

Viereck's Deals In Brazil Told Jury Here

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From the German embassy in connection with the handling of the booklets, he said, was turned over to the publishers who did the work.

Some of the publishers he contacted refused the assignment "because of the nature of the books," the witness recalled.

He also stated that he instructed the publishers on one occasion in the instruction of the embassy's agent who said the booklets weren't properly distributed in which had been doing

Excited

During cross-examination, the witness admitted he continued to work for Transocean even after it had discovered its editorial policies were Nazi-controlled "because at that time (1939) there was no question of politics... involved."

He was asked by Defense Counsel Leo A. Rover if he was able to reconcile his work for the Nazis with his obligations as a Brazilian patriot. The witness repeated there was no conflict of that nature involved at the time of the transactions to which he referred. Carvalho became excited as Rover persisted on the point. He asked if he had understood the question, the witness' voice rose and he exclaimed in rapid Portuguese:

"Sure, he wants to know if I'm a Nazi!"

The courtroom laughter which followed the outburst was the first demonstration of its kind in the proceedings since it reopened for the second time Friday.

Government Chief Testifies

The first portion of yesterday's trial was devoted to testimony by James P. Childs, chief of the document division of the Liaison Office of Congress. Dr. Childs testified that a number of booklets were subsequently identified by the government as among those he had received from the German Information Office in keeping with an agreement between this country and Germany providing for exchange of public documents.

The current proceedings mark the government's third attempt to prosecute Viereck on charges of violation of the Foreign Agents Registration Act. The first, which ended in a mistrial in February 1942, was

overturned by a Supreme Court decision last March holding that the jury in the case had been improperly charged. The second trial, which was begun June 18, ended after three days of testimony in a mistrial caused by disqualification of a juror.



Times-Herald Staff Photo

Another First for the Ladies

Margaret Knoepfel, of 3306 Ely Pl. SE., is the Weather Bureau's first feminine professional statistician. She is shown above in her office.

Girl Weather Expert Fails To Give Interviewer a Chill

By TINA MARRANZANO

Emancipated in the first World War, women of America are being carried even further by this second global holocaust into fields once considered exclusively the domain of men.

Take the United States Weather Bureau, for instance. Very few women ever had qualified for any sort of work in that traditionally male sanctum until this war, with meteorology emphasized more than ever before in military and naval strategy, began to open its doors to women. Margaret Knoepfel, a 28-year-old experienced Weather Bureau hands into the services.

Engaged in Confidential Work

This drain on manpower gave Miss Margaret Knoepfel her chance to get a job in the bureau a year ago. The rest she has ac-

complished by "collecting, organizing and analyzing data," she said. "You don't get much fun out of it, but sometimes the results are highly encouraging."

Blond, blue-eyed, she has sparkling white teeth, a keen sense of humor and gets along well with the men. One of her main characteristics, they said, is her poise. Miss Knoepfel smiled and explained it was acquired teaching school four years at Ashland, N. Y., a small town situated in the Catskill Mountains.

Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 23, 1915, she attended parochial schools and graduated from Brooklyn College where she majored in mathematics. She came to Washington two years ago when appointed to the Railroad Retirement Board and lives in the 3300 block Ely Pl. SE.

At the time of the interview, the recording hair hygrometer in the room registered 89.34 per-

Half Way

YAN

Grim Reality In 1,000

"Halfway witness story two and a half guished bomb begins today prelude to the land and the

The Chevy so I knew more tall grass, my Navy flier's un against my knees back steps in two

The door was and bacon! Fresh Mom always was Knox county and nois, and after a as an R.C.A. England and over the food smell go most forgotten w

Surprises His Mom

Mom was at the up the supper pl knew it, I grabbed waist and picked to make her five six feet two. She name, Daisy.

"Hi, mom," I Mom was flab wh . . . who," craned her neck "Johnny, John

Pop was in the name is Harley good a farmer where. Started of 460 acres in we now owns three. the papers. The commotion in came walking in make father hu

"Well, John, you until tomc Something was "Where's Tim? was her usual sel

"Now, John, yo him Kim," she sa why you and fat him Tim. Well, K car ran over him. keep that dog off We didn't tell y might worry."

Questioning

Then the questio I really bomb Jerr "That's what the I said. "Forty-five is all the W.A.P. make. But some count. Checking up other day I found cluding all the 1.00

What did the Kb pinned a medal on that because I wa to qualify for the finder Force—the