

Who's News This Week

By Delos Wheeler Lovelace

Consolidated Features.—WNU Release.

NEW YORK.—In the drum beat of bombs exploding on Berlin, Dr. Jan Maarten de Moor, newly appointed Dutch representative on the United Nations Commission for Investigation of War Crimes, states: "The favorable trend in the war situation makes it more imperative for the commission to start functioning properly." In other words, Hitler and his pals may expect a summons any day now.

The sturdy 47-year-old Dutchman is determined that one mistake made after the last war will not be repeated. The extradition of war criminals must be made a condition of surrender now. The commission, he believes, must work through the national courts of the Allied nations.

Dr. De Moor escaped to England immediately after the German invasion of the low countries. In London he has served as president of the Netherlands Navigation Council and also of the Netherlands Maritime Court. A sound experience in law fits him for these responsibilities. After receiving his degree from the Municipal University of Amsterdam in 1918, he went on to become Doctor of Political Science in 1923. In 1928 he was appointed judge of the Almelo court; in 1934, judge of the Rotterdam high court; and then in 1939 he was elected vice president of the Netherlands Law Society.

He is Rotterdam-born, which must make his appointment to the War Crimes Investigation group grimly satisfying.

ECHOES seven years old but still pretty plain drift around as that swagger little admiral, Zengo Yoshida, moves into Japan's Supreme War Council. From his lofty perch in Tokyo he will now do his level best to lick the tar out of the United States, and it is this imminent effort which stirs up the old echoes.

Seven years ago the admiral sailed some pointedly rattletrap warships along our coasts and everywhere he anchored he widened his brown eyes at reportorial mutterings about Japan's expansion in the Pacific. Purely commercial, no more! Military? The very idea! Naval? With old tubs like these two? Why, that is unthinkable.

The training squadron he commanded amounted to only two vessels, one as old as the Russo-Japanese war, and he made it clear he would have been happier with even less. Because Japan had no imperial ambitions. The Philippines? She hadn't even a symptom of an interest in the Philippines.

This was the song he sang, sweet and low, at a luncheon of the Japan Society in New York city while his officers and crews rambled innocently around taking pictures. He was a good looking singer. He had a strong, agreeable face, a good chin, finely etched lips, and his clothes helped. His starved whites would have stood alone. And his gaze was beautifully candid as he told how happy he felt in friendly, hospitable America. Even a suspicious onlooker would have sworn Pearl Harbor never had entered the little cagey coot's head.

LEGENDARY cities of Europe crumble, but in Brazil Joao Alberto Lins Bandiera de Barros promises a new civilization. In the Matto Grosso, the great western woods (and snappy lowlands and high plateaus) he plans a virgin city and says there will be enough more to open all the rich state to the people of the world.

In Brazil everyone calls Lins Barros "Joao Alberto," as an earlier generation of North Americans once said "Teddy." And the record of tall, eagle-beaked Joao Alberto is not unlike that of the chunky first Roosevelt. A passion for exploration and adventure marks both.

Today Joao Alberto is co-ordinator of economic mobilization and after Getulio Vargas the strongest man in Brazil.

But he began as the obscure son of an obscure lawyer in Olinda from where he went to the Polytechnical Institute at Pernambuco and was graduated an engineering geographer. Shortly after that he went into the army, made the historic march with the Prestes column through the interior of Brazil and thereafter moved into the revolution of 1930 which put Vargas in power. For Vargas he put down the Sao Paulo uprising and the two have climbed side by side through the years. Joao Alberto is just 44 years old, lively, dashing, and friendly.

Partisans in Yugoslavia Salute British Officers



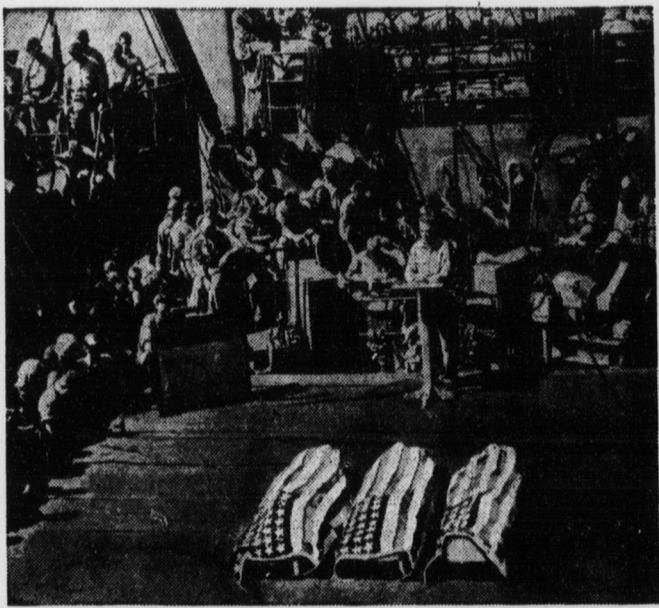
When British naval officers recently visited a Yugoslavian village held by patriot partisan forces they were taken to meet the commander (top left). At his right is his interpreter. Bottom left: Using the partisan army's clenched fist communist salute, Yugoslavian children greet the British officers. They wear the star-marked caps of their organization. Right: She doesn't look it, but this young woman has the reputation of being an outstanding sniper and anti-Nazi saboteur. Women like her comprise 25 per cent of the partisan army. No names are given to shield friends and relatives from possible Nazi reprisals.

3 of '10 Outstanding Women in America'



A "jury" of well-known women recently gathered in New York to select the "10 outstanding women of America in as many fields of endeavor." Pictured above are three of their choices. Left: Dorothy Thompson, journalism; center, Dr. Katherine Blodgett, science; and right, Nancy Harkness Love, aviation. The other seven are: Mrs. Hortense Odium, business; Mrs. Anna Rosenberg, labor; Marion Anderson, music; Vivian Kellems, industry; Rosalind Russell, motion pictures; Kate Smith, radio; and Pearl Buck, literature.

Sea Ceremony for Dead Marines



Flag-draped caskets of three U. S. marines who died at Tarawa rest on a hatch aboard a transport as a burial service is conducted. Comrades of the dead stand by with bowed heads. Marines were assigned to take Tarawa Island because it was known to be the most heavily fortified of the Gilbert group. Marine losses after 76 hours of fighting on Tarawa approximately equalled losses on Guadalcanal after six months.

Military Hitchhiking in Middle East



Hitchhiking is now organized on a military basis in the Middle East. A group of hikers is pictured at a "bus stop" in Cairo near the Suez canal. These shelters have been built at points on the main road traffic routes in the desert and here servicemen may rest until they find a military vehicle going their way.

Xmas a Year Late



Those cards and packages were mailed to reach Private P. C. Hanlon for Christmas, 1942. But they didn't catch up with this fast moving marine until a year later. He was on Guadalcanal when they were mailed. But when they arrived he had left.

Dog Hikes 470 Miles



From Norfolk, Va., to Patchogue, N. Y.—470 miles—that's the walk "Pete," this Pomeranian, took to find his mistress, Barbara Ann Staud, 13, of Norfolk. She was visiting Patchogue but when Pete found the right house, she had left.



Contrasts in the News:

The silver-lining tribe is whooping that everything is peaches and cream. They oppose an increase in manpower for the armed forces. Although every fact debunks them they convey the impression that Americans should start ripping phone books—so they'll have enough confetti to flip at victory parades in a "few weeks" . . . Meanwhile, the Japs are being pushed around in the Pacific. But it's far from a push-over. From Tarawa came a dose of grim news that froze the facial muscles: About 3,000 marines spearheaded the initial assault on that island, but only a few hundred escaped death or injury.

A group of senators are giving our genuine Good Neighbors a coating of mud. We refer to the nations that declared war against America's enemies and have done everything in their power to aid us. Friendly relations between Uncle Sam and most of his neighbors have been a shining light in a darkened world . . . However, these senators have been mum when it comes to a neighbor that has been running errands for our enemies and aiding the Axis to kill American soldiers and sailors. They look the other way when it comes to doing something about pro-Nazi Argentina.

Much space has been devoted to sob stories about the suffering of Berliners. They come from neutral sources. Indeed, the bombing of any city isn't a picnic. But the Nazis asked for it by starting the war and gloating about the cities they massacred. The Nazis gave others a taste of total war. Now they're getting it. All war is brutal . . . Buried in every report of raids on Berlin are figures about the planes lost by the Allies. Let's give our sympathy to the families of the brave fliers who are giving their lives to end a war they never wanted.

There has been an avalanche of postwar plans. All have one ideal in common: Fascism must be wiped out and never allowed to crawl again. They know that Fascists in Germany and elsewhere represent great dangers to America's security . . . At the same time many of those idealists can look you straight in the eye and insist that we must not deprive Fascists in America of their civil liberties. Although they know Fascists here only use freedom to help them spout their poison.

The army, navy and marines are composed of different races, creeds, religions and political beliefs. The United Nations also have many of the same differences. But they are strongly united, fighting and dying together. Their unified strength is winning the war . . . But political differences in Washington are hindering the war. And in too many American cities people of different races and religions will not get along with each other. Although they are far from the battlefields and are forced to make fewer sacrifices than any fighting man of the United Nations—they can't match the patriotism or unity of men in uniform.

Congress is now orally juggling a laudable bill: To provide economic security for demobilized soldiers. That deserves every American's support . . . At the same time, Congress is dynamiting the dam of rationing and price control. It holds back the flood of inflation. If unleashed, it will blast every American's economic security, including the Americans who return from the battlefronts.

Berlin is being drenched with bombs. Headlines about it make thrilling reading. We hope it will force the German-vermin to throw in the brownshirt. But wars can't be won by wishful thinking as some of our editorialists seem to be doing . . . For contrast we offer a headline from Hitler's newspaper at a time when London was being blitzed by the Luftwaffe: "London Bombed Again, British Soon to Surrender."

The Magazines: Wendell Willkie is getting sick of that empty phrase, too—that "free enterprise" echo. In his Look piece, Mr. W. offered this squelcher: "Some of the talk we hear about 'free enterprise' or 'private enterprise' is just propaganda on the part of powerful groups who have not practiced real enterprise in a generation and have no intention of doing so" . . . H. F. Armstrong nutshells our war aims in Foreign Affairs: "Our aim in this war is the defeat of our enemies and permanent victory over their minds."

Never in the history of the world has there been more reason to hope for permanent peace than today. Victory isn't in the bag, but war-loving nations are in a rut. Diplomats among the peace-loving countries have made a vital down-payment on a happy world . . . Only the isolationists are trying to wreck those plans. Only the jack-ass-triches sneer at every attempt to form a family of nations. They insist it won't work. Yet they are the same people who said they loved peace and knew how to insure it.



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The Amazon Valley, once the world's chief source of rubber, is expected to produce about 35,000 tons of crude in 1943, during which year 50,000 laborers will have been established in the rubber forests. Their contribution will be but a small but important part of our nation's rubber requirements.

Jerry Shaw

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