'Welcoming Committee' on Guadalcanal

Manning a 75 mm. gun amidst a tropical setting on Guadalcanal island in the Solomons, this crew of U. S. marines and many others like it poured shells into the lines of the Japanese invaders. The Japs lost heavily in men and equipment as they tried desperately to dent the U. S. lines around the vital Henderson airfield, in an effort to regain it. Meanwhile U. S. warships shelled the enemy's positions on the strategic island.

Rickey Signs Contract to Succeed McPhail

Branch Rickey, lately of the world champions, the St. Louis Cardinals, is pictured here as he signed a contract to succeed Larry McPhail as president of the Brooklyn baseball club. Present at the ceremony are James A. Gilleadeau, vice president of the Dodgers (left), and George A. Barnawall (right), the treasurer.

Drying Soldiers' Mail Saved From Sea

Recovered from the sea after the plane carrying it had crashed, this mail, destined for soldiers overseas, is shown as it was carefully dried and sorted at the New York army post office before being re-shipped. The army goes to a great deal of trouble to see that the boys get their mail regularly.

Gets First Rationed Synthetic Retread

Stanley I. Mason, war worker of Trenton, N. J., is shown (left) with the first synthetic rubber retreaded tire issued to a civilian through rationing board channels. At the right is Walter Lochner of the Trenton rationing board. The tire is recapped with "thiokol," which should give it thousands of miles of additional service.

At Haupt Trial

Mrs. Gerda Melind, former fiancee of Herbert Haupt, executed Nazi saboteur, is shown as she entered the federal court building in Chicago to testify in the treason trial of friends and relatives of the former Chicago youth. Defendants were charged with sheltering and aiding him in his plans against U. S. war plants.

Nickel-less Nickel

Superintendent of the Philadelphia mint, Edwin Dressel, and his assistant inspect the new nickel-less nickel. The new coin is made of silver, copper and manganese alloy.

'Austerity Suit'

A Melbourne tailor models his own "austerity suit" which he designed when material shortage caused war-limited clothing manufacture in Australia. He used undyed sugar sacks, and the stenciled markings leave no doubt as to their origin.

Attack Desert Fox

This radiophoto shows British infantry running through the dust and smoke of enemy shell fire to attack Gen. Erwin Rommel's advance posts, in the Egyptian desert.

Walter Winchell

(WNU Service)

NOTES OF A NEW YORKER IN WASHINGTON

Memos on the Congressional Limited:

The FBI personnel is now 13,000, of which 4,600 are agents (G-Men) in the field . . . In 1932 the FBI had only 300 of them . . . The Bureau now has sixty million sets of fingerprints—and every morning 125,000 new sets arrive . . . This is due to the many defense workers, army, navy, marines, air force, et al . . . An agent can find a set of prints within two minutes . . . The exact amount of U. S. currency confiscated in the arrest of the eight saboteurs was $174,588.62 . . . In Director Hoover's reception room the No. 1 attraction used to be the kidnap letters of the Weyerheuser snatch, the Dillinger mob's weapons and so forth . . . It has been replaced by the "saboteur exhibit"—detonator caps, fuses for the high explosives, the Nazi navy cap with swastika insignia, and "the best bomb mechanism we've ever seen!" . . . Haupt, one of those electrocuted, was "the brainiest" . . . He was 22.

Dorothy Lamour phoned the Navy Dep't and asked the operator to connect her with a Lieutenant . . . "Who's calling?" was the query.

"Dorothy Lamour," lamoured Dorothy.

"Ha, ha!" said the operator. "And I'm Queen of the May!"

"Really!" replied the star. "Did you happen to see me in 'Beyond the Blue Horizon'?" . . . The operator said she had—so what?

Whereupon Lamour, for the special delight of a Navy phone girl, sang the entire chorus of the film's theme.

Another woman will eventually be arrested by the government, when it is through dealing with more important rabble-rousers. She is being watched, of course, but "she can always be taken," it was explained, after a reporter wondered why she was allowed to get away with her campaign of hate and incitement against the President . . . During recent Federal hearings for others, Federal men trapped her attempting to "persuade a Federal juror" . . . They are holding that charge for the time they need it . . . When she goes to the clink—so will her daughter.

This is one way they are getting around Union Czar Petrillo . . . A recording is made of voice only in the U. S.—no music escort . . . That "master" is sent out of the country—where a band playing in American style provides the orchestral background . . . Both are then re-recorded to make a complete record of vocal and orchestra . . . A copy is sent here, manufactured and sold in the U. S. . . . The big idea is to avoid the A. F. of M. recent ruling that "no musician can make recordings in the U.S.A."

It's the brain child of a member of Local 802!!!

Among the famous ships that the 500 Reserve Cadets (at the Coast Guard Academy) train on is the old schooner Atlantic . . . It was commissioned in 1903 after the Vanderbilts built it to compete in the Transatlantic sailing races sponsored by Kaiser Wilhelm . . . The Atlantic was the winner, and Wilhelm, said the stories at the time, gave the Vanderbilt tribe "the most expensive gold cup in the world."

When World War I began that gold cup was turned over to our Government, which found that it was $22 worth of pewter!

Washington Rogues' Gallery:

The Washington reporters put the spotlight on the Gimme Bloc in Congress last week. It wasn't very pretty to look at either. In fact, the sight of it gave you the same kind of queasy feeling in the middle that comes when you're good and scared . . . And the way the Gimme Bloc was behaving, there was good reason to be scared.

The matter the Honorables were chewing up was Senator Lee's (Okla.) amendment to the 18-19-year-old draft bill . . . Sen. Lee wanted to dry up the areas around the Army camps. There being Army camps practically everywhere, you wouldn't guess the measure was a prohibition wrinkle unless you looked at it . . . Sen. Lee is a smart cookie about his brothers in the two Houses. He is wise that lots of the Representatives from the corn bread and by-cracky belts haven't got the "moxie" to nix a blue nose measure . . . To show that much fight would cost the office holder his job. His job to him is one grade higher than the fate of his country.

The members of Congress frankly admitted to reporters that they hoped the measure wouldn't lead to a roll call. That would mean that their ballot would be public, with no chance to weasel . . . They admitted that the Drys back home were laying on the pressure, and it wouldn't be good politics to go agin it. How do you like that? The United States is engaged in a war for survival. And these birds make no secret of the fact that getting elected is a matter much more important to them.

Yank Troops in Ireland

By Quentin Reynolds

(WNU Feature—Through special arrangement with Collier's Weekly)

One of the strangest sights I ever saw anywhere was an American General Grant tank parked outside of the cathedral in the small but ancient town of Downpatrick. I walked inside and found the crew signing the book of visitors.

Lest it be said they were merely sight-seeing in a tank, I might add that they had been scheduled to have lunch in Downpatrick but had passed that up to see what many believe to be the burial place of the good Saint Patrick. I heard the sight-seeing tank crew arguing as to whether Saint Patrick had been buried here as Downpatrick claims, or at near-by Saul (where he died), or in Armagh (where he always said he wished to die).

The argument as to where the dust of the good saint now lies is today as current and as colloquial as is the argument at home as to which was the better ball team, the Yankees of 1927 or the Yankees of 1936. Twenty-three places in Ireland take considerable pride in claiming his bones, and Saint Patrick is no myth in Ulster by any means.

Our Irish Presidents.

The army has made Belfast its port of leave. At best, Belfast is a rather dreary town, and I defy any Ulsterman to say otherwise. In fact, Ulstermen are the first to admit it. Our boys are sight-seers at heart, and at first they swarmed all over Belfast, looking at such architectural atrocities as the Albert Memorial clock at the foot of High street, which rivals the Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens in London for ugliness.

During the London blitz, London citizens would run hopefully toward this tribute to ugly mediocrity each morning. But, alas, it was never hit and still stands. The boys trooped hopefully into the Belfast museum and were mildly intrigued to find there the pictures of 13 former Presidents of the United States in whose veins there ran Ulster blood. If you care for details, the Presidents were Adams, Monroe, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Johnson, Grant, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson.

The Grand Central hotel in Belfast is the headquarters for American, Canadian and British troops and officers on leave.

Tanks Everywhere.

Northern Ireland is not a very big place. You can drive right across it in three hours. On your drive, you'll pass many magnificent gateways to large estates, for Ulster is the land of the very rich and the very poor. At these gateways you'll see sentries in the American uniform, for every large estate in Ulster was taken over, first by the British army and now by the American army which is gradually replacing it. Drive into these beautiful estates with lush foliage, lovely half-hidden streams often filled with trout, and you'll find divisional or regimental headquarters. The house the staff lives in may be 300 years old and more often than not, you'll find that the local squire or lord who owns it is now living quite happily in a gardener's or bailiff's cottage on the estate.

Price Is High.

Hundreds of these large landowners gave up their estates to the Crown when war came, for Ulster, unlike her fat sister to the south, never professed to be neutral. She paid for it when Nazi bombers gave Belfast hideous blitzes; but she thinks the price was worth it. She still has her self-respect and intends to keep it.

It is odd to follow a trout stream and bump into an armored unit. We have plenty of Honeys (the light 13-ton tanks) and plenty of the General Grants (28-ton tanks) in Ulster, and today the farmers of Ireland are as accustomed to seeing tanks crawl over their pastures as they are to seeing their cattle or their pigs. It's all part and parcel of the great changes wrought by the world's greatest war.

As far as food and comfort are concerned, our army is the best cared for in the world. To date, the only medical complaints which have registered themselves are yellow jaundice (quite a lot), athlete's foot and mumps. Their food, augmented by fresh eggs from the local farmers, is better than the food of either the German, British, Italian or even the Russian army, and at night, when they sleep, their blankets are as warm as the magnificent woolen blankets that are given to the Russian soldiers in wintertime.

GRASSROOTS

by WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

ADVERTISING IS REALLY AN ECONOMIC GAIN

A COTERIE in Washington, comparatively small but influential, would destroy advertising as "an economic waste." In reality, advertising is an economic gain.

In a small town in Ohio, a groceryman who had never advertised was one day asked if he had received any new or unusual stock that week. The merchant said: "No, nothing but a keg of maple syrup, and I get one each year."

"That sounds good," said the strange caller. "It is something you should tell people of the town about."

"Everyone who wants maple syrup knows I get a keg of it each spring," replied the merchant. "I will have enough calls to use up the keg."

The stranger insisted that by telling people of the community about it he might have a sale for two or more kegs of syrup and on a piece of wrapping paper from the counter, wrote a few words descriptive of the luscious goodness of maple syrup to be obtained at that grocery.

That little ad created an increased demand for maple syrup. It made new customers. The merchant sold the contents of two kegs. Other than the cost of the small ad, there was no increase in the grocer's overhead expense. It increased his profits. It did not increase the cost of maple syrup.

Neither the consumer nor the merchant paid for that ad. It paid for itself. It was not an economic waste. It was an economic gain. Beware of that coterie at Washington.

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WAR RESTRICTS US BUT WE CAN EAT

At the market I asked for pork chops.

"Our allowance of pork is all sold," said the merchant. "We are allowed only 50 per cent of what we formerly sold, and will not have any more for five days."

Then I asked for lamb chops.

"None today," said the merchant. "There is a strike on at the packing house and it has closed down."

"How about a thick slice of ham?"

"Nothing doing," said the merchant. "Our allowance of ham is all sold."

In the meat line I could buy a piece of beef neck, cut up for a stew, and it was not bad.

I wanted some peaches.

"Plenty of them in the orchards, but no one to pick them," said the merchant.

I asked if I could get a can of beans.

"No more canned beans for the duration," said the merchant. "I have only those that are dried."

They were good when boiled.

I got the last pound of tomatoes; no pineapple because of no shipping from Hawaii; no salad dressing as there was no oil with which to make it; no cocoa and other items.

Yes, there is a war on, but we are not going hungry.

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AUTO DRIVERS AND TRAFFIC LAWS

SOME YEARS AGO I wished to catch a New York to Boston boat and had but a limited time to get from Forty-second street and First avenue to the dock near the Battery on the west side of the city. Hailing a cab, I asked the driver if he could make it.

"Only if I have luck," he said. "I will not break a traffic law."

He had luck. He did not make a stop in the entire distance. He could, and did, turn corners on red lights.

I caught the boat with no time to spare and thanked the driver for being able to do so.

"It was all right so long as I could do it without breaking a law. I will not do that under any condition."

That is the kind of a driver I like to ride with, and would rather have missed the boat than to have had him violate that real American principle. There are not enough such drivers in wartime in America.

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LIKE LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS, the great speeches—those which have been remembered and which made an impression—have been short and simple. Hitler may, and will be remembered for what he did, but what he has said is already forgotten.

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TO DEMONSTRATE HIS AFFECTION, the young husband proposed to prepare the breakfasts. The first morning he burned the eggs and spilled the coffee. Love on her part was not strong enough to accept the motive and overlook the result. A divorce followed.

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LABOR WANTS TO KNOW WHAT ITS SHARE IS

LABOR RECEIVES better than 65 per cent of the revenue of industry as its dividend from a labor, capital and management partnership. When each Tom, Dick and Harry in each industry can be shown in a definite way—not merely told—that each is receiving a fair share of the receipts—the gross revenue—of industry, there will be an end to labor difficulties. Labor receives its share, but labor wants a way of knowing what its share amounts to.