

# WAR ON ALL FRONTS

A SERIES OF SPECIAL ARTICLES BY THE LEADING WAR CORRESPONDENTS

## Wartime Shopping in Naples

By Doris Fleeson

(WNU Feature—Through special arrangement with Woman's Home Companion.)

As a woman here in Naples and just back from the fighting front, I'm often reminded of the wisecrack that Americans are fighting the war for souvenirs. Certainly the No. 1 occupation of the Fifth army men when off duty is shopping for gifts for their women back home.

The rush to buy is tremendous, despite rising prices and the fact that goods are getting scarcer. The early birds, for instance, got silk stockings. Remember? Italy was a partner of Japan. Now the popular light shades are exhausted and the few stockings left come in dark dimly unflattering shades.

Besides silk stockings, a run has been made on gloves and on coral, tortoiseshell and cameo jewelry. Back home now it ought to be easy to spot a girl with a Fifth army beau.

It often seems to me that my most important job here is to be shopping consultant for about a hundred thousand men, all of whom need help. I am the girl who knows what's what—or that's what they tell me. My entrance into a shop, or my passing a street peddler, is the signal for all the soldiers present to rush me for advice: "Will my girl like this? Do you think this will fit my mother?"

Stockings were easy because I know they are welcome anywhere, and a quiz session with the soldier gave me a reasonable chance to guess the correct size. But I am forced to admit that the last woman I saw wearing a cameo was my grandmother, and I perspired trying to think up just what to say when a soldier held one of these ornate brooches in his hand and said hopefully: "Don't you think my girl would like this?"

If the cameo was for his mother I didn't worry so much. I figured the mother would never admit that anything her son sent her was other than just what her heart desired. But I did want to guard against having the gentleman disappointed by his girl friend's response. So I preached a strong anti-junk campaign.

### Lots of Gaudy Junk.

But mountains of parcels poured out of Italy, and lots of junk must have been included. The boys tried hard. I can testify that they searched, bargained and debated for hours before they made up their "Bundles for America." Their self-consciously pleased expressions as they sent the packages off were deeply touching. Mail means the world to them, and they were replying in kind.

Mail—any mail—is the great event. Not so much what's in a letter or a package—although that is important too, and any commander can tell which boys have whiners at home—just the getting of it is what counts. Home town newspapers are prized—the smaller the town the better. News that has a personal touch is what's wanted, and characters in small town newspapers have become real, even to boys who never heard of the place in America.

Besides being an inveterate shopper, the Fifth army lad off duty is an inveterate sightseer. The ruins of Pompeii, the environs of Vesuvius and the famous Isle of Capri are overrun. Pompeii's shattered marbles have no impact for the boys who have seen endless numbers of bombed towns, but stories about the antiquities still fascinate them.

Another popular sight is the huge Caserta, the palace which Ferdinand IV built for his consort in the 18th century. Its magnificent staircase, throne room and opera house have survived both our bombs and the Germans', and therein the army boys and the nurses happily burlesque royalty.

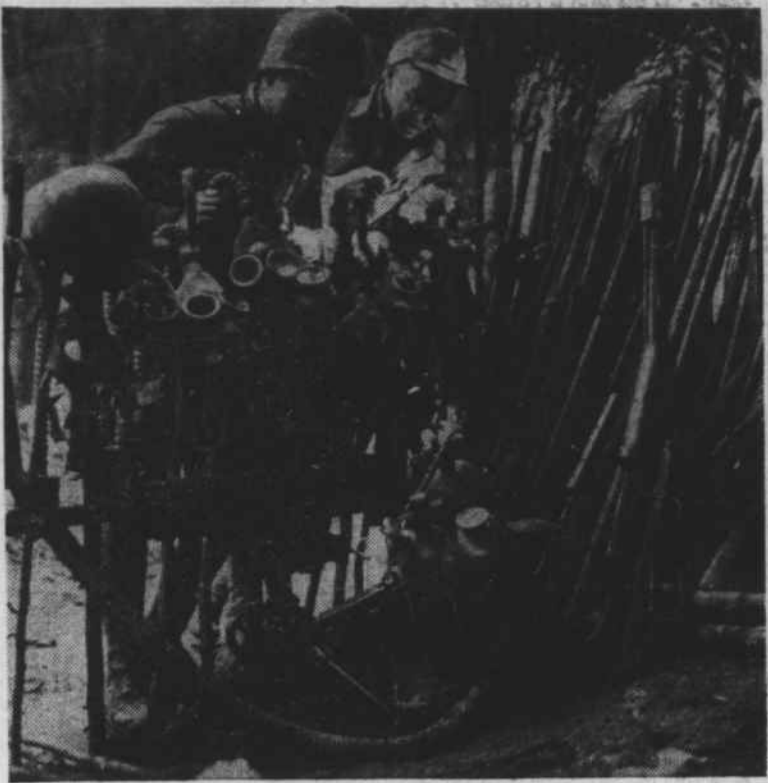
Speaking of royal palaces reminds me of my Naples apartment, which I share with Red Cross girls and whatever visiting firewoman comes along—one night a dignified hospital inspector, the next night two sloe-eyed Italian dancers giggling happily over their soldier audiences' enthusiasm. I'm reminded because, as the old vaudeville joke has it, my apartment and the royal palace are so different—though compared with the front it is a palace indeed.

### Filled With Equipment.

The rooms are piled high with bedrolls, helmets and canteens, but the beds are soft and sheeted and there is a place to hang clothes. The main room is regally spacious, marble-floored and well ventilated—the ventilation, to be sure, owing to repeated bombings.

A brisk walk from the main room brings one to a bathroom where, at the price of smoky rooms and a laugh of carbon dioxide, it is possible to build a fire in a small stove and bring out of it three inches of steamy hot water.

## Jap Equipment Captured in Burma



Colonel Lee, commander of an American-trained Chinese battalion (left) and Lieut. Gen. Joseph Stilwell, wearing a Chinese cap, are shown examining weapons and equipment that was captured by Colonel Lee's men when they attacked and wiped out strong Jap outposts in the Hawking valley jungles, in northern Burma.

## Battle-Wearied Enemy



Bag-eyed with battle-weariness, a German grenadier shoulders his light machine gun against the usual "New Order" background of fire and destruction. This photo was taken in Zhitomir, Russia.

## Yankee Pitcher Gets Rubdown



The New York Yankees have begun their spring training at Atlantic City, N. J. Picture shows veteran Yankee pitcher, Atley Donald, getting a rubdown as his teammates look on. Left to right are Gus Manch, Yankee trainer, administering massage to Atley's arm; Bud Metheny, and Donald and Oscar Grimes.

## 'Ghost' Is Caught



Their prowlings through the tree-tops at night, which keep U. S. infantrymen in state of tension, have earned for banana bears the name "ghosts of Bougainville." Specimen shown here jumped from a tree onto a headquarters tent.

## Red Army Rolls on Towards Rumania



This map shows how the new Russian drive which ripped a 106-mile gap in the German lines south of the Dnieper bend, placing some 500,000 German troops in danger of capture or slaughter, may carry the Red army to the border of Rumania. From the north below the Pripiet marshes, one spearhead strikes towards Rumania via Tarnopol while another strikes towards Luck.

## Wanna Lobster, Mister?



This little Indian boy dived into the sea and returned with this lobster, which he graciously offered to Pvt. H. Fordy, of County Durham, England. The village to which the little turbaned lad belongs was recently visited by 50 British soldiers, who toured the fishing hamlet, hundreds of miles from anywhere, and were later entertained by the villagers.

## MacArthur Pilot



For the past two years, Lieut. Col. Henry C. Godman of Palo Alto, Calif., has been personal pilot to Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Here the 1936 graduate of Stanford university stands by "Bataan," personal plane of the Southwest Pacific commander-in-chief.

## Soldier Vote Bill



The senate approved the soldier vote compromise measure by ballot of 47-31. Senator Lucas (Ill.), left, and Senator Green (R. I.), co-authors of original measure, look over compromise bill.

# NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS

By PAUL MALLON

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

## RELATIONS WITH ALLIES LACK 'SECURITY'

WASHINGTON.—The visit of State Undersecretary Stettinius to London is being played down because Mr. Roosevelt said it would make no headlines.

The official story is that he is going over to get acclimated at the British foreign office. But he is seeking more than a whiff of the climate in those hallowed halls, and if all the news about it were given out, there might be plenty of headlines.

There is no use pretending Anglo-American-Russian relations are in a settled state. Russian external policies, the Polish, French Nationalist committee and Italian problems—all together representing practically the entire fundamental basis of world policy—are far from a common understanding.

In fact, collectively, they are in such a state that a sound contention could be made that there is no Allied political policy today (as distinct from the military policy on which there seems to be unity).

A disillusionment with Russia has developed in the state department here from Stettinius on down, excepting possibly only State Secretary Hull at the top. Observers from within have noticed that trend spreading apace with Russia's repeated steps to develop agreements with each individual nation in Europe (unilateral understandings) contrary to Hull's stand against separate alliances.

Nevertheless, Hull's friends classify him as more hopeful than most of the others that the Russians are merely presenting alternatives to the world, first moving in one direction and then in the other, at one time pleasing us, and at another goading us. That these moves represent a threat and possibly a break is the more common view of other officials.

Why Mr. Roosevelt and the British are giving one-third of the conquered Italian fleet to the Russians has not been thoroughly explained. No one has even hinted that we should get one-third of what the Russians conquer in this war to make matters even.

Only explanation offered here is that the Reds have sacrificed greatly—one of the highest officials saying privately the war would have ended in a stalemate, had not Russia wasted the German army. This seems to represent the official attitude.

The British, however, seem even more resentful of Moscow diplomacy, if not frightened by it. If Mr. Stettinius can make any progress toward solution of this complex tripartite relationship, he will not only get a headline, but a medal.

## NEW VOTING TREND BECOMES DEFINITE

The Republican defeat in the upper New York city congressional district was probably a greater victory than the success in Colorado—and just as significant.

The Republican candidate, William S. Bennett, was a mild, 73-year-old former congressman who ran on the uninspiring platform of superior experience. (He had been in congress several times as far back as 1905.)

The Democrats thought their majority two years ago was two to one by a margin of 30,000 votes. But the Republicans got busy at the last moment and cut their defeat to an amazing 1,571 votes.

The Colorado victory had been expected for some weeks, but out there, the winning Republican was what would be called here an ultra conservative. He was hotly against the New Deal and a business man, an occupation which is supposed to make anyone a conservative.

The trend disclosed in these two elections is now obviously and undeniably the trend of the entire country. The surprising extent of anti-administration feeling in the congressional by-elections first became conclusively apparent in Kentucky.

But even before that a majority of Republican governors (26) had been elected in states aside from the Solid South. Outside of Washington, you might say this has become a Republican country.

The question then is whether Mr. Roosevelt can beat back this tide. The Republican governors naturally have active political organizations in the most powerful states, something they have never had since 1932—and organizations win elections.

Most Democratic authorities here privately concede that even if Mr. Roosevelt gets a fourth term, he probably will lose control of congress. They are counting on his personality and their expectation that the war will be on.

No sound bets could be made on that for probably eight months yet. If the war is still on, the people may start asking why it has not been ended sooner and may desire a change in its conduct.

The old adage about not changing horses in midstream may weaken as the stream grows wider.



## IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

Honorable Japanese and Honorable Ancestor

Jap—Honorable ancestor, what goes on?

Ancestor—It's got me puzzled, too. Jap—I always understood we were a master race.

Ancestor—So did I. Could we both be wrong?

Jap—That's what I was wondering!

Ancestor—Will honorable descendant kindly give complete picture to honorable ancestor?

Jap—Don't be nervous.

Ancestor—If you can be nervous why can't I?

Jap—I am not nervous.

Ancestor—Come now, you can at least be on the level with an ancestor.

Jap—I want you to feel just as confident about Japanese supremacy as I am.

Ancestor (with a grimace)—That's what startles me.

Jap—Everything's going my way.

Ancestor—That's just a line from Oklahoma. You know better, don't you?

Jap—What Oklahoma, the play or the ship?

Ancestor—Both!

Jap—I know better, but I had hoped you didn't.

Ancestor—Sometimes I think I get a better picture of the whole war situation from the grave than you get from where you are.

Jap—I'm thinking seriously of joining you, just to prove you're right.

Ancestor—Whatever happened to that Japanese peace in the American White House?

Jap—You aren't going to hold me to that, are you, grandpappy?

Ancestor—Honorable descendant should tell honorable ancestor when he is just kidding.

Jap—We are doing fine. The American soldier doesn't know how to fight. The American sailor is no match for the Japanese airman. You know that, don't you?

Ancestor—Of course I do. You know it and I know, but do the Americans know it?

Jap—Do you want an answer to that last question?

Ancestor—No. I just got it.

Jap—How?

Ancestor—I heard about those Pacific islands.

Jap—That's a lot of Truk!

Ancestor—Honorable ancestor must respectfully urge honorable descendant that honorable prestige is at stake.

Jap—You're telling me!

Ancestor—Honorable ancestor begins to fear he placed too much faith in honorable descendant.

Jap—And honorable descendant has same fear the other way around.

Ancestor—Who started this super race idea, anyhow, you or I?

Jap—You did.

Ancestor—Nothing of the kind. It's all your idea.

Jap—Nonsense. It comes down from you.

Ancestor—It's entirely your theory.

(This goes on indefinitely. It ends in a tie.)

Congress now talks of an income tax system under which all the burdensome business of filling out a crossword puzzle will be eliminated. But the number of public accountants and tax experts thrown out of work will create the greatest unemployment crisis the country has ever known.

Fritz Kreisler, who has always spurned the radio, has at last surrendered and will go on the air soon. Radio has been trying to get him for years but he has just been fiddling around.

We can't understand why some radio dance music program doesn't call itself "Syncopation Please."

Radio Commentators Here's to Vandercok (Johnny)—His deep views are never in hook; His stuff he intones In the very same tones My preacher directs to his flock.

Ray Gramm Swing Explains each thing With skill and force . . . But why that horse?

Old Gabe Heater Makes life sweeter Unless you don't share His concern for your hair.

Can You Remember— Away back when: Bartenders asked, "Do you want Eye OR Scotch?"

Butchers played pinocchio only at night?

The noise of coal delivery jarred your nerves?

Railroad blackboards used little chalk?

You made a gift of a shoe that pinched?

Taxis raced for hack-stand positions?

Banging on a pipe brought heat?



THERE are two ways to make a slip cover. One is to pin and then cut the actual material right on the chair; the other is to cut muslin or old sheets on the chair and then use the pieces for a pattern.

Whichever method is used, fit and pin the pieces smoothly but do not stretch them. Allow 1/2-inch



seams and a 4-inch tuck-in around a spring seat. Notch the seams to show how they should be joined. When fitting a pattern, mark each piece with an arrow, as shown, to indicate which way the grain of the goods should run.

At the bottom of the sketch the pattern pieces are shown pinned to the material. If figured fabric is used, be sure to place the pattern pieces so that the design is centered for the back and the seat of the chair.

NOTE—This illustration is from BOOK 3 which also contains working directions and diagrams for other types of slip covers and many illustrated ideas for giving your house a fresh start this spring. Price of BOOK 3 is 15 cents. Address:

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