

Will Win War Against Japan



General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, commander-in-chief of the Southwest Pacific area, upper left, and the men he has appointed to bring to a successful conclusion the war against Japan. Upper right, Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, commander of 10th army. Lower left, Gen. Walter Krueger, commander of 6th army. Lower right, Gen. Robert Eichelberg, commander of 8th army.

Chinatown's King and Queen



One of the feature events during the field day in New York's Chinatown was the selection of king and queen of the baby parade. Pictured following crowning ceremonies are "King" David Chong, 6, right, and the unhappy "Queen" Elinor Oye Lee, 1½ years old. The affairs of state seem to hang heavy on the head of the new queen.

They Knew When They Had Enough



These sons of the Rising Sun had enough of the war. Coming out of hiding in the rocks and bushes of Kernma Retto when that island was taken by the Americans, they signaled a navy LOPF picket boat offshore. Obviously far from destitute, they looked healthy and carried money, razors, diaries, tooth brushes, photographs and clothing over their heads.

Century Plus One Between Them



A hundred and one years separate them on their joint birthday, but what is more time when a pair of buddies get together? Mrs. Ruben Sylvester, Berlin, Wash., celebrating her 155th birthday, and her great-grandson, Donald Howard Sylvester, celebrating his fourth, enjoy ice cream and cake in the greatest of all circumstances.

Hunted Enemy Spies



Falcons have done deadly work intercepting message-bearing pigeons to and from enemy agents operating in England. Shown above is a falcon before pounding pigeon to earth. The pigeon was carrying a message for German intelligence. A great number of important German messages were recovered by falcons.

Heading to Europe



When first questioned about the appointment of James Byrnes (above) as secretary of state following the resignation of Edward Stettinus, President Truman announced that Byrnes would accompany him to the "Big Three" meeting in Germany.

Super Salesmanship



Adolph Fleischmann, 69, immigrant janitor at Yale university, who is Connecticut's champion war bond salesman. He sold more than \$½ million dollars worth of bonds since Pearl Harbor and says he will reach \$ million to aid his two servants.

Red Points at Sea



The first shipment of livestock sent from the United States to build up the war-depleted herds of liberated Europe is shown as they are being loaded for Europe.

GRASSROOTS
by
WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

U. S. FARMERS WILL PROFIT BY BRETTON WOODS PLAN

THE BRETTON WOODS agreement, the principles of which have been written into the San Francisco Security pact, is a long step in the direction of that world distribution problem that has been so badly needed. It can make possible the feeding of the hungry in whatever country they may be.

It can provide markets for American wheat, corn, meat and other products of American farms. It makes of the world one market for world production. It provides distribution.

In the past, for example, when famine hit China, and her people were dying by millions, the government could do but little, if anything, towards providing food, though the food in American warehouses and on the farms was rotting for lack of customers. With the Bretton Woods agreement in operation there will be a fund through which China can secure credit on long-time terms, and at a stabilized exchange rate.

The fund through which China can secure credit is created by all nations, including China, in proportion to the estimated ability of each, to a total of several billion dollars. It is a revolving fund to be loaned as credit to nations as they may need financial assistance in the promotion of international trade. It should prove an impetus in the development of world production; create an opportunity for the utilization of a nation's natural resources, and by so doing increase living standards. As living standards increase demand for commodities increases, and a wider variety of American farm products wanted.

The American farmer will have a larger, and more stable, market. He will be producing food for the world when the world needs it, and not be confined to America only for his customers.

Yes, the Bretton Woods agreement is the first long step in a system of world distribution from which no people can profit more than the American farmer. In addition it means more economic stability throughout the world, and that, in turn, is our best guarantee of world peace. The real results will be a gradual development.

WOODROW WILSON FATHER OF SAN FRANCISCO PACT

TO WOODROW WILSON, more than to any other individual, should go whatever credit may be due for the conception of the San Francisco Security pact. It is a realization of his dream. Some months ago I wrote in this column that Dumbarton Oaks was but the League of Nations covenant, with the addition of teeth in the way of force, and the probable signature of the United States.

After eight weeks of discussion, with a few changes of phraseology, and a few trivial additions, the San Francisco pact emerged as Dumbarton Oaks. President Wilson wanted teeth in his League covenant. They were taken out as a compromise to European statesmen. He wanted the signature of the United States, which the senate, led by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, refused.

The San Francisco pact is what Wilson asked and worked for, but did not see realized. It took another world convulsion, a change in the attitude of the United States toward internationalism, and more adept diplomacy, to bring it about. Yes, Woodrow Wilson was the real father of the Security pact.

THE LADY was wrathful. The railroad had told her she could not have a compartment on a train leaving that day, or any day within a month at the best. That to her, a free American citizen, with money to pay for what she wanted. She was sure American freedom had gone to pot. There were no steaks on the hotel menu, no imported wines. She could have only two pairs of shoes a year, when she wanted a dozen. The hotel would let her have only a single room when she wanted a suite. It was high time the outfit at Washington was told where to head in. It was a safe bet that woman did not buy war bonds, give blood or roll bandages for the Red Cross, or make contributions to war charities. She only thought she was an American. She was an exception that proves the rule of what Americans really are.

MOST OF THE European countries, including England, are headed toward government operation of international trading, the government to do the buying and selling in foreign markets. Socialistic forces will, if they can, destroy private enterprise in that field, and also in the operation of railroads and other utilities, the mining of coal and other minerals and the operation of heavy industries; the production of consumer goods and merchandising to be handled by private enterprise. America might have been affected.

Kathleen Norris Says: Many Wives Aid the Enemy

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"Mollie," she says, "is a perfectly good girl, but she has her friends at the house—all the time, who are laughing and making candy and going to afternoon movies."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

THINGS have just been running down at home since Ted and Larry went away to war," whined a woman to me in the market the other day. "You see," she went on, "Larry was making good money and he helped out a lot, and by this time I suppose Ted would have been a wage-earner, too. Now with just Betty and Dad at home, we are the most dismal group you can imagine, and the money trouble doesn't help to console us! I can't wait to have the boys get back, when we can get all straightened out, pay our debts and start over."

I looked at this woman in amazement. She loves her sons; she will grieve bitterly if either is taken by war. And yet she could stand there and tell me, with a sort of melancholy pride, that the welcome provided for the boys of the family is going to be complaints, debts, anxieties, responsibilities—no heartening assurance of the family's solvency and security, no encouraging plans for rest and recuperation—just the old tedious complaining and protesting against the general injustices of fate.

Another woman wrote to her son that she and his grandmother, who have been living together, have had so serious a disagreement that they are going to law about it. She asks him to answer several questions by return mail: Does he remember his grandmother saying that his mother had been mixed up in an unsavory love affair before her marriage; will he testify that his grandmother often called his mother ugly names, and so on.

The lonely son, wasting the best years of his life in the bleak Aleutians, must sit down and handle the quarrels of the two undisciplined women.

Runs Down His Wife.

Another woman writes her son disparaging letters about his wife. Mollie, she says, is a perfectly good girl, but she has friends at the house all the time who are laughing and making candy and going to afternoon movies, and the mother-in-law thinks it is a shame to have Bob's money wasted that way.

And again a homesick man must open letters that fill his heart with bitterness and despair.

As for the "dear John" letters—these have become a recognized aid to the enemy! The "dear John" letter is a missive that opens with the shattering phrase, "I have been thinking of us and our married life, and I believe we would both be happier if we were to obtain a divorce and make a fresh start with other mates."

Don't smile at this and dismiss it as only an occasional thing. It is a very real and desperate menace to the morale and peace of mind of our fighting boys. Hundreds and hundreds of these cruel notes go forth daily, and the effect they have on a man whose nerves are shaken already by danger, by the loss of comrades, by homesickness, mosquitoes and strangeness may be imagined.

The woman he loves doesn't want to see him any more. The little children who cried when daddy went away won't be his children when he comes back. The home and security for which he is fighting aren't



MORALE WRECKERS

It is every woman's duty to try to preserve the morale of the men of her family who are fighting. She should do everything she can to preserve and, when possible, to improve the situation at home. When there are difficulties that she cannot cope with, she should tell her soldier little or nothing about them. Perhaps they will clear up—in any case they can wait. Seldom can the poor fellow in a distant camp do anything about them, anyway. He has enough to contend with, struggling against the enemy, and enduring discomforts of all sorts. Letters disparaging his wife, telling of family quarrels and financial problems, do serious damage to the spirit of the front-line fighters.

either home or secure. The devastating breath of war is not only blighting his life now, at the terrible battle front, but it has destroyed everything else, too.

Grim, Vital Days Ahead.

I would like to remind these letter-writing women that we are going into grim and vital postwar days. Every woman in America will be a help or a burden to the building of the new world then—there will be no half-way. Thousands of helpless, selfish, discontented women will find themselves left out of the running, their children rebellious at the change that gives them a strange home and a new father, their new mates not inclined to be particularly considerate of the women who coldbloodedly could drop old mates during the crisis of war.

But thank God there will be other women, millions of them—women who have written nothing but encouraging and loving letters during this time; women who have planned practically for the homecoming, are saving money, are out of debt and are full of ideas for Tom's future; women who know that more than our pilgrim or pioneer mothers needed them, we need now courage, self-control, economy and foresight. It is the woman who is strong, faithful to her mate, concerned with his welfare and that of the children and able to live on her income, no matter how small, who is going to be the inspiration, the essential creator, of the new America.

Shifting Curtains Around Makes Them Last Longer

Curtains hung at windows exposed to bright light or sunshine will give out first. Sunlight causes the fabric to lose its strength. It is a good plan to make top and bottom hems of the same width and then reverse them each time they are washed or cleaned. Curtains from sunny windows can be shifted occasionally to the shady side of the house. Sheets usually wear thin first in the upper center, where the shoulders give them more rubbing. To make them wear more evenly, reverse them from head to foot occasionally. Mend all snags promptly. The thrifty home-maker may stitch together the outside edges of sheets worn thin in the middle, split them down the center and hem the edges, to greatly prolong their usefulness.

More Cloth Coming Soon

The supply of yard goods for home-sewing in small towns and rural areas will soon be increased. Preference ratings will be given to merchants in these areas for the distribution of about 150,000,000 yards of cotton fabrics, including pongee, voile, sheeting 42 inches and wider, print cloths, outing flannel and gingham. This decision follows a similar order, issued during the first quarter of this year, which was aimed to correct unequal distribution of piece goods.

Service Flag

By EDWARD GRASSFIELD
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Features.

POLICE Lieutenant Moore tried to assume a stern expression as he looked down at the little old lady standing before him.

"You say you are an impostor and that you want to give yourself up?" he asked kindly. "Now just who was it you imposed on, Mrs. Murray?" "On my country, Your Honor," she replied. In spite of her determined air she could not keep her voice from trembling. "I didn't mean any harm. You see, sir, I'm a widow without any children and it all started when I began to walk in the park evenings to get a little air.

"The boys in service are such fine looking young men. When I heard them laughing and talking I used to pretend that one of them was mine, especially when he would say something about writing home to Mom."

Her voice broke a little and she blinked rapidly before beginning anew. "The next thing I did was to start noticing the mailman. Every day he brings a letter from overseas to some house on the block. I know because I watch him from behind the curtain.

"I envied everyone who has a little service flag in the window until I couldn't bear it any longer. I bought one and hung it in my own window, even though I had no right to. I sit down every night and write a letter to my boy abroad. Of course I never post it because I haven't anyone to send it to, but it makes me feel as if I have."



This precinct was mentioned, that's why I came here.

She took a little lace-trimmed handkerchief from her pocketbook and dabbed at her eyes.

"Here, now!" The policeman came from behind the desk and put his arm around her. "I guess we all make believe once in a while." "Not wrong?" She stared at him incredulously. "Why, I saw in the paper that it's wrong to pretend when it concerns your country. This precinct was mentioned, that's why I came here." She dug down into her bag and handed him a newspaper clipping.

BOY IMPOSTOR JAILED
Last night police arrested George Marlin of 32 Chester street. The 18-year-old youth, an orphan, is charged with illegally wearing an army uniform and will be arraigned tomorrow morning at the 2nd precinct.

The policeman laughed. "That's different, Mrs. Murray, and even that worked out all right. At first the boy was turned down for some minor defect and he was self-conscious because he couldn't get in the army. The judge suspended sentence when he found out the boy's motive, and the army was willing to accept him for limited service."

He looked at the clipping again and whistled. "Wait a minute. There's something here I didn't see before." He turned to the attendant. "Mike, bring that boy out again, I want to speak to him."

Mrs. Murray looked up, frightened. "Officer, I hope I haven't made trouble for him by coming here."

The lieutenant didn't answer but he smiled as the boy approached. "George, this is Mrs. Murray." He began by way of introduction. "She is an impostor, too, and in a sense an orphan like yourself."

The youth seemed puzzled, looking from one to the other.

"You are hereby ordered to write to her twice a week and to adopt her as your service mother. Do you agree?"

"Gosh!" George blurted out, "I'll say I agree—that is, if Mrs. Murray really wants me to. Gee, I'll be getting letters like the rest of the fellows—just as if I had folks!"

Mrs. Murray threw her arms around his neck. "Write to me quickly, George. Write as soon as you find out where you will be stationed." Then she hurried out the door.

The lieutenant noticed George's bewilderment at her quick departure. "She's in a hurry, George," he said. "She has a mighty important flag to hang up."

The lad still didn't understand, but he was happy. That morning he had acquired an Uncle Sam and now he had a mother. One thing he did know; he'd never let either one of them down.