I Pick Walcott

BY PAUL GARDNER

Who’s to Blame for High Prices?
If you had sampled every one of the 771 brands of beer brewed in America today, we think you'd still agree that Blatz Beer tops them all. One reason is that—like finest bush-ripened raspberries—this grand old brew is mellowed to the very peak of flavor. Another is that we've brewed only in Milwaukee...home of America's finest beers for 97 years...and Blatz is Milwaukee's first bottled beer.

Valentin Blatz—Master Brewer, son and grandson of Master Brewers—Founder, Blatz Brewing Company, 1851.
Who Pays for Telephone Expansion?

INVESTORS DO

They invest in telephone bonds and stocks and we use the money to build new telephone facilities.

On the other hand, the money you pay us for telephone service is used for wages, taxes, depreciation and other operating costs.

So when you read about the millions of dollars we are putting into our expansion program—or see a new building going up—it is good to be able to say:

"Thanks, Mr. and Mrs. Investor. Thanks for putting up so much money so we can have so much more and better telephone service."

That's the way it happens.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
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From where I sit
by Joe Marsh

They let the
Wives in!

The ex-GI's of our town entertained their wives the other night at one of their "feeds" of hamburger sandwiches and ice cold beer. (The girls had been hinting around that they'd like to see what went on when their husbands got together!)

Being wary, the boys provided chicken sandwiches and cake and cider—for those wives who might have other tastes. But though they were grateful for the choice, most wives agreed that hamburger sandwiches and beer were a mighty fine combination.

After the "feed" the husbands took their wives on at a game of darts, and later they played "Indications." The party didn't break up until around ten, with the boys agreeing that it was mighty successful.

From where I sit, it's this pleasant companionship among young couples today, and their moderation in a sensible beverage like beer, that's won the younger generation such a wholesome reputation.

By A. D. Wilkes

June, 1948

Copyright, 1948, United States Brewers Foundation
Keep your eye on the track!
Most racing drivers use Champion Spark Plugs
because they have found that they
insure better, more dependable engine
performance. Most motorists have
likewise found this to be true—and have
made Champion America’s Favorite Spark Plug
—for every engine!

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FOLLOW THE EXPERTS
DEMAND NEW DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR

Listen to the CHAMPION ROLL CALL . . . Harry Wiser's fast sportscast every Friday night, over the ABC network

The Editors' Corner

Magazine covers, like movies, don't just happen. We hope it doesn't destroy any illusions to let you in on how this month's cover came into being. The photo above shows you the plot thickening. Though the cover was planned for June, 'twas February and snow lay all about (outdoors.) But in former Infantryman Tony Venti's New York studio it was warm as June under the lights, and Tony, crouching on sand, his ex-GI brother, left, and two veteran assistants were busy making our June beach scene. The male model is also a veteran. The child, aged three, is not, nor is the dog, a 1 1/2 year old boxer. About the girl, we don't know.

The boat, the sand and the seashells were hauled to the studio. The water is cellophane, the distant shore is bits of cedar stuck to the backdrop, and the sky and clouds are painted to the backdrop. Turn to the cover and see if you can tell.

Louis vs. Walcott

When it became apparent that Joe Walcott would sign to fight Joe Louis a return bout we double- timed it to Toots Shor's restaurant in Midtown Manhattan, where we found Paul Gardner sandwiched between broad-shouldered Vic Ghezzi, the golfer, and Arthur Donovan, the referee.

Gardner is a good sportswriter. He did the piece we ran about Frank Leahy last fall, and tipped you off on the Notre Dame team and its coach before the first whistle.

At Shor's we rushed Gardner to a neutral corner and said: "Pick a winner. Louis or Walcott. Your choice." Paul ducked and parried, but we had him on the ropes and he finally said: "I pick Walcott." He says it again on page 22 of this issue, and explains why. No matter who wins the coming heavyweight contest Gardner's article, I Pick Walcott, gives you the straight dope on the style, ability, motives and private life of the challenger. It'll hold water even if Paul's prediction doesn't.

Waiting Out Housing Inflation

A short time ago Comrade Paul Russell, of Basin, Wyoming, wrote asking if there was any way he could get a GI home loan to build a basement apartment with the intention of building the rest of the house "some time in the future."
We couldn’t answer the question so we routed it through your Legion Housing Committee, which took the matter up with the VA. Just recently Committeeman Robert Dinger received a reply from the VA, which we quote in part: “... Very glad to advise you that from the facts submitted it appears that a loan for the purpose of the proposed construction should be eligible for guaranty under the Act ...”

A New Look In Autos
If you haven’t been able to get a new car perhaps you have been lucky all along. During the next few months you will see that the auto industry has finally broken the bond that, except for a few makes, tied it to pre-war design. On page 14 of this issue Stanley H. Brams gives you an exclusive peek—right out of Detroit’s inner sanctums—at what will be popping up in new models, starting very shortly.

War Two Insurance
A year ago we ran the story of the awful mess the VA got into in handling this insurance, a mess which resulted in the dropping of millions of policies. On page 20 is a report to War Two Vets on their insurance today, with particular emphasis on things veterans should know about their coverage which haven’t been made very clear heretofore. Since those who have dropped their insurance have only until July 31 to get it back easily, and those who still have it may still feel doubtful about it, we feel it is important that War Two vets read the current report.

Who Doesn’t Want UMT?
In addition to the hundreds of thousands of Legionnaires who have signed UMT petitions to Congress many hundreds have sent unsolicited letters to this magazine praising the Legion’s endorsement of immediate Universal Military Training. We wish we could award our monthly $100 prize to one of them but don’t see how we could without discriminating against all the others. By the hundreds they have talked turkey on national preparedness. Our mail praising the Legion’s UMT stand comes also from persons whose names are being used against the bill by its opponents, including many mothers whose children would serve, and many of the young men who would be UMTees themselves. They all want it.

Veterans In Small Businesses
We have an article in the hopper for an early issue concerning the many problems a veteran faces in conducting a small business. However we are receiving so many requests for specific information which go beyond anything we could cover in an article it is time to point out a good source of information. The U. S. Government Printing Office lists 40 books on small businesses which sell for from 10¢ to 55¢.

A man with Pipe Appeal scores a hit with the ladies... just as a pipeful of Prince Albert scores with particular smokers everywhere.

P.A* means Pipe Appeal means Prince Albert

- When you try Prince Albert—you’ll understand why it’s America’s largest-selling smoking tobacco! It tastes rich. It smokes cool. It’s mild and tongue-easy. For P.A.’s choice tobacco is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. For smoking joy and comfort—try P.A.!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

FOR CIGARETTE MAKINS’!
P.A. SCORES A HIT WITH ME!
IT’S SMOOTH ROLLING—GRAND TASTING!”
YOU'LL HAVE A LIFETIME OF SHOOTING FUN WITH A

REMINGTON "500" Series 22 Rifle

You can't help but have more fun, more downright shooting enjoyment and pride of ownership with a Remington "500" series 22 rifle. Feature for feature, these Remingtons are outstanding for value, quality and performance. Ask your local dealer about them, and begin a lifetime of shooting fun— in the very near future.

Self-cocking bolt—with strong firing pin—to provide faster shooting, longer service.

Double cams make it easier to cock the bolt when you raise the handle.

Red firing indicator protrudes from bolt and shows red when rifle is cocked.

Double locking lugs provide correct head spacing for more years of fine accuracy.

Left: Remington Model 521T. Combination target and hunting rifle.

OTHER REMINGTON 22 RIFLES
"Targetmaster" Model 510 single shot 22 rifle.
"Scoremaster" Model 511 box magazine 22 repeater.
"Sportmaster" Model 512 tubular magazine 22 repeater.
Model 513T. Top-Notch 22 bolt action target rifle.

Remington

DU PONT


Previews
OF PRODUCTS
INVENTIONS
IDEAS

Here are the things being developed for better living now, next month, or a year or more from now.

NEW SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLES... The Marlin Firearms Company announces two new .22 caliber semi-automatic rifles, the 88-C and 89-C, with several interesting features. The 88-C is a 15-shot weapon with tubular magazine feed, while the 89-C has a 7-shot clip magazine. Both models feature in their receiver construction a new principle of bolt support which reduces the effect of powder fouling. Bolt and receiver are so supported that adequate space is provided for an accumulation of fouling which in no way binds upon the moving parts and slows them down. Take-down features of both rifles are said to be very simple, and construction is such that the action is described as extremely fast and fool-proof.

TO SAVE HOT WATER TANKS... A simple magnesium rod may be the answer to the perennial household problem, the rusting hot water tank, according to research workers of The Dow Chemical Company. When introduced into the tank by means of a special fitting, they say, the magnesium rod becomes self-sacrificing and itself disintegrates in place of the tank walls. The reason water tanks rust, Dow technicians say, is largely due to a battery-like action set up between the water and the metal. Magnesium has the ability to reverse the current flow, corroding itself instead of the steel tank. The rods are moderately priced and easily installed in any size or type of water heater. Average life of such a rod is said to be six years.

FOR MODEL PLANE ENTHUSIASTS... Ex-GI Edward F. Lally learned something in the infantry which he has developed into an interesting emergency sun-compass. Called the Watch Pocket Guide, it is a plastic device which, when used in combination with your watch, serves as a compass. Lally says he got the idea during a course in compass reading at Fort Custer, Michigan, and had occasion to test it in the Sudeten Mountains in Germany. Advantages over the magnetic compass are that it isn't influenced by metallic objects, it's faster and it sells for only a dime. Lally, who is in the market for salesmen, is at 57 Alden Square, Bridgewater, Mass.

GOING THAT WAY?... Ex-GI Edward F. Lally learned something in the infantry which he has developed into an interesting emergency sun-compass. Called the Watch Pocket Guide, it is a plastic device which, when used in combination with your watch, serves as a compass. Lally says he got the idea during a course in compass reading at Fort Custer, Michigan, and had occasion to test it in the Sudeten Mountains in Germany. Advantages over the magnetic compass are that it isn't influenced by metallic objects, it's faster and it sells for only a dime. Lally, who is in the market for salesmen, is at 57 Alden Square, Bridgewater, Mass.
DO SHOE LACES GET YOU DOWN?... For those people who dislike the job of lacing and unlacing shoe laces, the Cecil Corporation of Chicago has come up with an invention to make life simpler. It is a flexible shoe lace called Flex-O-Lace which eliminates the need for the daily tying and untying of laces. The secret, of course, is the elastic lace which stretches as the foot is inserted in or removed from the shoe. Besides appealing to those who like to avoid effort or who have a hurrying wrist-line, it is likely to be of interest to the disabled.

STICKING PAINT TO METAL...To give metal surfaces the proper preparation so paint will adhere to them, the American Chemical Paint Co., Ambler, Pa., is introducing Deoxidine, a phosphoric acid metal cleaner and rust remover. The product is designed to remove oil, grease and surface soil, and is said to neutralize invisible rust-producing agents which would cause rusting under the paint finish. In addition, the manufacturers claim, it creates a minutely etched surface which holds paint with a firm grip. Deoxidine comes in two grades, one to be used where rinse facilities are available and the other where the only cleaning possible is a wipe-off operation.

GET THE POINT...A point for every purpose is turned out by a new kind of pencil sharpener being made by Triple "E" Products Co., St. Louis, Mo. A mere turn of a ball-bearing indicator cap gives you a standard point, draftsman's long-lead blunt or long-lead sharp. Soiled hands and smudged work are eliminated by the Bakelite case that catches graphite particles and wood shavings. Hollow-ground blades may be easily replaced.

NEW DEMOUNTABLE GOLF WOOD... The Trija demountable golf club line, popular for practice, travel and vacation use, and for the ladies, has been expanded now to include a "wood." The new "wood" head fits perfectly into the Trija family of demountable, dual-purpose iron heads with the single shaft. The "wood" is offered in the four conventional lofts. It is of light metal, beautifully engineered and perfectly balanced. Selling for $6, it complements the present set of three Trija heads and one shaft which make up into six individual iron clubs including putter, chipper, mashie, mid-iron, and driving iron. The sets are available at leading pro shops and dealers or from the Trija Company, in Los Angeles.

TOUGH BUFFER...Something new in a buffing tool is the Bull Buffer just announced by the D. H. Bertram Engineering Co., of Kansas City, Mo. Detachable, it fits the chuck of an electric drill or flexible shaft. Because of its gear ratio it provides the extra power called for by many jobs, but despite this power it is light and maneuverable. Most interesting feature, however, is the fact that it is an accessory and not a complete power-driven unit. Those who already own an electric drill or flexible shaft can use their present power supply without buying a complete unit. Price, complete with five-inch rubber disk, sheepskin bonnet and two sanding discs, is $9.95.

NEWS FOR GUNNERS...The shooter who wants greater flexibility in his scope equipment will be interested in the Master Mount now being made available by Stith Mounts, of San Antonio, Texas. Different scopes with 3/4, 7/8 and 1-inch tubes may be used with quick interchangeability in the same mount. Scopes can be changed with one hand; no tools or spare parts are necessary. The manufacturer reports that tests using three scopes on the same rifle, firing in rotation, consistently obtained 1 1/2-inch groups at 100 yards. Master Mounts can be used on the Winchester 70, Winchester 54, Remington 721, Enfield and Mauser.

June, 1948

DO DOUBLE ACTION!...

NEW PENNZOIL MOTOR OIL FLOWS FAST STAYS TOUGH!

Safeguard your engine for summer with instant and lasting protection. You get them both with double-action Pennzoil! **Pennzoil**

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvanian Safe Lubrication

At this sign of better dealers, coast to coast

Tough-film PENNZOIL* gives all engines an extra margin of safety

*Trademarks of Standard Oil Co., New Jersey

J. C. K.
Fishin’? Let’s GO!

How about it? Tackle ready? Boat shipshape? Got a motor to do the heavy work?… Funny thing about fishermen, experienced fishermen. They’re cranks about equipment, including outboard motors. That’s why it means something when so many anglers say that Johnson is “America’s Favorite Fishing Motor.” Ask any fishermen you know—see if the majority don’t say, “Buy Johnson.”

JOHNSON MOTORS, 1300 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Illinois
Johnson Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada

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Vagabond
EVERYWHERE UNDER THE SUN

Wherever you are—whatever the weather—enjoy unsurpassed comfort and appearance with a Vagabond. Be keen, discriminating—choose Vagabond. You’ll get an all aluminum exterior; Vagabond’s floor heating system; distinctive appointments and interior decorations; rugged truss-type frame; and Vagabond’s famous roadability.

Write, TODAY, for descriptive catalog and dealer’s name.

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Sound Off!

Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, 1 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Our Loyal and Abused Indians

…Many of us in this Indian Reservation were in the Army and we thought it would be fine if we had one of the few Indian American Legion Posts. Now we have it and we’ve been raising the Legion fund by giving games and Indian dances… We are proud to be Legonnaires and the only all-Indian Post in the State of Iowa, and we’re going to keep her going to the end.

ARTHUR BLACKCLOUD
Tama, Iowa

…A few Indian veterans of North Dakota have joined the Legion. More have not, for we have a question in mind. We were told we fought for freedom, but it is not freedom to the Indian vet. We are wards of the government and don’t enjoy citizenship privileges, such as borrowing money for business. An Indian vet can borrow from the Indian Council, but has to buy what he’s told to buy. It’s like being a little boy who is told to buy a green sucker, though he wants a red one. That’s how it is with the Indian veteran. Where does that leave us with our rights under the GI Bill? Where does it leave us as Americans?

The Legion has done a lot. Can it do something about this? It would mean so much to us, but we can do nothing without the help of our white friends.

INDIAN (name withheld)
Bismarck, North Dakota

Long before the recent rash of magazine articles about Indian rights the American Legion stood officially for full citizenship for all American Indians without loss of treaty rights. (Resolution #177, San Francisco Convention, 1946). It’s about time that every Legionnaire wrote his Congressman to back up this policy. Hardly anybody is opposed to the idea, but apparently most Congressmen feel no particular urge to make Americans of the first Americans. They must be shown that even in States where there are no Indians to worry about it is popular to do the decent thing. Such a letter would be very simple. It would say, “Give American Indians full citizenship rights immediately.” A couple of million such letters ought to get action.

EDITORS

No Clean Teeth Never Decay

Don’t let my razzing deter you from printing more articles such as What You Don’t Know About Your Health by J. B. Rice, M.D., in the April issue, for they are worth while. But when the good Doctor spoke of the possibility of a clean tooth decaying he missed the reason. In over thirty years of looking down in the mouth I have yet to see decay in a clean tooth for the simple
reason that I've never yet seen a clean tooth... in the mouth...

JOHN E. WATERS, D.D.S.
Coronado, California

Children Run Wild

...What can the Legion do for the children of our community? We want a park or playground for them in the near future, for they have no social or physical recreation facilities—they play in the streets and run wild. My husband and sons are Legionnaires.

MRS. D. F. P.
Kentucky

The answer can be discovered only in your town, and it's a job for your Post. Hundreds or other Posts have met the same problem, and perhaps each did it differently. But there is a pattern for doing the job. The Post should come up with a plan for the town to follow, find an available tract of land, recommend what should be done with it, learn the cost and whose cooperation is needed and determine how far the Post is willing to go on the job itself. Armed with a plan, a Post committee may persuade town officials to do the rest in one or more friendly talks—or the matter may have to be made a town issue, kept in line with other Post suggestions to offer we will gladly forward them to Mrs. D. F. P.

EDITORS

That Heart Article

I agree with J. E. Lee, of Dallas who wrote (April Sound Off) that the Legion should split apart a Heart Month and every Legionnaire should donate 50¢ to support the American Heart Association... Let's go through with it and give all we can... J. H. WAIN
Runford, Maine

If we printed all the fine letters from readers about Myron Stearns' article Will Heart Disease Get You? (February) they would.

$100 PRIZE WINNER

Who says the American Legion isn't a great outfit? I joined our Legion Post in August of 1947. On November 5, 1947 I was taken ill with polio, paralyzing me from the waist down. Since that time the Post has done many things for my family and me. At the time I was taken ill I was building my own home and of course work had to stop. That's when the Legion stepped in and started a building fund for me. They gave card parties, supplied me with a wheel chair and are now helping to finish the little home I had started. They are going around to different stores and getting all my electrical appliances as cheaply as possible. The George R. Duncan Post #371 is doing this.

ROBERT KLEINSCHMIDT
Berlin, New Jersey

The American Legion Magazine will continue to pay $100 each month for the most interesting letter submitted for use in Sound Off. No more than 300 words. Simply address your letter to Sound Off. Editor, The American Legion Magazine, 1 Park Avenue, New York 16, New York. Letters cannot be acknowledged.

June, 1948

more than fill an issue of this magazine. The Child Welfare Division of the American Legion has been fighting heart disease, and particularly rheumatic fever, for over twenty years. February is Heart Month, No Post could go wrong in raising a contribution to the American Heart Association each February, be it large or small. No Legionnaire could go wrong in educating his fellow townsman until they all know that the words "rheumatic fever" are more terrible for children than the words "scarlet fever," diphtheria, whooping cough, measles, small pox and meningitis" all rolled into one. We repeat two sentences, from Mr. Stearns' article: "Violent accidents kill more children than any other cause. After that comes rheumatic fever." Legionnaires have good reason to write in expressing the pride they take in their organization for its work in this field. EDITORS

Fun On The Base Paths

In The Phillips' Prize Rookie (April) Author John Strohmeyer said... Rhawn walked, Witek walked and Blattner singled to right, scoring Rhawn. Then, with the score 3-1 in favor of the Giants, went Mize to the plate to face young Curt Simmons and "Mize represented the tying run." Blattner must be the forgotten man...

JOHN D. WARREN
Nashua, New Hampshire

...Perhaps Blattner took off for a short beer.

BERNER E. CLARK
Buffalo, New York

A dance cap to Author Strohmeyer. Your editors are in the clear. After all, Simmons isn't one of our Juniors and you can't expect us to count straight when he's up there facing Mize.

EDITORS

Why Join The Legion?

Please write me why a veteran should join the Legion, as I would have to know more about it. I am the father of four sons. Some of them are veterans.

THOMAS HESTER
Fayetteville, North Carolina

Too much to tell, but here's an idea. Read the Preamble to the Constitution of the American Legion. Then read this month's Sound Off letter and the next seven letters below, which came in the same mail as your letter, to get an idea how the Preamble works.

EDITORS

...Many times I've heard the question: "Why should I belong to the Legion?... There are many who expect to reap where they did not sow... Yet the GI Bill didn't just happen, it was brought about by the wisdom, strength and determination of the American Legion. If you or one of your family or friends have been helped by Pension, Job Training, Home, Farm or Business Loans, Education, Insurance, Hospitalization, Medical Care—or by one of the following Post functions: Community Service, Child Welfare, Boy Scouts, Junior Baseball, Military Funerals, Memorial Services for departed comrades, you would no doubt take a more active part. You may not need benefits now or ever, but you should take it as a privilege and honor to enjoy the fellowship of the Legion and share in its work...

R. O. DORSEY
Louisville, Kentucky

...Recently a Legion buddy entered my name for a subscription to the Legion (More SOUND OFF! on Page 49)
1. A lot of people have some pretty surprising ideas about how much of each dollar that industry takes in goes for profits. They think profits take a big slice of the sales “pie”—an average of as much as 25 per cent.

2. These same people—all over the country—were asked what they thought would be a fair profit for business to make. The great majority said from 10 to 15 cents out of each dollar! That is amazing—because...

3. The fact is, as shown by Government figures, industry averages less than half that much profit!

4. So, profits are not the big piece of pie that many people think. They aren’t even the middle-sized piece most people believe to be fair. Actually, they are only half of even that—the little piece of pie shown here.

5. And even that doesn’t tell the whole story. For about half of the reasonable profits earned by industry go right back into business to pay for the development and expansion that bring more products, more jobs, and greater security for all.

6. That’s how “the profit system” works to give more Americans more good things than are enjoyed by any other people on earth!

**National Association of Manufacturers**
Composed of the 16,500 large and small companies that make most of America’s manufactured products.
Everyone blames everyone else for today’s high cost of living, and just about everyone is partly responsible.

But there’s something you can do about today’s sky-high prices.

By JAMES F. O’NEIL

National Commander, The American Legion

Until that first big break in commodity prices a few months ago, living costs had skyrocketed to the highest levels on record—even higher than the dizzy peak reached in 1920, after World War I. Retail food prices, the worst offender, jumped more than 120 percent above pre-war levels. Fantastic prices for meat, butter, milk and eggs, among other things, put a terrific crimp in the family budget, and caused misery in plenty of American homes.

And if that wasn’t bad enough for the average guy trying to make ends meet, developments arising out of the general shortage of things made matters even worse. We’ve all seen these things, read about them in the newspapers, even experienced them ourselves in one way or another.

For instance, many of us are bitter about the activities of the chiselers, the gray marketeers. We all know about the smart operators who were getting up to $3,000 for an automobile listed at half that amount. We are acquainted with builders who not only demand an exorbitant price for their houses but who cheat the buyer in every way possible. During the past winter we were treated to the sight of certain fuel dealers who, taking advantage of zero weather and an oil shortage, held out for double the price of oil—and if the buyer had a sick wife or child in his house that was just too bad for him. In times like these such chiselers always emerge and, since
they are usually slick enough to stay within the letter of the law, it's hard to get them behind bars where they belong.

But there's no reason for becoming too discouraged over the situation, bleak as it might seem. Without calling on the Government it's possible for you, as an individual, not only to ride out the inflationary storm but help lower prices.

Before coming to that, however, I would like to discuss a phase of the inflation picture I don't think is sufficiently understood. While incidents such as I've described have made the newspaper headlines, they don't tell the whole story of inflation—not by a long shot. Seeking the basic reasons for the inflationary spiral, people the country over have been asking in all seriousness, "How did prices of everything get so high, anyway?"

Many people have put that question to me as I've traveled around the country. And every time they did, it made me think—not of a long-haired economic explanation—but of a famous cartoon that appeared many, many years ago.

Remember the notorious Tweed Ring that flourished in New York City politics after the Civil War? Well, when outraged citizens asked who was getting all the graft (for example: $8,000,000 for a courthouse that was supposed to have cost $250,000), Thomas Nast drew a cartoon that became a classic. It showed Boss Tweed and his henchmen all grouped around a circle, with each of them pointing to the next fellow as the culprit.

The same idea seems to express the attitude of different groups today, whenever anyone tries to blame them for the rise in prices that took place.

Many a housewife blamed her store-keeper for the sky-high prices for the family groceries. "Don't blame me," said the storekeeper. "Look at the prices I've had to pay the wholesaler." And the wholesaler, using the same argument, promptly passed the buck to the food manufacturer and processor.

The labor unions have been blamed for helping to put prices up because of the successive wage increases they've demanded and won. True or false, the fact remains that many breadwinners are not a great deal better off than before the war, as a practical matter; some groups of workers, in fact, are somewhat worse off or just about even with 1939. Why? Because the rise in prices has taken a big bite out of everyone's purchasing power, and because until recently we've all had to pay taxes as never before. Hardest hit of all have been people like school teachers, policemen and firemen, elderly pensioners, and married vets trying to go to college, because their income has increased nowhere in proportion to their rise in living expenses.

Business has been charged with making fantastic profits—the highest in history. That's true, and one reason for it is that business has been doing the greatest dollar volume of business in history. But for all their swollen profits many a business man reports that he's had to pay continually higher prices for raw materials and higher wages to his employees, as well as inflated prices for expanding his plant or replacing worn-out equipment. Moreover, business men in many lines
are concerned about the high-cost inventories they have on hand. These inventories, they declare, could become a serious problem if sales should fall off drastically and they'd have to be unloaded at lower price levels, even though many companies have set aside large reserves to guard against this contingency.

Farmers have been singled out for their part in kiting living expenses. True, farm prices went up—at last winter's peak, more than 200 percent above pre-war levels. But so have the prices farmers in turn have had to pay for such things as feed and machinery; moreover, the wages farmers pay their hired hands have nearly tripled since pre-war days. After suffering bitterly throughout the depression, farmers

struck it rich during the war, and their inflated earnings reflected the old law of supply and demand. But now, with the peak in prices apparently over, farmers are looking to the guaranteed floors—not the potential ceilings—for their crops, in order to assure themselves of a minimum income. And to show how mercurial farm income can be, that market break last February—which pared consumers' food costs by around 3 percent—clipped a full 9 percent off the prices farmers had been receiving for their crops.

What all this boils down to is that we've all been part of the inflationary ring... in the same boat... riding the same merry-go-round—whatever you want to call it. So before anyone starts calling anyone else names, let him be sure his own nose is clean.

If you're an employee, have you been putting in a full day's work on the job, or have you been taking more than you've been giving?

If you're a manufacturer, wholesaler or retailer, have you been passing on your merchandise to the public at a fair price, or have you tacked on more than a little extra for yourself?

Or as a consumer—which we all are—have you been paying the regular prices for scarce items or have you been bidding up prices by paying premiums for things you want badly?

That last (Continued on page 28)
What to Expect in Your New Car

By STANLEY H. BRAMS

If you haven’t been lucky enough to get your new car yet, cheer up. Would-be buyers on the waiting lists may not think so, but they are getting one real break. The longer they have to wait, the better their cars will be. The important improvements already made by the auto companies will be joined by others of interest to motorists in the weeks and months just ahead.

The industry as a whole has been spending about $200,000,000 to put out the finest automobiles the world has ever seen. So far as actual manufacture and public showings are concerned, that program is about half finished today. Some of the best is yet to come, between now and early next year. Those near the end of the delivery lines will have much wider choice than those who are now getting them.

First off, all makes will be clothed in autodom’s new look. The first signpost in that direction appeared with Studebaker, in 1946. Its new cars created a sensation with their lowered hoods, raised backs, widened bodies and enlarged use of glass. Kaiser-Frazer further defined the trend with its brand new “pontoon side” style, widening the body beyond all previous standards. Packard, then Hudson, showed refinements of this design approach late last year. Today all automobile manufacturers are following this general trend.
When the first revamped General Motors cars appeared late last winter, they added another characteristic to postwar car appearance. Both Olds and Cadillac enlarged their windshields and rear windows, right up to the roofline. The result: visibility far better than ever before. They improved visibility further by moving front corner posts back a notch, considerably reducing traditional blind spots. The new Mercury and Lincoln models were also notable in this respect.

Ford's 1949 cars, right on the edge of public announcement, will bring all these new design concepts into what Detroit calls the popular price field. The high bustle back will be a characteristic of Ford's vast restyling, along with the widened body, greater visibility, and the rest.

Other makers which have not yet shifted to new bodies will follow the same general approach; when the car companies see a worthwhile trend, they all follow it. Plymouth and Chevrolet, major rivals to Ford for volume honors, will be out next winter with new models intended to restore to them the styling edge they are losing to the new Fords this month.

Buick has some ideas fermenting which will combine the luxury air of the Cadillac and lowslung length of its recent models. Chrysler has similar plans. These makes, along with Pontiac, Dodge, Desoto and Nash will all be seen in new dress next winter.

Two makes, Nash and Hudson, now have integrated construction of frame and chassis. There are real advantages for the owner in such construction; such as reduced height, better road-ability, and others. Accordingly, all companies are interested - notably Packard and Ford - but not yet to the point of scheduling production. The frameless car may be standard throughout the industry some day, but the expense of starting it into manufacture will make the transition slow.

All the car makers boast - or will boast - important new subordinate style features. Finishes will last longer, thanks to new paints of greater durability and translucence, developed during the war. Welded joints will resist rust far longer, due to a new sealing principle. Foam rubber is being installed on more seat cushions, to reduce sagging for the life of the car.

Good looks are obviously interesting, but Joes who became mechanically minded during the war will be at least equally concerned with the changes coming along under the body shells. The main lines of development cluster around engines and transmissions. Unlike design developments, they are still mostly secret, or at least hush-hush.

A revolution is brewing in power-plants. General Motors hinted at it just a year ago at a Society of Automotive Engineers meeting. G. M. researchers showed a new kind of engine, reaching upward toward Diesel compression ratios and efficiency, but still retaining the flexibility (Continued on page 30)
Your House by the Side of the Road

By MAYNARD GOOD STODDARD

I have an idea these government housing agencies are made up mostly of people, because they go in so much for a lot of yata-tee-yata-tee-yata-tee, with very little bangas-tee-banga-tee-banga-tee.

These men at the top are all right at finding out how many families are living in garages, hen coops and other out-buildings. And they can estimate how much it would cost to put up houses for these people. But that's about as far as they go. How many of these theorists have ever come right out and said, "We'll get so much lumber here and so much cement there and so much graft here and there and we'll put up this many houses?" Not one of them. These jokers work on paper only. They couldn't tell a one of those doohickies that one of those fellows use to put that stuff between bricks from a —that riga-ma-jig that tells whether a strip of lumber that goes on the side of the house is the same number of feet off the ground at both ends or if it is running on the bias. They don't have, to be blunt, the practical knowledge of the average citizen. Especially, in all modesty, me.

Maybe you've been wondering just where I come in. Maybe you haven't. Maybe you don't care if I never come in at all. But here I come any way.

I've been doing a lot of serious thinking about this housing problem. And I have reached the—if I do say so—brilliant conclusion that there wouldn't be a shortage of houses if there was more building material. Nearly every carpenter I have talked to has told me that if there is anything he likes to have before he begins building a house it's lumber. And I have figured out where to get the lumber. That's what I have done.

Furthermore, my idea will result in getting seasoned lumber. I heard over the radio (so you can take it for what it's worth) of a house built of lumber so green that it grew a bay window and a back porch before the contractor could get it sold. There's no reason for this. Why use green lumber when you can get seasoned stuff? There's plenty of it around.

Consider just this one minor source. Within the last few years several of the neighbors out our way have built bathrooms, and they've left the little building standing (Continued on page 48)
After all, it's natural for you to wonder how to be SURE of pre-war quality whiskey. If so, your wondering days are over. Just be SURE to ask for 7 Crown...Seagram's finest American whiskey.

Say Seagram's and be Sure....of Pre-War Quality.
You can help lock the door against cancer

This is a story about a door and two keys. The story will have more point if, first, we state three facts:

- Every 3 minutes an American dies of cancer.
- 25% of those who die could have been saved.
- Many cancers can be cured — if detected in time.

Now here is the story. A door can be built to repel this deadly killer, but the door locks only if two keys are turned. Science holds one key. Your money can provide the other.

Your dollars support cancer research which some day may find the causes and cure of the disease. Your money supports an education program that teaches men and women how to recognize cancer in its early stages, when immediate treatment can save their lives.

Won't you help us lock the door? Give as generously as you can. Give more than before. Give to guard those you love.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY, INC.
A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." — Second Amendment to the Constitution.

New Jersey was the first State to ratify that Amendment, which with nine others constitutes what Americans have come to know as the Bill of Rights. Today New Jersey legislators are trying to upset it. If they get away with it by state law, the national pattern will be set for similar unrealistic, hysterical anti-gun laws which will eventually challenge the security of the nation.

Under the New Jersey bill as drawn at the time of this writing, here is what firearms owners will face: For every rifle, shotgun, revolver or pistol you own, you must apply for a permit to a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas until September 15, 1948. After that time you apply to a County Court Judge. Note that these judges are not the common magistrates who might understand your problems.

The granting or refusal of the permit is entirely at the discretion of the judge. He doesn’t have to have a reason to refuse you a permit. If you have a hunting license, there is no added fee. If not, the permit costs you $1.00.

Note this fact, too: You must present yourself to the Court each year to have the permit renewed! If you are an out-of-state man who wants to hunt or do target or match shooting in the State, at this moment there is no way provided for you to get a permit.

Remember, this is not just a pistol law, for which some justification might be made. This law covers shotguns and rifles, strictly sporting arms and souvenir weapons. By the time you get through monkeying around with soliciting the judge, fingerprinting, listing and registering, you’ll be right where the Communists took over—thoroughly disgusted, helpless and disarmed.

What brought on this abortion? Well, the learned legislator says: “The purpose of this act is to provide a method of licensing the possession of firearms in an effort to help bring about a decrease in crime and to discourage the use of firearms by juveniles.” In justifying the introduction of this asinine bill, a bill proposed by the State Attorney General, it was pointed out that a boy from a well-to-do family had shot a citizen in an attempt at robbery. A pistol was used. It was also pointed out that youngsters had recently burglarized several houses, plus a distillery, and had robbed many parking meters. Exactly how licensing a hunting rifle will cut down housebreaking and meter wrecking was not made clear. You have to be a lawyer to figure that out.

Coming as it does hard on the heels of the recent efforts in New York to jam through laws requiring special registration of all rifles and shotguns, plus special permits to buy ammunition, this New Jersey bill indicates a speeding up of the determination of some peculiar groups to disarm every American householder and farmer.

Are such bills as these being inspired by Communist sympathizers or Communist dupes, following the pattern set in Czechoslovakia? Stranger things have happened. The motives of everyone forcing these drastic attacks on our Constitutional rights should be very carefully examined and dragged out into the light of day.

One week before Czechoslovakia fell I received a letter from that ill-starred country which (Continued on page 31)
THE BOSS CALLED me into his office and
said: "Write us a piece about veterans' insurance."
I walked out and looked through all
the want ads but couldn't find another
job so I went back into the boss' office.
"Who, me?" I said.
"Yes, you."
So I learned about insurance.
I entered the halls of the mighty in
the insurance world and got so I could
jabber their language well enough so
that one of them mistook me for an insur-
ance man. I talked to men at the
top and the bottom of the big insurance
companies, the VA Insurance Division
and the Legion. I talked to other vet-
erans about their policies. I read scads
of literature and law and waded
through Congressional proceedings and
hearings. I journeyed far and wide and
poked my nose into conferences and
records where I had no business to
poke it.
Near the end of the chase I posed as an
authority and sat in with a board of
insurance experts in Washington—some
of the best in the land. They read a
bill on life insurance that another insur-
ance expert had written and put
before Congress. When they were
through reading it the chairman sat
back and said, "I don't know what it
means." And the rest of them said,
"Neither do I." I didn't know what it
meant either, so that makes me an ex-
pert too.
One of the things I did learn before
I sat down at my typewriter is that so
far as life insurance is concerned a man
who pays his premiums on time is in-
sured for the full amount of his policy.
That holds for all the reputable com-
panies, all the standard policies, and
your National Service Insurance. There
are few laws in this land that protect
the man who spends his money quite
so thoroughly as do the life insurance
laws of the Federal government and
the various States. Insurance, I learned
positively, is like love—anybody can
enjoy its advantages whether he un-
derstands it or not.
For my money the only explanation
of your VA insurance that means any-
thing to you and me can be written in
a paragraph. If you understand that
paragraph you're all set. After that, if
you read any farther, you're on your
own, brother. The next paragraph is
the one.
If your VA policy is in force today
you don't have to know anything about
insurance to keep up a $10,000 estate.
Simply pay your few paltry dollars a
month on time, by check or by money
order, spell your name and address
correctly and readably, and write down
your policy number on anything re-
arding your insurance (letters, checks,
money orders) that you send to the VA. If your policy is not in force today there are a few simple steps you can take to reinstate it. See your Legion Service Officer (before July 31st for the best break) and, if the reinstatement takes, you’re back in the fold with a $10,000 estate bought at a bargain counter. Thereafter follow the directions in the second sentence in this paragraph.

The lovely thing about that paragraph is that no matter how confusing the rest of this article may be, it makes no difference. That pet paragraph of mine is 100% true today, and if you follow it you can’t lose. The law won’t let you, the Legion won’t let you, and the VA can’t stop you.

The situation is even better than that. The VA and the Legion will do their best to save you even if you try to lose. The best way for you to try to lose is to send in your premiums but keep it a secret who sent the money.

I was in VA Branch Office #2 and the insurance boys showed me a lot of letters from our generous buddies who were trying to throw their money away. You know: “Please put this $9.00 in my insurance. John Smith.” That’s all. No policy number, no readable address. Nothing but $9.00 and a name. And there was the VA clerk working away on Smith’s letter trying to find some clue as to which John Smith he was, which of the 3½ million policies was his, trying to make the $9.00 work for John.

“Just happens all the time,” the VA men told me. “The entire VA had 247,000 payments from veterans which we could not apply immediately, for one reason or another, during last November. That was a very ordinary month for such things.

“Of course the Smiths and the Joneses are usually very careful. They know about those other Smiths and Joneses. Not all of them do, but most of them do.

“Trouble is, no matter what your name is we probably have someone else with the same name in our files, but if you have what you consider to be an unusual name you probably get cocky and deliberately leave off your policy number.

“‘I’m the only guy named Pthriftung Trueblood in the world,’ you think. So you probably imagine that when your check comes in, signed P. Trueblood, the VA clerk opens it up and hollers, ‘Here’s another from good old Pthriftung!’ while the rest of the staff dives for your well-thumbed file-folder.

“Of course we probably have folders on six long-lost cousins of yours by the same name and another who is no relative but changed his name from John Smith to yours just to be different. Perhaps none of them ever gives his policy number and we don’t know if the money belongs to one of our Pthriftung Truebloods or someone else whose records are in another Branch Office.”

Just to convince me, the VA man (his name was Csontos) took me over to the files and showed me records of four other fellows with my name. That cured me. Outside of Junior and a fifth cousin who probably fought in the Spanish-American War I thought I was the only one.

I was convinced but Csontos had just begun, and I couldn’t stop him. He showed me another Csontos. Then at random he plucked out twelve Irving Davises, four Harry Van Hornes, seven Edward Quirks, five Charles Olmsteads, seven David Dazaes, seven Harry Platts, twenty-two Benjamin Bernsteins and two Herman Pheffers.

He showed me eight Arthur Weisses and then said, “Let’s take a peek at a fairly common one,” and he showed me 85 Morris Cohens with no middle initial, 27 Morris Cohens with middle initials. Then we spent five minutes looking for a name that wasn’t repeated at least once but didn’t find one. However, no two have the same policy number, even though there are twelve other Branch offices with additional records on still more Davises, Van Hornes, Quirks, and Cohens—and fellows with your name too.

“What happens to the unidentified letters and money?” I asked.

“We do our best to straighten it out, but if we aren’t good enough detectives there’s trouble. Drawers full of trouble, desks full of trouble, rooms full of trouble, Trouble for us, trouble for the unidentified account, trouble for other veterans who are losing our services while we play detective.”

“What shall I tell the boys and girls?”

“Write your full name and address so we can read it. Never send cash. Always put (Continued on page 38)
I Pick Walcott

By Paul Gardner

One sports writer goes out on a limb to say that this time the challenger will take the champ.

Just a couple of years ago, the late Jimmy Johnston sought a fight license for an unknown heavyweight named Jersey Joe Walcott who had stepped in and out of retirement half a dozen times. The veteran manager, Johnston, communicated with John Hall, New Jersey boxing commissioner, on behalf of Walcott.

When the commissioner reviewed Walcott's background, he turned down the application with the pronouncement, "Too old."

That was the Walcott who later belted down Joe Louis twice. That was the Walcott who, in the minds of many, actually won the championship fight on December 5th, 1947 although the decision went to the incumbent, Louis. That is the Walcott, thirty-four year old father of six children, who I think will conquer Louis in June.

And I would not be surprised if he knocks Joe out.

Now wait - do not send for the nearest psychiatrist concerning that remark. Louis is made to order for a right and Walcott has a right which makes strong men shrink. Lee Oma took the Walcott special to the stomach in the first round of their fight and he broke Bill Robinson's world record for racing backwards thereafter. The same happened with Lee Q. Murray. Neither Jimmy Bivins, Elmer Ray nor Joey Maxim could cope with Walcott at his best. And it was Walcott who outpointed Joe Baksi when Joe was flying high.

Walcott's right and his other lethal punches are delivered from a shift as involved as the T. When you box him -and you are crazy if you do-you find that he is the big man who isn't there. Louis, a counter puncher of immortal vintage, has always been able to cope with a man coming straight in or going straight back. But an opponent who moves from side to side, in the speedy manner of the Billy Conn of the first Louis fight, or who is unorthodox in the sense of a Tommy Farr or an Arturo Godoy has always caused the Bomber trouble. When a man like Walcott comes along, a boxer who can hit, then a Louis well on the declining road must of necessity be heading for catastrophe.

Somewhere along the path of hard knocks, Jersey Joe learned to shift for himself in the ring - and what a shift it is. Walcott, in feinting, inclines his head and shoulders a few inches. Jersey Joe is the master of the maneuver, or of a series of maneuvers, which must perplex all but the most alert rivals. He will step to the left, slide to the right, move to the right, then veer left with speed equal to the time it takes to read his name. That last step to the left brings Jersey Joe directly in front of his foe again and the Camden, New Jersey, boxer will either lash out or repeat the involved sequence depending upon the other boxer's response. The man who faces the Jersey Joe Walcott of the first Louis bout must
Down again. Like the champ, the crowd was stunned when second knockdown proved

first was no fluke. Louis, perplexed, came back to press the fight. Badly

battered, he won much-disputed verdict

"Winner and still champion," says announcer Harry Balogh. But what does his face say?

have a chess brain in a boxing ring for Walcott, without any particular style of his own, is a spoiler of other men’s styles. Unfortunately for Joe Louis, one of the greatest of all boxers, the champion is not equipped with a chess brain. He has a style of his own and is tremendous with it against an obliging opponent—or a terrorized one. But he has never looked great against spoilers, though in the past he has managed to beat them.

No one should ever underestimate the power of a woman or of the dynamite in Joe Louis’ fists. He still strikes like a python and some of his pile-drivers in the early rounds could make a shambles of any prediction. But Louis never faced a rival so psychologically intent, so physiologically ready, and so confident as Jersey Joe Walcott. That’s right, this man who had been boxing for seventeen years since he first started as a 135-pounder in his native Merchantville, New Jersey, believes that he could defeat Louis the best day the present world champion ever saw.

Jersey Joe Walcott came up the hard, hungry way. He was one of eleven children and his real name is Arnold Cream. As a boy he could always take care of himself. His prowess became a legend in the neighborhood. When a fight would start, suddenly a shout would go up: “Here comes Arnold Cream, the rough guy.”

And the gang that did not like any extra Cream in its fistic coffee would break for cover.

When Cream decided to turn professional, he assumed the name of Joe Walcott after the original Barbados Demon. The reason for the choice by Jersey Joe was that both his father and the father of the original Walcott had come from the Island of Barbados in the West Indies. It was the best choice of a name by a heavyweight since William Harrison Dempsey adopted that of the original Nonpareil Jack Dempsey.

For years, Jersey Joe battled in the muck of anonymity. He married young, moved to Camden. The first of his six children arrived fourteen years ago and they moseyed into the world frequently. Jersey Joe’s lot was that of many a colored heavyweight who is too good for his own good. Smart managers did not want their promising aspirants to meet him. He was too clever, too cute. He had the habit of not taking any punishment and he does not bear a single mark to this day. All in all, it wasn’t easy for Jersey Joe.

He fought for pittances. He would get a manager and the manager would quit him after a few profitless months. As a result of fly-by-night training methods, Walcott’s record is not the most sparkling in the books. He lost his first heavyweight professional fight in 1936 and was stopped by Tiger Jack Fox in New York City eleven years ago. Abe Simon halted Walcott in six rounds in 1940. Then there were three years, from 1941 to 1944, when he was out of action. (Continued on page 42)
Your Candidates in ’68

You may think government is a mystifying subject, but these kids got the low-down. What they learned can help take the kinks out of democracy.

By DAN MATHES, JR.

Although I had had history and civics courses in my classes at school, I had never realized fully the wonderful workings of our American democracy until in the short space of a couple of weeks I had had the experience of attending the Arkansas Boys’ State and the Boys’ Forum of National Government in Washington, both American Legion projects. Like many other boys who attended these forums in democracy I went through the motions of doing the work of a public official, getting instructions concerning my duties from the man who did the work every day. Thus each of us was at
some time in the driver’s seat, and I am sure that what we learned will help our fellow Americans as well as us.

At the Arkansas Boys’ State 1947 session we had a full week—a time all too short. We dug into the fundamentals of practical government in a practical way, learning the American system from its beginning in the community and up through successive stages to the complete state administration. The Boys’ Forum of National Government, also in session for a week, gave us the national picture. The hundred boys who made the trip to Washington had a down-to-earth course in civics that will pay dividends to their community, state and the nation.

Like a great many other high school students I knew in only a very general way about The American Legion’s interest in youth training and education. I had earned an Eagle Scout’s badge in a Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Richard L. Kitchen Post of my home town, Helena, Arkansas. But perhaps like a number of others I had thought of Boys’ State as something like a Scout summer camp. Before enrollment was completed, I knew that this was something different.

Here, as we gathered at the Arkansas School for the Deaf at Little Rock, I met a selected group of high school students of the junior and senior classes who came from every part of the State. These boys had been selected on the basis of leadership, scholarship, or other values. We were in very short order assigned to two simulated political parties—the National and the Federal—and were then told to set about the organization of a complete system of government, beginning at the very bottom. I learned then that this method is used in all the forty-two Boys’ States established by the Legion in as many States of the Union. I came to know also that while the ultimate aim of representative government is the same in all the forty-eight States, there is, however, some slight variance in forms and procedure among the several units.

I had read somewhere that the Boys’ State project was operated as a sort of junior laboratory of civil government and administration. After the first day or so and after a close personal participation in the party conventions, the caucuses, the elections, and the preliminary work of getting a governmental unit in workable shape it dawned on me that this was not really an overstatement. That is exactly what the Boys’ State is planned to be, and what it actually is as we worked it out through that busy week. My single criticism is not based on the plan itself or what it attempts to do, but that the time given the citizens to organize their local and county governments, and finally their mythical forty-ninth State, is not long enough.

The plan of operation, perhaps, can be better understood by those who have read of it only as a “Legion program” by telling something about what we did and how we worked. The working hours were broken by play and competitive sports—basketball and softball, for instance—and each day we had a drill and parade. And there were jokes and pranks to lighten the hours.

Each citizen was assigned to one of the simulated cities and given a place in a political party. To better carry out the idea of a representative citizenry, neither party was given a numerical advantage—and that made for some hot political campaigning a lot of silver-tongued oratory, and much clever political maneuvering as each evenly balanced party made its supreme effort to win enough votes from the opposition to carry the election.

The first elections were for city offices, progressing from the city to county and State. I was fortunate enough, as a Federalist, to be elected to both city and county offices, but passed these offices on to others when I was elected Secretary of State—the only member of my simulated party to weather the onslaught of the Nationalists led by Pierce Matheny, of El Dorado, who was elected Governor. As I look back on those eventful days I still think it was a splendid victory.

The final night for campaign speeches before the election of State officers was the most exciting and eventful of the week. It was the climax to all our efforts, and we were all worked up to a high pitch of (Continued on page 31)
Something
New in
Movies

There will be less emphasis
on dream worlds as films come
down to earth

By R. WILSON BROWN

From now on you'll be seeing more
realism in movies. The success of
San Pietro, Fighting Lady, The House
on 92nd Street, 13 Rue Madeleine,
Boomerang, Kiss of Death, Call North-
side 777, T-Man, To the Ends of the
Earth and The Naked City set the pace.
Such semi-documentary pictures
clicked with the public.
The big one at the moment is The
Iron Curtain, Illegal Entry by Ben
Bengal, Dan Moore and Herbert Kline
has been purchased by U-I. It deals
with the California-Mexican border
area where, it is said many dangerous
aliens are finding their way into the
U.S. The U.S. Bureau of Immigration
will help on the technical aspect.
Edward Finney has purchased The His-
tory of the Red Cross as the basis for
his picture, The Life of Henri Dunant,
to be produced this summer.
Republic will film Police State, a picture
with an international locale and
dealing with a prospective GI war bride
who is forced to cooperate with the
terror police because her family lives
in a country behind the Red curtain.
Film Classics will release Women
Without Men, which tackles the problem
of unaccompanied women
drinking at bars. Warner Bros. is seri-
ously considering filming The
Bright Leaf, the story of the tobacco industry.

Eagle-Lion will also tackle the Mexican
smuggling situation with its Wetbecks.
Columbia is planning to do the story of
The Associated Press, Runyon of
Broadway, the life of Damon Runyon,
will get underway this winter with
proceeds to go to the Runyon Cancer
Fund. And of course there's the biog-
raphy of Babe Ruth with William Ben-
dix in the top role which Roy Del Ruth
is making. Even more are in the plan-
ning stage.

We think it's a healthy trend. We are
unequivocally passing through the
most interesting era in history. Today's
happenings are packed with drama,
and it seems obvious that a screen
which reflects the world about us is
going to be a dynamic screen.

Some months ago we wondered out loud
whether the movies were selling America
short and pointed to the
records established by
some good old down-to-
earth historical pieces of
the real America. One exhibitor, Gray
Barker of Clarksburg,
W. Va., wrote us one of
the most intelligent let-
ters on this subject
we've ever seen. But one
paragraph has us guess-
ing. He writes: "With
the exception of a few
motion pictures which
in addition to intrinsic worth have mass
appeal, such as the ones you mention,
the bulk of 'good' pictures have died
from box office starvation. The masses
want gangsters, they want gun battles
on the plains, they want cheap sex,
they want escapism in which the
heroes and heroines drink champagne
on beer incomes." So often, that does
seem the case. But right now we learn
that Cecil B. DeMille's Unconquered
is the picture bringing in the most money.
From 1944 to 1947 only seven films have
grossed a figure in the Unconquered
neighborhood; Welcome Stranger,
Bells of St. Mary's, The Razor's Edge,
Song of Bernadette, Duel in the Sun,
The Best Years of Our Lives and The
Jolson Story. But then maybe Mr.
Barker hits the nail on the head when
he says a good picture must show "fine
and painstaking production" and that
"a fine movie is like any other piece
of creative work; it takes genius and time
for the creation." Unconquered meets
those tests. As a matter of fact, it seems
to us that the other titles mentioned
above were "fine and painstaking pro-
ductions"—even Duel in the Sun which,
however, could have been a little less
objectionable with a little more clothing.
It doesn't take a million dollars and
a star-studded cast to achieve
greatness. Paramount achieved it a few
years back with a man, a boy, a dog
and a field in its The Biscuit Eater.

* * *

There is a trick of the trade which,
in some incidents is obvious; in others,
probably un- (Continued on page 46)
SWEETHEART BILL: President Truman, on March 24, signed bill extending time to December 21, 1948, for fiancées of service personnel to enter U.S. on temporary permits . . . GI sweethearts, under this law, must marry within 90 days of arrival . . . The original law expired December 31, 1947.

**HOSPITAL AND CONVALESCENT RATING:** Legion and other veterans' organizations are pressing for liberalization of 1945 VA rating schedule . . . Amendment is asked to provide not only for 100 percent disability rating during hospitalization for service-connected organic disease or injury, but also for a convalescent rating for a certain period after release by furlough or maximum hospital benefit discharge.

**RADIO "DECISION NOW":** Legion's program "Decision Now" is being regularly broadcast every week on a national spread of 917 radio stations . . . 758 stations are carrying the show in a regular weekly slot in the schedule . . . Radio section of National Public Relations Division reports that three or four new stations are being added each week . . . Programs tie in with all Legion activities and with observance of special days and holidays . . . Broadly this includes child welfare, national security, Americanism, rehabilitation, and patriotic holidays and observances . . . Check your favorite station for "Decision Now."

**DEPARTMENT CONVENTIONS:** The 1948 convention season takes a flying start in June with nine Department conclaves scheduled . . . They are: Colorado, Durango, 8-10; South Carolina, Myrtle Beach, 12-15; Maine, Bangor, 18-20; New Hampshire, Dover, 18-20; Rhode Island, Pawtucket, 24-26; Georgia, Atlanta, 24-27; Montana, Great Falls, 27-29; South Dakota, Aberdeen, 27-29 and Canada, Windsor, 12.

**SPECIAL AUTO PLATES FOR VETS:** Illinois has set aside 300 special auto license plates for severely handicapped war veterans . . . Words "Disabled Veteran" are lettered in white on top of plate . . . Idea sprung from accidents to vets driving specially equipped cars issued by VA . . . Special plates are expected to bring extra courtesies in driving and in road-side repair jobs.

LEGEN LEADS IN SCOUTING: For the second consecutive year the Legion leads all groups in percentage gain in organizing Boy Scout Troops . . . Net increase for two-year period is 996 units, zooming up to an all-time high of 3,416 Legion outfits, or 19.6 percent of all units in the entire organization . . . Minnesota makes the greatest percentage increase . . . Nevada leads in ratio of units to Posts, with more than half of its Posts sponsoring Troops . . . California, with 383, leads all Departments in number of units . . . Nice going, says Americanism Director Tom Sawyer, who sets 1948 goal at 1,000 new Troops.

**SCOUT NOTES:** Marine Hospital Post 188, all members are patients in the Leprosarium at Carville, Louisiana, sponsors a troop of boy patients at the institution . . . American—white and Negro—French, Italian and Japanese boys are enrolled in this unique unit. Troop is active and works in many ways within the hospital . . . Ralph Cole Post, Findlay, Ohio, appropriated $4,000 for a cabin at the Boy Scout Reservation . . . Indiana's Legion District 11, including Indianapolis, has 17 new Troops under organization . . . Grenville, New Mexico, has made some sort of a record . . . Population 124, the town's John Duffy Post 51 has an active Troop of 24 members.

**NATIONAL CONVENTION:** Miami plans something new for the "moon over Miami" at the National Convention, October 18-21 . . . The big parade will start at 4 P.M. October 19 and march on and on until the late hours at night—running at least eight hours . . . Contest-wise, greater emphasis will be placed on always colorful Drum and Bugle Corps competitions at the Orange Bowl on Monday night, 18th . . . Arrangements are being made to seat 60,000 spectators.

"HEROES SHOULD APPLY": Turned down through error because of educational deficiencies, (this magazine, March, 1948, page 35). Staff Sergeant Paul L. Bolden, Medal of Honor winner of Huntsville, Alabama, is back in the service . . . When he reported at Fort Benning, Georgia, he was sworn in and assigned to duty by Huntsville's other Medal of Honor man, Captain Cecil H. (Bushy) Bolton.
WHO'S TO BLAME FOR HIGH PRICES

(Continued from page 13)

point has been, and still is, a very important factor in keeping prices high. It has made the so-called seller's market in which almost anything goes. As a consumer you would be wise to be less impatient, and to think twice before you decide that you must have some hard-to-get commodity.

But there is something else you can do. It is not enough to walk into a store and then either pay the price or walk out. If you feel that the price is out of line let the storekeeper know about it. Protests have a way of getting back to the people who can do something about them, but if there are no protests you can rest assured that no action will be taken—unless it's to cause prices to keep on inching upward.

Also, it is highly in order to let manufacturers know your feelings. If you think

a certain manufacturer has priced his goods too high, write him. He may have reasons for his high prices, and he will usually take pains to tell what they are, but in any case he will realize that he is running into something distasteful—consumer resistance. You might be surprised to know how effective just a few letters of this sort can be. They can often accomplish more than a letter sent to your congressman. After all, don't forget that you keep the manufacturer in business, and don't for a minute think the manufacturer doesn't realize that fact. His thinking is likely to be guided by the fact that for every letter he gets there are a thousand others who feel as you do but don't write.

Showing how sensitive many manufacturers are to public opinion, a few months ago a large manufacturer of shortening was questioned by a U. S. Senate group which asked, "How come your prices are so high?" The manufacturer's answers weren't very convincing and the news-papers. So, lo and behold, within a week the price of his shortening dropped to a more reasonable level.

On a broader scale, it may come as news to some to learn that a number of commodity prices were inching lower last winter—before the market crash set them down hard. Why had they been declining? Because they ran into the stiff-arm of outraged consumers.

Butchers found their meat supplies backed up on them when angry housewives snapped their pocketbooks shut on prevailing prices. Grocers saw their customers turn up their noses at high-priced items. Housewives, for example, turned from $1 a pound butter to 45c a pound margarine, and bought less pastry.

Nor was the food front the only line on which prices had been retreating—all this, remember, prior to the break. Department stores, seeing their unit sales decline, began luring customers in with old-fashioned bargains. Some were back with pre-war "Easy Credit" terms. The night club business and other entertainment lines, to put it mildly, were something less than terrific. Other business were begin-

sent a step in the right direction—and a break for the buying public.

As breadwinners, the way to approach this whole problem of high living costs is to bear in mind two things. They may be familiar to some people but they are still worth repeating. They are, first, that the increase in the general level of prices has reduced the purchasing power of the dollar, and second, there's been a disproportionate increase in the things that make up the cost of living.

For example, suppose that a person was making $40 a week before the war and maybe $75 weekly since. His higher salary is just fine until you take the price rises into consideration. After allowing for them, you find that his $75 buys in 1948 just a shade more than his $40 bought back in 1939. What's more, the same wage earner now has to contend with income taxes which a married man earning $40 a week didn't have to pay before the war.

For that reason, we've got to stop kidding ourselves about the "high" salaries and wages we've been making in this brave new world. Too many of us, it seems to me, have been looking through rose colored glasses at the number of dollars we've been earning, without realizing fully their true purchasing power.

There are also those who, taking their 1948 wages for granted, have been shopping around for 1939 prices. What they fail to understand is that 1948 wages and 1939 prices don't go hand in hand.

Meanwhile, what has made things extra tough for everybody is that some prices, particularly food, have expanded at a terrific rate, throwing everything else out of adjustment. Even in normal times, food is the biggest single item in a family's budget, accounting for a third of all living expenses for moderate income families. Because of the jump in food prices, and because we've been eating more than before the war, food costs for many families have doubled and tripled.

As a whole, living expenses, as reflected by the Consumers' Price Index of the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, rose 71 percent between August 1939 and January 1948. But the deeper significance of that over-all rise lay in the breakdown of individual items in the index, which increased as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Percentage Increase</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Food</td>
<td>124.3%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apparel</td>
<td>91.5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rent</td>
<td>11.1%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fuel, electricity and ice</td>
<td>72.8%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>House furnishing</td>
<td>91.2%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous</td>
<td>45.8%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

It is obvious from these figures how certain living expenses have far outstripped the rise in others, taking the country as a whole. While they don't hold true for everybody—for example, some ex-GI's may be paying twice the rent they paid before—national statistics against the 11.1 percent average nationwide increase shown—still they are presented for a good reason. And that is to show why we must re-examine all of our living expenses in the light of present conditions if we are to keep out of the clutches of the finance company and the sheriff.

Everyone's got his troubles and everyone's living expenses are different. But
one thing we've all got to do, until we beat this inflation, is to add up our expenses, see what percentage of our income each group eats up, and then match the total expenses against total income. Some surprises may be in store for you, and a realignment of your budget may be in order.

It's impossible to say just how much anyone should allow for any item or group—that depends upon the individual and his style of living. But only by keeping each group of expenses within a reasonable or maximum prescribed limit can anyone stay ahead of the game. This may sound like Dorothy Dix or A. L. Alexander, but it's the only way of staying solvent.

As this was written, the impact of the price decline was still being felt all along the store counter, much to the relief of harried consumers. But while prices were working lower, there were still such factors as the European Recovery Program to reckon with. What's more, meat supplies, among other things, promise to be anything but ample this year. In fact, they may now be scarce, so everyone can have all the steaks he wants. Why? With our increasing population and a greater per capita demand the prices are likely to stay too high for many people to afford them.

No one knows for sure, whether prices are going to move up, down or sideways. But, even if the initial food price decline should carry further—taking other prices along for the sleighride—it does not mean a sudden, automatic end to the problem of inflation.

The prices of haircuts are up, shoe shines cost more, dry cleaning prices are higher; so, too, are the prices of magazines and the daily newspaper. You don't eat these things, but you still pay for them regularly. What's more, insurance rates are higher, and state and municipal taxes have been increased. Automobile prices are higher, the price of gasoline is up, and so are a lot of other things. They're up because the people who provide these services and make these things have to live, and the cost of living is as high for them as it is for you.

In short, the price of nearly everything is higher, reflecting previously increased costs of material and labor—and all of these things take time to reflect a major price change. Sure, there can be "mark downs." Certainly, declines in some lines can precipitate declines in others, particularly if the public gets seriously worried about the prospect of a recession. But it still takes time before a major turn in all prices, if it's to come, can be fully reflected in your pocketbook.

That being the case, it's only common sense to watch your living expenses in coming months and go slow about entering into any major commitments. This does not mean burying your money in a hole in the ground; it does mean resisting any unwarrantably high prices. Until the day we again have a five-cent nickel or a reasonably small increase, this seems to be the only sensible course. After all, everybody knows what inflation is—flation—where you can't take it with you. THE END

WHAT TO EXPECT IN YOUR NEW CAR

(Continued from page 15)

of the spark-fired cylinder. Detroit research laboratories rushed into overtime work on high-compression engines; and oil companies began to move at parallel speed to hasten production of higher quality gasolines, some partly synthetic, to fuel them.

Olds seems destined, right now, to be out with the first real postwar engine. Compression ratio will be jacked up to about 8 to 1, compared with today's 6.7 to 1 average on all cars. This engine will weigh a little more and probably cost a little more. To compensate, it is expected to provide greater power and use a little less gas per mile doing so.

The beauty of this advanced engine is further shown in the plans for its modification in future years as better gas reaches the market. The block itself, basic element, will be unchanged, but a succession of revamped heads and accessories will be employed to squeeze more compression into the cylinders and increase economy and performance, step by step.

Higher compression ratios will also be seen on all other makes. Ford people are well along on a new in-line engine which may replace the much-vaunted V-8. In addition, they are working on experimental plants of great diversity—horizontally opposed pancake engines, five-cylinder radial jobs, others. The uniform characteristics of these new engine ideas are high compression ratios and use of fuels close to the aircraft class. (Some frankly Buck Rogers jobs in all companies are so advanced that they use pure synthetic fuel, made today only in experimental laboratories.)

Willys has a new engine in the lower power class, turning out approximately 75 h.p. It is to be installed in a new 4-pas-

senger sedan which may go onto the W-O production lines before the end of this year—a smart, smaller-sized version of the bigger streamliners. Willys also has cause for distinction with its Jeepster, youth-minded runabout version of the Jeep, introduced last spring.

Simple increases in power will precede brand-new engines at some factories, but these are modification jobs, not development projects. But rest assured that the coming Olds engine (and a parallel unit in Cadillac) will mark a trail for every other manufacturer in the industry.

That kind of a chain reaction will also be seen in transmissions. The first of the postwar drives was unwrapped this past spring at Buick, the torque converter Dynaflow. It is automatic from the moment you move the lever that sets it into action. In infinitely variable ratio, the Dynaflow converter drive takes a car from a standing start to top speed at least as fast as any other device, and does so without even split-second pauses for shifting gears. The gears have simply been eliminated. That approach is the one most automakers are hoping to imitate soon.

Ford and Chrysler are both well advanced on new automatic transmissions. Whether Ford will have one in time for

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If you can pay rent, you can pay for a home of your own.

June, 1948 29
next year’s Mercury and Lincoln models is an open question today; several experiments, mainly in the torque converter class, are in advanced testing but have not been given final approval. Chrysler, likewise, is working on torque converter which might supplant its present fluid coupling—but nothing's been decided yet.

Packard leans to the type of shift used in Olds, Cadillac and Pontiac—the hydraulically-actuated, automatic shifting Hydra-Matic, with fluid flywheel.

Automatic transmissions, however, won't be seen for some time in the low priced cars. The reason is evident. Today they cost anywhere from $80 to $200 or so. Few popular priced car owners are minded to spend that much above the car purchase price, so manufacturers won't offer them as optional equipment. But—and this is positive—all Detroit is planning for a day when $30 automatic transmission will put self-shifters into almost universal use.

Chrysler gets the credit for another pioneering job in postwar cars which is spreading throughout the industry. Extra-low pressure balloon tires first appeared on Chrysler cars last winter, then on Plymouth, Dodge and Desoto, providing better ride, longer tire life, more driver control. By next year at this time all makes will have these doughnut balloons.

These improvements are not the reason, as some have thought, for higher prices. An auto, Detroit points out, costs no more in terms of days of work or farm produce than it ever did. By many comparisons it's cheaper. Yesterday's $900 car is now $1,350, up 50 percent. But so are pay rates, groceries, everything else.

Due to high costs, there will be no quick descent from today's prices. "Give us 1941 wages," says one automotive brass hat. "Then give us 1941 prices on materials, and we'll give you 1941 prices. But not before. We're good, but we can't make miracles."

One way Mr. Average can get a car at close to yesterday's price is to get a small one. Price is the reason Crosley has been doing real business. Others are planning to move into that same field—Playboy, Davis, Keller, others makes. Their pilot cars are all interesting to look at, nice jobs of design and development. But none except Crosley is on the market today. It takes time to bring an automobile from pilot design to mass production.

That time element is one reason you won't see what motor makers call "Sunday Supplement ideas" in the new postwar cars. Time, and the toiling that takes the time, costs money—large money in Auto Row. Companies won't gamble millions on random, unproved ideas. The changes in automobiles are gradual, modest, not too much a shock to the buying public.

So don't expect any engines in the rear in tomorrow's editions of today's cars. (Besides being radical, say the engineers, they unbalance car weight; and they make winter heating for riders well-nigh impossible and summer cooling of the powerplant almost as difficult.)

Don't look for aluminum bodies; they cost too much. (But you may see magnesium wheels on Kaiser-Frazer's new cars, because the steel that's saved might justify the higher price.) Don't look for plastic bodies; they haven't enough physical strength, even if prices were competitive with steel.

Above all, don't expect 50-mile-a-gallon engines. There's just so much energy in a drop of gas, and auto engineers haven't figured out how to extract much more power from it than they are now doing—not, anyway, without using a motor that costs about as much as a primary trainer radial. The new high-compression engines will save a few miles, to be sure, but again—"no miracles."

And still, there is a dream car. It does exist. It looks better than anything you ever saw before, and it performs better and lasts longer. Where, you ask? Why, it's the new model you see on the streets, the one that may already be in the garage behind your house. Tomorrow is already here on the highway.
GOT A GUN?
YOU'RE A CRIMINAL!
(Continued from page 19)

contain this passage: "Communists have infiltrated our police and labor groups. Action Committees have complete control of production and distribution of all small arms. Pistols are being passed out to Communists from the old Strakonice works. Rifles are being issued from the Brno plant. Thousands of Russian Shpagins (Russian PPSh 41 sub-machine guns—Ed.) have been passed out. The police have rounded up all registered weapons. When the Communists move—and it will be soon—there can be no opposition. Only the Communist police and Action groups have weapons."

Registration laws are always followed by more and more drastic laws everywhere they have been tried. At the other extreme consider Switzerland. Here every man is issued a rifle when he enters the army. Rifles and ammunition are kept in his home and are subject to surprise inspection. Non-Coms are issued light machine guns, and officers have pistols and sub-machine guns. There cannot be the easy upset of government in democratic Switzerland that happened in Czechoslovakia. And, incidentally, criminal use of firearms is almost unknown. In Switzerland, the officials are the true servants of the law-abiding citizenry.

If you give these registration maniacs the benefit of the doubt and decide they are not Communist inclined or duped, then it follows that they are either people trying to impose a police state of fascist type on us; or they are simply irresponsible blowhards who don’t know the facts of life.

New York State passed the notorious Sullivan pistol law to “prevent crime.” After years of experience it is now evident that this law has injured only law-abiding citizens. Crime has steadily increased every time economic conditions fertilized the soil, for after all most crimes arise from economic and social conditions.

According to a top New York City magistrate, honest citizens have been arrested for “possessing” revolvers they took away from thugs attacking them; for firing revolvers at burglars; for turning in revolvers they have found; and have even been blackmailed by people who planted revolvers on them. Indeed the magistrate cites the case of a notorious character who walked around with all his pockets sewed up so a revolver couldn’t be planted on him.

A high percentage of juvenile shooting scrapes today result from home-built pistols made with pieces of brass tubing, wooden blocks, friction tape, bent nails and rubber bands—the so-called “zip” guns with which recently a New York City policeman accidentally shot a police woman in the Clinton Street Station. Explosives may be made from celluloid shavings, shoe polish or simple drug store chemicals; and deadly home-made weapons can be fashioned out of gas pipe and door hinges. Criminals will never want for weapons; harsh laws affect only the law abiding.

It is time that aroused public opinion

"U. S. AIR FORCE"

is more than a new name

Never before in its history has your Air Force faced heavier responsibilities. First line of defense in a still unsettled world, the Air Force must continue to make progress and be ready for instant action.

Today, only the best-fitted prospects are being accepted by the Air Force. But young men who measure up will have a choice of unequalled opportunities. Here they are:

1 By enlisting for three years, they may choose assignment to the U. S. Air Force.

2 If they are high school graduates, between 17 and 34 years old, the Aviation Career Plan allows them to select and qualify for any one of more than 40 Air Force Specialist Schools before they enlist.

3 Veterans of the armed forces who are qualified in one of 300 skills and trades may re-enter service in advanced non-commissioned Air Force grades, depending upon their previous training and experience.

4 They can win their wings with the Aviation Cadets. The world’s finest pilot training is open to men who are single, 20 to 26½ years old, who have completed at least half the credits for a college degree, or pass the equivalent.

Every qualified young man in your community should know about these great programs. Will you help by discussing these choices with them? Complete details on each opportunity are available at U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Stations.

U. S. ARMY AND U. S. AIR FORCE RECRUITING SERVICE

URGE THE FINEST YOUNG MEN YOU KNOW TO ENLIST IN THE U. S. AIR FORCE
It's Not Too Late...

...To Bring Your Town An OLD-FASHIONED 4th of July

Like the Stars go with the Stripes and freedom goes with America, so fireworks have always been associated with Independence Day. Yet, in many places, folks haven't seen a real fireworks display in years. Perhaps that's true in your town, too.

Your Legion Post can win a lot of prestige and spread a lot of pleasure by climaxing the traditional celebration of the Fourth with a thrilling fireworks display. And, maybe it will help folks think a little more about the things that make our country great . . . loyalty . . . democracy . . . liberty and opportunity for everyone.

Public fireworks displays are legal in every state when properly supervised. Your local fire and police departments will help you secure the necessary permits. And "PAINS," the oldest name in display fireworks, will help assure a show worthy of your post and worthy of your town in every respect.

Complete Shows from $50 to $1000
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AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE
as in the past for new European sporting arms which compete fairly with standard American makes. There is no complaint on that score, since such sales are primarily to luxury buyers, and the arms are reliable.

In fairness to our shooters, our established sporting goods houses and our arms manufacturers, we should not permit the country to be flooded with inferior and possibly dangerous used military arms.

American manufacturers are working full shifts to meet sporting demands, but a flood of foreign military rifles can seriously disrupt their marketing organizations.

It is certainly most desirable that we standardize the equipment and calibers of our friends with our own—Russia is doing exactly that. But obsolete equipment may very profitably be checked and re-issued to nations where we are currently supplying costly new equipment, and where care and maintenance factors are such that older weapons are often even more valuable than more complicated new types. Weapons not suitable for Greece and China should be scrapped, not used to line the pockets of opportunists.

If our State Department is issuing large scale import permits for war junk rifles, if our Department of Defense is spending money for foreign missions without considering cost and suitability of cheaper equipment, or if the War Assets Administration is being empowered to unload munitions for private profit which might better be shipped to military missions, it's about time someone in Congress started thinking about the taxpayers. This unhealthy situation is costing us all money.

Another question that needs an official answer is this: The M 1 (Garand) Rifle and the Carbine are still first line arms. You as a Legionnaire can't buy them. Where are certain arms dealers getting large quantities of parts to build these weapons? How can they sell them at a fraction of Government cost?

THE END

June, 1948 33

Indian Trailers... 
...NOTHING FINER!

Indian Trailers are complete! Built for luxury living. May we send you the 1948 Catalog and the name and address of the nearest Indian Dealer? (Please address Dept. 1.)

DEALERS: Your Territory may still be open.
Write, wire or phone for full details.

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ATHLETES' FOOT

Use Doctor's Famous Prescription the Moment Toes Itch or Skin Between Toes is Cracked

Athlete's foot is highly infectious. If tracked into your home, it exposes every member of your family to it. Do not wait. At the first sign of itching, cracked, raw or peeling skin between the toes or on the feet—get Dr. Scholl's Solvex. It acts in 4 effective ways:

1. Quickly relieves intense itching
2. Kills the fungi of Athlete's Foot on contact
3. Aids in prevention of spreading
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Dr. Scholl's Solvex (Liquid, Ointment or Powder) only at Drug, Shoe and Department Stores. Don't accept a substitute. Insist on Dr. Scholl's Solvex.

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Paratroopers... ex-paratroopers... athletes!!
Hunting Boots

The same boots worn by Paratroopers during war. Comes in tan elk finish.

Paratroop Hunting Boots
Same features as Paratroop Jump Boots, only made in heavy-oiled waterproof elk finish.

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Can Infect Your Whole Family

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YOUR CANDIDATE IN '68
(Continued from page 25)

excitement. A State election with the actual offices at stake could hardly have been more exhilarating or inspiring to a similar group of qualified voters.

Instruction in the particular duties of the several offices in the local and State governments was given by men qualified to speak because, for the most part, that instruction was given by the men who actually held the high offices. Governor Ben Laney, who had followed the simulated government with the closest attention, told the citizens about the practical workings of the office of the Governor of Arkansas. He was followed by other State and local officers, and not the least in interest was a conducted tour through the Capitol and a comprehensive review of what goes on there. By that time the citizens of Boys' State had come to have a personal interest—rather than a more or less impersonal acceptance of the reality of government—because they now realized that they, too, were important parts of the entire plan.

To some of us it was a rather sudden awakening. Little Rock and the domed Capitol were far removed from most of our homes and from our daily lives. On that tour through the nerve center of the real State government I was taken to the office of C. G. ("Crip") Hall, Secretary of State, and there as a beginning filling a simulated office I was inducted into the work of the Secretary of State by Mr. Hall himself. That single simulated session of the Senate and House of Representatives were held in the legislative halls directly under the supervision of men experienced in legislative procedure. The Boys' State judicial system was completed from police to the Supreme Court.

Aside from the educational values and the practical knowledge of how we keep our government going, of equal importance was the opportunity the simulated State gave to meet boys from all sections of Arkansas. There we learned other lessons in what might be called human relations, in good sportsmanship, in getting along with people, of caring for ourselves in a school of give and take, and in developing such talents of leadership that we might possess. The lasting friendships made there will help us all to a better understanding of our fellows and their problems, whether

resented in the National Boys’ Forum. Charles Perry, one class ahead of me in high school, was a 1946 delegate.

The National Boys’ Forum is but an expansion of the idea of the Boys’ State at the national level, but is more limited and more restricted in attendance because of the long distances most of the delegates must travel to reach Washington, and the problem in these post-war days of finding a place to house, feed and instruct a large group. Speaking of feeding, a subject always of interest to healthy, growing boys—the food situation was kept well in hand, fully justifying the claim that Legionnaires are always good foragers. The first supper, served at the University, was good old Southern fried chicken which was relished by the delegates from the North and West as well as those of us who know the delicacy on its home grounds. After that the full hundred delegates had meals at such places as the Statler Hotel, the private dining room of the U. S. Senate, in a Pentagon cafeteria, the National Press Club and other places that we knew of through the newspapers.

The schedule of one week was a crowded one, with preliminary caucuses and elections in order to complete a national government comparable to the State government the delegates had just helped to organize. This work out of the way, with Edmond Gong of Florida elected President, we were taken on tours to every department of the Government, met the heads of each department and through informal in-

views learned how each one functioned, and how that division was interlocked in the general pattern of the national government. We were introduced to and were addressed by President Truman, Secretary of State Marshall, Secretary of Agriculture Anderson, Secretary of the Interior Krug, General Vandegrift, Admiral Nimitz, war correspondents from major news and radio news analysts, and many others. The entire list would read like a roll of official Washington.

In addition to this strenuous program of instruction the Legion planners had managed to sandwich in sightseeing tours to patriotic shrines and famous places such as the White House, World War Monument, Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials, the Supreme Court Building, Library of Congress, offices and museum of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Mount Vernon, General Lee’s home at Arlington, U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, to mention only a part of the list. That in itself was a marvelous experience. I was awed when I stood under the great dome of the National Capitol, and was filled with wonder when I came to see with my own eyes the immensity of the Pentagon Building. That, too, was part of my education.

That each one who attended the Arkansas Boys’ State and the National Boys’ Forum of National Government was measurable helped in many ways need not be repeated. Some of us—I can speak for myself—have a quickened interest in State, national and international affairs as a result of some of the lessons and demonstrations, and particularly as a result of personal contacts made at Little Rock and Washington. Let me speak for myself and give one example. I have always been interested in sports. The sport pages made up most of my newspaper reading before I went to the Boys’ State at Little Rock. When I came back home I found myself reading the State news and particularly the news about governmental matters that came out of the nation’s capital. The trip after the trip to Washington and after undergoing the intensive course of instruction given in the Forum, my reading interest broadened. It even included a study of the Marshall Plan for the relief of Europe. Why? Without realizing it I had been led into this new channel of reading and thinking because of the personal contacts made at Little Rock and Washington.

I cannot express in words my gratitude to the American Legion for giving me the privilege better to acquaint myself with the government of my State and Nation, thereby equipping me to be a better citizen of the nation and the community. It will help me to contribute toward improving our national and world conditions. Then, I learned to appreciate more fully the honor, as well as the duty and responsibility, of being an American citizen. I only hope that more boys will be able to attend Boys’ State and the National Boys’ Forum, because I feel certain they will be better equipped by it than by the invaluable experience they receive through the educational program of The American Legion.

THE END
What BIG difference have 60 years made?

Handlebars are now stylish on bicycles only. That's one difference.

Havana cigars are no longer a nickel. Yes, and cigarettes outsell them.

But the BIG difference is in the lighting equipment. Not just their difference in design and operation, but one you can't even see.

Both the old-fashioned matchsafe and the modern lighter are made of aluminum. But when that matchsafe was made 60 years or so ago, aluminum sold for around $8 a pound. Today it is only 14 cents a pound in the form of pig, the form from which all aluminum products start.

Quite a drop, you'll agree. It is no mere coincidence that the drop began when Alcoa began making aluminum in 1888. Finding out how to make aluminum cheaper and better, so more people could use it more ways, has been our aim right from the start.

Judge for yourself how well we've succeeded. Look at America's great aluminum industry, of which Alcoa is now but a part, that has sprung up in 60 swift years. Look at all the useful things made of aluminum today, things you couldn't afford if aluminum still sold for $8 a pound.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA, 614 Gulf Building, Pittsburgh 19, Penna.
There's one 100-proof way to guard your door against this fellow's visit.

There's wolf poison in every U. S. Savings Bond you buy. There's sweet security, too—for your home, your family and yourself.

U. S. Savings Bonds are 100% guaranteed by Uncle Sam. They pay you $4 for every $3 you put in, after 10 years.

Think of this profitable saving in terms of future comforts and luxuries. Think of the advantages it will mean for your children as they grow up.

*Think. THINK. THINK.*

Then start saving right away—today! Start saving *automatically* this sure, convenient way. If you work for wages or salary, enroll in the Payroll Savings Plan—the only installment buying plan.

If you're not eligible for this plan—if you're in business but not on a payroll—ask your bank about the equally practical Bond-A-Month Plan.

REMEMBER—U. S. Savings Bonds are poison to wolves!

Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.
Show Biz

Back in 1944-45 a lot of 9th Air Force boys learned about an outfit called the GI Gypsies. This traveling service show, the brain-child of Paul Olsen, Army entertainment technician, helped to amuse the flying fellows from England to Germany.

When V-E Day arrived and the GI Gypsies disbanded to civilian life from New York to California, Olsen returned to Chicago as fond of his idea as ever. Why wouldn’t veteran and civilian organizations like the musical and comedy novelties they had dreamed up under fire, just as the Joes had? With this in mind Olsen, who had enrolled at Columbia College under the GI Bill, rounded up a young musical combination with the instruments with which his ETO material jived perfectly. They broke in the new act on the veterans hospital circuit. Wherever they played hospitalized vets were enthusiastic over the act.

But selling the act was difficult. Even though it was good, with special material which had been written by Joshua Logan, director-producer of such Broadway hits as Annie Get Your Gun, Happy Birthday and John Loves Mary, theatrical agents shrugged their shoulders and pointed out that show business was in a slump.

So Olsen started sending out mailing pieces to everyone he thought might want his unusual European-type show. The first response came from a ladies’ club, which booked the boys for an entertainment they gave at Chicago’s Congress Hotel. Then the Gypsies tied in with a drive for hospitalized vets, following which they started to get bookings with American Legion Posts and the D.A.V.

With the rough edges off the show, Olsen is now selling pretty. His Gypsies are being booked by a top talent agency, Music Corporation of America, and he’s off for the big-time.

—By Hal Johnson

Doggy Stalk

Sam Greenberg got out of the Army with about a thousand dollars in his bank account and an itch to put it to work. Settling in Columbus, Ga., he spent some of his money at a WAA sale buying a quantity of nylon parachutes. Soon he was selling panels from the chutes by direct mail to women buyers all over the country. The ladies used the nylon to make blouses, slits, scarves, hankies and feminine unmentionables.

But the nylon cordings shroud lines remained. What to do with them? After consulting with an advertising man, Sam finally hit on the idea that the cord, trimmed clean and cut into proper lengths, could be made into check cords used in training dogs. He put a swivel snap on one end of a cord and taped the other. Tests showed that the tough, springy nylon worked excellently as a check cord. He also devised a two-colored dog leash. For both the check cord and the leash he coined the name Featherlite.

As with the chute panels, he started selling them by direct mail, and by taking small space in a few selected magazines. The 50-foot check cords sell for $2.50, 15-foot training cords cost $1.50, and the leashes in black and gold sell for $1.50. Orders are coming in at a rate which, Greenberg feels, calls for expansion of his business.

At present he is operating from his residence, 2310 Hamilton Road, Columbus, Ga. He makes the cords and leashes himself, his wife helping him with the finishing touches.

—By David E. Fisher

Flowers Plus

George Brown was working in his father-in-law’s flower shop in Cincinnati when he got an idea that put him and his friend, Harry Karlson, in business for themselves. George learned that florists were having trouble getting enough novelty flower containers to fill orders, so he decided that the field was open for a small industry. He discussed the matter with Karlson.

After careful planning, Brown and Karlson, who had met in the Air Corps, obtained wood-working machinery and moved into an empty store where they started turning out flower holders.

Most of the novelties they make are mounted on wood bases six inches wide and a foot long. The ones designed for maternity cases include, beside the bowl, a toy for the new baby. One, for card-players has a pitcher to hold the flowers while beside the container is a stack of chips and a poker deck. Plastic and glass parts of the products are purchased in wholesale lots. The finished flower holder is hand decorated in bright colors and sells for about a dollar and a quarter each.

While the first orders came from Cincinnati and vicinity, business has now expanded so that the holders are going to all parts of the country. Two salesmen will soon go on the road covering Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Much of the business represents repeat orders, and volume is such that 100 units of each item are made at a time.

Under the name of the Goth Manufacturing Co., the ex-GI’s operate at 1109 Vine Street, Cincinnati.

—By George Laycock

Advertisement

SOMETHING NEW IN MEN’S SUITS

One company to feel the magic of what modern marketers call a special “sales advantage” is Mayfield, Kentucky’s 50-year-old Merit Clothing Co., Inc., makers of Style-Mart Suits for men.

“Fit, comfort and good looks,” said Merit’s president, William F. Foster, to his designers, “depend on the hang and fit in the neck and shoulder area . . . let’s do something about it.” That something was a new idea in popular-priced men’s clothing: Careful inspection and better shaping in the neck and shoulder region in all standard men’s sizes.

Supplied with a name (NECK ZONE tailoring) and a slogan (No Matter How You Twist or Turn, NECK ZONE Stays Put) by Merit’s alert Prater Advertising Agency of St. Louis, salesmen hit the road.
INSURANCE IS LIKE LOVE

(Continued from page 21)

policy number on letters, checks, money orders. For good measure put your service number on too. Communicate on insurance matters only with the VA Branch Office in your area — it has all your insurance records.

There it is, comrades. I can do no more. But far be it from me to pretend that the veteran is always at fault and the VA is always an angel in handling your account. The VA insurance division, you will remember if you read last June’s issue of this magazine, was pretty badly loused up. Today it is better, but still not perfect. One of the worst things that happened a year ago was that a fellow who paid his premiums properly would get word from the VA that his policy had lapsed because they said he hadn’t paid. This was maddening, and it had a lot of veterans talking to themselves. It happened to me. Looking back now I see that it was really fun because I composed some of the meanest letters I ever wrote and sent them at random to anybody in the VA whose name I could discover — and there is something pleasant about being righteously outraged.

I really hate to go into this here, because maybe you won’t believe me when I say it makes no difference. So let me repeat that if you have made all your payments on time, and have done it with check or money order so that you have a record of payment, then you are insured. Your Legion Service Officer can use your records to set the VA straight if they think otherwise. The biggest danger to you in such a situation is that you will get so mad you really will omit the next payment and your policy will really lapse. You may think that by such action you are getting even with the VA but you are really throwing the cheapest $10,000 estate you can buy right down the drain. If there’s a difference of opinion between

...
you and the VA about the status of your policy, go right on making your payments while you or your Legion Service Officer are straightening out the difference of opinion.

You may well ask: What happens to such payments, which I would make after the VA has told me that my policy has lapsed, if it should turn out that I was in error and the policy really had lapsed? Would I not be throwing good money after bad?

The answer is a flat no. The VA has to return any money you sent them after the actual date that your policy lapsed, if it really did. Your Service Officer can get fast action on the readjustment if there is any trouble. Meanwhile, if it turns out that the VA was in error about your policy lapsing you will have maintained your good status during the time it took to straighten things out, and only the VA will be embarrassed.

Fortunately the above remarks are addressed to an even smaller group of veterans. More and more policies are running smoothly today, and the biggest bunch of lapse loose-ups is over. The VA made that maddening error most often over a year ago when it decentralized from one main office in New York to thirteen Branch Offices throughout the country.

That step had to be made. There was neither the office space nor the available personnel in New York to handle the business. While the change was being made many records got split up, and veterans made payments to offices which didn't have their records.

Everything is on the upbeat today. Most of the fouled up accounts are not new ones, but those which were fouled up two years ago, VA Chief Carl Gray—successor to General Bradley—told Legion Commander Jimmy O'Neil on March 9 of this year that unapplied payments had shrunk from the staggering total of two and a half million down to 669,000, and that of those, probably not more than 2,400 were beyond redemption. The VA Insurance Office in the New York Branch office in your area would like to have facts and figures from you if you think you are one of those 669,000.

But many things have been done to make amends to the veteran for the admitted bad situation that existed, things unique in the insurance world. Let's review the bad situation and see how restitution has been made possible.

You probably know that right after the war VA insurance was in a frightful mess. Eighteen million policies on which the Army and Navy had been handling the payments were dumped on the VA over night. We vets started paying the premiums and we were losing benefits. Most of those others help guarantee the income and health of veterans while they live, while most of the insurance protects the futures of our dependents.

Now to get back to our insurance mess. Today the VA has cleared up a tremendous part of this chaos. It could clear up what's left of it even faster if hundreds of thousands of veterans would stop consuming the VA's time by sending in cor-
respondevce which is so poorly identified that it cannot be handled in a routine way.  
But meanwhile, it has been felt by all concerned that many of the lapsed pol- 
cies were dropped as a result of the un-
fortunate jumble in handling the accounts.  The value of the dropped policies is so 
small that it was felt that extraordinary steps should be taken to reactivate them.  After 
all they add up to nearly four times all other War Two dollar benefits.

All along the line corrective steps were taken.  The American Legion, the other 
veterans organizations, the Congressional 
Committee on Veterans Affairs, the Vet-
erans Administration and many private in-
urance companies as well as individuals in 
the insurance world have concerned them-
selves with the problem.  Former 
President Herbert Hoover today heads up 
a commission investigating all government 
agencies with a view to making sugges-
tions for improvement.  Under this com-
mission is a subcommittee of skilled 
insurance men, headed by the first elected 
National Commander of The American 
Legion, Franklin D'Olier, retired chairman 
of the board of the Prudential Insurance 
Company, and including other able men 
from other insurance companies, which is 
investigating and making recommenda-
tions for the improvement of VA insurance 
administration.

I will not go further into the details of 
those matters which are problems only for 
the men who administer the insurance.  It 
is important that you know that the most 
capable men in the country, including 
insurance experts who are members of The 
American Legion, are hammering away to 
keep up the improvement, and that blue 
sky is in sight.  But one of the steps taken 
concerns you directly, if you no longer 
carry your policy.  That is the reinstate-
ment provision.

Until the 31st of July, this year, you 
can reinstate your term policy without pay-
ing up all the back premiums, by indicat-
ing in a prescribed way that your health is 
essential as well as good as it was when your 
policy lapsed.  Before saying more about 
this important matter I would like to add 
that there are a great many other pro-
visions regarding reinstatement besides 
this routine one, and if you wish to 
reinstate your policy but think you are 
an exceptional case and might not be 
eligible under the broad rule, talk over 
your problem with your Legion Service 
Officer to find out if you are eligible any-
way.  If he doesn't know the answer right 
off he knows where to get it.  For instance 
there is one exception to the "comparable health" reinstatement privilege.  A man 
who was totally disabled when his policy 
lapsed can't reinstate if he is still totally 
disabled.  Yet there is no reason for him 
to disqualify himself.  His idea of total 
disability may not be the same as that of 
the VA and he cannot hurt himself by 
applying.

To return to the general reinstatement 
rule, it is a unique provision, without prec-
edent in the insurance world, and a real 
way in which the VA has said, "I'm sorry."  
This provision has already been well 
worth-while.  As of last March 1,219,500 
veterans had applied for reinstatement and 
it was granted to 1,297,500 of them, to the 
tune of seven and three quarters billions of 
dollars in life insurance coverage for 
their dependents.  Of the remaining 22,000 
who applied many of the applications were 
still pending at the time of that report.

Let's make sure now that if you apply 
for reinstatement, you do it right the first 
time.

You simply make out a reinstatement 
form (a one-pager which you can get 
from your Legion Service Office or the VA) 
and if your health is comparable to 
what it was when your policy lapsed the 
answers you write on the form will 
indicate that, and that's the end of the 
proof as far you are concerned, in most 
cases.

Three questions on the form relate to 
your health.  Give truthful answers to 
the best of your ability, and if the answers 
indicate a doubt about your health the 
VA has the right to conduct a health 
examination.

However, Mr. Harold Breining, the VA's 
top insurance man, at a Congressional 

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Can a Man My Age Become A 
Hotel Executive

Even Though He Has No 
Previous Hotel Experience?

Would you like to rise into a well-paid position as Hotel 
Manager, Purchasing Agent, Social Director, Club, Resta-
rant, or Hotel Manager, Assistant Manager?  Would you 
like to be able to look forward happily to the future?  The 
success of Lewis graduates ranks high to do PROVES you can 
— though you may have had a minute's experience in hotel 
work.

Becomes Hotel Steward Although He 
Knew Nothing About Hotel Business.  

"Shortly after receiving his diploma from 
the Lewis Hotel Training School, 
I gave up my job in a power plant and accepted 
a position obtained for me by the Lewis 
Placement Bureau as an Assistant to the 
Manager of a famous country club.  
New Steward of this 356-room hotel.  Have 
held new eleven months, and have had 
three raises in salary," writes C. P. 
Bennett.

Step into a Well-Paid Hotel Position 
FREE Book Gives Fascinating 
Facts Our FREE book, "Your Big Opportunity," explains how 
you can qualify for a well-paid position at home, in leisure 
time.  It tells how you can replace $200 or extra room in 
the Lewis National Placement Service; short how you can 
be a Lewis Certified Employee — certified to "make good" 
when placed in a position.  Mail the coupon NOW!
hearing last January testified in answer to a question from Representative R. T. Ross of New York that "... Ordinarily the man's statement is satisfactory. (Health examination for reinstatement) are very rare ... Probably there isn't one of 10,000 applications that are required to take a physical examination."

Mr. Breining may have been overly optimistic in that report. The actual figures from the field indicate that, for one reason or another, one of sixty applicants (22,000 out of 1,319,500) fail to qualify for reinstatement. It's a good guess that all those who fail, plus many who get by, take the health exam. So probably two or three in a hundred, rather than "not one in 10,000" take health exams. But those are still good odds, and a much better break than will be open to veterans after this coming July 31.

After July 31st all reinstatement applications will have to prove insurable health by examination, like any other insurance. The generous provisions of "comparable health" hold only until then.

When it comes to filling out the form for reinstatement, experience has shown that a few certain errors made by veterans result in unnecessary red tape. Let me prep you on them.

Questions 8, 9 and 10 relate to health. All three must be answered (as must every other question.) Questions 8 and 10 call for checking Yes or No. A check mark must appear on the VA selections have no authority to reinstate the insurance. In thousands of cases to date neither the Yes nor the No has been checked, the veteran apparently assuming that no answer means No. It doesn't.

Question 9 asks if medical treatment has been received or illness suffered since the policy lapsed. It too must be answered Yes or No, and if the answer is Yes some details must be written in. Yet thousands have failed to fill in the details and the form has inescapably bounced right back. Perhaps veterans don't feel qualified to answer a question on medicine. And who would blame them?

The best way to handle this is to remember that when you make out a sworn statement your signature at the bottom means that the statements are true to the best of your knowledge. You can fill in the details on Question 9 in your own language and to the best of your ability, and that's enough.

If you have a bad cold and went to the doctor and he said, "hmm," and gave you some pills and a pat on the back and wrote down acute coryza on the record, or anything else unknown to you, you don't have to give the VA that medical terminology. Just answer Question 9 by telling about the medical treatment as you understood it. That's all your signature at the bottom means to.

On the reinstatement form there is a space to enter the date of application—the date you signed the form. Don't let it sit around the house after that date, for unless the envelope containing the form is postmarked two days after the date of application it's not acceptable.

How's about money? You don't have to pay up the back premiums when you reinstate term insurance. Send two months premiums along with the form, and thereafter keep paying your premiums on time.

That too is important. It tells you on the form to start making regular payments,
I PICK WALCOTT
(Continued from page 23)

But since his return in 1944, his record has been impressive enough. He lost a decision to Roxy Allen which he reversed in 1945. In 1946, he dropped verdicts to Joey Maxim and Elmo Reams, but he reversed all three in second-rounds or worse. But Walcott has now been imbued with a mission in life. He still retains, for the most part, his outward pliability, but he is given to swift flashes of temper.

I know, I spoke to him at a Philadelphia night club after the Police Gazette had tendered him a heavyweight championship belt. Walcott was called away from the table to pose for a picture. So I chatted with Joe Holmes, his brother-in-law. I was seeking the usual background material for Holmes who has always been extremely close to Jersey Joe, travelling with him during the dog days. When Walcott returned, he noticed me speaking to Holmes.

"I'll tell you, that's my life!" he shouted. "Fleas are going to be flared, lips compressed tightly, to Holmes. And he seemed to be a bit hurt by my curiosity. Before the evening closed, he was his amiable self again. But a glance at Walcott aroused gives you a queasy feeling.

During his frequent retirements, Jersey Joe would try anything. He delivered ice, he was a day laborer, a hod carrier. After Jimmy Johnson’s failure to procure a license for him, he felt that his cause was hopeless. It happened that he had not brought his birth certificate to the New Jersey commissioner, but from the way things were breaking, Jersey Joe didn’t care if he fought again or not. He turned more and more to back-breaking labor.

This picture only been the end of the career, if any, of Jersey Joe Walcott, one of the talented unknown and unspectacular fighters of America who box in the highways and the byways and then slip into limbo, far short of the golden grail that draws them all on. But a few tons of coal and a fellow who wanted to promote bouts in Camden helped change the course of pugilistic history.

One Felix Bocchicchio of Camden wanted to promote bouts in Camden and he figured that Walcott would provide a good local name. Walcott was then working in the shipyards as a chippier, the guy who holds an air drum when they chip rough edges off welding. There were eight Walcott to find home and not only that, there was not enough money to buy coal to warm the house. Bocchicchio stocked Walcott’s coal bin and Jersey Joe agreed to come out of retirement.

Bocchicchio’s investment in Walcott ran into more than coal as he tried to hit the jackpot that beckons to a successful heavyweight. In order to get a few bites with Baski, it was necessary that the Walcott people guarantee $50,000. Tex Sullivan, manager of Baski, was skeptical about
Walcott’s backers owning that kind of money. Bocchicchio heard about it. One day he dropped up to Sullivan’s office, carrying a big black bag. In it was $35,000 in cash. Bocchicchio posted $15,000 with Sullivan. When the Garden paid off at $25,000 the Camden promoter lost $10,000. But Jersey Joe Walcott whipped Baksi and the gamble by Bocchicchio eventually paid off.

Guided carefully, intelligently, honestly, Jersey Joe put up some splendid bouts. Bivins rated 5 to 1 over him in Cleveland, rounds. Louis entered as a 10 to 1, or prohibitive favorite, and doubts were expressed that the mysterious Jersey Joe Walcott would even appear. How could this nobody stand up against the Louis who had successfully defended his title twenty-three times?

Walcott stood up so well that at the end of the thirteenth round no less a student of fights than Abe Attell, who had bet heavily on Louis, picked himself up in distaste and left the Garden.

“"When I heard the verdict," declares Abe, "I felt I had found $3,500 on the floor. I did not see how Walcott could lose that fight in the last two rounds unless he was knocked out.”

Louis did not knock out Jersey Joe Walcott, whom he defeated on a split decision in that fight, and the way he is going about it, he will not knock him out in this one either. Much has been made of the fact that Louis dumps them convincingly the second time – witness Schmeling, Godoy, Bob Pastor, Conn, Buddy Baer.

But Joe Louis has been approaching the Joe Walcott return combat with an entirely erroneous mental attitude. After the first battle, his face still well banded, he asserted, “Next time I’ll knock him out in three rounds sure as daylights.”

Louis held Walcott in such contempt that, originally, he even refused to regard him as a challenger for the first fight. He was mistaken about Jersey Joe for the initial fray, and he appears to be repeating himself for this one. Whereas, the solidly-built, 195-pound Walcott has been training diligently since April for the June bout. Louis took altogether too much time out for exhibitions abroad. He averred that he could get into shape for Walcott within five weeks, but Joe Louis was thinking of the young fellow he was ten years ago. A fighter in his thirties must engage in road work, in wood chopping, in sharp tune-ups, must give it the long pull. Joe Louis has once again been practising to hit Walcott, whereas the emphasis in his training

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**General Mischief**

By S. H. Stevens

**GAME TODAY**

S.B.S.
should have been to build up the leg power to catch him.

The series of exhibitions in which Louis appeared in England this past winter would have slowed up a Louis in his prime, let alone a 34-year old Louis who is ten to twenty pounds over his best weight, who has had fourteen years of boxing, and whose reflexes have dulled.

Exhibitions of any length for fighters are serious mistakes. Mike McGugue, the light-heavyweight champion of years gone by, would have arrived a long time before he did had he not given boxing instructions to wealthy clients. This careful fencing inculcated a lack of aggressiveness in McCugue, and placed stress on defensive tactics. For in exhibitions, or in lessons, a champion does not go all out, or there would be no exhibition fodder for him. Terry McGovern was another devastating fighter who ran out of opponents and who indulged in stage work. When he was signed with Young Corbett, there were simply no takers for bets. The great McGovern! But rustiness had set in, and it was Young Corbett who stowed McGovern away in the second round. An eye-witness, a friend of McGovern’s, once told me: “The stage work did it. Terry missed a lot, and he was wide open. He wasn’t himself. Instead of his old style of tearing in with his head lowered, Terry slugged from an upright position. He underestimated Corbett, who was a tough kid.”

If Terrible Terry McGovern, a much younger champion than Louis at the time of his decline, should have succumbed to exhibitions, why should not a Joe Louis, who swung so much into the stage mood that he boxed an exhibition with Comedian Danny Kaye, Jersey Joe Walcott, grim and eager, hasn’t Kaye’s sense of humor.

Joe Louis cannot bear himself for the magnificent effort any more. Jersey Joe, although a few months older than Louis, sleeps, lives, dreams of the second Louis fight with a zest given only to the young, or the underprivileged. Walcott is not young, but he could sue the championship. His board of strategy could slice up a quarter of a million dollars with the various takes from the bout in Yankee Stadium on June 23. But if there were a victory, this would be only the beginning as Walcott strove to cash in during the remainder of the top-flight fighting time left to him.

Wealth, renown, respect, security—all of these lured for a Walcott who is a mature, reflective fellow in his own right. Life has taught much to this deeply religious prize fighter, who smokes little and drinks less.

He and his children have starved too much for him to take this fight lightly.

A triumph would not make him the oldest champion. Bob Fitzsimmons gained that distinction at thirty-five, when he beat Jim Corbett, Corbett at thirty-four almost regained his crown from the youthful Jim Jeffries until nature collared him in the twenty-third round. Both Fitzsimmons and Corbett were keen for the fray even at this stage of their careers. And that meant something. It will mean something for Jersey Joe.

But Joe Louis seems to be in the same situation as Jack Dempsey, who at thirty-three, remarked disconsolately after the second fight with Gene Tunney: “My legs were gone. I just couldn’t catch the guy. I guess I’m an old man.”

Mentally, at 34, champion Joe Louis is an old man. The irony of it all is that this time it will be an older man, with a younger outlook, who will catch him.

We’ll sum it up this way. John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett each emerged from three years of retirement to lose their titles. Bob Fitzsimmons didn’t try on a glove for two years—then he was knocked out by Jeffries. Jeffries, mountainous at 270 pounds and aged 35, came out of six years of idleness, scaled down to 225, trained for a full year—and then was belted out by Jack Johnson in the fifteenth round. Jess Willard did not have a fight for three years before Dempsey blasted him to pieces at Toledo. Joe Louis, with six years of inactivity behind him and with a mental attitude gone sour, is all set to leave the glory road.

At any rate, at Yankee Stadium this June I pick Jersey Joe Walcott, the man they once called too old to fight, to win the world heavyweight championship from Joe Louis. And—don’t be surprised if he knocks him out!

Demolish And Delay

When war came to the Philippines, Major General Hugh J. Casey, who is still General Douglas MacArthur’s Chief Engineer, had a special job to do. From the handful of available Engineer officers and a motley bunch of civilian specialists he molded a group that soon earned the name of “Casey’s Dynamizers.” In these early days of the war in the Pacific the only hope was a successful withdrawal to the Bataan Peninsula. Casey’s Dynamizers, with their slogan “Demolish and Delay,” became a dominant factor in all tactical planning. Under the inspiration of this battle cry, one Philippine Army Engineer battalion alone destroyed more than 150 road and railroad bridges during the withdrawal.

Throughout Luzon the Engineers prepared bridges for demolition. When withdrawing American and Filipino forces were safely across, sometimes when the surging Japanese had actually set foot on a span, up it would go. But the key job was to be on the great Calumpit Bridge over the Pampanga River, scheduled for destruction on January 1, 1942. Calumpit was the bottleneck for the hordes escaping out of the Manila area and for the South Luzon Force which had to reach Bataan.

At 6:15 A.M., the New Year was welcomed with reverberations from the most significant single demolition of the campaign. The Calumpit Bridge filled the air with its own debris in sight of the advancing Japanese. But with the final phase of the Philippine Defense about to begin, Casey’s Dynamizers still had some unfinished business. As the enemy doubled his efforts to overcome the delaying tactics of the North Luzon Force rear guard, the little band of Engineers under Lt. Col. N. L. Manzano moved back into enemy territory from Calumpit to Meycauyan to destroy six bridges which the retreating troops had not demolished.

With their necessary movement always from any hope of escape, the Engineers calmly continued their destructive mission. They then managed to make their way through swamp and jungle into Bataan.

The job done, General Casey reported to General MacArthur.

“Sir, we’ve run clean out of bridges,” he said, “it’s up to the infantry now.”

—By Gordon Link and Evelyn Marton
LIFE IN THE OPEN
A Monthly Feature of Fun, Fact and Fancy for Outdoorsmen

Conducted by
ARThUR CARHART

● The case of the lady at the dude ranch proves that you can follow directions too literally. Reed Higby of the Reverse RH Dude Ranch in Wyoming told this lady guest that if she got lost while out riding all she had to do was turn the horse loose. He meant, of course, just sit on the horse and stop steering it and it would go home. Well, the lady got lost so she turned the horse loose. Yep, loose. She took off on the bridle and sat down under the singing pines while the horse walked away. It returned to the ranch and the crew found the trusting lady some hours later still sitting and wondering what to do next. Luckily for her the instructions worked—after a fashion.

● How many big game animals are there in this country? The Fish and Wildlife Service, in its latest estimate, puts the count at 8,240,000, all but 900,000 of which are deer. This is a modern record, 25% higher than in 1943 (the war and ammunition shortage cut down on hunting since then) and it is well above the all-time low of 3,000,000 in 1915.

"Big game" in the U. S. means hooved animals and bear. Aside from deer, elk and moose the count includes bighorn sheep and mountain goats, peccaries and wild hogs, bison, black bear and grizzly bear. Apparently bobcats, cougars, lynxes, wolves and coyotes don't count.

Michigan leads the states with 800,000 big game animals, mostly deer. Kansas alone, according to the report, has no big game at all.

Woodland caribou are scarcest with a total of 40 animals; Grizzlies (1400), European wild bear (1700), bison (3000) and desert bighorn (7600) are next scarcest.

● How do you dry the inside of your rubber boots or waders when they get wet? One trick is to do it with a vacuum cleaner. Remove the bag and put the hose on the blowing end. Put the vacuum cleaner on the open door of a warm oven so it sucks the air out of the oven and blows it through the hose into your boots. No need to have the juice on in your oven, in fact if yours is a gas, gasoline or kerosene oven make sure to heat the oven first and turn the flame out before monkeying around with the vacuum cleaner.

● When their landlord clamped down on a "no dogs" rule in 1944, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Strey, of Colorado Springs, shipped their puppy, Battle, to relatives at Ekalaka, Montana. In 1946 Battle disappeared from the Montana household. Eighteen months later Mrs. Strey whistled at a dog which looked like Battle that had walked into her Colorado Springs back yard. It was Battle, who had somehow made the 500 miles back home. This time he stayed.

● Ever fish from the bottom? If you want to fish deep with bait (worms or minnows) as you will sometimes when going for perch, crappies, and bluegills; or (with doughballs or liver) for catfish, it is easy to fish "up from the bottom." Simply thread your line through the eye of a heavyinker. Put a bobber beyond the sinker and put the baited hook beyond the bobber. Cast, let the sinker reach bottom, ease line, and the bobber will pull up line to any desired position above the bottom. Since too heavy a sinker may interfere with your play of fish, use a sinker which is just heavy enough to sink the bobber.

● While we are on the subject of fishing altitude let's come off the bottom and take a look at the trees. You've seen all the hogs, and the on the back-cast you've hooked some brush or a limb. You can lose your temper and yank if you wish (that's rough on flies, leader, rod and nerves), or you can come prepared. Just carry a length of light sash-cord with you. Tie a rock on the end, toss this over the limb, haul down the brush and free the fly. If there's a hornet's nest there, use your own judgment.

Don't You Believe It
Picketwire Pete had a pet rattlesnake. His friends told him to get rid of the thing, but Pete had faith in the devotion of God's creatures to their friends, and besides the snake was useful to him. It served as his watch-dog around the cabin on Thundermug Creek, and every morning at sunrise the snake would hang by its teeth from a limb outside Pete's window and Pete would peer out of one eye from his pillow and judge the wind from the way the snake hung. The snake would also stick its tail in the gas tank of Pete's jalopy to measure the contents, and every year, when Pete washed his socks, the critter would stretch from bedpost to bedpost overnight and serve as a washrag. Still Pete's friends were nervous and said he shouldn't trust his pet too far.

(continued on next page)
SOMETHING NEW IN MOVIES
(Continued from page 26)
noticed. Alfred Hitchcock started it years ago when he always appeared, just for a fleeting glimpse, in every picture he directed. He did it for identification, just like an artist signs his paintings. In *Rope*, his newest film, his face is on a neon sign in the distant background and you’ll have to look carefully and quickly to spot it. Next to start the trick, with variations, was Bob Hope. In all his pictures, Bing Crosby puts in a quick surprise appearance. Now the trick is widespread. In Red Skelton’s *The Southern Yankee*, Clark Gable will suddenly appear at the end and drive off with the heroine. In every picture that John Huston directs, he manages to slip in his father, Walter Huston. The first time was in *The Maltese Falcon* when the audience gets a glimpse of a corpse and it’s Papa Walter. In *Key Largo*, his latest, John has his father in the driver’s seat of a bus which merely passes through a scene. Tim Holt, follows the same procedure. In *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* he saw to it that his father, Jack, made an appearance. He was one of the burns in the flopstone. Bette Davis’ husband, William Sherry, is another who trade-marks his wife’s pictures. In *Strange Meeting* (formerly titled *Winter Meeting*) he’s a sailor, with seabag over his shoulder, walking along the street. Henry Koster, the director, always has a bust of his wife, Polly Moran, visible in some scene. Mitch Leisen scatters his amateur sculpturing among the sets. Jose Iturbi insists upon being billed as Jose Iturbi so there isn’t any doubt about it.

The Army has given us something to get excited about. It has a 3-dimension color film. Developed by the U. S. Army Air Force at Wright Field, the camera takes one continuous picture, nine-and-a-half inches wide by 200 feet with no shutter to break its continuity. It’s a Sonne Continuous Strip Stereo Camera using aerial Kodacolor which brings a veritable spectrum to the screen. It can operate at flight speeds varying from 100 to 1,000 miles per hour which means it is as adaptable to jet-propelled planes as to any other type. Engineers say it can, in time, revolutionize the industry. But don’t expect to see it soon. While perfected now for military purposes, it will be a long time before it can be harnessed for ordinary purposes.

Also further advanced than the general public realizes (simply because it isn’t on a mass basis as yet) is television. 20th Century-Fox is now making a daily motion picture newscast expressly for television broadcasting and it is being televised daily on NBC’s eastern network under sponsorship of Camel cigarettes to the tune of $10,000 a week. And it won’t be long before that network will be coast to coast. Don’t ever, for a moment, underestimate television. It’s here. It’s good. It’s commercially profitable. And it can operate in color, too.

Cesar Romero, a veteran of World War II where he did DE duty in the Pacific for the Coast Guard, has just completed thirteen years as a contract player at 20th Century-Fox. While lots of actors have been in the game a longer time, only six others have served as long a time at one studio. These other are Bette Davis and Alan Hale at Warners; Bing Crosby at Paramount; Clark Gable, Lewis Stone and Wallace Berry at M-G-M. Thirteen years ago Cesar did *Clive of India* and *Cardinal Richelieu* and this native New Yorker has been working hard ever since. He is usually cast in Latin roles, his latest being a Spaniard in *Captain from Castile*, a Portu-
guess in Deep Waters, and an Italian in That Lady in Ermine. His next role is that of an acrobat who falls in love with Greer Garson in Julia Misbehaves. Says Cesar, "It's true I haven't drawn the best roles in the world, but then I'm not the best actor in the world either." * * *

Paramount's Sealed Verdict is the first motion picture to be made with a background of the momentous German war crimes trials which are setting up a new concept of international law affecting the lives of all of us for generations to come. By all means put it on your "must see" list.

Based upon the novel by Lionel Shapiro, young Canadian newspaperman and formerly a topflight war reporter, and starring Ray Milland and Florence Marly (the American debut of the European actress), the story will take the audience to the small Bavarian city of Reschweiler, mostly a heap of rubble, on the banks of the Auer River. Inside the courthouse, one of the few undamaged buildings remaining, seven defiant Nazis, the most prominent being General Otto Steigmann, are the defendants.

Steigmann, in particular, has been accused of committing unspeakable atrocities against thousands of defenseless persons. He justifies his acts by claiming that, as an officer, he merely carried out orders from above. Milland, as an able American prosecutor, convicts Steigmann and the others and then begins to have doubts about the evidence on which the conviction was based. He is faced with the terrible dilemma of a man, trained in Anglo-Saxon law, who knows that an individual must not be convicted—no matter how deserving of death he may be—even upon sworn testimony. Otherwise, the whole concept and edifice of justice and security, as Western civilization has known it, would collapse.

In order to add authenticity to the physical aspects of production, Producer Robert Fellows dispatched a 55-man crew to Strasbourg, along the French-German border, where over 40,000 feet of film was shot. The town had been found to closely resemble the Reschweiler described in the book. The Strasbourg police headquarters appears in the picture as the headquarters for the trial. Kaiser Wilhelm's huge castle, located at Haut Koenigsburg, and which was prominently featured in the French film, Grand Illusion, a few years ago, is again utilized, this time as a site for execution of the criminals.

Gordon Dean, formerly personal assistant to Supreme Court Associate Justice Robert Jackson who presented the case of the prosecution at the Nuremberg war crimes trials, served as technical adviser for the film.

The release date shouldn't be but a few weeks off. * * *

Ella Raines, last seen in The Senator Was Indiscreet, has let it be known that her husband comes first, her career second. The husband is Major Robin Olds of the Army Air Forces whom she married on Feb. 6, 1947 ... River Lady, a story of lumberjacks on the Mississippi in 1860, is U-I's contribution to the screen this month ... Goldwyn will release another Danny Kaye picture this summer—A Song Is Born ... Joan Fontaine has withdrawn from Mayerling because the producers aren't yet ready and Joan has other commitments. She stars with James Stewart in You Gotta Stay Happy ... The Story of Seabiscuit will be done by Warners with Barry Fitzgerald playing the role of Trainer Tom Smith and Otto Kruger in the role of Owner C. S. Howard. Seabiscuit will be played by three horses all sired by the original ... Notre Dame All-American Johnny Lujack has been signed for Mr. Quarterback, based upon Francis Wallace's Saturday Evening Post story ... Robert Stack, after five years in the Navy, is resuming his career. His last picture, a long time ago, was Eagle Squadron ... George Murphy received an emblem of appreciation from the Australian Consul General in appreciation of his efforts in entertainment during the war ... Carole Andrews who gave up her movie career to marry Marine Captain Jack Jarvis, is now living with him in Cape-town, South Africa ... France has just upped theatre admissions 35 percent. Which reminds us that right here in the U. S. A. servicemen must now pay the 20 percent amusement tax, even in military theatres ... Monogram has borrowed $3,850,000 from the Security First National Bank of California at 4½ percent interest for picture making ... D. W. Griffith, who produced such things as Birth of a Nation (1915), is now 73 years old ... Rumor has it that the "Unfriendly Nineteen" will pug their scripts with "innocent" names so as to find a market ... Harry Davenport, 81 years old, is the oldest actor in the business and still going strong in Warners Christopher Blake. He says there is no magic formula for a long and merry life unless it is work. THE END

June, 1948

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47
YOUR HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.
(Continued from page 16)

out back, idle. At least they were standing; I haven’t thought to notice since last Halloween. These structures are made of seasoned boards, and strong board—some are very strong boards. And they would be practical too. Those loopholes in the side of the house would be just the thing to shoot through if Indians attacked.

But there is a larger supply of even more seasoned lumber than this. Enough,

WW2 Service Medals

Area service medals for WW2 veterans will be available for distribution by June 1, says a joint announcement of the Armed Services. The medals are the counterparts of the three theater ribbons issued during the war for service in the Asiatic-Pacific, European-African-Middle Eastern, and American theaters.

Eligible veterans may apply by mail or in person to distribution centers to be announced later. Honorable discharge or evidence of honorable separation from the service must be presented. It is expected that recruiting stations and veterans organizations will participate in distribution, as in the case of the American Defense and WW2 Victory Medal.

I think, to end the housing shortage without destroying any of the little dwellings out back, many of which have some sort of intrinsic value as family heirlooms. Yes, we will get the lumber without upsetting anyone, but bear with me a little longer.

Last winter, at the height of the tourist season, I drove to Florida. All the way down I kept hearing, “Make your reservation?” “You won’t find an overnight place unless you have a reservation.” “You’ll need to go back if you haven’t wired ahead.” “Better turn around.”

I was tired of hearing it.

And before I reached the Florida line I saw that I was all right. The signs along the highway assured me that I was. I don’t know how I happened to begin following Rusty’s in particular. His signs were smaller, on an average, than the others, about 20 by 30 feet. Maybe it was because they came at us so thick and fast.

The first dozen or so said simply, “Rusty’s Rustic Cabins.” Then they became less formal: “Relax at Rusty’s.” “Rusty’s Rustic Cabins are ready for you (get that emphasis) now.” The next series was even more cordial: “Spend the night with Rusty,” was the subtitle of their message. From there on in we didn’t go many miles without Rusty reminding us that he was sitting in his Tourist Heaven, waiting to greet us.

From every rock and fill, from the house tops, from barn ends, fence posts, trees, wherever there was a space big enough for R-U-S-T-Y, R-U-S-T-Y was there. And where Nature had failed to look out for Rusty in her scheme of things, he offered us his all from beautiful hard wood signboards, not to mention the rustic ones which he probably whittled out.


As we drew nearer that long-awaited haven, Rusty became desolate: “Last cabins for 200 miles,” “Don’t sleep in your car again tonight,” “Civilization ends at Rusty’s,” he warned.

Soon, he became concerned over our getting confused about the distances and driving past, so he beamed us in: “10 miles to Rusty’s,” “5 miles to Rusty’s,” “Rusty’s—2 miles,” “Rusty’s—1 mile,” “Rusty’s—500 feet.” Then, at long and weary last, a mammoth neon “Welcome to Rusty’s,” with a flaming red arrow that practically pulled us off the road and underneath a rustic canopy bordering at the base by a row of rustic natives. My car lights were shining up ahead on at least a hundred board feet of white pine, across which was lettered, “Oh I’ll miss you tonight—Rusty.”

I got out and the most rustic of the old codgers rose to his feet.

“I’d like a cabin for four,” I said.

He sat back down and laughed till he cried. “Ain’t had a vacancy for three months,” he said, when he could talk. “Don’t know of one within two hundred miles of here.” I didn’t either. His signs had blotted out everything but the sun since we hit Florida. I know just what to do with Rusty’s signs—and with all the other signs that clutter the highways.

Obviously we are going to run into a lot of opposition when we begin building our houses with all this fine sign board lumber. Most of this can be eliminated if we will guarantee to leave the advertising right on the boards. After all, if you have a house you can call your very own, what difference will it make if “MIGAWD-MIFACE After-Shave Lotion” is spread across the sign side? Your friends might have “Pull the Trigger on Lazy Bowels” on theirs, or “I Can Hold Your Rupture.” Who knows, it could become a fad.

Only one thing I ask, Rusty’s signs belong to me. I’ve always wanted a hotel. And I might have enough left over from Rusty’s signs to build a small scaffold out back—in case Rusty ever stops off for a stretch.
SOUND OFF! (Continued from page 9)

Magazine, braille edition ... I've been blind for several years and had to depend on conversations and "out loud" reading to keep up with veterans affairs. Now, with the magazine, I often feel like I'm leaning on my friends, however, I now have the knowledge, as do several of my blind friends who all look forward to the magazine ... It has long been established that only the best written material stands up under braille reading. We enjoy the magazine from cover to cover—not only the veterans affairs, but the whole book.

WILLIAM JOHNSTON
Royal Oak, Michigan

... Last year I joined the Legion, but only attended one meeting ... I've been pretty independent—proud to be "on my own." Well I've bought three different homes since leaving service, moved five times, tried four jobs. I've used up my GI loan privileges, my wartime savings and other priorities and assets ... Now I'm finding out that if I'd taken an interest in the activities of the Legion and studied a little about the projects it has been working on, I could have been a better member of it. No telling what it could have done for me. I would have been in a better position today ... Well, I'm paying up my dues and getting on the ball by taking a part in planning the future.

WILFORD R. THORNROCK
Ogden, Utah

... I give my thanks and regards to the American Legion anywhere, any time. I've had a hard time. A son was killed overseas, and the Legion got me a pension for the rest of my life. My brother's veteran son was killed in an accident here after the war, and the Legion worked on my brother's aid and gave the boy a nice funeral. The Legion served us in our darkest hours ...

DELLAH HARRIS
Louisville, Kentucky

... Two months ago I had never given much thought to the American Legion. Then my father had a stroke and the Legion asked if I'd like to have him sent to the VA Hospital at Aspinwall ... They took him in their ambulance and even offered to have someone watch my children, which I thought was very kind and thoughtful ... Now, due to the kindness of the men of Arnold Post my father is starting to recover.

Mrs. Paul Tulecak
New Kensington, Pennsylvania

... Our Post (Parma Post 212) learned in June of a War Two vet about to be discharged from the nearby VA Hospital unable to buy a pair of weighted shoes needed for corrective exercises.

Our Post instantly went into action. We visited him recently. His condition has improved as a result of the exercise with the weighted shoes, he has an excellent attendance record at the university where he has become a law student, and he is an active member of the Legion Post in the university town.

MYRTLE ANDERSON
Parma, Ohio

Although my father was Commander of our Post I was one of those wise guys of War Two who thought the world owed him a living. Every time I was asked what had been done I asked what was in for me. Finally they quit asking ... Then I visited a friend in a VA hospital and the conditions were terrible, as anyone could see at a glance ...

Yet several months later on another visit the place was utterly changed—and all for the better. My father had joined the Legion and raised Cain to get that hospital back up to government standards ... So I began to dig into the Legion, and I can say now that if ever War Two vet found out the great things the Legion is doing not only for them, but also for others in many fields they would do as I did—join and pitch in to help.

LEWIS M. HILL
Mt. Vernon, Ohio

Should We Be Ready?

... The President has asked for temporary reenactment of Selective Service ... I'm for it 100% because I remember how Pearl Harbor came like lightning when we weren't prepared. War may come or it may not, but let's not be caught with our pants down—it pays to be safe, not half safe. Many Legionnaires are now working for the draft and perhaps many against it. Let's have your views, fellows, as this is an important issue facing all America.

WILLIAM A. WHITE, Jr.
Superior, Wisconsin

... For the Good of the Legion ...

I'm a blind War One veteran, I have my Seeing Eye dog, Tinka. I am captain of one of four teams to get members by the simple system of talking to veterans. For instance I met one on a city bus. He noticed Tinka and started talking. I said, You sound like a veteran. He said, Yes sir, I am. I asked him what Post he belongs to. He said, I don't. Then I started about On-The-Job-Training, G.I. Bill of Rights, etc. ... When we reached town I gave him a slip. He filled it out and his dues ... I've gotten over a hundred members and am still working ...

A. M. (PARRY) DEISSOLL
Little Rock, Arkansas

I'm no Legionnaire, but an Auxiliarie, and proud of my Unit. Can anyone challenge the following reenactor of John A Deaver Post, Unit 12, of the Department of Tennessee?

At 10 a.m. on the morning of Feb. 11, membership totalled 1965. But busy bees bustled busily away, when the number totalled 1500. One hundred thirty-five more members in two hours! Sixty-seven an hour! Over one a minute ...

RUBY MAY GAITHER
Jackson, Tennessee

May I join your magazine in urging as many Legionnaires as can possibly do so to enroll in the American Legion Extension Institute? ... They will gain new insight into the organization, programs and services of the better. My buddy as never before the Legion has assumed a grave responsibility ... It is essential that we enroll in the Legion every loyal American who is eligible. It is equally essential that we tell them what the Legion is all about, and the Legion Extension Institute tells them ... As a War Two veteran who was privileged to attend the Legion College at Indianapolis in December, 1946 I know that there is no iron curtain between you and the men who make your Legion tick ... Full knowledge is yours for the asking ... Enroll in the American Legion Extension Institute ...

R. A. KNUBSON
Fort Dodge, Iowa

The American Legion Extension Institute is a correspondence course on the workings of the American Legion. Your Post Commander has details. Editors

June, 1948

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The New BOOKS

OUR BOOK SERVICE • Herein a further installment of the book-review section dealing with volumes which interpret American life in terms of today. We are offering these books and others, as shown in the list on the opposite page, to readers of the magazine through the Legion Book Service.

A large percentage of the readers of our magazine live in small towns and villages, and it is not easy for them to purchase books. By filling out the form given at the bottom of the page opposite this, and enclosing check or money order, you can get any of the books listed. Watch next month for other books of current interest.

THE EDITORS

WAR MEMOIRS

ADMIRAL HALSEY'S STORY
By Admiral William F. Halsey and Lt. Commander J. Bryan, III, 34.00.

On December 7, 1941 Admiral Halsey had only 41 years in the Navy—and only a handful of Americans could have told you who he was. Five years later he was one of the most famous men in the world.

Admiral Halsey's Story was written by Halsey himself and by Lieutenant Commander J. Bryan, III, former Saturday Evening Post editor.

Halsey's Story is a fine report of his early life and a good picture of the pre-World War II American Navy. It gets into stride with the story of the days immediately preceding Pearl Harbor and keeps a high level of top-grade reporting on battle action, personalities, navy life and the tactics and strategy of the Pacific War right through to the end.

This book has the unblushing, unreticent comment that we have come to expect of our military and naval leaders. Typical is this comment on the New Georgia campaign:

"Our original plan allotted 15,000 men to wipe out the 9,000 Japs on New Georgia; by the time the Island was secured, we had sent in more than 50,000. When I look back on ELKTON, the smoke of charred reputations still makes me cough."

Halsey's writing is always up to the standards he sets there; his book is not only top biography, but a pretty fair insight into a lot of things that were held as top secret while the war was on.

THE STILWELL PAPERS

The fame of General Joe Stilwell as our fighting commander in China and on Okinawa came largely from his deep belief that a war can only be won by fighting. It can't be won by machines or factories. Stilwell believed, however, he would have been the last man to play down the contribution of any American effort in the war. But he thought it took men—men who would fight—to win in the end.

In China General Stilwell rebelled against the idea of hoping to win by other means than strong attack. He differed time and again with Generalissimo Chang-kai-Shek on what could be done to launch offensives against the Japanese.

This book is Stilwell's daily diary plus many of his letters home. It is the greatest book ever written by an American soldier—because Joe was one of the very few soldiers who could write out their ideas in a soldier's language, as strongly and plainly as they could speak them. In The Stilwell Papers, also, the general holds back nothing—tells the whole secret story of China in the war as he saw it and judged it daily.

BARBED WIRE SURGEON
By Alfred A. Weinstein, 310 pages, $3.00.

Alfred A. Weinstein, M.D., Harvard graduate and surgeon of Atlanta, Georgia joined the Army in 1940. He was on Bataan when the Americans there surrendered to overwhelming Japanese forces. Barbed Wire Surgeon is the story of his years in Japan prison camps.

It is a story of almost unparalleled brutality and horror, of a constant battle for survival, superimposed on a continual, almost hopeless battle for medical supplies, surgical equipment, permission to keep dying men on their feet and off the work gangs.

Weinstein doesn't cover up for friend or foe. He tells of Americans and American allies who played ball with the Japs for special privileges, of murderous Japanese guards, of skulkers, misfits, and worse.

And there are stories of the almost incredible heroism of men who kept courage, hope, even a grim humor, through years of suffering which drove other strong men mad.

U.S.M.C.

THE MARINES' WAR
By Fletcher Pratt, 456 pages, $5.00.

Fletcher Pratt's military writing has for a long time been recognized as about the best and the most readable available to the public. The Marines' War is up to his standard, and it should add considerably to his reputation.

This is not an "official" history, but Pratt was given access to Marine records and permitted "to interview witnesses to his heart's content" as he says himself.

A little skeptical of the Marines' good intentions, as Pratt explains, he "deliberately introduced some criticisms that were pretty harsh and more than a little unfair—just to see what would happen. The Marines to whom they were submitted blinked and took it like the good soldiers they were, even when the points made concerned them personally."

Particularly notable is the way in which Pratt manages to co-ordinate his accounts of air, naval, and Marine action in some of the most complex battles of history. Without sacrificing any part of the readability, and without losing any of the dramatic emphasis which Marine campaigns deserve, he manages to tie the various parts of an operation into a single clear picture in a way that few others can approach.

FICTION

EAGLE IN THE SKY
By F. Van Wyck Mason, $3.00.

A readable novel, compounded equally of history, sex, love, and adventure—the story of three surgeons who served the American cause in the critical years 1780-1781.

Peter Burnham, Asa Peabody, and Lucius Devoe got their medical degrees and the right to practice from the same New England surgeon on New Year's Eve. Burnham served with privates, Peabody with the patriot forces at Georgetown, and Devoe first with General Arnold, later with the British and Tories at Yorktown.

This is the standard handling of love, adventure, and history. But Eagle in the Sky is especially notable for its excursions into description of the medical practices of the eighteenth century—where the patient was given a bullet to bite on in place of an anesthetic, when instruments were sterilized in hot brandy, if at all, and suturing needles were filed in the surgeon's lapel, so they would be on hand when he needed them.

WORLD HISTORY

CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL
By Arnold Toynbee, 263 pages, $3.50.

Arnold Toynbee made his reputation as the author of a ponderous and scholarly six-volume study of history and civilization, originally published in England. No one was more astounded than Toynbee when a one-volume condensation of his work (A Study of History) was published in the United States, and turned into a long-time best seller.

The same brilliance of thought and analysis marks Mr. Toynbee's latest publication, Civilization on Trial.

A series of closely-related essays, this book ranges from an informal explanation of Mr. Toynbee's own view of history, through Greek and Roman civilization, and the struggles which have reduced the stature of Europe, to an essay on the part which Christianity has played in developing our contemporary civilization. Written informally, Civilization on Trial serves as an excellent introduction to longer and more systematic study.
The American Legion Book Service recommends...

THE STILWELL PAPERS
By General Joseph Stilwell
Right out of his private diaries and his letters to his wife, "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell's own words give this book the tang and flavor of the man himself. They are the plain words of a self-called "deckhand diplomat," who detested stuffed shirts, high-level politics, civilian or military, deceit and guile of any sort.

Packed with shrewd, pithy judgments of the great men of World War II, The Stilwell Papers shape up as the roughest, saltiest book of memoirs to come out of any war.

$4.00
Corrupt Corporals
Old vets on parade, left-and-righting.
While their button-strained O.D.'s divulge
The fact that they'll have to keep fighting
The battle--puff, puff--of the bugle.

--By Owen Travis

They'd Die For Uncle Joe
Members of a picked Russian soccer
football team traveling from Stockholm
to Oslo, Norway, on a big Scandinavian
Air System DC-4 spurned the tempting
lunch offered by the pretty blonde
hostess.

They turned stony faces at hot cups
of coffee and looked with suspicion
on gift packages of razor blades. They
took their unspoken orders from an
inscrutable Red football coach who,
except for the Russian equivalent of
"No!" scarcely opened his mouth
during the air journey.

"I suppose they're afraid of getting
poisoned and maybe losing their game
at Oslo," a ballad Norwegian pas-
senger said to a United States army
officer as the players trooped from the
plane following the landing. "They
tell me they're very good--haven't
lost a game so far."

"Why shouldn't they be good?" the dis-
gusted Yank officer growled. "They'd prob-
ably get shot if they lost."

--By Ron Maxness

Flush In The Pan
Fair maiden with lips red as roses
And cheeks pink and lovely--I hope
That a closer inspection discloses
Your beauty is more than skin deep!

--By S. Omar Barker

On Receiving A Check
What's this that comes in the morning mail?
A birthday check, no less!
And if there's a gift that is opportune,
It's a birthday check, oh yes!
(Or any old check, I guess.)
And so, for once, we will celebrate,
We'll go out for dinner, baby.
We'll order a cocktail--yes, we will!
And another cocktail, maybe!
We'll go to a place where someone runs
The well-known gamut of A-B!
We'll buy the radio brother dreams of!
The doll-carriage little sister screams of!
For Junior, some brand new hickory skis;
Frivolous undies for Louise;
And--just to rejoice the man that's inner--
A thick, thick steak for tomorrow's dinner!
Well, thank you, aunt, for your kindly
thought.
Would you like to know what I really
bought?
Item:--one month's electric bill;
Item:--retreading tire;
Item:--typewriter overhauled;
Some coal for the kitchen fire;
One pair of shoes (resoling same);
Fixing alarm on clock;
Item:--five dollars on account
To doc;
Item:--a pound of macaroni . . .
And a pound and a half of meat, baloney!

--By Louise Owen

Ponderable
Folks often ask, "What is the world
coming to?" I prefer to start the ques-
tion with "When . . ."

--By Pete Simer

Long Distance
The regular Sunday morning service of
the First Methodist Church, Mitchell,
South Dakota, is broadcast over Mitchell's
station, KMHK. In the course of the ser-
mon on a recent Sunday the pastor said,
"Let us communicate with the Lord."
The radio audience was amazed to hear
a telephone operator cut in with the re-
mark, "Let me have another line, please.
My circuits are all busy."

--By Irma Belle Thaden

Tact
Touring the Ozarks on their honeymoon,
the young couple stopped for the night at
a clapboard hotel and asked for a double
room. Without comment or explanation,
the proprietor led them to a large room
containing two double beds.
Next morning at breakfast their hostess
asked amiably, "Newlyweds, ain't you?"

--By W. F. Miksch

They blushingly confessed they were.
"I thought so. That's why I didn't put
anybody else with you in that double
room."

--By James McClure

M. P. H.
Important to remember
If speeding while you drive
Is though life begins at forty,
It may end at forty-five.

--By Sidney R. Baron

COMMUNIST PHRASES
EXPLAINED
By Professor Ivan Poopanitch
WAR HYSTERIA--In my beck yod, I
am planting hysteria bush (wheeze is
shrub-like plant giving popple flow-
ers). But comes up de stuck, de
leaves droop hoff, de popple flowers
no come. She no more is hysteria
she war hysteria.

EXPLOITED MASSES--A party work-
er he is having in his basement a
guess lick. De guess is licking out and
smelling de place up someting offul.
De worker is going down in dock
basement to see, and is striking a
match wheeze is cuzzing guess to ex-
plot so--POOF! "Hi!" say de worker, "it
exploited! Such a masses!"

RED BAITING--In misery staring, de wil-
lain is dragging always across de trail a
herring. A herring is a liddle feesh. A
liddle feesh is a bait. A herring is ulzo red.
So is a herring across de trail a red
baiting.

INCITERS OF WAR--De Sowiet is making a
war, a beeg bettle. De glorious Red
Harney is standing oute here where is falling
de bumps. But our glorious Red leaders is
in a bump cellar under de Kremlin--in-
cite, not outeite. Dey is inciters of war.

DOLLAR DEMOCRACY--In Russia, a dol-
lar we don't got. Democracy we don't got
ulzo. De former we are vaunting. But not
de ladder.

--By W. F. Miksch
"He's added another choice item to his collection!"

Choicest item in *any* man’s liquor cabinet—that familiar amber decanter of Calvert Reserve! For here, in this fine whiskey, you’ll find the superb result of Calvert’s unequalled blending experience... a whiskey you'll prefer because it’s smoother, mellower, tastes better. Try it, and you, too, will switch to Calvert!

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