

WOMEN IN THE News

BY JANET CUPLER

TELL THE WORLD: To women have been assigned to literally "tell the world" about the WAAC. Inez Robb is serving abroad as a correspondent attached to the WAAC overseas contingent. Second Officer Anne M. McInhenny will "sell" the WAAC as a public relations officer.

LOWER DRAFT AGE: Britain has lowered from 20 to 19 the age at which single women may be drafted for national service. The women may still choose between industry and the armed forces and may also volunteer for nurses' training before being drafted.

DID YOU KNOW: That the superintendent of the navy nurse corps, Sue S. Dauser, holds a rank higher than that held by Lieut. Com. Mildred McAfee, director of the WAVES? She is the navy's first woman "four striper." Her rank corresponds to that of captain and is two grades higher than lieutenant commander, one grade lower than rear admiral.

ADMIT 'WIRES': A release from the war department reveals that the WAAC will admit into its ranks qualified members of the WIRES (women in radio and electrical service) already trained under the supervision of the U. S. army signal corps. About 8,000 civilian women have been so trained in communications during the past year.

CHILDREN'S AUTHOR: Mrs. Laura E. Richards, author of such beloved children's books as "Captain January" died recently in Gardiner, Maine. She was 92.

RECORD KEEPERS: To aid in the important task of record keeping, the war department has announced an expanded training program for women and draft exempt men. Machine record keeping requires a high degree of skill and offers an opportunity for machine operators to play a vital part in the war.

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0 FATALITY

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in
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TRADE MARK

THE NATIONAL SCENE As Washington Sees It

Special to The Chronicle.
Washington, Jan. 26. — Even the smartest political interpreters are still puzzled over why President Roosevelt, facing the first anti-New Deal congress since 1932, set off political fireworks at the very opening of the new session by naming Edward Flynn to be "ambassador" to Australia.

To anyone in Washington who knows the political relationship between Mr. Flynn and the President, it was clear that the President was paying off a political debt—but no one here believes that Mr. Roosevelt was so indebted to the New York politician that it was worth the sacrifice of reputation he made to give "Eddie" a break.

As chairman of the National Democratic committee, Mr. Flynn undoubtedly has thrown a considerable amount of support to the President, but Mr. Flynn's reputation, particularly in the East where he is known, is questionable. Even loyal New Dealers will find it difficult to forgive the President for appointing such a man to handle such an important and ticklish job as being representative of our country in the Pacific.

On several occasions since he has been President, Mr. Roosevelt has been able to get away with appointments which were based chiefly on politics—such as the appointment of Justice Black to the U. S. Supreme court—but this most recent appointment has brought more criticism than any made so far.

Obviously fearing that he may not have the support of the new congress, the President made strong pleas that politics be set aside for the duration of the war and Republican leaders agreed that politics should in no way be permitted to interfere with the war effort. But now that the President has, in the eyes of the Republicans as well as many of his own party, shown a complete disregard for the no-politics agreement, it is feared that politics will hereafter run rampant in Washington.

Some analysts feel that the President made the Flynn appointment as a means of testing his power with the new congress, but all agree that, no matter what his reason, he has invited a political blackeye that will hurt him for a long time to come.

So far as the war program is concerned, however, even those who most strongly oppose the domestic policies of the President are expected to continue to give him the support he needs. It is very difficult for some congressmen to consider approving a federal budget of over 100 billion dollars, but it is known that the people favor expenditures of money, no matter how fantastic the amount may seem, if it seems necessary to guarantee winning the war. There is little doubt, therefore, that Flynn or no Flynn, the appropriations will be approved to furnish funds to produce more war equipment than is being turned out by all other nations combined.

Latest figures indicate that during 1943 Germany will spend slightly over 34 billion for war, Italy less than nine billion, and Japan about seven billion—a total of about half of our expenditure. Among our allies, England is expected to spend about 21 billion, and Russia 15 billion.

To produce more war supplies than all of the rest of the world, our civilian population may have to make even greater sacrifices than are now apparent. Such a huge portion of materials will be used for war goods that even though plans on paper call for giving civilians adequate food and supplies, it is quite possible that we may be lacking many essentials before the year is over and our distribution system may suffer many serious breakdowns.

Estimates call for production of civilian goods which would amount to about \$500 worth per family, but this means that even if everything goes ahead on schedule we are apt to be reduced to a scale of living lower than many of us have ever experienced. With more money available to buy goods than ever before in the history of our country, and with supplies less than they have been during this century, it is apparent that even with rationing and price control it is going to be a very difficult problem to keep our economy from exploding.

The outcome will probably depend on the voluntary cooperation of the people. Hoarding, black markets or any "me-first" activity will result in severe hardships for all of us.

SPECIAL
Good Only Until February 15.
Collier's Weekly, Woman's Home Companion, American Magazine—all for 14 months, \$5.00. A saving of \$2.10 over single copy price.
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WOMEN AT WAR

Irene

When Irene got home from the airplane factory she was good and tired. This was the hour, after work and before dinner, that she always looked forward to. Her private name for it was "My sissy hour." Into it, these days, she packed all the lazy, luxurious little things she loved—things that used to take up a lot more than an hour of her peace-time days.

She sat down at the little desk in her room. You could tell quite a lot about Irene from that desk. The water-glass filled with the small bouquet of flowers she sometimes bought on the way home. The paper-weight of pink marble. The thin, crackly blue air-mail stationery. And the big, framed photograph of a young man in a corporal's uniform—as good-looking a man as Irene was pretty. On the blotter pad lay the telegram that had come that morning just as she was leaving for work.

With those long, well-shaped fingers she reached for a sheet of paper. She nibbled the end of her pen for a bit, and then she wrinkled up her nose at the picture of the soldier and began to write, "Dear Mr. Morgenthau," but the corporal's name was Jackson and she called him Pete. Her round handwriting spread across the page. "My boy friend is with the A. E. F. in Ireland. He has called me fifty dollars with which to buy a diamond ring. I've been thinking it over and decided to buy a War Bond to help Uncle Sam instead. This may help to bring my boy friend home sooner, and then he can help me select my ring."

Slowly she began to sign her name. "Irene"

(Letter from an actual communication in the files of the Treasury Department.)

Let's all sacrifice as Irene has done. Bring final victory closer with the money you put into War Bonds. Make certain your family budget tops 10 percent by New Year's.
U. S. Treasury Department

Our Freedom Is Priceless

By JOSEPH E. DAVIES
Former Ambassador to Russia and Belgium.

(Written for the Treasury Department in connection with the Retailers' "SAY YES" campaign to complete the nation's 100,000,000 partially filled War Stamp albums.)

What I myself saw in my four years in Europe gave me a new realization of the priceless rights which we here enjoy.

No secret police can in the night whisk us away, never again to be seen by those we love.

None of us can be deprived by any party, state or tyrant of those precious civil liberties which our laws and our courts guarantee.

None of us can be persecuted for practicing the faith which we found at our mother's knee.

None of us can be persecuted, tortured or killed because of the fact that an accident of fate might have made us of the same race as the Nazarene.

No American can be placed by any party or government in a regimented vise which takes from him or her either freedom of economic opportunity or political religious liberty.

What would the millions of unfortunate men, women and children in Europe give to be able to live and enjoy such a way of life?

Well, in this war, those are the things in our lives which are in jeopardy. Our boys are dying to preserve them for us.

Then we can do no less than to "say yes" and fill those war stamp albums. It is our duty and privilege to help the secretary of the treasury, Mr. Morgenthau, in his magnificent effort to do the tremendous job of getting the money to keep our boys supplied with the weapons with which to fight our fight.

Surely that is little enough for us to do on the home front.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CLINTON

By the Late Rev. William Plumer Jacobs, D.D., in New Literary and Biographical Book of His Life, Edited by Thornwell Jacobs.

(Continued from page one)
which were just square boxes, and the Clinton academy, afterward the Clinton high school. On the grounds of the Presbyterian property there was a small building erected by the members of the church to serve as a boys' school during the week and a "Session house" on Sunday.

As 1864 was the year before the war ended, nearly all of the men, a few older ones excepted, were off in the army. I boarded with Mr. R. S. Phinney, who was not only the life of the Presbyterian church, but was also the spirit of the town. He was a merchant, being associated with Mr. George P. Copeland. Their business was the big business before the war, but the doors were seldom opened at the time at which I write, so seldom in fact, that zealous Presbyterian as he was, Mr. Phinney on one occasion went down "to open out" for the day's business and was amazed a little later to find that it was the Sabbath morning and it should have been the church and not the store that he was to open. Mrs. Phinney was a woman of whom Clinton may well be proud. She was a veritable mother in Israel: Everybody called her "Aunt Sake" and there was nothing that happened in the way of family life in Clinton, whether birth or death, that her help and advice was not sought. Another of Clinton's leading families was that of Capt. Robert S. Owens. His widow occupied the residence now owned by Mr. A. M. Copeland who afterwards married one of her daughters. He was a brave man and true. How often I have heard it said, "What a loss to our town was that of Capt. Owens." I had never seen him but he was so often the subject of conversation that his name was almost as familiar to me as that of any of the citizens. His son Rutledge and my brother Pressley lie buried in the same grave on the field at Gettysburg.

Capt. B. S. Jones lived just east of the Presbyterian church. He was a member of the legislature and later on was killed by a run-away horse, dying instantly.

There were no stores open in Clinton the last year of the war. Even Mr. Phinney's store was open only on mail days. It was the custom for the mail carrier to throw the mail bag down on the corner. Mr. Phinney would open it and call out the names of the parties to whom the letters were addressed and the whole town was there to get the expected letter or had some one there to receive it. Sometimes when Mr. Phinney was

not well, the mail was emptied out, and left for each one that chose to search through the little pile for anything that belonged to himself. Later on, a postmaster was appointed, and H. M. Martin was about the first. His salary reached the munificent sum of \$50 a year.

Clinton could boast at that time of having a loom for weaving cloth in almost every house in town. Cloth could not be bought for love or money and cotton was a drug on the market. The good women and girls of the Confederate times were equal to the occasion. Wooden looms, reels and spinning wheels were made by the carpenters and set up in some back room or out-building. The little girls, especially, and the colored girls also, had their task to spin so many cuts, and the good women did the weaving of jeans for the men and the cotton goods for themselves. In every family I visited as pastor I was sure to hear the hum of the spinning wheel and the regular thump of the loom treadle. Miss Esther Fairburn, an elderly single lady, went a little further than the rest in the way of manufacture, by setting a room apart for raising silk worms. She made some beautiful silk goods. But just after the war she moved to Bremond, Texas, to end her days at the home of her brother, Mr. J. M. Fairburn.

Before the war a 60-horsepower saw mill had been built on the line of the Laurens railway, for grinding corn, and hauling and sawing lumber. It was never a success, however, and after long disuse and the destruction of the building by fire, the machinery was sold and moved away. (To Be Continued).

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Which Are You?

I DON'T LIKE TO WALK TO WORK OR GIVE UP OUR PLEASURE DRIVING, BUT IF OUR FIGHTERS NEED EVERY DROP OF OIL AND GASOLINE THEY CAN GET TO LICK HITLER AND HIROHITO, THEN

I'LL WALK AND LIKE IT!!

I DON'T LIKE TO DO WITHOUT BUTTER OR PRUNES OR SOME OF THE CANNED GOODS OR OTHER FOODS WE'VE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO, BUT IF OUR BOYS NEED MORE FOOD TO DESTROY THE BEASTS OF BERLIN AND THE TRUGS OF TOKIO, THEN

I'LL GLADLY DO WITHOUT AND NOT HOARD FOOD!!

NERTS!!!
THIS RATIONING OF GAS AN' OIL AN' RUBBER IS NOTHIN' BUT A RACKET!! THEY CAN'T TELL ME WHEN TO USE MY CAR! WHAT GAS I USE WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE! SMART GUYS LIKE ME CAN PUT ONE OVER!

I'M GON' TO GET MINE!!

HUH!!!
FOOD RATIONING IS RIDICULOUS! THEY CAN'T MAKE ME DO WITHOUT!! I'LL HOARD ALL I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON!! WHAT DO I CARE FOR ANYBODY ELSE ANYHOW!

I'M GON' TO GET MINE!!