

### Navy Opens Drive on Jap's 'Pearl Harbor'



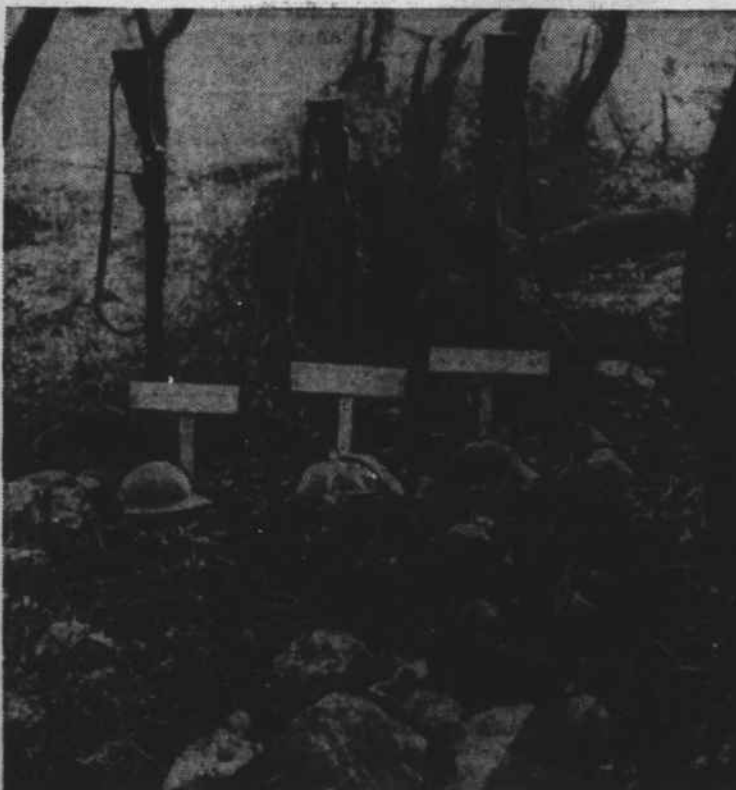
U. S. naval task forces, striking with hundreds of planes, have made their first assault on Truk, Japan's great stronghold in the Western Pacific, and the last major obstacle on our road to the Philippines and China. The attack on Truk, shown on this map, followed with relentless speed the capture of the Marshall Islands.

### Learning ABC's of Mines and Booby Traps



Now that the enemy are using more mines and booby traps than ever before, a school has been opened in Britain where units other than Royal Engineers can take a four-day course on our own and enemy mines and booby traps. Picture shows instructors watching students at work behind the Moscar Stacks, a device constructed so they can handle various types of mines and booby traps in the dark.

### Milestones on Road to Eternal City



Their helmets and rifles mark the graves of three British Tommies, killed in the bitter fighting near the town of Castellote on the Carigliano front in Italy. The road to Rome is well marked with such tragic milestones, some German, some British, some French, and some American.

### President Gets First Red Cross Tab



President Roosevelt is shown receiving the first contributor's lapel button or tab in the 1944 Red Cross war fund campaign for \$200,000,000, which opened officially March 1. Shown are, the President, Miss Mary Brown of Cleveland, recently returned from the Pacific where she did Red Cross work, and Leon Fraser, national chairman of the Red Cross.

### Back on the Job



The 2,500 striking employees of the Los Angeles water and power department, taken over by the army on President Roosevelt's order, as they began returning to work. This soundphoto shows linesmen back on the job repairing power circuits.

### Penicillin



Professor Fleming, discoverer of the "miracle drug," penicillin, is shown above holding a bottle containing growing penicillin. He is describing the growth to some of the members of the party of Turkish doctors who visited him in his laboratory in London.

### 'Paper Doll'



To help spur the current waste paper drive, the boys of the San Antonio Air Service command at Kelly Field, Texas, have selected Eleanor Parker of Hollywood as the "paper doll" they'd like to call their own.

### His 'First Love'



An apprentice seaman at the maritime service training station, Sheephead Bay, L. I., Stuart Martin, former star of the Cardinals and Cubs, fondles some baseball equipment.

## Kathleen Norris Says:

His Wife Is a Flirt

Bell Syndicate.—WNU Features.



"If she does write, she writes of things and places and people I don't know, or maybe dislike. She doesn't put any crosses at the end, the way she did at first."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

THIS week brought me a letter from a soldier who is down in the hottest, loneliest, hardest fighting of all; the fight to take island after island in the South Seas, and so conquer Rabaul, and so move nearer to Tokyo, and the end of the war.

He has been married almost two years; he adores his wife. He loves the memory of their first little home, the happiness of sharing the new love and the new life together; he is 27, had never cared for any woman before. The wife, Patricia, is 21.

"Often these days the mail comes in and I don't get a letter at all," writes Private Joe Carter. "If she does write she writes of things and places and people I don't know, or maybe dislike. She doesn't put any crosses at the end, the way she did at first, or tell me that she misses me. I've been pretty heart-sick over it, for I haven't any mother, or anyone else who writes to me, and I get awfully blue sometimes. Lots of the other fellows get letters with newspaper clippings pasted in, snapshots of their kids, descriptions of how Christmas was and what's going on at home. But Pat doesn't think of any of those things."

**Wife in Bad Company.**  
"Now, what gripes me is this," the letter goes on. "Lately, Pat moved in and is sharing housekeeping expenses with a girl I hate, because she's just no good, and everyone knows it. This girl always had plenty of money, and she keeps a goodlooking flat, with plenty of cocktails and old-fashioned and all that. Pat never was that sort, and I can't sleep nights worrying about how this older girl will get hold of her and influence her. All Pat ever said was that Doty had decided to go straight and had a job next to her in a machine shop, but one of the fellows from our town who got out here lately told me he often saw them in the saloon together after hours, and that Pat and Dot were sharing the same flat."

"I don't like to write her a sour, mean letter from here and tell her that if she pulls any fast ones on me I'll drop her once and for all. But gosh," says the letter youthfully, "it certainly is the limit to be 'way out here, seeing what we see, eaten up by pests, longing to get home to cool rooms and showers and the old car again, and to have your wife suggest that she's having a swell time without you. Isn't there any way of getting it through the heads of the girls at home that they owe us something, too, and can help an awful lot just by being loving and faithful and letting us know it?"

In that last simple sentence lies a tremendous truth. The wives who are here at home can do a mighty service for their men, and if they are true and patriotic women they will do it. To shake a man's faith, courage and hope for the future is fifth-column business; it weakens his patriotism, it causes him a desperate, "oh-what-the-hell's-the-use" feeling. And that discouraged, lonely, angry feeling may make an enormous difference when some small but all-important act of valor or daring is to be done.

**Write Soldier Loving Letters.**  
In common kindness and charity write that soldier of yours hopeful and loving letters. If you write only weekly—and it's a very good idea to have a special time dedicated to the writing of letters—then during the days between keep him in mind. There are small items in the papers, jokes, poems, that will mean

### KEEP INSPIRATIONAL LETTERS FLOWING TO SERVICEMEN

"Isn't there any way of getting it through the heads of the girls at home that they owe us something too, and can help an awful lot just by being loving and faithful and letting us know it?" It is tragic that such a question should arise in the mind of any American soldier. Civilians owe a debt to all men at the battle-fronts which can never be paid in mere coin. Only by constant devotion and acts of inspiration can we begin to show our appreciation for the supreme risk they are making. A soldier's wife, who forgets this and adds to her unpatriotic actions by doing things which cause her husband to worry and question her loyalty, is an aid to a fifth-columnist almost as surely as if she were on the enemy's payroll.

something to him. There is news from all his old crowd; if he has a chum who is still at home, call that chum, and ask him for a detail or two.

If there are children, include a story about each one, take camera shots of them, have those who can write scrawl a line or two to Daddy. And always—always—always paint a picture of the future that includes him, yourself, home again, love again, peace again. Dream dreams for him of your little farm, or your tiny cabin up in the mountains or near the lake, tell him his fishing-line and his tennis racket are waiting, and end with a few fervent words that will let him know that you are sharing every moment of his tremendous sufferings and his tremendous sacrifice.

"You don't know how eager Bud and I are to get home to all the plans!" wrote one of the two sons of an Illinois woman, who sent me a copy of his joyous letter. "This can't last forever, and when you write us of what's waiting—the new pups, the Sierra trip, the way you've fixed up our rooms—well, there isn't a man here doesn't envy us! Thank you, Mom."

Today gives every wife an opportunity to be cruel or to be kind. She may either build now for the dignified, happy, home life of the peaceful days to come, or she can snatch at a little dangerous and ephemeral excitement and ruin her chances of ever finding real happiness as a wife.

### Cats Licked by Booby Birds, but Army Wins

And now the hazards of war include booby birds. In the course of building the airport on Ascension island, the war department disclosed, birds of the tern and booby family insisted on nesting at the foot of the runway, making plane takeoffs dangerous.

The army imported cats, which promptly took care of the terns, but the boobies, which are so called because of their apparent stupidity, were smart enough to catch the cats and carry them off. Finally the army imported a bird expert who advised stealing the eggs of the booby and covering the nesting places with chicken wire, which proved effective.

(The booby birds are no relation to the filly-loo birds, which slide down icebergs at the north pole on their tail feathers, shouting "Filly-loo, filly-loo," which means nothing in English, but to them means "Gad, what a sensation!")

**TO YOUR Good Health**  
by DR. JAMES W. BARTON  
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

### INCREASING WEIGHT

It is gratifying to see how the medical profession is now interested in weight—normal weight, overweight and underweight. No longer is the physician satisfied just to look at the height and weight tables hanging on the wall of his office. He "sizes up" the patient and decides just what the weight should be for his or her type of build. Naturally, the slender or wiry type must weigh less than the standard or average weight for height or stocky type must weigh more.

However, when the wiry type is more than five pounds less than he should be and one of average build is 10 pounds less, there must be a reason. Just as overweight has its disadvantages, so also has underweight, though not quite to the same extent. When the degree of underweight is such that it is noticeable to the family and friends, it is usually found that other symptoms or signs are present also—weakness and thin blood. Therefore, the physician, while prescribing a tonic and an increase in food, will immediately search by a thorough examination for some cause of the underweight.

The first step is to investigate the amount and kinds of food eaten daily, that is, the total amount of calories and how much of this total amount is made up of fat-forming foods—butter, cream, egg yolks, bread, sugar, potatoes. Also as to the amount of fruits and leafy vegetables eaten because of their minerals and vitamins. A lack of the vitamin B1 foods may reduce the appetite for all foods.

The next step is to learn the daily habits of the underweight as to the amount of rest and sleep and exercise and work. Lack of sleep can prevent gain in weight even more than lack of food.

If the underweight eats enough of the right kinds of food, gets plenty of sleep and rest, and is not overactive, the physician then makes a thorough search for infection. In a great many cases infected teeth, tonsils and sinuses are sapping the strength and causing loss of weight; in others a more serious infection may be present such as tuberculosis, cancer or pernicious anemia.

With the removal of any infection, increasing the fat and starch foods, seeing that the underweight gets enough of the outdoors to give him a natural appetite, and seeing also that more hours of sleep and one or two rests daily are taken, will cause an increase in weight.

### Surgery on Brain May Restore Sanity

I have spoken before of the satisfactory results obtained by Drs. G. W. T. Fleming and W. McKissock in various types of mental diseases by removal of part of the brain substance.

In the British Lancet these two physicians report the results obtained by this operation on 15 additional patients. There were 12 melancholic cases, one had obsessions, one a double personality, and one was violent and depressed in spirit. Of the 12 patients with melancholia, seven had made a complete recovery, one has shown considerable improvement, but the other four have shown little improvement. The patient with obsessions has completely recovered, the double personality patient is more quiet, and the violent depressive case is more easily handled. Several of the patients have found complete "peace of mind" after the operation.

There is apparently but small risk by operation; there were no deaths in the 15 cases. All these cases had received no help from other forms of treatment.

In the same issue of the British Lancet, Dr. E. L. Hutton reports the results obtained on 50 mental patients who underwent this operation—prefrontal leukotomy. There were two deaths, only one of which was directly due to operation. "Not a single patient is recorded as being worse after the treatment than before; and even the patient with the least satisfactory results is found to be quieter, less impulsive, and easier to handle."

"Leukotomy—removal of part of the brain by surgery—converted many patients suffering from supposedly hopeless mental disorders into contented and useful members of society."

### QUESTION BOX

Q.—Can anything be done for enlarged pores?  
A.—Bathing face in very hot water followed by very cold helps some cases.

Q.—Can you suggest a treatment that will relieve head noises?  
A.—Head noises may be caused by the partial closing of the eustachian tube. See an ear specialist. Cutting down on table salt and salty foods helps many cases.

**Secrets**  
By FAYE McGOVERN  
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

### "PLEASE," Chu Teh begged her children away.

He looked at her imploring face in consternation. "But they might reveal to the enemy where their elder brother, San, is hidden. We had no time to burn his wrecked plane. Hardly was there time to secrete him here. Only after dark will it be safe to move him."

"No. No. They will not speak. And I have heard the enemy will not harm us so long as we remain peaceable."

Her neighbor sighed deeply. "Very well. I will go lest my presence make them suspicious."

Chu Teh turned quickly back to her baking. With her husband dead her children were her whole world. She could not bear to have them away from her—especially with the foe so near. She went to the rear door of her small cottage and called, "Chan! Lotus!"

A boy of eleven, and a small girl appeared from behind a ramshackle stable. Both were incredibly dirty. The boy carried a length of hollow bamboo, and Chu Teh knew he had been playing his favorite guerrilla warfare game again with small Lotus. "But there was no time for reprimands."

"Guests are coming," she said with feigned brightness, "and we are going to play 'secrets.' Remember—evasions, yes, but no lies. And the one who fails gets not one sweet cake. Now do all of you understand, my little ones?"

Covetously the children eyed the delicacies cooling on the table. Seldom were they allowed even a taste, for their mother sold them for a living. At the sound of approaching steps Chu Teh said quickly, "The question is, 'Where is San?'"

Young Chan's eyes sought hers so swiftly she realized he appreciated the significance of the question, and felt a pang of fear. In his intense desire to prove how clever he could be in outwitting the enemy he might easily blunder into revealing San's hiding place. She looked at him pointedly. "Even when we are asked, 'Where is San?' we will not tell, will we?"

"Nooooo," said small Lotus. Young Chan reached toward the table, then turned abruptly toward the rear of the house.

Chu Teh stiffened as five Japanese soldiers entered without knocking, their glances darting everywhere. "Where is the one called San?" demanded the leader, with typical Jap curtness.

But there was only a deathly silence.

"You—his mother," he shot at Chu Teh. "Where have you hidden him?"

"My son is with his ancestors," she said with gentle dignity, and put refreshments before them.

"Then where is the body?" the spokesman sneered. "You there, small girl. Tell us lest I cut off your ears."

He took hold of Lotus roughly. The child's frightened eyes sought hers, and quickly Chu Teh held up the largest cake. "Yes, small Lotus," she said brightly. "Where is San?" The little girl vaguely flung out a small hand. "They took him away."

Suddenly Chu Teh realized Chan was not there. If he had run to the ancient graveyard over the hill to warn San he would surely be seen, he thought.

"Enough! We will search the place!" Pitchfork tines prodded deep into the rice-straw rick. Seeing soon that the tiny house afforded no hiding place the soldiers headed for the rickety stable.

Behind the barn, thatch missing from its roof, a shallow pit told his mother that Chan had practiced breathing through the hollow bamboo while buried beneath straw and dirt.

The soldiers held a hasty consultation. Then Chu Teh was told they were satisfied and would leave. With horror she saw that they took the path toward the ancient cemetery. First they would make certain that she had told the truth. Why had she mentioned that San was with his ancestors! With only caved-in graves to hide in they would undoubtedly discover him, she thought in horror.

She waited for an agonizingly long time, then crept after them, and almost fainted at the sight of a freshly covered grave. They had found him—and Chu Teh moved nearer. But wasn't it odd for the enemy to make food offerings? There was one of her own sweets.

"So this is where you lead us!" It was the sneering voice of the soldier behind her, and she realized they had deliberately left her alone in order to follow her. She burst into tears and rocked back and forth. "Aye, and here my son is buried. You can see I did not lie."

The man looked at her huddled figure, then spat contemptuously, rasped an order, and the unwelcome visitors stamped off toward the town.

Chu Teh sat motionless for a while. Then very carefully she leaned over and whispered, "San, my son, are you all right?"

"Yes, Mother, thanks to my clever little brother," answered a muffled voice from a barely perceptible protruding stick of hollow bamboo.