

NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS

By PAUL MALLON
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

MR. WALLACE AS AN OFFERING TO CIO
WASHINGTON.—The guessing as to whether Mr. Roosevelt will pick Mr. Wallace as running mate again has been whetted somewhat lately in the congressional smoking cloisters, but it is a rather dull game.

The frequently publicized movements for Speaker Rayburn or Senator Barkley as replacements hardly represent any action or any attempt at organizing a fight, but rather the preferences of senators.

The A. P. and INS tried to conduct polls of the senate, and found most democratic legislators yawningly surmising Mr. R. would probably select Wallace as an offering to CIO, and that nothing they could do or say would make much difference. In fact, most democratic politicians seem to have decided to watch their tongues most carefully, and thereby have created a strange situation, not unlike the period of frozen silence which prepared the way for the third term campaign.

On a free vote of the democratic side of both houses, either Rayburn or Barkley would run far ahead of Wallace. A few months ago, few legislators would have hesitated to say so.

At that time also, the CIO was highly unpopular. Since then, CIO has not changed, but its political action committee has started spending the \$700,000 appropriated for the campaign with some successes in the primaries.

The fall of Starnes in Alabama and retirement of Dies has been followed by defeat of Costello (in the aircraft workers district in Los Angeles) and the defeat of Senator Holman for republican renomination in Oregon.

Holman was defeated by a former public member of the War Labor board, Wayne Morse, generally regarded around here as not unfriendly to CIO. The congressional interpretation is that the CIO went into the republican primary, as there was no contest among the democrats, and gave enough votes to defeat Holman, who was not especially popular anyway.

POPULAR SENTIMENT UNCHANGED

There is no ground for interpreting attitude in the nation as a whole toward CIO (the last measuring of popular sentiment nationally having been reflected in the Montgomery Ward case). But those who make democratic politics their business have coupled these events with Mr. Roosevelt's determination (they think) to run and have thus pulled a blanket over their heads, to do any future business thereunder.

Of course, CIO is a minority of a minority, the lesser part of the union labor movement, and these are thin votes. What force it could bring to bear in an election may be something else again.

For the present, it has at least \$700,000 and an apparently ruthless determination to exert its fullest political pressure (even opposing at least one democratic representative who has voted with labor on all except two or three remote issues.)

Mr. Wallace is a leader of this group, in the sense that he chooses to act like a talking custodian for that residue of votes while Mr. Roosevelt is busy with the war.

In dispatching him to China, Mr. R. said he was "a messenger" not a high sounding title (others flying the same route have been called "ambassadors" and "emissaries"), but Mr. Wallace picked up the title proudly in a formal statement. He spoke in the cosmic grandeur of an Oriental mystic with such sentences as:

"The future of China belongs to the world, and the world in justice and peace shall belong to China," whatever that means.

It would appear wiser for Mr. Roosevelt to stand with Wallace, but allow the party to fight for Rayburn or Barkley—if it chooses.

The president already has the CIO which has no place else to go, but could gain votes and prestige by pleasing the democratic party men who are awe-struck at the possibility of Wallace again, but realize Mr. Roosevelt has as close or a closer hold on the democratic delegates to this next convention than he had on the last one when he nominated Wallace against the opposition of every other leader.

Senator Truman of Missouri, for instance, came back from Missouri and publicly announced himself for Rayburn.

If all this sounds somewhat perplexing, remember it is not new (Lewis having played the CIO role for the second term and the American labor party and CIO having played it jointly for the third term which was similarly silently approached.) Otherwise, the story is still all in one man's mind, a mind which even Chairman Hannegan and Barkley in their speeches are careful to say they do not know yet.

Exhausted Yanks Bunk Like This on Italian Line



Exhausted Yanks catch brief naps, as opportunity offers, only about 400 yards behind the battle line in Italy. Even big guns don't wake 'em. Lying amid brush and wild flowers, they grab a few winks before the next advance. Four views showing how our doughboys sleep while their buddies hurl the Germans back.

West Point Cadets in Final Phase of Training



These pictures show final phases of the first class training at West Point before graduation when the cadets become second lieutenants and enter active service. In picture at upper left two cadets clean the muzzle of a 105-mm. howitzer following the use of service ammunition in the rough terrain of West Point's newly developed training area. Lower left: Three cadets who rode the General Sherman tank up and down a target course point to where the 30-caliber ammunition found its mark on the tank. Right: Cadets operate the three 105-mm. howitzers. The future lieutenants used live ammunition as they fired the guns.

RAF With Tito's Partisans



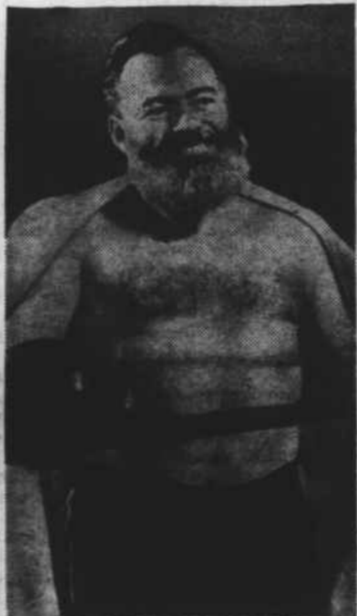
A British Royal Air Force officer, who is operating with the Partisan forces of Marshal Tito in Yugoslavia, offers a cigarette to a Partisan woman guerrilla. It was revealed recently that units of the Royal Air Force are working with the Partisans.

King in Pre-Invasion Visit to Home Fleet



Attending a concert in the wardroom of the flagship of the British home fleet during recent pre-invasion visit, King George, center, laughs heartily with Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, right, commander-in-chief of the home fleet. Officer at left is not identified. Admiral Fraser played an important role in sinking the German battleship Scharnhorst in the North sea.

Must Wear Beard



This bearded leather-pusher is Ernest Hemingway, famed war correspondent, conditioning himself for reporting the second front. He must wear beard for duration as it is distinguishing mark on his passport.

Der Fuehrer's Face



This German prisoner seemed proud of his resemblance to Hitler, which he has carefully cultivated. The captive poses here with William Spalding, a U. S. military policeman from Dresden, N. Y.

With Ernie Pyle at the Front

How a B-26 Bombing Crew Spends Its Working Hours

Fighting an Air War Means Routine; Men 'Work' About Two Hours a Day

By Ernie Pyle

A B-26 BASE IN ENGLAND.—"My crew" of two officers and three enlisted men have been flying together as team in their B-26 bomber since before leaving America more than a year ago.

Every one of them is now far beyond his allotted number of combat missions.

Every one of them is perfectly willing to go through another complete tour of missions if he can just be home for a month. I believe the same thing is true of almost everybody at this station. And it's a new experience for me, because most of the combat men I've been with before wanted to feel finished forever when they went home.

Every one of "my crew" has the distinguished flying cross and the air medal.

They have had flak through their plane numerous times, but none of them has ever been hit. They expect it to be rough when the invasion starts, but they're anxious to get it over with.

In the past they have usually flown one mission a day over France, with occasionally two as the tempo of the spring bombings increased. But during the invasion they will probably be flying three and sometimes four missions a day.

They will be in the air before daylight and they will come home from their last mission after dark. They will go for days and maybe weeks in a frenzied routine, eating hurriedly between missions, snatching a few hours of weary sleep at night, and being up and at it again hours before daylight to shuttle back and forth across the Channel. They and thousands of others like them.

Fighting purely an air war—as this one here has been up to now—is in some ways so routine that it is like running a big business.

Usually a B-26 crewman "works" only about two hours a day. He returns to a life that is pretty close to a normal one. There is no ground war to confuse him or disturb him or even inspire him with its horror. His war is highly technical, highly organized, and in a way somewhat academic.

Because of this it is easy to get bored. An air crewman has lots of spare time on his hands. Neither the officers nor the enlisted fliers have any duties whatever other than flying.

When not flying they either loaf around their own huts, writing letters or playing poker or just sitting in front of the fire talking, or else they take leave for a few hours and go to the nearby villages. They can go to dances or sit in the local pubs and talk.

And every two weeks they get two days' leave. That again is something new to us who have been in the Mediterranean. Down there, fliers do get leave to go to rest camps, and even to town once in a while if there is a town, but there's nothing regular or automatic about it. These boys up here get their two days' leave twice a month just like clockwork. They can do anything they want with it.

Most of them go to London. Others go to nearby cities where they have made acquaintances. They go to dances and night clubs and shows. They paint the town and blow off steam as any active man who lives dangerously must do now and then. They make friends among the British people, and they look up these same friends on the next trip to town.

They do a thousand and one things on their leave, and it does them good. Also, it gradually creates an understanding between the two peoples that the other is all right in his own peculiar way.

After a certain number of missions a crew is usually given two weeks' leave. Most of them spend it traveling. Our fliers often tour Scotland on these leaves. It's amazing the number of men who have been to Edinburgh and who love the place. They have visited Wales and North Ireland and the rugged southwestern coast, and they know the Midlands and the little towns of England.

These two-week leaves don't substitute in the fliers' mind for a trip back to America. That's all they live for. That's what they talk about most of the time.

A goal is what anyone ever-

seas needs—a definite time limit to shoot for. Naturally it isn't possible right at this moment to send many people home, and the fliers appreciate and accept that fact. But once the invasion is made and the first period of furious intensity has passed, our veteran fliers hope to start going home in greater numbers.

Lieut. Bill Collins, who goes by the name of Chief, is what is known as a "hot pilot."

He used to be a fighter pilot, and he handles his Marauder bomber as though it were a fighter. He is daring, and everybody calls him a "character," but his crew has a fanatical faith in him.

Chief is addicted to violent evasive action when they're in flak, and the boys like that because it makes them harder to hit. They've had flak through the plane and within a foot of them, but none of them has been wounded.

When they finished their allotted number of missions—which used to give them an automatic trip to America, but doesn't any more—Chief buzzed the home field in celebration of their achievement.

He got that old B-26 wound up in a steep glide, came booming down at the runway, leveled off a foot above the ground and went screaming across the field at 250 miles an hour—only a foot above the ground all the way. And at the same time he had to shoot out all the red flares he had in the plane. They say it looked like a Christmas tree flying down the runway.

Chief used to be a clerk with the Aetna Life Insurance company back in his home town of Hartford, Conn. He is 25 now and doesn't know whether he will go back to the insurance job or not after the war. He says it depends on how much they offer him.

Lieut. Jack Arnold is the one they call Red Dog. He is only 22, although he seems much older to me. He enlisted in the army almost four years ago, when he was just out of high school. He was an infantryman for a year and a half before he finally went to bombardier school and got wings for his chest and bars for his shoulders.

He figures that as a bombardier he has killed thousands of Germans, and he thinks it is an excellent profession. He says the finest bombing experience he has ever had was when they missed the target one day and quite accidentally hit a barracks full of German troops and killed many of them.

Red Dog is friendly and gay and yet he is a fundamentally serious man who takes the war to heart. The enlisted men of his crew say that he isn't afraid of anything, and that the same is true of Chief Collins. They are a cool pair, yet both are as hospitable and friendly as you could imagine.

The plane's engineer-gunner is Sgt. Eugene Gaines of New Orleans. He is distinct from the rest because he married a British girl last December.

They have a little apartment in a town eight miles from the field. Every evening Gaines rides his bicycle home, stays till about midnight, then rides back to the airdrome. For you never know when you may be routed out at 2 a. m. on an early mission, and you must be on hand.

It takes him about 45 minutes to ride the eight miles, and he has made the round trip nightly all winter, in the blackout and through indescribable storms. Such is the course of love.

Gaines is a quiet and sincere young man of 24. He was a carpenter before the war, and he figures that will be a pretty good trade to stick to after the war. But if a depression does come he has an ace in the hole. He has a farm at Pearl River, La., and he figures that with a farm in the background you can always be safe and independent.

Gaines wears a plain wedding ring on his left hand. I've noticed that a lot of the married soldiers over here wear wedding rings.

Crewmen Include Student, 'Old Cowboy From Arizona'

The radioman-gunner is Sgt. John Siebert of Charlestown, Mass. He learned to fly before the war, although he is only 23 now. He had about 800 hours in the air as pilot. Yet because of one defective eye he couldn't get into cadet school.

He had two years at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and he hopes to go back and finish when the war is over.

Sgt. Kermit Pruitt, whom I spoke of the other day, is the tall gunner in "my crew." He's an old cowboy from Arizona.

Pruitt is the talking kind. He talks and sings on the slightest provocation. He likes old cowboy songs. They say that every once in a while he will start singing some cowboy songs over the interphone while they're actually on a bomb run.

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