cottage with a garden, just out of town.

Engaged Seven Years.

For seven years Gertrude has been engaged to be married. This seems to me a record for America; in Europe and in England girls think nothing of a five or six-year engagement, and in Sweden I met a sweet serene woman who was engaged to an engineer who had been 11 years in Argentina. But these are not American ways, and hence Gertrude Day's letter indicates to me that she is fast on the way to becoming an oyster.

"Frederick was a school-teacher when first we were engaged, and as I had full responsibility for Mamma, who is bedridden, and his salary was small, we could not think of marriage then. He taught in a school 40 miles away, so that we only saw each other for weekends twice a month. After some years he decided to study law, which took much of his time; passed his bar examination just before the war and immediately went into officer's training camp. He now has a captaincy and is temporarily stationed here after 15 months overseas, and his desire is to be married at once.

"Now, please don't think me a terrible old maid," the letter goes on, "but I just can't bear the idea of any change—I never could. I love Frederick, I know I do, but the thought of a man in this little white house of ours is staggering. Mamma and I have grown used to certain ways; breakfast late on Sunday, no cards or liquor in the house, certain radio programs every week, just a few dear old friends, mostly Mamma's, things in their right places, reading aloud. Also we have very light suppers, milk toast or waffles or a salad, which I serve on two trays in Mamma's room.

"We would have to live here, as Mamma naturally dreads the thought of moving, and—well, Fred



"Gossiping old ladies. . ."

FAMILIAR WAYS

To some women the most dreaded thing is change. They have their little ways and routines, their friends and their associations, and they want to keep the pattern intact. It isn't always that they are so fond of the little scheme of things that they have developed; it is just that they are accustomed to it, and are comfortable in a sort of dull way.

One such woman asks Miss Norris for advice in this issue. Gertrude is 29, pretty, and a successful secretary. For the last seven years she has been engaged to an ambitious, well educated man, who is now a captain in the army. He wants to get married, now that he can well afford it. Gertrude, however, is so tied up with her invalid mother that she cannot bear to think of any adjustments. She wants her husband to do all the altering, yet she knows in her heart that she is asking the impossible.

is simply too big for this place. He likes hearty food; he actually suggested to me that we move Mamma to the third bedroom, off the kitchen, where she would have her own bath and be further away from us. This I will not even suggest to her.

Fears Change.

"In short," the letter concludes, "I am afraid I do not want to make the concessions he seems to take for granted. And yet I love and admire Frederick, and know that he has an honorable and successful career ahead of him. But I am so happy as I am that I fear to change present circumstances for the untried. On the other hand, Mamma has not long to live, in a year or two at most they tell me, or at any moment, she may leave me, and contemplating the utter desolation of that event I feel what a comfort Fred's kindness would be. How can I gently influence him to fit his ways to mine, since I am so constituted that change is actual suffering to me?"

My dear Gertrude, I say in answer, you can't. And it would only be cruelty to try. This man wants a wife, a woman of an adaptable, imaginative, enthusiastic type of mind who will plan with him for a wider future, not a dainty, timorous, mollusk of a woman who will expect him to dine off milk toast in an invalid's bedroom, smoke in the back yard, and enjoy the companionship of a few gossiping old ladies.

You are too deeply encased in your shell ever to emerge into normal wifehood, and I wouldn't try. Just go as you are, and when Mamma dies try to get some other elderly woman to come and live with you, to keep the rugs and lamps and the teapot and the parrot-stand just where they belong.

Give Fred a generous and whole-hearted dismissal. He'd wreck your little Dresden statue scheme if he married you. It will be a great relief to you to feel, "Well, that's over!" and it will free him to find some other woman, a woman who likes househunting and loves her man, and bears him children, and faces the daily ups and downs, the disappointments and triumphs, scares and glories, responsibilities and rewards, that make up married life.

Use a Water Softener

Soap won't soften water . . . in fact, you'll waste a great deal of soap if you try this. Get a good chemical water softener. There are plenty of good water softeners on the market, and Mrs. Bernice Clayton, specialist at the Texas A. and M. college extension service, says sal soda is one good softening agent.

Studies made at one experiment station recently showed that where pure soap was used to soften hard water, the cost ran more than six cents per tubful.

Okinawa Invasion Gigantic Military Operation



Some of the ships which comprised the gigantic fleet that participated in the invasion of Okinawa are loaded with thousands of tons of equipment and supplies at an advanced Pacific base. Boldest Allied operation in this theatre, an armada of some 1,400 ships took part in the amphibious attack on this key island in the stepping-stone chain between Formosa and Japan proper.

Call by Radio for Surrender



Psychological warfare branch of the army broadcasts an offer to the Germans to surrender city. The sergeant wears a tiny microphone clipped to his upper lip. His speech is amplified by a sound truck.

Flag Over Geruma



Troops of the new 10th army's 77th division are shown as they raise the colors for the first time on tiny Geruma Shima, during the landing that preceded the invasion of the island of Okinawa. The flag was raised by the division chaplain.

Bat Boy to Big-Time Baseball



Anything can happen in the major league. A few seasons ago Richie Whittington, right, was selling peanuts and popcorn in the Cleveland park. Last year he was bat boy. Today he is regarded as one of the most likely looking prospects working out with the Indians. He will be farmed out until he acquires more experience.

Murdered by Nazi



Maj. Gen. Maurice Rose, brilliant U. S. armored commander of the 1st army, who was murdered by Germans after his surrender. He is the son of Rabbi Rose of Denver.

Bulgarians Cruel to Captives, Is Report

LONDON, ENGLAND. — British and American prisoners in Bulgaria before that country was granted an armistice were brutally treated at times and some were put to death, Sir James Grigg, war secretary, told Commons recently. He said that the number killed "certainly was below 10." He did not say whether any were Americans.