

NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS

By PAUL MALLON

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CIO POLITICAL COMMITTEE GETS ACTIVE

WASHINGTON.—Digging behind most major domestic news developments lately, you will find the CIO and its political action committee. Behind the senate poll tax consideration, the defeat of Congressman Starnes in Alabama, the presentation of two new labor cases to the Supreme court, actions of the War Labor board, as well as the celebrated Montgomery Ward case, is this aggressive labor movement working on the one hand with its regular business, and, the other underhand with a political business to get Mr. Roosevelt elected for a fourth term, and itself in the political saddle.

While the nation was once shocked at John L. Lewis lending \$500,000 to reelect Mr. Roosevelt the second time, it seems likely the CIO will spend a far greater sum if it keeps its present unprecedented scale of political pressuring—all of which must come only from the workers whom it taxes with dues.

The man who defeated Democratic Representative Starnes in Alabama, for instance, was a CIO attorney, and thus on their payroll. In two cases now presented to Mill-workers—Utah—Kennecott Copper and Richwood Clothspin, the CIO is trying through the National Labor Relations board to get a reversal of union elections which it lost.

In the Montgomery Ward case, it won the election, but when it loses, apparently, it brings the election into question before the labor board and courts in such a way as to raise doubt as to whether it can ever lose.

MORE ACTIVE THAN PARTY

Hand in hand with this wartime organizing agitation through the government labor boards to the Supreme court, its Sidney Hillman is far more active in political campaigning than the Democratic national committee, taking the radical and communist line, issuing a weekly paper with pictures showing Mr. Hillman directing negro organizers, not for the union but for politics—and, indeed, pressuring even Mr. Roosevelt himself directly through Phil Murray to upset the government's "Little Steel" formula.

Never in all the history of this democracy has there appeared such a dual business and political movement openly seeking, spending and pressuring to dominate the politics, the decisions and even war economics of the country. The wolves of Wall street, when they had a bite in years past, were cubs by comparison.

By contrast also there has been little unusual political activity and no apparent agitation from the AFL.

Democratic party matters have reached such a state that Senator Bailey of North Carolina, announced if Hillman "and his CIO and communists" dominated the Democratic party, he will resign from it. Senator McKellar also has charged "CIO is half communist." Clearly, it is not only in the union and political, but in the social reform business.

Practically all the leading southern senators attributed the current poll tax discussion to pressure from Hillman's CIO. The group has caused the senate to waste a week's time in what Democratic Leader Barkley conceded at the outset was a futile argument.

AN OUTDATED ISSUE

Indeed, no one except the CIO, its political action and the communist groups, seem any longer interested in the poll tax. It is an outdated issue, made even more obsolete by the Supreme court ruling upsetting the southern primary system. No one seems to want the poll tax anyway.

Apparently, these groups thought they could force the senate to filibuster and thus make the usual political hay for themselves, but the southern senators decided to keep their long-winded men in the background, and Senators Connally, George, Bankhead, Bailey and McKellar led off the debate to argue the case on its merits.

Some Republicans had served private notice that they might join the Barkley cloture move if the Bellows boys were let loose, but the leading southerners were willing to undertake the useless argument anyway on a straight basis because of the threat of the CIO to constitutional government—and their party as well.

The fourth term front offered officially by Chairman Hannegan in his New York speech took no notice of Hillman and CIO, or its social reform line, but followed an opposite one. Hannegan did not mention the new deal which Mr. Roosevelt personally has already announced is dead, but founded his case on the international considerations.

Thus, the Roosevelt-Bull-Byrnes-Hannegan top is riding the fourth term horse in one direction while CIO and the Hillman CIO and communists are riding the same horse harder in the opposite way.

The 'Big Push' in Italy



French forces, eager for another smack at the traditional foe, have taken the spotlight in the big Allied drive in Italy. They struck westward from Castelforte (1) in a sensational assault on Mt. Maio, and captured the important town of Ausonia, cutting the only road through the valley and ripping a hole in the Gustav line. To the south (2) U. S. forces drove the enemy from Santa Maria Infante, and northward (small arrows) the British Eighth army extended its Rapido river bridgehead.

Hitting Beach Behind Curtain of Fire



Landing barges carrying troops ashore in the assault on Humboldt Bay, Dutch New Guinea, move in behind a curtain of fire laid down by navy ships and planes. So accurate was the bombardment that barges swept up to the shore right on the heels of the forward moving explosives. Operations in the three Dutch New Guinea sectors are believed to have cut off some 60,000 Japs.

Summer Comes to 'Big Town'



Among the hot weather scenes in Bronx zoo, New York, this one (left) was about the cutest. Six-year-old Gordon Gaynor is shown enjoying an ice cream cone as his companion, a "honey bear," enjoys a cone of his own. Right: When the mercury jumped to 88 degrees in Chicago, Jimmy Fials, two, and his pup, jumped for the water at the beach.

Portable Kitchen for Nazis on Eastern Front



This picture, received through a neutral source, shows members of a German anti-aircraft gun crew snatching a few moments from Russian air attack to grab a bite to eat, somewhere on the Russian front. The food which they seem to be eating with great relish, apparently was prepared on a portable stove.

Saved From Japs



A happy smile is worn by August Johnson, a small Australian lad, who has been a captive of the Japs occupying the Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea area. When found, little August was wearing a pair of discarded Japanese army shoes three times too large.

Corn Culture on 'Guad'



Agricultural expert, William Dorsey, discusses the finer points of corn culture with native farmers on Guadalcanal. This field is one of many in the Solomons tended by natives that produce fresh fruits and vegetables for hospitals servicing American wounded in this area.

Here Comes Groom



Long and short of it is—they got married! Stanley Ross, 34, three-foot-two vaudeville comedian, and Evelyn Lucas, five-foot-eight, of Cincinnati, obtain marriage license in Chicago from clerk Virgil Dresser, as seven-foot-nine Henry Hite, Ross' stage partner, looks on. Marriage was performed later by Judge Paul A. Jones.

Induction Note



Albert Caponetto, 29, who reported for induction at Fort Sheridan, Ill., with infant son, saying he could find no one to take care of child. He was given a 24-hour pass and warned to report next day, minus the baby.

With Ernie Pyle at the Front

Here's How It Feels to Ride On a B-26 Bombing Run

Crews Know Their Business; Morale Is Good Among British-Based Fliers

By Ernie Pyle.

A U. S. BOMBER STATION IN ENGLAND.—These are some of the boys who have been blasting out our invasion path on the continent of Europe. For nearly a year they have been hammering at the wall of defense the Germans have thrown up. How well they have blasted we will know before the summer is over.

They are a squadron of B-26 Marauder bombers. They are representative of the entire mighty weight of the tactical bombers of the Ninth air force. I have come to spend a few days with them because I wanted to get a taste of the pre-invasion assault from the air standpoint before we get a mouthful of the invasion proper from the ground.

The way I happened to come to this certain squadron is one of those things. One night in London I was sitting at a table with some friends in a public house when two boys in uniform leaned over from the next table and asked if I weren't So-and-so.



Ernie Pyle

I said yes, whereupon we got to talking and eventually we adjourned from one place to another, as Damon Runyon would say, and kept on adjourning throughout the evening, and a good time was had by all.

These boys were B-26 bombardiers, and in the course of the evening's events they asked if I wouldn't come and live with their squadron awhile. Being nothing if not accommodating, I said sure, why not. And here we are.

The two boys were Lieuts. Lindsey Green (2360 Chestnut street), San Francisco, and Jack Arnold (603 N. Fourteenth street), East St. Louis, Ill. Being redheaded, Lieutenant Arnold goes by the name of "Red Dog." They are both very nice people indeed.

The boys say this is the best squadron in England. Nine out of ten squadrons, or infantry companies, or quartermaster battalions, will say the same thing about themselves. It is a good omen when they talk like that.

This station seems to me to have about the finest spirit I've run onto in our army. It is due, I think, largely to the fact that the whole organization has been made into a real team.

The commander of this group is Col. Wilson R. Wood, Chico, Texas. Five years ago he was an enlisted man. Today, at 25, he is a full colonel. He is a steady, human person and he has got what it takes to blend thousands of men together into a driving unit.

The job of the B-26s is several-fold. For one thing, they had to rid upper France and the Low countries of German fighters as far as possible, to clear the way for our heavy bombers on their long trips into Germany.

They have done this not so much by bombing airdromes, which can be immediately repaired, as by blasting the enemy's reserve supplies of planes, engines and propellers. Their second job is to disrupt the enemy's supply system. Much of their work of late has been on railroad marshalling yards, and along with A-20s and fighter-bombers they have succeeded to a point where British papers say Germany cannot maintain a western front by rail.

And third, they constantly work on the enemy's military installations along the Channel coast. They feel that they have done a good job. If they haven't I'm going to be plenty sore at them one of these days, because I might be in the vicinity and if there's anything that makes me sick at the stomach it's a military installation in good working order.

The B-26 is a bomber which is very fast and carries a two-ton bomb load. In its early stages it had a bad name—it was a "hot" plane which took great skill to fly and which killed more people in training than it did in combat.

But the B-26 has lived down the bad name. The boys of this squadron wouldn't fly in anything else. They like it because it can take quick and violent evasive action when the flak is bothersome, and because it can run pretty well from fighters.

Its record over here is excellent. Bombing accuracy has been high and losses have been extremely low. And as for accidents—the thing that cursed the plane in its early days—

they have been next to nonexistent here.

The boys so convinced me of the B-26's invulnerability that I took my courage in my hand and went on a trip with them.

They got us up at 2 in the morning. Red Dog gave me an extra pair of long drawers to put on. Chief gave me his combat pants, as I had given mine away in Italy. Also I put on extra sweaters and a mackinaw.

Then we walked through the moonlight under the trees to the mess hall. It was only 2:30 a. m., but we ate breakfast before the take-off. And we had two real fried eggs too. It was almost worth getting up for.

We drove out to the field in a jeep. Some of the boys rode their bicycles. There were a couple of hundred crewman altogether. At the field we went into a big room, brightly lighted, and sat on benches for the briefing.

The briefing lasted almost an hour. Everything was explained in detail—how we would take off, how we would rendezvous in the dark, where we would make the turn toward our target.

Then we went to the locker room and got our gear. Red Dog got me a pair of flying boots, a Mae West life preserver, a parachute and a set of earphones. We got in the jeep again and rode out to the plane.

We stood around talking with the ground crew. Finally, 10 minutes before take-off time, we got into the plane. One of the boys boosted me up through a hatch in the bottom of the plane, for it was high, and with so many clothes I could hardly move.

I sat back in the radio compartment on some parachutes for the take-off. Red Dog was the only one of the crew who put on his chute. He said I didn't need mine.

We were running light, and it didn't take long to get off the ground. I had never been in a B-26 before. The engines seemed to make a terrific clatter. There were runway markers, and I could see them whiz past the window as we roared down the runway. A flame about a foot long shot out of the exhausts and it worried me at first, but finally I decided that was the way it was supposed to be.

At 12,000 feet up it begins to get daylight before it does on the ground, and while we could now see each other plainly in our B-26s, things were still darkly indistinct in England, far down there below us.

Now and then a light would flash on the ground—some kind of marker beacon for us. We passed over some airdromes with their runway lights still on. Far in the distance we could see one lone white light—probably a window some early-rising farmer had forgotten to black out.

"Red Dog" Arnold, the bombardier, was sitting in the copilot's seat, since we weren't carrying a copilot. The boys got me a tin box to sit on right behind Red Dog so I could get a better view.

We climbed higher, and at a certain place the whole group of B-26s made a turn and headed for the target. This wasn't a mission over enemy territory, and there was no danger to it.

As we neared the target Red Dog crawled forward through a little opening into the nose, where the bombardier usually sits. The entire nose is Plexiglas, and you can see straight down and all around. He motioned for me to join him.

I squeezed into the tiny compartment. There was barely room for the two of us. The motors made less noise up there. By now daylight had come and everything below was clear and spectacular.

I stayed in the nose until we were well on the way home, and then crawled back and sat in the copilot's seat beside Chief Collins. The sun came out, the air was smooth, and it was wonderful flying along there over England so early in the morning.

The Return Trip—In the Copilot's Seat

We came back over our home airdrome, peeled off one by one, and landed. Red Dog stayed up in the nose during the landing, so I stayed in the copilot's seat. Landing is about the most dangerous part of flying, yet it's the one sensation I love most, especially when riding up front.

Chief put the big plane down so easily we hardly knew when the

wheels touched. I was shocked to learn later that we landed at the frightening speed of more than 100 miles an hour. It's just as well I didn't know at the time.

We sat in the plane for a couple of minutes while Chief filled out some reports, and then opened the hatch in the floor and dropped out. I was the first of the group to hit the ground.



HERE is a cookie jar that may be made at home from odds and ends of wood stenciled with gay peasant figures and quaint lettering. But that is not all. This jar or box sits on an old fashioned brightly painted corner shelf which may be cut out of thin wood and put together quickly with glue and brads. The combination of



cookie box and shelf will lend interest to a corner in your kitchen or dinette and will be extremely useful as well.

Even if you do not have a jig saw or a coping saw to cut out the graceful curves of the shelf pieces, you may mark the design on a piece of plywood or other thin wood and have it cut at your nearest woodworking shop. As for the cookie box, it is all straight cuts.

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WOMEN in '40's

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