



WHAT KIND OF WOMEN ARE THE WAACS

They're career women . . . housewives . . . professionals . . . factory hands . . . debutantes. They've taught school, modelled, supported themselves as secretaries, salesgirls, mechanics. Single and married, white and colored, between the ages of 21 and 45, they're corresponding with a beau in Ireland, a husband in Australia or the "folks back home" in Flatbush. But varied as their backgrounds may be, they've enlisted in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps with a common purpose—to get behind America's fighting men and help them win a lasting peace!

Public opinion greets the proposal of a women's army with ribald humor, doubting the sincerity and ability of feminine recruits. And **CLICK**, attempting to clarify this provocative issue, reveals (after interviewing a representative group of WAACs) that they're capable, serious of purpose, and eager to prove that a women's place, in wartime, is where her country needs her.

They've re-routed civilian ambitions and joined the first American women's army to release soldiers for active service. Selected for their adaptable, well-rounded experiences, the WAACs, like English WRENS and WAAF's, will be assigned to non-combat posts: clerical and chef duty, chemical and medical laboratories, code, map, wireless and drafting units.

Directed by Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps works, drills, marches and is disciplined under strict Army supervision. Officer candidates and auxiliaries (privates) are pledged to serve at home and abroad, though it is believed they will be land-bound in the beginning. Graduate officers will serve as assistant instructors of new groups upon completion of a six-week training period.

WAACS



TYPICAL WAAC.
Wilma Jo Stanton arrives at Iowa's Fort Des Moines for officer's training course. Lieutenant Frederick Arnold helps transfer her baggage to the WAACs' barracks.

The general staff will assign other WAACs to posts where they can be of immediate assistance. By January 1, twenty companies will be trained, and 1800 women recruits will be stationed at eastern air-raid warning posts. Two negro contingents will be assigned to Arizona's Fort Huachuca.

When well-versed in army-administrative methods, the WAAC will cause the transfer of at least 450 enlisted men to combat areas each week. It realizes full-well its responsibility and has dedicated itself to the idea that the Women's Army Auxillary Corps, given the chance, will prove itself equal to the opportunity.



ARMY SAYS "NO" TO GLAMOUR HAIR-DOS! HELEN CROPS HER BOB CLEAR OF NECK- CURL IS GOING TO OFFICER HUSBAND IN AUSTRALIA



CABLING THE GOOD NEWS to Bill right after induction, Helen tells him the Army's her boss now. Return wire reads: "Proud as punch! Glad we're in it together . . . hope our furloughs coincide . . . love, Bill!"

Helen Hagar, New York WAAC, will help husband battle Axis

"I'm in the Army now—hope you're proud!" Cabled across the oceans, these thrilling words notified Air Corps Lieutenant William Hagar, stationed in Australia, that wife Helen was one of the fifty lucky women from New York City to be chosen officer candidates for the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. She's twenty-five years old.

Married only three months when Bill was shipped overseas, Helen, an only child, moved back with her parents. She worked as a secretary in an advertising firm, took night courses at New York University, and enlisted as a civilian defense worker. After seven months she grew restless. For, besides being lonely, Helen felt keenly about sharing the responsibility of the war with the man she loved.

She was eager to "join up" from the very first, but postponed writing Bill about her application to the WAAC. She feared a high school diploma would be poor competition for a college degree. When she made the grade, however, Bill was the first to know. They're hoping to match bars when her officer's training course at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, is completed.



HELEN SHOPS for athletic equipment before leaving—it's on the Army "must" list. WAAC routine includes sports.



OFF-DUTY WAACS may doff uniforms for comfy slacks. Helen selects this snazzy pair for nights when gals go a-bowling.



CIVILIAN DRESS is permitted off-post. A relief from the tailored Army uniform, feminine fashion is for leave evenings.



MALICE TOWARD NONE! Helen hunts for Army-specified pocket-knife. It will be used for hikes and barrack chores.



GOODBYE KISS FOR DADDY. Recuperating, H. C. Lockwood wishes daughter Helen much luck. "We can't fail now," he tells her. "Not when you gals are in it . . . I never knew a woman who lost a battle yet."

The Schmidts, an Army couple, say it's a family fight!

Private Walter J. Schmidt was in the army when he and Jean middle-aisled it a year ago. It was his fight then—it's *their* fight now! Jean was accepted for the first contingent of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. She's thirty years old.

Mrs. Schmidt proved her conviction that this is a woman's war as well as a man's war by closing their home for the duration, sacrificing an executive position and income, and bidding goodbye to her husband (Walter is a coast artilleryman at N. Y.'s Fort Tilden).

A college graduate, Jean hopes to be of immediate service in the Army's financial division. She majored in mathematics, practiced accountancy, and "feels qualified to balance Uncle Sam's Army budget."

Given ten days' time in which to terminate civilian affairs, Jean trained a girl for her job, "paid the butcher and the baker," and spent Walter's week-end furlough at their favorite country hide-away.



WALTER'S WEEK-END FURLOUGH from Fort Tilden brought him home to Jean. They spent their last days together, putting house in order doing the things they enjoy most: Two on the aisle for the best show in town, a spree at the Rainbow Room and a picnic Sunday.



WORK DONE. Jean talks to her boss about building a home after the war is won. He shows her plans for a cottage.



SCHMIDT FURNITURE goes to neighbors—except sentiment pieces. They want to "start from scratch" after the war.

California's Wilma Jo Stanton closes thriving business, enlists

Trading "big business" for an Army career, a fat bank account for its value in victory bonds, Wilma Jo Stanton, of Indiana, Detroit, and most recently Los Angeles, leaves no doubt in your mind—her heart belongs to Uncle Sam!

Twenty-nine, she's been "simply itching" to get into the fight since December 7. "My business wasn't helping the war effort," she volunteers, "and it kept me so tied down that I couldn't do a civilian defense job either. To enlist in the American woman's army was the best possible solution. And am I glad the WAAC saw it the same way!"

Running a dress shop might seem to be a leap and a jump from commanding a troop of WAAC auxiliaries (corresponding to Army privates), but Wilma Jo's life indicates initiative, courage, and leadership. Each are qualities a WAAC must have. Secretary, stenographer, model, office manager and finally the owner of a thriving fashion center, Wilma Jo made a success of everything she undertook. The Women's Army Auxiliary Corps' Board of Selection realized this when they sent her to Des Moines where she's among the first group of women to be trained as officer candidates.



A FORMER MODEL, Wilma Jo Stanton, bids goodbye to mannequin pals. Headed for Des Moines and the WAAC officers' training course, she's put a successful dress business and its "proof of the pudding" bank account behind her. "Business as usual is unpatriotic in wartime," she explains.



WILMA JO'S PROUD of Navy service flag. The Stantons are adding an Army flag now that Wilma Jo is in the WAAC.



PADLOCKED. Wilma Jo's Budget Shoppe will be closed for the duration. Customers promised they'd be back for reopening.



FOREIGN DUTY her aim. Wilma Jo assigns power of attorney to friend. Store accounts, books will be handled by her ex-boss.



WAACS TRAVEL LIGHT, taking only Army-ordered clothing. Wilma Jo's niece helps, sighs. "I wish I were old enough!"



ARMY ALLOWANCE IS DOLED OUT before train-time—enough to get California WAACs to Iowa training camp. Wilma Jo hopes her business background, experience rate a Ft. Des Moines commissary job.

Teacher chooses service to "keep America worthwhile"



SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR ROSE ROSS gives the children in her neighborhood settlement house a last dip. Leaving the following morning for the Women's Auxillary Army Corps Post, Rose brushes up on her teaching technique. She expects to be assigned to a physical education unit.



POWDER AND PAINT for "pre-tying" are O. K. with the Army. If applied with discretion, Rose shopped "5 & 10" for hers.



"TOMCAT" is tagged and shipped to a friend's house. WAACs, like male recruits, are not permitted to keep pets at camp.

Because she wants America to remain the kind of place it is: "worthwhile living in, worthwhile fighting for," Rose F. Ross left the New York City school system to enlist in the Women's Army Auxillary Corps. She's thirty-six, single, confident—and extremely attractive.

A swimming instructor, Miss Ross was the only New York Board of Education employee chosen. Her years of leadership, plus the experience she's had in working with women from every walk of life, convinced the Army selection board that she was definitely WAAC material.

Fatalistic in her attitude toward life's happenings, Rose took written and oral examinations, "never dreaming" she had a chance. However, when she was notified to report for induction, Miss Ross vowed she'd come home only when she "sleaved" a lieutenant's bar.

Living alone (her two sisters are married), has made Rose eager for WAAC community life. "This notion about women clawing each other is so much bosh," she says, "especially when men aren't around to fight about!"

Negro WAAC joins Army to help her country and race

A Des Moines girl, Mrs. Natalie Donaldson was actually going home when she left for the WAAC camp in Iowa. Eager to benefit her country and her race, Mrs. Donaldson was overjoyed to discover that she was among the 440 women selected for the Negro contingent.

A graduate of the University of Michigan, Natalie taught music in Missouri. But her marriage to Dr. I. T. Donaldson, Field Superintendent for Dental Clinics in New York's Department of Welfare, brought her north. Here Mrs. Donaldson worked as social investigator, but when the war broke out she volunteered services to the USO and First Interceptor Command. When the WAAC was formed, she followed a family fighting tradition—enlisted automatically.

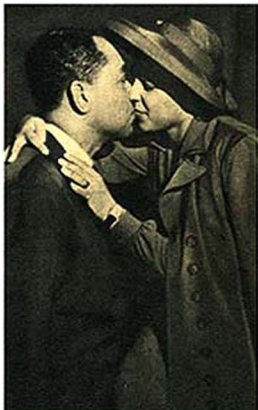
Just five feet tall (WAAC minimum), Natalie dressed her hair in high pompadour fashion the day of her physical exam. "I took no chances on not being accepted," she laughed, "and I just made it—by a hair's breadth!"



"PORGY" AND "BESS" (offstage Todd Duncan and Etta Moten) congratulate Mrs. Natalie Donaldson on her WAAC acceptance. Eager to see the show before departing for Des Moines, Natalie attended a performance and was thrilled to be invited backstage to meet cast.



DENTAL ASSISTANT to her husband, Dr. Donaldson, Natalie is at his side the night before she reports to Army.



FAREWELLS aren't easy. However, this husband and wife may meet again when the doctor is commissioned.

CLICK

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