

WAR ON ALL FRONTS
A SERIES OF SPECIAL ARTICLES BY THE LEADING WAR CORRESPONDENTS

WACS Sail for England
By Doris Fleeson

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

There were 650 American girls in the First WAC Separate Battalion with whom I sailed to Europe. As we boarded the transport, each girl wore a tin helmet, dress uniform, utility coat, pistol belt with first-aid packet and canteen, shoulder bag, mask. Shoulders bent under the heavy musette—but hours of hiking had enured the girls to this burden.

Each WAC carried over her arm a heavy topcoat, hiding within its folds heaven knows what of last-minute impediments.

"Forward march!" Capt. Mary A. Hallaren, commanding the battalion, barked from the dock as she set off at the head of the column, carrying her full pack as easily as anyone in the ranks. WACs are on the average huskier than American girls used to be, but for a leader they have gone back to the Napoleonic tradition.

Once I asked Captain Hallaren her height. Her demure answer was: "You must be five feet to be a WAC." Her troops call her Captain Peewee or Captain Five-by-Five. It has been suggested that Captain Hallaren's small size disarms men, helps her to get along with them so well. Though small myself, I've never noticed it makes any difference.

Precise Rhythm.
The troops' backs looked grim as they swung along in precise soldierly rhythm that makes all men officers jealous.

Captain Hallaren never doubted that her troops would stand the test of the ocean voyage with its close quarters and possible hazard. Since March, she had been commanding her battalion, preparing it for its task. The troops gave her a shillelagh to celebrate her appointment.

Her five companies were formed in obedience to a request for clerks, stenographers and telephone operators to serve with the air force. The average age of the auxiliaries is about 25. They are pretty, homely, fat, slim, blonde, brunette, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish—a cross section of America. Nearly all are high school graduates, a few are college graduates. The officers are drawn chiefly from colleges and the average age is 33.

Captain Hallaren is 36, comes from Lowell, Mass., and is a graduate of Massachusetts State Teachers college. She also studied at Harvard university. The fact that she had traveled for 15 summers in Europe, Latin America and the Near East—often with a pack on her back—was a help, she thinks, in preparing her for the job with the WACs.

Sunday services aboard ship were well attended by the WACs. Officers who censored their mail reported that the girls wrote their families that the services seemed like a link with home.

It was strange to realize that this transport of good-tempered friendly people was actually a task force and as such a rich prize inviting to the enemy; that the sea was the haunt of killers who would destroy us instinctively as wolves tear dogs in the forest.

The transport was crowded to a point that no self-respecting sardine would tolerate. Each voyage is such a tremendous enterprise, so expensive to arrange, that it must pay off in manpower. Eighteen WACs slept in one cabin.

The approach of debarkation time was easy to recognize. An attractive young American, Captain Sherman, came aboard ship to welcome us with good news from Sicily, and gave us the first of the security lectures that began to bombard our ears with increasing frequency.

Step on British Soil.
The sun was in their faces when the WACs first stepped on British soil. The honor of being the very first went to Sergeant Rosekrans. In the train shed the Royal Scots Fusiliers' band struck up Sousa's "King Cotton" march. Then once again we were on a troop train.

The train moved and the WACs sped through a pleasant green countryside that may long be their home. After the train journey of several hours was over, the WACs shouldered their musettes and marched two miles to a replacement depot.

A cheerful Baptist chaplain, C. G. Strippy of Wollaston, Mass., gave the girls their favorite hands-across-the-sea story. He told them about the recently arrived private, dizzy with orientation, who was asked by an officer how he liked the British. The private replied: "Sir, we like the British and the British like us, and them's orders."

The chaplain joked that yesterday was the first cheerful baggage detail he ever saw. He said he was admonished to look after their spiritual welfare and he was going to do it, "no matter what the odds."

Marines Celebrate 168th Birthday—Fighting



"In the air, on land, and sea" the men of the United States marine corps are fighting at America's battlefronts over the world as they celebrate their 168th birthday. Left: On Guadalcanal marine artillery experts shell a Japanese position. Their weapon is a 75-mm. pack howitzer, a favorite with marines because of its mobility. Center: Lieut. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, the highest ranking officer ever to command the marines. He served in much of the heavy fighting of World War I. Right: On a lonely hill overlooking one of the numerous Alaskan inlets, a marine machine gun crew is on the alert for any attempted landing by enemy troops.

'Khaki Farmers' Help Gather Matanuska Harvest



The American spirit of co-operation is clearly in evidence at Matanuska Valley, Alaska, where soldiers from nearby camps are helping farmers harvest the bumper 1943 potato crop. Top left: Soldiers operate the community's unique digging machine designed by the farmers which digs potatoes, sorts them from the dirt, and drops the spuds in sacks. Top right: Two soldiers aid a farmer load sacks of potatoes onto his truck. Bottom: Nestled in the valley is the town of Palmer. Its main street is pictured here.

New York Yanks Vote in Panama Jungle Fancy Telephone Pole



New York troops take time out from jungle maneuvers to go to the polls. In their camouflage suits they mark ballots which were returned in time to be recorded in the election returns of their home town. Left to right: Pfc. Lewis Tunkel, Bronx; Corp. Leo Kirshenbaum, Brooklyn; Private Thomas Mitell, New York City; Corp. Francis J. Hurley, Brooklyn; and (on tree) John D. Alessandro, New York City.



A statue on the estate of the queen of Italy serves a practical purpose as Corp. Melvin Jewell uses his hand to support a telephone line. The next day Jewell was fighting with the troops that forced the Germans across the Volturno river.

Von Csata of Hungary on the Spot



As the United Nations press back German troops on all fronts, as Allied raids over Naziland increase daily, and as native populations of Hitler's satellite countries revolt openly, puppet leaders of these little nations are constantly on the spot. Gen. Ludwig von Csata of Hungary is pictured explaining something to Hitler.

Hero Salutes Hero



Private George Moorfoot, an Australian who fought with Americans at Buna, New Guinea, kneels at the grave of Yankee buddy located near their former battlefield.

The Washington Merry-Go-Round
DREW PEARSON

Washington, D. C.

RUSSIAN RELATIONS IMPROVE

The diplomatic grapevine reports that inter-Allied relations with Russia are going pretty well now. This is certainly true on the surface, and while some irritations have occurred below the surface, both sides have shown a real tendency to try to get along.

Most serious sub-surface irritation close to the Mediterranean Council, through which Russia, the United States and Britain were to confer regarding Italy, North Africa and the Balkans.

The Russians, snubbed earlier in the summer regarding preliminary Italian armistice terms, took the Mediterranean Council seriously and appointed as their representative Andrei Vishinski, the famous prosecutor in the Russian purge trials. This was the equivalent of sending the most outstanding member of the U. S. Supreme court or the leading lawyer of England.

Vishinski is a man of national stature, capable of making Mediterranean decisions without consulting Moscow. But to represent the United States on the Mediterranean Council, Secretary Hull sent Ed Wilson, U. S. ambassador to Panama. Wilson is a thorough-going, competent diplomat who can handle any routine job and handle it well. But almost no one outside diplomacy or Panama has heard of him. He has no national stature and he cannot act on his own.

Immediately it developed that Wilson was to act as a glorified messenger and report everything back to Washington. The British representative was to do the same. In other words, Churchill and Roosevelt were to make the decisions, and the much publicized Mediterranean Council was to be a mere reporting agency.

This immediately roused Russian wrath. They had welcomed the Council, appointed a top man. So for a moment they considered withdrawing. However, for the sake of Allied harmony, they stayed on and are giving the Mediterranean Council a trial.

POOR 'PA' WATSON

Toughest job White House Secretary Maj. Gen. Edwin ("Pa") Watson of the White House secretariat has to tackle each day is keeping the President's appointment schedule on time.

Frequently FDR will sit talking to an old friend for 15 or 20 minutes over the allotted time, and that snarls the White House schedule for the rest of the day.

This is hard on the general's nervous system, especially when bigwigs from the war or navy departments are waiting to discuss military matters. On such occasions Watson is not above barging in and breaking up the conference.

The other day when the President's old friend, Governor Bob Kerr of Oklahoma, was overstaying his time—through no fault of his own—Watson walked in and began to parade nervously about the room.

"Well, here's the undertaker, Mr. President," grinned Kerr, catching the hint. "If one of your callers gets so he doesn't move, 'Pa' will move him."

Roosevelt laughingly motioned Watson to a chair.

"Sit down and talk to us for awhile, general," he said. "We're having a very interesting conversation."

With a sigh, Watson took a chair.

BACK TO NORMALCY

Industry's eagerness to get back to peacetime operation is seen in the deluge of mail received by the chemical division of WPB. Theme of every letter is: Unlace the straightjacket and give us a chance to expand.

This pressure hits the chemical division more than any other because of the tight control which that division has exercised over the industry, and also because of the tremendous future of plastics and other developments in the chemical field.

Controls are so tight that no materials may be bought or sold without clearance with WPB, and in the course of getting clearance, the applicant must state a lot of intimate facts about his business, including buying price, selling price, profit, and inventories.

The real meaning of the complaint is that the industry is not worried about paper work so much as it is worried about limitation on profits. Under government control, prices are held down by the fact that sales are limited to war needs, but when this restriction is removed, the demand for chemical materials will be terrific, and profits will go through the ceiling.

CAPITAL CHAFF

Ⓐ The Argentine government had already retracted its ban on the Jewish press even before President Roosevelt denounced the ban.

Ⓐ Foreign Economic administration, which does a lot of business with Latin America, is worried over the fact that its initials, FEA, mean "ugly" in Spanish.

Ⓐ There's a new breath of life in state department press conferences since Ed Stettinius took charge. Ⓐ Jesse Jones hasn't held a press conference for more than a year.

Who's News This Week

By Delos Wheeler Lovelace

Consolidated Features.—WNU Release.

NEW YORK.—Some years ago a few vice presidents were whooping it up in the General Electric company's camp in Ontario when one of the boys suggested serenading the president.

So they toted their eyedropper piano close to the imperial tent and roared: "Hail, hail, the gang's all here," into Gerard Swope's ear. The piano player was Philip Dunham Reed who next day wrote his folks in Wisconsin his regret that he ever had taken a lesson. But everything came out all right. In a few years Swope was gone and Reed was chairman of the board.

Now at 44, Reed is taking over the United States Mission for Economic Affairs in London as W. Averell Harriman moves on to our ambassadorial mansion in Moscow.

Reed figured first to be an engineer, studied at the University of Wisconsin, but he switched to law at Fordham and that came out all right. Soon he was earning \$12,000 a year in New York. Although he had a wife, son and daughter, he boldly resigned to take \$4,500 a year in the law department of General Electric, and that came out all right, too. It led to that chairmanship of the board. He resigned to work under Harriman whom he succeeds and nowadays he doesn't even worry about when to have his hair cut. His secretary tells him and he marches obediently to a barber.

Properly trimmed he is tall, with an air so handsome it is easy to believe he had a big part in a class play at Wisconsin along side Fred M. Bickel, known now on Broadway as Frederic March.

AMONG the waitresses in the most crowded service canteen in Washington is a slender matron with lively blue eyes and a dark curly bang who doesn't look her 46 years . . . not by quite a few of 'em. She will admit though, freely, that she has a son 21 years old, her only son, in West Point. Her husband has been overseas for 15 months. That's why she gives all the time she can to the canteen and to Red Cross work. It is Mrs. Ike Eisenhower speaking.

She first met Ike when she was but 18. She was Maimie Doud, a doctor's daughter, of Denver, Colo. With her parents she visited an army camp in Texas. At the officers' mess, she met the future Allied commander in the Mediterranean area. He talked her out of a date she had in town, talked her into becoming engaged two months later. She's been seeing to it that his uniforms were pressed ever since, until June of last year at Fort Meyer, Va.

Pictures of him are found at every turn in the suburban Washington apartment where she waits for him to come home. The one on the piano came from North Africa. There is a complete scrap book of his doings, too. Their home used to be known as the Club Eisenhower. She is hospitable and friendly.

She strikes up friendships with butchers, bakers and neighbors, especially when . . . like herself . . . they are waiting for someone to come home. Her ancestors fought in the Civil and Revolutionary wars and she knows how their wives felt.

FOODSTUFFS in Britain are so well distributed that although quantities are far below normal, Britain is better fed than before the war, according to William Mabane, parliamentary secretary to the ministry of food. Under Lord Woolton, Mabane can certainly take part of the credit, and it doesn't seem strange to him that a bachelor like himself should do a good job with anything pertaining to food. He believes that men can outcook women every time, but that this is no reason why some women should cook so badly.

Tall, thin, gray-blond and saturnine, Mabane has been an M.P. since 1931. His voice with its Yorkshire accent is often lifted on food topics. It was he who startled the treasury benches during a report on the point system of rationing by quoting Marie Lloyd "A Little of What you Fancy does you Good."

He was not nourished by a family of restaurateurs, but by the boot and shoe business, and took a fling at it himself after Cambridge university where he was distinguished as a runner. There seems to be some connection there.

In the First World war he fought his way up to a captaincy and was wounded. He tried social service; and in 1929 worked his way around the globe, visiting the United States which he has since revisited. He likes to travel, golf, ski and play "fox and geese" on a checkerboard. He likes to garden, too.

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. What river flows through three European capitals?
2. What is a quern?
3. What are the national colors of Mexico?
4. In diplomatic service which is the highest rank, ambassador, minister or consul?
5. Which two countries of South America do not touch Brazil?
6. If you are served pomme de terre in a French restaurant you would be eating what?
7. How many presidents of the United States have been army generals?

The Answers

1. The Danube flows through Vienna, Budapest and Belgrade.
2. A small hand mill for grinding spices.
3. Green, white and red.
4. Ambassador.
5. Ecuador and Chile.
6. Potatoes.
7. Seven—Washington, Jackson, W. H. Harrison, Taylor, Grant, Hayes and Garfield.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

BIRTH CERTIFICATES

Birth Certificates. Send 50c for blank and full information for any state in the Union. United Birth Certificate Service, 208-SL, Riegler Building, Little Rock, Arkansas.

Dog's Parasites

At least 500 kinds of internal parasites infest domestic dogs and cats, and many cause marked injury and death to their hosts. Not infrequently, the eggs of some of the parasitic worms even find their way into the animal before it is born.

How To Relieve Bronchitis

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Healthful Alaska

Alaska is regarded as the healthiest of all the war fronts—no body lice, tetanus, malaria, or bed bugs.

DON'T LET CONSTIPATION SLOW YOU UP

When bowels are sluggish and you feel irritable, headachy, do as millions do—chew FEEN-A-MINT, the modern chewing-gum laxative. Simply chew FEEN-A-MINT before you go to bed, taking only in accordance with package directions—sleep without being disturbed. Next morning gentle, thorough relief, helping you feel swell again. Try FEEN-A-MINT. Tastes good, is handy and economical. A generous family supply costs only

FEEN-A-MINT 10¢

Catgut From Spiders

Silk taken from spiders provides the best catgut.

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

Ceylon, Africa and tropical America are expected to provide the U. S. with \$4,000 long tons of crude rubber during 1943. In 1939, it is estimated, 499,473 long tons of crude were imported by this country.

Porc, Brazil, was the first great rubber center. Founded in 1615, it became an important port for foreign trade about 1775. A hundred years later it was the rubber capital of the world.

Rubber obtained from a native wild vine in the Belgian Congo made Leopold II of Belgium wealthy during the 1890-1910 period. Plantation rubber development killed the Congo vine boom.

Jerry Shaw

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER