

# Who's News This Week

By Delos Wheeler Lovelace

Consolidated Features.—WNU Release.

**NEW YORK.**—The worries that clouded the round, good-natured face of Gen. Sir Thomas Albert Blamey last April are fading fast. He had night-mares then from thinking about the 200,000 Japanese poised on nearby islands for a jump to Australia. Now he ticks off Guadalcanal, Buna and Gona and sundry imminent captures and opines that the Nips are hardly the fighters they were cracked up to be.

The general should be a first class judge of fighting men. He has been in two big wars, mostly up where the shooting was most prolonged, and is rated a rattling good tactician. He commanded the Australians in Greece and his handling of his battalions is one of the few good memories of that desperate and luckless venture. To the present generation of Australian soldiers Blamey is "Old Tom," 59 years old and a loyal supporter of our own Gen. Douglas (they never invite him) MacArthur, under whom he has commanded the Allied ground forces in the southwest Pacific for more than a year.

When the war started Blamey reduced his own rank so that he might lead the first division of Aussies in the field. He had been the commonwealth's chief-of-staff. Before that he was in charge of recruiting, and long before that, when the Japs were only a faint distant hiss on the horizon, he was chief of police of the state of Victoria. He married late, at 51, and has a son. In the First World war he was mentioned seven times in dispatches. In that war, as in this one, he led a mixed force of Australians and Americans. With these he helped crack the Hindenburg line.

SINCE "Dogs are people" on the word of the club whose doings are told by Darragh Aldrich over a midwestern radio station, General "Ike" Eisenhower's Scottie, Telek, certainly rates this column. Especially as he has been invited to be the club's commander-in-chief with the rank of captain.

Commander Harry C. Butcher, naval aide to Eisenhower, has conveyed to Mrs. Aldrich from Africa, Scottie's thanks and his master's gratification. But, alas, General Eisenhower decrees that Telek may accept only a corporal's rank! He's been in service only since October 14, the general's birthday. Telek was a year old on June 29, 1943. But before he reached his first birthday he was a proud father. His wife is Commander Butcher's Caecie, pronounced Khaki. It stands for "Canine Auxiliary Air Corps." Telek and Caecie have a son and a daughter now. Only satisfaction over the way the war goes overshadowed the thrill of arrival of their family, Commander Butcher writes.

Recently Telek tried to eat a scorpion, and now his tongue has the outlines of an elm leaf. The general was away but Telek knew that under the circumstances he was entitled to the comfort of the general's bed, and took it. During bombings Telek and Caecie and the pups go under the general's bed together.

"For the general, Telek and Caecie afford opportunity for escape from war," writes Butcher. More power to them!

RIO DE JANEIRO repeats her assurance that a Brazilian overseas force waits only a call from the United Nations, and if the call comes the odds are that the commanding general will be Brazil's war minister, the serious but hard-riding cavalryman, Enrico Gaspar Dutra.

Dutra has been Brazil's outstanding commander for almost ten years and a soldier in fact as well as in heart since he was 16. He made up his mind then, after reading limitless lives of military heroes from the deified Alexander onward. He enlisted, was graduated from the state military academy at 22 and moved up steadily to become a brigadier general after the Sao Paulo rebellion 11 years ago. Four years later he was appointed minister of war. His decorations are numerous and include Brazil's Order of Military Merit.

Unlike some good generals he is highly articulate and his lectures in the general staff school and at the military academy in Rio de Janeiro were long remembered. He has written a number of books on military matters and knows mechanized warfare down to the last gasket and crankcase bolt.

He has been a horseman almost from birth, and trained to the saddle as a boy out on the broad, cattle-covered plateau of the Mato Grosso. But he quite easily shifted to mechanized cavalry when it crowded the hayburners out of warfare.

## Sketch of a Victorious Invasion Route



This sketch was made by the English artist E. G. Lambert as the Allies were bombing Messina harbor. It shows the entire area of the strait of Messina from the air. Across this strait, which separates Sicily from Italy's toe, the British Eighth army spearheaded the first invasion of the European continent which resulted in Italy's surrender. The distance across the strait, at its narrowest point, is two miles. Prior to landing on Italy proper, Allied batteries along the Sicilian coast shelled Axis positions across this stretch of water.

## Afrika Korps Men Save Peanut Crop in Georgia



Harvesting peanuts occupies most of the time of these former German soldiers, once dubbed "supermen." They were members of the Afrika Korps, first German troops to collapse. Farmers at Dublin, Ga., praise the work of the war prisoners and credit them with saving the peanut crop. Left: This "superman" swung his pitchfork with such zeal that he broke the handle. Center inset: Time out for lunch is taken by the prisoners. Right: Under a warm southern sun, these men apparently are regaining health and composure. One tenderly holds a baby rabbit caught in the field as his curious comrades surround him.

## Japs Murder English Before Leaving Kiska



When U. S. troops entered this dugout on Kiska Island, they found the Japanese had murdered the English language in a message on the wall. Foolish was spelled "foolische" and Roosevelt became "Rousevelt."

## Mary Churchill Visits the WACS



Mary Churchill, center, daughter of Prime Minister Winston Churchill, is in the British counterpart of our WAC. She is pictured inspecting the chevrons on the arm of a WAC at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. Looking on are Alice Marble, U. S. pro tennis champ, extreme left, and Mary Hardwick, the British tennis champ.



## Air Cadet

By Gen. Henry H. Arnold

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

If you have not had it happen already, perhaps some day you will be standing on your front porch with a telegram in your hand. As the messenger goes down the steps you will break the seal and read: "Selected for pilot training so keep em flying, Jack."

Pilot training? Flying? Why did the army air forces select your son? Will he succeed? A host of thoughts race through your mind and perhaps with them is some anxiety.

The anxiety you may feel is largely groundless. You may judge for yourself as I tell you about the things being done in the army air forces to keep your son safe. But I am not seeking merely to reassure you. I want to make it possible for you to help Jack enormously, whether he is a bombardier, pilot, navigator, aerial gunner or a member of the ground crews.

Above all, your son Jack doesn't in the least feel that he is being picked on. He is proud and wants you to share his pride. Before he could send you that telegram he had to pass more physical, mental and aptitude tests than most mothers even dreamed existed.

### Superior Young Man.

As a consequence the army believes that your son's chances of flying through this war and of coming home to tell about it, are tops. The army, in fact, has taken infinite pains to establish something that you, as his mother, have known from the beginning: Jack is a superior young man.

He and his classmates in our aviation personnel training program are the best flier material in the world. And ninety-five of every hundred of them are going through their long and arduous flight training program without so much as a sprained ankle or a barked shin.

Moreover, the flight control command of the army air forces is working day and night to guard your son's safety. The command is headed by an officer who is a "bug" on safety—Col. Sam Harris, who was for ten years a test pilot at Wright Field.

Our military aircraft have been built to be the safest in the world. I have refused to consider planes that might gain a few hundred feet of altitude or a little extra speed at a sacrifice of safety. Our principle is: Maximum protection for the air crews.

### Combat Safety I: Goal.

Combat safety is our ultimate goal; to attain it is not only a problem of the technical and tactical training your son receives but also a matter of attitudes. Here are some ways in which you can help:

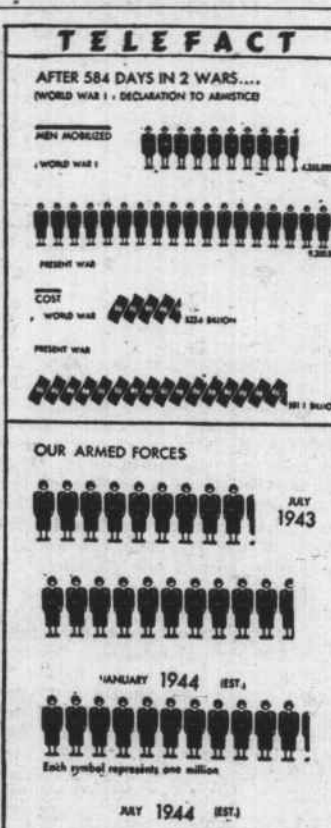
1. Keep your balance. Don't project your son Jack and yourself into every newspaper account of an accident. You have read again and again of highway wrecks without rushing to put your automobile into dead storage.

2. Help Jack keep faith in his equipment. No inferior airplane can possibly be adopted by the army air forces; too much depends on the plane. If you hear anything different, challenge the person who makes the statement.

3. Avoid asking Jack to describe any "flying feats" he has performed. Spectacular feats have no place in routine training.
4. If family problems arise at home, keep your son's mind clear of them. He is absorbed in the biggest job of his life. Anything that tends to interfere with concentration on his task now will vitally affect his welfare in the near future.

5. Your son in the army air forces is one of the pivotal figures of this war. In him is concentrated responsibility not only for his own safety and the safety of his crew but also for a piece of equipment that represents the labor of thousands. His is the responsibility for the failure or success of missions on which the lives of other thousands may depend. Help him to carry those responsibilities and you will be helping him in the best way I know. You will be proud of him; he will be proud of you; and your country will be indebted to you both.

Enemy agents spread wild rumors in the effort to break down confidence in American training and equipment. Perhaps somebody has told you that the accident rate in training is so high that newspapers have been ordered to print stories about only a small percentage of the mishaps. This is utterly false. Check with some personal acquaintance at the nearest army airport. Ask him if he can recall seeing a single accident which was not published. No accident news is suppressed. This is army air force policy.



## Tiny Tarzan



He's only 40 days old, but Frankie P. Rust Jr. can chin himself several times. His amazed parents, relatives and friends are wondering if he will be a candidate for Tarzan roles.



## PRIVATE PURKEY ON TOMATO HARVESTING

(News Item—Soldiers in eastern training camps are assisting farmers with the tomato harvest.)

Dear Harriet—  
Lest you get the wrong idea about a new detail I just got harvesting and canning tomatoes I am just writing this note. I know how at first thought it seems funny to think of a jeep who joined up for a global war being in the tomato business, but it is important work, Harriet. When I and a lot of others got orders to help pick tomatoes I did not like the idea of being a Tomato Zouave. I told Sergeant Mooney there was nothing about tomatoes in my draft papers and that my number was drawn from a fishbowl not from no tomato can.

Sergeant Mooney says "Shut up, dogface, and do what you are told. You are lucky to get tomatoes. It could be watermelons!" I says to him, "Lissen, sarge, I joined up to be a hero and I never seen no hero with tomato sauce on him." He tells me "You are going to see one now, my boy."

Well, I am very firm with him and I tells him I was drafted to do a lot of things but that none of them had anything to do with ketchup. I tells him I took a oath to fight for four freedoms none of which has got to be picked off of a vine or pressed into a tin can. Also I explains to him that the Atlantic Charter was not drawn up in no tomato patch.

Even when I am arguing that my contract makes no menshun of any work among vegetables outside of a clause where I am serposed to get a couple of cabbage-heads named Hitler an' Tojo, he just slips me a sunbonnet and a pair of overalls and tells me that while it wood be bad enuff for a jeep to be took up on charges of mutiny in the face of the enemy it wood be worse to be charged with mutiny in the face of a tomato.

I am kind of proud on account of I am one of the fastest tomato pickers in my outfit. (I get a average of 97 which is very high. All the boys say I must of had experience and they don't believe me when I say I never picked one before in my life an' always had a idea they grew on trees. The sarge has thru out a claim that I am a pro.)

Well anyhow, in a war like this we should all do what we get told to do and wherever I can help is okay so long as the sarge don't put me on no detail to pick prickly pears. I send you all my love, my darling Harriet.

Oscar.

**HIMMLER, MAN OF CHARM**  
("Hitler assured the German people that Heinrich Himmler, newly named for important duties at home, is a kindly, sympathetic man.")—News item.)

Do not worry, fellow Germans—  
Don't feel frightened, sad or blue  
As I name that gentle fellow  
Heinrich Himmler over you!  
Do not credit silly rumors  
That he is a man of hate;  
Oh, I really can't imagine  
How such tales originate!

He's the kindest of persons—  
Ah, that gentle placid face!  
He's a tribute to the virtues  
Of the superdooper race;  
Treat all talk of ruthless tactics  
As just simple liverwurst;  
Himmler wouldn't harm a housefly—  
(If the housefly saw him first!)

Just the chief of the Gestapo—  
This he is and nothing more;  
He plays softly "Hearts and flowers"  
To drive out the trials of war;  
He's my Good Will Delegation—  
He's my little Fairy Prince—  
He's Sir Galahad (in German)—  
He's my Chief of Gentle Hints.

He's the Boy who's Kind to Birdies—  
He feeds pigeons in the parks;  
He's our own Big Brother Movement  
And writes verses on the larks;  
He helps ladies over crossings,  
He gives kiddies' heads a pat;  
When he rides in elevators  
He will always lift his hat.

Heinrich Himmler! How you'll love him!  
In his presence each heart melts;  
Bring your troubles to him freely  
And do what he says . . . OR ELSE!  
Rally round this knight so shining,  
Never doubt his gentle touch;  
And remember, fellow Germans,  
Himmler will not hurt you . . . MUNCH!

A Gallup poll shows that a majority of women favor a draft of the fair sex for noncombatant war work, with men opposing the idea. The opposition of the men is easily understood. They don't want to listen to all those arguments over why the draft board chairman accepted that homely Smith woman and deferred the eye-full known as Miss Jones.

One thing is certain: if we have a draft of women the day when the draft boards have the last word will be over.

## Things to do



7439

ANYTIME is doll time for that little girl. So get started now on this rag doll with yarn hair to braid and unbraided. Her chubby body is made of just two pieces. And such fun you'll have selecting the fabric for her dainty wardrobe from your scrap bag!

Pattern 7439 contains a transfer pattern and instructions for doll and clothes. Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers. Send your order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.  
82 Eighth Ave. New York  
Enclose 15 cents (plus one cent to cover cost of mailing) for Pattern No. ....  
Name .....  
Address .....

## Acid Indigestion

Relieved in 5 minutes or double money back  
When excess stomach acid causes painful, suffocating gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fast-acting medicine known as symptomatic relief—medicines like those in Bell-som Tablets. No laxative. Bell-som brings comfort in a 15 or 20 minute time span with no return of bottle to us. See all druggists.

**NOTICE IF YOU ARE SUFFERING with Arthritis or Rheumatic pains SOMETHING CAN BE DONE write for FREE information to HINSON'S INSTITUTE Dr. W. Cullen Spies, Medical Director 208 N. 10th St. Richmond, Ind.**

## HARSH LAXATIVES UNNECESSARY?

Millions Find Simple Fresh Fruit Drink Gives Them All the Laxative Aid They Need

Don't form the habit of depending on harsh, gripping laxatives until you've tried this easy, healthful way millions now use to keep regular.

It's fresh lemon juice and water taken first thing in the morning—just as soon as you get up. The juice of one Sunkist Lemon in a glass of water. Taken thus, on an empty stomach, it stimulates normal bowel action, day after day, for most people.

And lemons are actively good for you. They're among the richest sources of Vitamin C, which combats fatigue, helps resist colds and infections. They supply vitamins B<sub>1</sub> and P, aid digestion and help alkalize the system.

Try this grand wake-up drink 10 mornings. See if it doesn't help you! Use California Sunkist Lemons.



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(Civilian Bomb Corps)  
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