

U. S. Delegates to Conference



The United States delegates to the San Francisco World Security conference are shown above. Top, left to right, Secretary Stettinius, Senator Vandenberg, Representative Bloom, and Cordell Hull. Lower, Commander Stassen, Representative Eaton, Senator Connally and Virginia Gildersleeve. Center, official emblem and view of home of the conference.

Flag Heroes Visit Truman



Heroes of flag raising on Iwo Jima look at oil painting of historic picture displayed by President Truman. Left to right: Ph. M. 2/c John H. Bradley, Appleton, Wis., Secretary Henry Morgenthau, President Truman, Pfc. Rene Gagnon, Mass., Pfc. Ira Hayes, Bapchule, Ariz., as they visit in the President's office in the White House.

Substitute for Horse Power



Hooking his pet tiger to a plow, Melvin Coontz, Chatsworth, Calif., gentleman farmer, proceeds with his spring planting regardless of gas rationing or manpower shortage. Coontz declares the most primitive of the animal family takes to dirt farming like a veteran. The tiger, however, is not generally recommended as a farm animal.

Russian Army Invades Berlin



With infantrymen hanging on superstructures, powerful Red army tanks rumble through devastated streets of Berlin under a pall of smoke from burning buildings. This photo was radioed from Moscow to New York to Chicago and shows the damage done to the heart of Germany's greatest city. Much of the city was left in ruins.

Opens Conference



Photo shows Secretary of State Stettinius as he opened the United Nations Conference for World Security in the San Francisco War Memorial opera house. Delegates from 44 nations were present at the opening session of the conference.

Outstanding Mother



Mrs. Esther Steinick, Brooklyn, who has been chosen as the outstanding mother of 1945. She is the mother of nine sons and two daughters, eight of her sons are in the armed forces. She is shown holding some of their decorations, including the Purple Heart.

To Head Air Forces



Lt. Gen. Barney M. Giles, upper, appointed commanding general of the army air forces in the Pacific, replacing Lt. Gen. Millard F. Harmon, reported missing on fight. Lt. Gen. Ira A. Eaker, lower, is the new deputy commander of the army air forces.

G.I. at Conference



At the request of Secretary of State Stettinius, Pvt. Alfred Lillenthal, New York City, has been selected by American Veterans committee to represent them at San Francisco.

Marines Adopt Queer Mascots

Odd Pets Are 'On Duty' With Masters at Outposts On the Pacific.

WASHINGTON. — Swash, the swashbuckling, legendary duck of Bloody Tarawa, probably is the most famous. But throughout the vast reaches of the Pacific war zones, in all the far flung areas of the global conflict where United States marines are serving and fighting, the lesser-known marine mascots are "on duty" with their masters, reports Sgt. Bill Ross, a marine corps combat correspondent.

Paradoxically, Uncle Sam's marines—famed as the world's finest and fiercest fighters—have more than their share of the "motherly" instinct when it comes to pets. A communications unit of the battle-tested Second marine division felt it lost one of its most important members when "Major Joe," a black cocker-spaniel, was lost in action at Salpan.

When last seen, Joe was heading for the front—looking for action just as he did at Tarawa. The belligerent pup was owned by Cpl. Laddie R. Stansbury of Lake Charles, La., but he "belonged" to the entire unit. In the savage invasion of Tarawa, Joe won a signal victory—in open paw-to-paw combat—over a Jap dog on the beach.

Mascots Away Back. Later he broke into a stockade containing a few of the handful of Jap prisoners taken on the island. He had a merry time chasing the frightened, beaten enemy around in circles, barking at their heels.

"He was just a pooch—but we kinda loved him . . . wish he were back," said a tough sergeant of Corporal Stansbury's outfit.

The case of Major Joe is but one of many.

Marines undoubtedly have had pets and mascots since that November 10, 1775, when at Tun Tavern in Philadelphia the corps was born. But today, more than ever before, you'll find mascots wherever you find marines.

A Leatherneck garrison at a South American lend-lease base had an eagle, claimed to be the most "ferocious mascot of any military unit in the world" . . . one outfit recently arrived in the South Pacific has a lion cub purchased from a zoo in Los Angeles . . . Queenie, the swine empress of Guadalcanal, is world-famed as the pet pig of a marine unit there.

Mascots are treated as full-fledged members of the units which adopt them. The pets are given rank, have service record books and uniforms, are promoted or "busted" as their duty record warrants. Mascots in war zones—as in the case of Major Joe—frequently are wounded or killed, receive shell shock, are casualties just as their human comrades-in-arms.

Have Service Records. The hard-fighting Sixth marine division, composed of units of the famed raider battalion, has one of the most unusual of all Leatherneck mascots. One platoon of the Sixth has a leopard kitten. The pet came from Burma and joined the corps when it was sent by an army colonel to his son, Lt. C. B. Bryan of Falls Church, Va.

Black Zombie, a tiny terrier originally from Kingston, N. C., met death in an accident thousands of miles from his native home. He was killed chasing "traffic"—crushed under the wheels of a big gun moving up to blast the Japs. The unit to which he was attached had had Zombie since early training at Camp Lejeune, N. C., long before they sailed overseas.

A marine aviation unit recently came up with a mascot almost as big as a plane. It was Thor, a Great Dane, belonging to Capt. H. C. Wallace of Tulsa, Okla.

Thor's size precludes his flying in combat—or any time—with marine corps fighter planes, but he is always on hand when the Leathernecks take off and return to their Pacific base.

'Dummy City' Is Set Up To Fool Bonn Raiders

BONN, GERMANY. — A dummy city complete with a tricky light pattern had been set up in the woods outside Bonn in an attempt to deceive RAF night raiders, six captured Germans disclosed here. It had been in operation for three years.

The lights went on each time there was a raid. One of the Germans pulled a switch. The five others took stations with buckets of water to put out any fires the bombs might cause.

But every time the bombs fell on Bonn — "even after we used sparklers and colored lights," a spokesman for the prisoners lamented.

Coast-to-Coast in Eight Hours Made by Big Plane

LOS ANGELES.—A Pan American Airways crew has flown a Constellation transport plane from Los Angeles to Miami in 8 hours and 5 minutes, a new record for the 2,500-mile hop.

The hop knocked 38 minutes off the mark set February 20. Capt. Victor Wright piloted the Constellation on the "routine" flight for the army air transport command's Africa-Orient division.

Doctors Find Way To Prevent Palsy

Operation on Brain Stops Shaking of Hands.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—A new brain operation for shaking palsy has been reported in modern medicine.

This operation has cured 78 per cent of 200 cases on which it was attempted. It consists in removing a fold of gray matter about the size of a long slim potato from the top frontal portion of the brain. This section is known as the premotor area.

The new operation was devised by Roland M. Klemme, M. D., of this city. It follows work by a group of eminent scientists on the nature of shaking palsy, medically known as Parkinson's disease, or paralysis agitans.

This palsy, which causes a continuous shaking of the hands, and frequently a fixed-lifting of the eyebrows and staring expression, was found due to destruction of some nerve pathways in the brain. These paths were in the basal ganglia, which are lemon sized organs, midway between the temples and the back of the head.

Several surgical operations have been tried but none had a high percentage of success. Dr. Klemme's operation came from a shrewd guess about what goes on among some tens of thousands of brain nerve fibers.

Palsy victims can make any voluntary movements they wish. But they cannot stop shaking when they want to relax. Their voluntary movements are directed from an area of the brain near the top of the head known as the motor cortex.

This voluntary center lies between the premotor area and the lemon shaped ganglia. Dr. Klemme reasoned that normally the premotor and the ganglia maintain a nerve energy balance, which the voluntary motor area interrupts when, for instance, a person wants to move his hand.

With some of the ganglia known to be destroyed, Dr. Klemme reasoned further that the balance was upset, leaving the premotor area to cause the uncontrollable shaking. He took out the area and in most cases the shaking stopped. Removing the premotor part of a human brain does not appear to cause mental or physical damage.

V-Bomb Kills Parents As Girl Goes to School

LONDON. — The official language still calls them V-bomb "incidents" in southern England.

Thirteen-year-old Daphne Newton figured in one. She had just said good-bye to her father and mother and run out of the house to call for a friend on the way to school.

As she rounded the corner and pushed open her friend's gate, the V-weapon fell. When choking clouds of dust cleared, Daphne looked back. Her home was a rubble; her parents dead beneath it.

Her neighborhood since 1940 has been scarred by a mine, an ordinary bomb and two flying bombs, all before last fall.

The local church has been damaged for the fourth time. Another V-weapon injured many children who were on their way to school. The head teacher says most of them would have been killed if the bomb had struck later when all were in school.

Aircraft Worker Speeds Up as His Family Grows

LOS ANGELES.—Ceil Langston, aircraft worker, telephoned his wife's physician that the stork was near.

"Better hurry her to the hospital," the doctor advised.

En route Langston called again, frantically reporting:

"What'll I do, doctor? There's a baby in the back seat."

Again he was advised to hasten along.

Presently he called again.

"Doctor, when I got back to the car there were two babies!"

All was well with Mrs. Langston and her twin daughters later at the hospital.

Best Safety Record Made By Nation's Coal Mines

WASHINGTON. — The nation's coal mines last year chalked up their best safety record in history despite equipment shortages, loss of skilled workers and other wartime handicaps, Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes said recently.

In a report to congress on the federal mine inspection program, he said that 1,306 mine workers lost their lives in 1944. This is a fatality rate of only 1.91 life for each 1,000,000 tons of bituminous coal and anthracite produced. The rate was 2.26 deaths per 1,000,000 tons in 1943.

Fight Battle of Odor With Convoy of Skunks

ALBANY. — Motorists rubbed their eyes in disbelief, then broke all records in closing automobile windows as a convoy of skunks, reported to have numbered at least 300, crossed the four-lane Albany-Schenectady road. It was believed that brush fires had driven the skunks from their old lairs.

Kathleen Norris Says:

To Our Undying Shame

Bell Syndicate.—WNU Features.



"There is going to be a bad time for the mothers and sweethearts and friends who have to answer their question, 'You gave blood, didn't you?' with an embarrassed 'Well, no, I didn't, darling.'"

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

A FEW days ago I was in a group of young women who were gathering wraps and parcels as they dispersed after a club luncheon.

"How many of you," I asked them casually, "have been to the blood bank lately?"

Lately! Out of 13 of them, only one had ever been, and that more than a year ago. These were healthy young women, busy, or course, burdened with responsibility for homes, kitchen, babies, school-age children, to be sure. But not so burdened, not so busy but what this confession of theirs constitutes the most terrible indictment that American women ever have had to face.

It constitutes the most shameful reproach that after-war memories will ever bring us, a shame never to be forgotten and never to be wiped out; that the Red Cross and the medical corps have to beg us for this life-giving blood, and that we refuse it.

My own blood burns when I think of it, and I wonder how we will explain it to the returned soldiers someday; how we can ever be happy again knowing that magnificent young lives have been sacrificed because we, safe and warm and well-fed and free from fear, just never gave a thought to the blood bank.

"Oh, I've meant to, and Marcia and I talked about it," these young women said cheerfully, "but it's so hard to get around these days. We were going to, remember, Jean? And then we didn't! Oh, yes, the blood bank. That's wonderful, isn't it? Mother says they didn't have it in the last war, and that thousands of lives were lost. Do let's try to get to it this week, or sometime."

Marines Attack.

The day before this conversation I had happened to see a movie reel of our marines taking possession of a tropical beachhead, as they have done so often. Past the camera flashed the line of young faces, as the heavy boots squeaked in the mud and fixed bayonets glinted in the fast-falling rain. Such fine, strong faces, earnest and trusting and hard with the desperate courage and resolution of the attack. And even as we looked this splendid vigorous body and that one fell in the swamp, never to walk again in the pride and confidence of youth!

Our boys have seen grim sights in these war years, they have suffered all the agonies to which human flesh is heir. They have seen children mad with hunger, and dead with hunger; seen homeless thousands of women and old people seeking despairingly for food and shelter. They have seen their own friends fall and die, or carried away on stretchers, moaning, bloody, inhuman wreckage. They have known homesickness more bitter than death; known months, not hours or days, of loneliness and doubt.

To have these men pick up a paper from home and read that the Red Cross must solicit donations of the life-giving stream that alone will bring some of them home, is intolerable, and we ought not to tolerate it!

In every gathering of men and women — at men's luncheon clubs, women's club meetings, lecture halls, movie theaters, indeed in the actual churches, why doesn't the chairman or speaker ask those who have contributed life to our dying men to raise their hands? Or bet-

THEY NEED YOUR BLOOD

We have all heard, over and over, that blood plasma, administered on the battlefield and in emergency hospitals, is saving thousands of lives. In this war less than three per cent of the wounded die—as compared with six or seven per cent in the last war. Blood plasma and whole blood administrations are responsible to a large degree for this great saving of young lives.

But this blood has to come from healthy human beings. As the tempo of battle increases, greater and greater quantities are needed. The Red Cross is asking and pleading constantly for more donations—not of money, but of blood.

After every victory there is a tendency on the home front to slow down. This is true of bond buying, of war plant production, of donations to the blood bank. On the far-flung fronts, however, there is still urgent need for blood plasma—and will be until the last battle is fought. Keep on giving!

ter yet, ask those who have not given their blood to the white-faced, bleeding boys in the service hospitals, please to stand? It ought to be the first topic of conversation wherever men and women gather together: "Have you been to the blood bank lately?"

'White Feather' Emblem.

And why not a white feather for the lapel of every man's and woman's suit who chooses to ignore this appeal? Surely if they are not shamed already the mere wearing of this sign of cowardice wouldn't hurt them? There isn't half enough fuss being made about all this. We have an emblem that means "I gave my blood" that hundreds are proud to wear. Why not another emblem meaning "I didn't pay the slightest attention to the fact that for the men who are shedding their blood for me—sometimes every drop of it, I didn't do anything in return. I knew what plasma is, I knew the miracles it works on the far-away battle stations, but we really haven't anything to be afraid of here, so why worry?"

Remember, you American men and women, our boys are going to come home an embittered and disillusioned lot. What they have had to endure is cruelly upsetting to mind and morale. For many months after honorable discharge we will have to give them special treatment; comforting, bracing, rebuilding souls and bodies. There is going to be a bad time then for the mothers and sweethearts and friends who have to answer their question, "You gave blood, didn't you?" with an embarrassed "Well, no, I didn't, darling. I thought that there would be so many others that my poor little pint wouldn't mean much, and somehow I never got around to it."

There is still time to save yourself that shame. For God's sake, and for the sake of humanity, do it today. Don't ever let anyone feel again the sting I felt when a young naval doctor wrote me from Guadalcanal to ask the caustic question: "Do you suppose that if they offered two red points a pint some of the men and women at home would get busy at the blood bank?"

Decorating with Pictures

Hang pictures at eye level, if possible without cords showing and flat against the wall. Under an important picture place a substantial piece of furniture. Assemble your family photographs, simply framed, in large groups in your bedroom. Be sure the store you've chosen to do your framing knows its job, for the value of a signed picture can be ruined by too close trimming. Choose simple frames so that the frames will not compete in interest with the pictures themselves.



"Healthy young women."