



# WATCH OUT FOR THE WOMEN

By HAROLD L. ICKES

**Beware, men! A bugaboo expert has spotted something new to worry about. This time it's women—and that's serious.**

IT HAS been stated by individuals who pretend to know something about the Creation that woman was God's second mistake. The debunking inference is that man was the first. I won't stop in the middle of a global war to argue the point, although for many years I have been drifting along on the theory that, by and large, the Creation was well done and has been giving general satisfaction. There has, of course, been Biblical authority for believing that God Himself was satisfied with it; therefore, I have reasoned, it ought to suit me. It's too late to do anything about it anyway.

We'll almost have to be content, it seems to me, with the way things are.

Imagine trying to undo everything that has been done to date and starting all over again. Even Hitler, with all his bombast, would not undertake such a chore as that. It would certainly run into a lot of money. So let's forget it and do the best that we can with what we have.

What I am leading up to is this: In the light of what women throughout the world are doing to help their menfolk win the war in the shortest possible time, I am no longer in any serious doubt that it would have been

a big mistake not to make women. There may have been occasions before Pearl Harbor when I might not have felt that way, and, even now, certain women snark me into believing that they shouldn't be here, but, for women in general, that is my opinion as of today. Yet, on the other hand, I am leaning more and more to the view that the world would have been a better place in which to live if man hadn't been put in it. It's just possible that I am thinking of certain men, but, in any case, they are here, and that's that.

Recently, Mrs. Roosevelt said that if women would make more sacrifices, the war would be shortened. Without knowing what Mrs. Roosevelt had in her mind, I would like to put in right here that my guess is that the per capita sacrifice is much greater among women

than it is among men. Woman's sacrifice in these war days runs the gamut of human experience, from the cradle to the grave, the surrender to the slaughter of the sons she bore, homemaking with a smile under mounting difficulties, hard manual labor that no one ever thought that she could do, and the giving up of conveniences that long years of indulgence and enjoyment had taught her to take as a matter of course. And, if Mrs. Roosevelt is correct in her estimate that woman is capable of even greater sacrifices than she is now making, then it stands to reason that man on the home front has only just begun to give.

The relational position of woman after the war is most certainly going to be such as was never before dreamed by her—or, what is more to the point, by man. She is coming out of it skilled and trained to do things that would make her grandfather turn over in his grave if he could see her do them. Mechanic, technician, a worthy competitor in fields that man has heretofore pre-empted on the assumption that to occupy them one had to have the brains and the brawn that only he possessed. This war is going to prove how wrong he has been.

I think that this is as good a time as any—a better one perhaps—to warn the men that when the war is over, the going will be a lot tougher, because they will have to compete with women whose eyes have been opened to their greatest economic potentialities. And may I say that, in my opinion, this is at least one good thing that is coming out of this horrible conflict?

My views concerning women are probably not important. In a court of law they would be thrown out as "irrelevant and immaterial." They might even be called queer. Conceivably I have reached that stage in life described in the verse:

*King David and King Solomon  
Led merry, merry lives,  
With many, many lady friends  
And many, many wives;  
But when old age crept over them,  
With many, many qualms,  
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs  
And King David wrote the Psalms.*

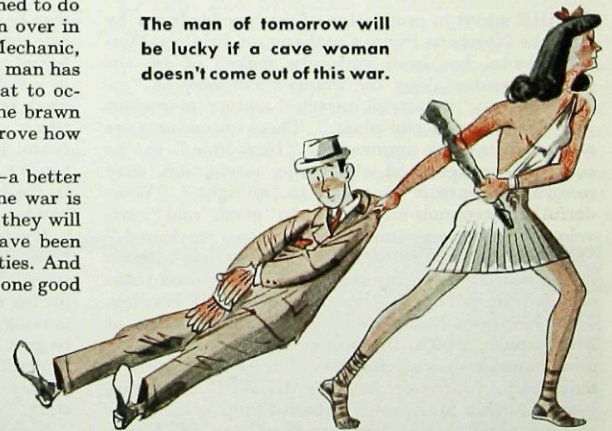
However, I see a new era approaching, and though it may not make any great difference to me personally, I think that I ought, out of loyalty to my sex, to

caution the men against taking too much for granted when once again, having beaten their swords into plowshares, they seek to return to peaceful pursuits. Women are not going to be as easy to down in the future, and they haven't been particularly easy, to date. The war is teaching them that they can do things that before Pearl Harbor were reserved for us fellows.

I have never pretended to be an expert on the subject of women. Sometimes I wish that I could have been, because I am sure that it would have proved a vastly more interesting subject than petroleum or anthracite coal or sponge iron. Unfortunately for me, my observations and conclusions concerning women are based on a very circumscribed practical experience. But, as in music, I know what I like and what appeals to me. I know a sour note when I hear one. I have read enough to know that there have been women with that certain look in their eye who have overturned empires, counterbalanced the fortunes of war, shifted the tide of battle, and driven men with stronger constitutions than mine to drink. It would be quite an experience, I imagine, to be swept off one's feet by a seductive and determined witch who always gets her man. I have never had that pleasure. I have always been the pursuer—or at least so I have thought.

According to the rules of sex chivalry under which I was brought up, the male was expected to "take it" from the female of the species, regardless of the circumstances and whether he liked it or not. The female, like the customer, was always right. Let the little girl scratch you or spit in your face. You were expected never to forget, even if you were only six, that you were still a gentleman. There was an immutable law of nature against retaliation of any sort, to say nothing of returning in kind.

**The man of tomorrow will be lucky if a cave woman doesn't come out of this war.**



But those were the days when men kidded themselves that they were the pursuers. Women were sweet and gentle and retiring, and they had no objective in life save to become faithful wives and good mothers, expecting no reward, at least in this life, but only the satisfaction of having fulfilled their mission to do all the weeping for the family.

And now all that is going to be changed—by the war. I have seen men horrified by the thought of women entering the so-called learned professions and the ranks of labor who have come to the realization reluctantly that it was becoming a case of dog eat cat or turning mouse and letting the cat have her way. Times have changed

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CARTOONS BY ERVINE METZL

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radically, and, I do believe, we haven't seen anything yet. Although man is no longer expected to take, sitting down, everything that a woman chooses to hand him, just because she is a woman, he is now going to have to learn that the war has made her more than ever his equal and, if he doesn't watch out, his superior in many branches of human endeavor.

Somewhere along my life's pathway there has crept in the suspicion that women themselves invented the legend of the cave man who clubbed them into

submission and then dragged them by the hair to his lair.

The man of tomorrow will be lucky if a cave woman doesn't come out of this war to club him into submission and take away many of the prerogatives that he has been regarding as inalienable—at least in theory.

I am only warning him to be on his guard against the new woman that he will have to get acquainted with when all this is over. And don't say that I didn't give him fair notice.

## THESE ARE THE GENERALS—EICHEMBERGER

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Eichelberger's reports confirmed General Graves in his decision to keep a strictly hands-off policy and to confine American troops to keeping order and guarding sections of the Siberian railroad assigned to them by an allied board. This neutral attitude, however, also led to trouble, particularly with the Japs, whose devious schemes would be balked if the Americans kept law and order in the land. Their bandit stooges continually tried to create incidents. Eichelberger was always able, however, to trace each deed to the Japs, with the result that in each case General Graves forced the Japs to back down and hiss, "So sorry," though they outnumbered us 10 to 1. Graves put Eichelberger on the allied board, and there Eichelberger repeatedly outguessed and outfaced the Japs. On one occasion, when the Japs demanded control of sections of the railroad guarded by the Americans, Eichelberger, speaking for Graves, in effect told them, "Okay, you've got us outnumbered. But if you want it, you'll have to come and take it from us." That ended that demand. A year or so later the Japs sent him the three medals.

Eichelberger got his D.S.M. for the intelligence job he did on that expedition. How important that was is shown by the official citation, which reads: "By his keen foresight, discriminating judgment and brilliant professional attainments, exercised through his efficiently established organization, he was able to keep his commanding general well and fully informed at all times. His tireless energy and keen foresight into local conditions gave him a masterful grasp of the situation, which contributed materially to the success of the forces in Siberia. He rendered most conspicuous services of inestimable value to the Government in a position of great responsibility."

How he managed to do such an intelligence job in a strange, revolution-torn country whose language he could not speak is still his secret. But the men who worked with him in later years guess that part of it was due to his being "as curious as a cat in a strange room. He just can't stand not knowing everything that is going on."

It was partly this curiosity which led him, a staff officer, into the front lines of combat areas and into the situations where he displayed such bravery that he won the coveted Distinguished Service Cross. The scene was the Suchan area, a mountainous, wooded, coal-mining section northeast of Vladivostok. The miners and hunters there, rebelling against being forced into the Kolchak army, organized a sort of minute-man organization. They warned the American authorities that they were going to cut the railroad line because supplies were going over it to the Kolchak forces. General Graves knew that was true, and was complaining about it himself. But it was his job to protect the railroad, and when the "partisans," as they were called, de-

stroyed several trestles and tore up some of the narrow-gauge line, he felt it his duty to send troops against them.

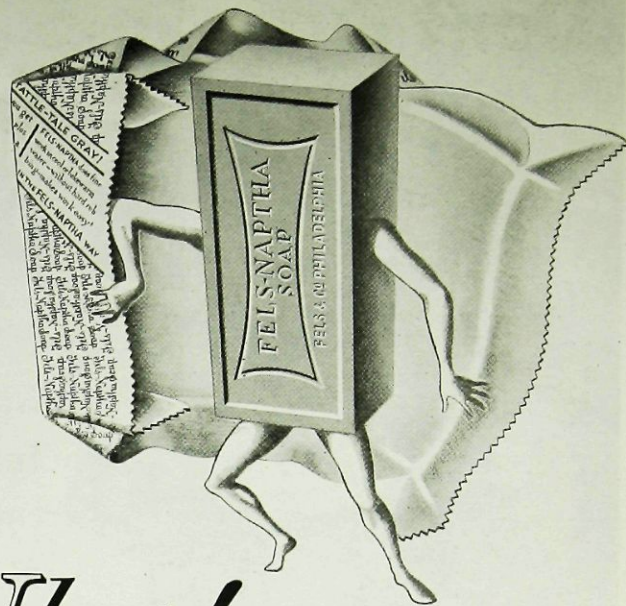
Eichelberger, by now a lieutenant colonel, and Maj. Sidney C. Graves, a son of the general, decided to observe the action. They were watching a platoon advance to clear hostile patrols from a commanding ridge outside Novitskaya, when suddenly the partisans caught the platoon with enfilading fire. The lieutenant leading the attack dropped, seriously wounded. The partisans lived largely by hunting, and had the same kind of deadly marksmanship for which American frontiersmen were noted. Eichelberger knew this. Nevertheless, he ran forward, shouting to the remainder of the platoon to seek cover, and took command. Graves went with him, and, seizing rifles from wounded soldiers, they began firing at the partisans, whose positions were revealed by the white puffs of smoke from the black powder they used in their rifles. Then, while Graves carried the wounded lieutenant to safety, Eichelberger calmly covered the withdrawal of the platoon by fancy sharpshooting.

This was only one of three acts mentioned in the citation for his D.S.C. The next day he was watching another American column debouching from a mountain pass when it was caught in a withering fire. He dashed into the line of fire, rallied the men and drove off the enemy.

The third incident had its comic aspects despite the fact that it entailed real risk of life. An American officer and three enlisted men went fishing in the mountains and were caught by the partisans. The captured men faced the possibility of being shot, particularly if a punitive expedition was sent to rescue them. Eichelberger volunteered to get them back singlehanded. First he went to the local White Russian headquarters and demanded that a leading partisan held prisoner there be turned over to him. How he knew they had that prisoner and how he backed up his demand remain his secrets. But he got the prisoner, and with him went into the mountains, seeking the partisan headquarters. This was truly flirting with death, for the partisans were as likely as not to shoot at any uniform they saw. However, the partisans observed the rules of warfare this time. Their chief parleyed politely with Eichelberger, and finally Eichelberger convinced him that one important partisan, who would have been shot by the Whites, was a fair exchange for four Americans.

"However," said Eichelberger, pointing to a mule which the American soldiers had used as a pack animal on their fishing trip, "the mule is legitimate spoils of war. The mule you may keep."

"No, no!" roared the partisan chief, throwing up his hands in dismay. "You must take the mule with you! He is a monster! He does not understand Russian and he has kicked everyone in this camp!"



# What!

## NO DISHES?

You have just bought a piano, a living-room rug, a fine watch, or some similar, substantial adjunct to your home or your scheme of living. What extra inducement was "thrown in" to influence your choice?

The answer, of course, is—*nothing*. In fact, you'd be suspicious if something extra had been offered! You are satisfied the article itself is worth the price you paid.

Most Fels-Naptha users feel the same way about laundry soap. They know that a bar or box of Fels-Naptha Soap is worth every penny of the purchase price—in *extra washing energy*. They don't want any other extras "thrown in."



As one woman aptly puts it, "the soap that's cheapest at the counter isn't always cheapest when the washing's done."



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