WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK. — This department flushes a swarm of rumors about drastic changes in our naval building plans, said to have been induced by new problems of defense against planes and subs as disclosed by British disasters.

British Disasters Bring Check on Our Naval Plans

So far as we can learn, there are impending some possible changes in personnel, and a general check and overhauling of work on new ships to date, but nothing revolutionary. It is indicated that there will be intensive studies and training in coordination of ships, planes and submarines.

At the highest peak of American naval construction in peacetime history, Rear Admiral Alexander Hamilton Van Keuren is made chief of the bureau of construction and repair. That puts him right in the wheelhouse of the navy efficiency drive, as this is the acid-testing bureau for fighting ships, and it bears the responsibility for their being sound and fit, structurally and in design. Defects have been found, and are being remedied in several 10,000-ton cruisers.

Admiral Van Keuren, a navy technician for 36 years, is one of the most highly rated specialists in naval construction. He smokes a dropstem pipe, carries on easily and informally, and marshals engineering data with a precise mastery of detail. His previous post has been that of industrial manager at the Philadelphia navy yard. He is a dependable safeguard against pitted or pithy armor plate, such as we heard of years ago. He is a native of Michigan, graduated from Annapolis in 1903. His predecessor in the bureau, Rear Admiral W. G. Du Bose, becomes commander of the new model basin at Carderock, Md.

MAJ. GEN. DANIEL VAN VOORHIS, assigned to the supreme command in the Panama Canal Zone, is an officer up from the ranks who has been entrusted with many critically important assignments in the past—among them the guardianship of the bulk of the nation's $17,000,000,000 gold reserve, at Fort Knox, Ky. The fact of his selection is evidence of the crucial importance of the canal defenses, in the eyes of the high command.

Our Gold Guard Now Gets Canal Zone to Watch

From Zanesville, Ohio, he enlisted in the Tenth Pennsylvania infantry in 1898 and won a commission as second lieutenant in the Philippine insurrection. He is the army specialist in mechanized defense and attack, and just now the canal is a concentration of swift mechanization. In the World war, he was chief-of-staff at Brest, and holds the Distinguished Service medal, the Navy Cross, the Silver Star and the Legion of Honor decorations.

IN HIS new book, "The Defense of Britain," Capt. Liddell Hart, the British military expert, says, "Our chief risk of losing a war lies in trying to win the war." His general finding is that modern war cannot be supported in the style to which it has been accustomed, and observes that "War will only be ended when the power-lusting nations recognize its futility. The growing power of modern defense is bringing that prospect in sight."

Britain's Danger Is in Trying to Win, Says Hart

In his preceding book, "Europe in Arms," published in August, 1937, he thought there was hope of ending war in the limitations of the military mind. Fat-headed generals would cling to gaudy mass attack and make war so stupid and ridiculous that anybody surviving would just forget it. But the trouble with a war expert is that you can't bottle him up, and other nations in the past have used him as a military consultant.

In the World war, a stripling just out of Cambridge, a captain and a war correspondent, he gave the generals a lacing to the limit of the censorship, and, although they growled menacingly, they took him into their counsels. He invented a lot of new trick plans, including the "indirect approach" and the "expanding torrent" system, and his reputation was well on its way before the war ended.

He has scolded many of the main panjandrums of the big war, in the post-war years, apparently with public approval, judging from the sale of his books. He was a war buddy of Lawrence of Arabia and insisted that this human cryptogram knew more about war than all the generals put together.

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

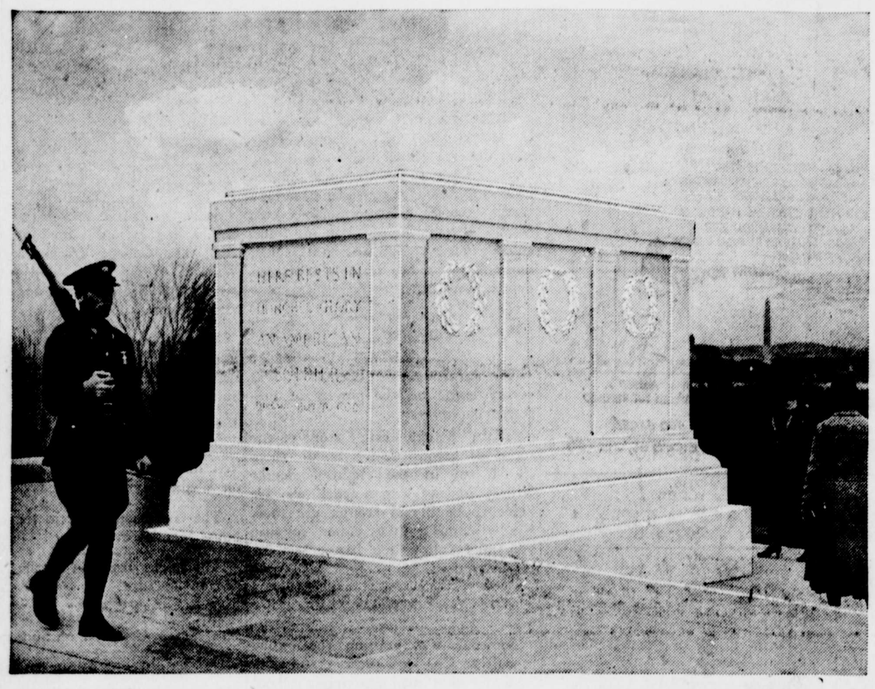
Church as Stable

The churches of Kilkenny in Ireland have been put to various uses in the past. The cathedral has been a stable, the Franciscan Friary a tennis court, the Black Abbey a courthouse, while the parish church has served both as a barracks and a hospital.

Hitler's Last Election

In the last general election in Germany held in August, 1934, there were 38,362,763 votes cast for Hitler and 4,294,654 against him.

On Armistice Day America Turns to Its Symbol of Hope That All Is Not Lost in a World Gone Mad With War



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

IN THE tragic situation in which the world finds itself today, with the destructive forces of war once again unleashed, it is appropriate for the people of the United States to reflect upon that hour of November 11, 1918, when the voices of war were silenced, and to look forward even now to a time when a just and enduring peace shall be established among all the peoples of the earth.

Those were the words used by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in his annual proclamation setting aside November 11 as a holiday in significance of "our gratitude for peace and our desire for the continuance of friendly relations with all other peoples" and calling upon "the people of the United States to observe the day in schools and churches or other suitable places with appropriate ceremonies."

And so, despite the fact that, to many Americans, the fear of our becoming involved in a second great European war will cast a shadow upon the observance of the day, for the nation as a whole Armistice day this year will have a deeper meaning than it has had for the last two decades. That is because we are the only nation celebrating Armistice day during those 20 years, that is now at peace or that seems least likely to be drawn into the maelstrom of death and destruction now raging across the Atlantic.

As in the past, on this Armistice day the thoughts of most Americans will turn to what has become the national shrine that best symbolizes the spirit of Armistice day—the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington cemetery near Washington. Because it is both a shrine and a symbol, there may be some reassurance for Americans to read again the words of another American President uttered there.

On November 11, 1921, the body of the Unknown Soldier was entombed at Arlington and on that day President Warren G. Harding, speaking for the nation, said:

"We are met today to pay the impersonal tribute. The name of him whose body lies before us took flight with his imperishable soul. We know not whence he came, but only that his death marks him with the everlasting glory of an American dying for his country.

"We do not know the eminence of his birth, but we do know the glory of his death. He died for his country, and greater devotion hath no man than this. He died unquestioning, uncomplaining, with faith in his heart and hope on his lips, that his country should triumph and its civilization survive. As a typical soldier of this representative democracy he fought and died, believing in the indisputable justice of his country's cause. Conscious of the world's upheaval, appraising the magnitude of a war the like of which had never horrified humanity before, perhaps he believed his to be a service destined to change the tide of human affairs.

"In the death gloom of gas, the bursting of shells and rain of bullets men face more intimately the great God over all; their souls are aflame and consciousness expands and hearts are searched. With the din of battle, the glow of conflict and the supreme trial of courage come involuntarily the hurried appraisal of life and the contemplation of death's great mystery. On the threshold of eternity many a soldier, I can well believe, wondered how his ebbing blood would color the stream of human life flowing on after his sacrifice. His patriotism was none less if he craved more than triumph of country; rather, it was greater if he hoped for a victory for all human kind. Indeed, I revere that citizen whose confidence in the righteousness of his country inspired belief that its triumph is the victory of humanity.

"This American soldier went forth to battle with no hatred for any people in the world, but hating war and hating the purpose of every war for conquest. He cherished our national rights and abhorred the threat of armed domination, and in the maelstrom of destruction and suffering and death he fired his shot for liberation of the captive conscience of the world. In advancing toward his objective was somewhere a thought of a world awakened, and we are here to testify undying gratitude and reverence for that thought of a wider freedom.

"Sleeping in these hallowed grounds are thousands of Americans who have given their blood for the baptism of freedom and its maintenance, armed exponents of the nation's conscience. It is better and nobler for their deeds. Burial here is rather more than a sign of the government's favor, it is a suggestion of a tomb in the heart of the nation, sorrowing for its noble dead.

"Today's ceremonies proclaim that the hero unknown is not unhonored. We gather him to the nation's breast, within the shadow of the Capitol, of the towering shaft that honors Washington, the great father, and of the exquisite monument to Lincoln, the martyred savior. Here the inspirations of yesterday and the conscience of today forever unite to make the Republic worthy of his death for flag and country.

"Ours are lofty resolutions today, as with tribute to the dead we consecrate ourselves to a better order for the living. With all my heart I wish we might say to the defenders who survive, to mothers who sorrow, to widows and children who mourn, that no such sacrifice shall be asked again.

"It was my fortune recently to see a demonstration of modern warfare. It is no longer a conflict in chivalry, no more a test of militant manhood. It is only cruel, deliberate, scientific destruction. There was no contending enemy, only the theoretical defense of a hypothetic objective. But the attack was made with all the relentless methods of modern destruction. There was the rain of ruin from the aircraft, the thunder of artillery, followed by the unspeakable devastation wrought by bursting shells; there were mortars belching their bombs of desolation; machine guns concentrating their leaden storms; there was the infantry, advancing, firing, and falling—like men with souls sacrificing for the decision. The flying missiles were revealed by illuminating tracers, so that we could note their flight and appraise their deadliness. The air was streaked with tiny flames marking the flight of massed destruction; while the effectiveness of the theoretical defense was impressed by the simulation of dead and wounded among those going forward, undaunted and unheeding.

"As this panorama of unutterable destruction visualized the horrors of modern conflict there grew on me the sense of the failure of a civilization which can leave its problems to such cruel arbitrament. Surely no one in authority, with human attributes and a full appraisal of the patriotic loyalty of his countrymen, could ask the manhood of kingdom, empire or republic to make such sacrifice until all reason had failed, until appeal to justice through understanding had been denied, until every effort of love and consideration for fellow men had been exhausted, until freedom itself and inviolate honor had been brutally threatened.

"I speak not as a pacifist fearing war, but as one who loves justice and hates war. I speak as one who believes the highest function of government is to give its citizens the security of peace, the opportunity to achieve, and the pursuit of happiness.

"The loftiest tribute we can bestow today—the heroically earned tribute—fashioned in deliberate conviction, out of unclouded thought, neither shadowed by remorse nor made vain by fancies, is the commitment of this Republic to an advancement never made before. If American achievement is a cherished pride at home, if our unselfishness among nations is all we wish it to be, and ours is a helpful example in the world, then let us give of our influence and strength yea, of our aspirations and convictions, to put mankind on a little higher plane, exulting and exalting, with war's distressing and depressing tragedies barred from the stage of righteous civilization.

"There have been a thousand defenses justly and patriotically made; a thousand offenses which reason and righteousness ought to have stayed. Let us beseech all men to join us in seeking the rule under which reason and righteousness shall prevail.

"Standing today on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart and mind and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that the world is noting this expression of the Republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare.

"As we return this poor clay to its mother soil, garlanded by love and covered with the decorations that only nations can bestow, I can sense the prayers of our people, of all peoples, that this Armistice day shall mark the beginning of a new and lasting era of peace on earth, good will among men."

Unknown Soldier Was Inspiration for Two Pulitzer Prize-Winners

The return of the Unknown Soldier to his native land and his entombment in Arlington in 1921 was the inspiration for some of the finest prose and poetry that has been written in America in many years. Two of the 1921 Pulitzer prizes were given to newspaper men whose theme was this significant event.

Kirke L. Simpson of the Washington staff of the Associated Press was awarded the prize for the "best example of a reporter's work during the year" for his series of stories on the return of the Unknown Soldier and the prize for the "best editorial article written during the year, the test of excellence being clearness of style, moral purpose, sound reasoning and the power to influence public opinion in the right direction" was awarded to Frank M. O'Brien of the New York Herald for this editorial, which appeared in the Herald on November 11, 1921:

"That which takes place today at the National cemetery in Arlington is a symbol, a mystery and a tribute. It is an entombment only in the physical sense. It is rather the enthronement of Duty and Honor. This man who died for his country is the symbol of these qualities; a far more perfect symbol than any man could be whose name and deeds we knew. He represents more, really, than the unidentified dead, for we can not separate them spiritually from the war heroes whose names are written on their gravestones. He — this spirit whom we honor—stands for the unselfishness of all.

"This, of all monuments to the dead, is lasting and immutable. So long as men revere the finer things of life the tomb of the nameless hero will remain a shrine. Nor, with the shifts of time and mind, can there be a changing of values. No historian shall rise to modify the virtues or the faults of the Soldier. He has an immunity for which kings might pray. The years may bring erosion to the granite but not to the memory of the Unknown.

"It is a common weakness of humanity to ask the questions that can never be answered in this life. Probably none to whom the drama of the Unknown Soldier has appealed has not wondered who, in the sunshine of earth, was the protagonist of today's ceremony. A logger from the Penobscot? An orchardist from the Pacific coast? A well-driller from Texas? A machinist from Connecticut? A lad who left his hoe to rust among the Missouri corn? A longshoreman from Hell's Kitchen? Perhaps some youth from the tobacco fields, resting again in his own Virginia. All that the army tells us of him is that he died in battle. All that the heart tells is that some woman loved him. More than that no man shall learn. In this mystery, as in the riddle of the universe, the wise wonder; but they would not know.

"What were his dreams, his ambitions? Likely he shared those common to the millions; a life of peace and honest struggle, with such small success as comes to most who try; and at the end the place on the hillside among his fathers. Today to do honor at his last resting-place come the greatest soldiers of the age, famous statesmen from other continents, the President, the high judges and the legislators of his own country, and many men who, like himself, fought for the flag. At his bier will gather the most remarkable group that America has seen. And the tomb which Fate reserved for him is, instead of the narrow cell on the village hillside, one as lasting as that of Rameses and as inspiring as Napoleon's.

"It is a great religious ceremony, this burial today. The exaltation of the nameless bones would not be possible except for Belief. Where were Duty and Honor, the well-springs of Victory, if mankind feared that death drew a black curtain behind which lay nothing but the dark? So all in whom the spark of hope has not died can well believe that we, to whom the Soldier is a mystery, are not a mystery to him. They can believe that the watchers at Arlington today are not merely a few thousands of the living but the countless battalions of the departed. 'Tho he were dead, yet shall he live'—there is the promise to which men hold when everything of this earth has slipt away.

"All the impressive ritual of today would be a mockery if we did not believe that, out in an infinity which astronomers can not chart or mathematicians bound, the Unknown Soldier and all the glorious dead whom we honor in his dust are looking down upon this little spinning ball, conscious of our reverence. And when noon strikes, signal for the moment of silent prayer, few of those who stand with bared head will lack conviction that the rites at Arlington are viewed by other than mortal eyes. Only in that spirit may we honor the Unknown Soldier and those who, like him, died for this Republic.

"Unknown, but not unknowing!"

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EPITAPH FOR THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Within this nation-hallowed tomb
An unknown soldier lies asleep,
Symbolic comrade, of all those
Who, on the land, on sea, in air,
In that red death across the seas,
Sealed with their blood the sacred truths
For which our country ever stands:
That righteousness is all the law—
That justice is true government—
Man's liberty the gift of God.
In memory of the faith they kept,
Here through the ages all the land
As honor guard on watch will stand!
—Annette Kohn in the Washington Star.

Common Traits of 'Modern' Dog Traced to Old Hunting Customs

AUSTRALIAN TERRIERS like the friendly pair above, are a small breed of wire-haired terriers, usually grayish or bluish in color with tan legs. These two have just arrived in this country from their native land.

Every Section of the World Has Favorite Canine Breed.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

In developing dogs for every possible purpose, breeders have neglected no feature or trait, not even the bark. In certain breeds the bark has been literally bred out of the dog. Generation after generation, it has been taught to be mute, generally because its chief use was for still-hunting and a bark, howl, or whine would give the alarm.

Good gun dogs—the setters, or large land spaniels, and the pointers which freeze into a statuelike "point" at the hidden game birds located by body scent—hunt stealthily, without a sound. But that characteristic was not acquired quickly or painlessly.

During the Middle ages, when much time was devoted to the chase, the progenitors of our present-day hunting dogs were developed. Our modern pointers and setters work so silently and efficiently largely because their remote ancestors suffered many a whack from rough medieval hands every time they opened their mouths.

Springer Popular at Present.

The springer spaniel, perhaps the most popular all-round shooting dog of the present time, was originally one that gave tongue while hunting. The process of developing a silent strain was observed in Pembrokeshire, Wales, where a man had a fine kennel of springer spaniels, a breed that gets its name from its skill in flushing, or "springing," pheasants and other game birds. Sometimes one of his springer spaniel dogs, in the excitement of the hunt, would forget itself and give tongue. On returning home that dog would be destroyed. The owner was determined to develop a breed of soundless or "mute" hunting dogs, and was not averse to harsh methods to gain his end.

At a recent Virginia field trial for spaniels a springer gave tongue while hunting a pheasant. It was only the tiniest hint of a bark, emitted by a highly strung animal in a moment of excitement. Yet, for a springer aristocrat, even that small sound was an unpardonable breach of etiquette, and a black mark was probably placed against him in the judges' book.

A SPRINGER SPANIEL, most popular all-round shooting dog of the present time, is pictured here at the LEFT, next to a woeful-looking champion bloodhound. Judging from the look on the hound's face it's hard to believe that he captured the blue ribbon for his class at the Westminster Kennel club dog show this year, but it's a fact.

Other 'Silent' Dogs.

Other dogs are silent while in action, though perhaps for different reasons. The fighting dogs of the old English dog-fight pits—bull terriers known as "business dogs" among followers of that brutal game—fought to the death without an outcry. It seems logical to think that this characteristic was developed for efficiency. While it is not true that "a barking dog never bites," it is impossible to do both at the same instant. The dog that barked instead of biting lost its hold or its opening, very likely its life.

Speed is the greyhound's specialty, and here, too, the bark seems to have bowed to efficiency. Greyhounds and whippets will bark before the start, but if they bark while racing they are looked upon as having some alien blood in them. These slender speedsters, like a whiplash in action, run by their legs and eyes and not by their nose, as do other hounds; and every ounce of breath must be turned into speed, not noise.

Unlike the pointer or setter, which gallops along with head high to catch the body scent and is sternly rebuked if it utters a note, a hound, while hunting, keeps its nose to the ground and is encouraged to proclaim its pleasure aloud on discovery of the scent.

Foxhounds Enjoy Work.

There are few sweeter sounds in all outdoors than the music of a pack of foxhounds in full cry. You can tell the hounds are enjoying themselves. This is the work they love; this is what they were bred for! Their stirring cry, ringing through hill and dale, tells the skilled huntsman the story of the chase, though he may be a long way off. Individual voices are recognized.

"Hark to the Marmaduke!" cries the huntsman. "Hark to Hannibal! Hark to Valiant! Hark to Sorceress!"

English foxhounds, and those used by hunt clubs in this country, too, are generally given sonorous, romantic-sounding names, oftentimes of three syllables. They are effective, too. Think how much more ear-filling it is to hear "Hark to Marmaduke!" than "Hark to Bod!" or "Hark to Jim!"

In the choir of the hounds, if all could be running together, the bass would be the deep-throated bay of the bloodhound and the otterhound. It is impossible to express that deep, booming, resonant note on paper.

'Voices' Reveal Traits.

Next in order come the baritones of the pack: the French hound, the old English harrier, and the American foxhound. Their voices reveal that all have some bloodhound in them. The American foxhound is descended from the pack of French hounds brought to this country by Lafayette and presented to General Washington.

These hounds, of Norman blood, were bred with English foxhounds, such as those brought here by Lord Baltimore of Maryland and other sportsmen of colonial days.

English foxhounds, their voices a bit higher pitched, might be likened to the tenors in the choir, and the beagles, with the highest note of all the hounds, are up toward the soprano end of the scale.

Any real dog fancier can usually tell the breed of a dog by its bark without having seen it. Yet the bark of a dog is not merely a bark. It is a language which the dog lover soon learns to understand—the bark of alarm, of joyful greeting, of pain, pleading, protest, and a dozen more.

ON THE LEFT is a Doberman pinscher, a large, smooth-coated breed of terrier that is rapidly gaining popularity in the United States. RIGHT: Here is Barking Bride, a champion female Boston. This breed originated in this country, being a cross between a bulldog and a terrier. It's a very popular breed of small dog in the United States.

Among themselves, dogs plainly have a language, a well-understood means of communication. How many times have you noticed your dog, lying quietly at your feet while a neighbor's dog barked steadily, suddenly prick up its ears at a subtle change, a new note in the distant barking, and rush out to look into the matter!

To a dog's amazingly sensitive hearing even the sound of a particular automobile is easily recognizable. A dozen cars may enter the driveway in the course of the day and the dog takes no notice. But let the master's motor turn into the drive and the dog is on his feet, ready to greet him.

Generally speaking, the best watchdogs are the ones with upright ears. They seem to be always on the alert and catch the slightest sound. As a matter of fact, the term "watchdog" seems to be a misnomer. A good watchdog is really a "listendog." Almost invariably it hears before it sees.

The most courageous is usually the one with a good deal of the bulldog in him. The mastiff, great dane, bull terrier—all are the very personification of pluck.