THE EYES OF THE WORLD AT
THE LANDING ON
OMAHA BEACH

PRODUCER JOHN FORD TELLS HOW THEY FILMED
THE NORMANDY INVASION / BY PETE MARTIN

A LOOK AT DALLAS, TEXAS

The Career of
CHARLES de GAULLE
Anchors Aweigh

(Song of the United States Navy)

Stand, Navy, out to sea,
Fight our battle cry:
We'll never change our course,
So vicious foe steer shy-y-y-y
Roll out the TNT Anchors Aweigh
Sail onto victory
And sink their bones to Davy Jones, hooray!

Yo ho there shipmate, take the fighting to
the far off seas;
Yo ho there messmate, hear the wailing of
the wild banshees.
All hands fire brands
Let's blast them as we go. So

Anchors Aweigh my boys, Anchors Aweigh
Farewell to college joys,
We sail at break of day-day-day-day!
Through our last night on shore,
Drink to the foam,
Until we meet once more
Here's wishing you a happy voyage home.

Heave aho there sailor, ev'rybody drink
up while you may:
Heave aho there sailor, for you're gonna
sail at break of day,
Drink away, drink away,
For you sail at break of day, Hey!

"ANCHORS AWEIGH" by Capt. Alfred H. Miles and
Chas. A. Zimmermann. Revised lyric by George D. Lottman.
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ANCHORS AWEIGH .................................................. OPPOSITE
ART BY WALLY RICHARDS
The U.S. Navy song, done up so you can cut it out and frame it if you wish.

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BY NATIONAL COMMANDER DANIEL F. FOLEY
Imagine exercising your freedom to slur the flag, when the flag is the symbol of the freedom you are exercising!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Letters published do not necessarily express the policy of The American Legion. Keep letters short. Name and address must be furnished. Excerpts of opinion and requests for personal services are appreciated, but they cannot be acknowledged or answered, due to lack of magazine staff for these purposes. Requests for personal services which may be legitimately asked of The American Legion should be made to your Post Service Officer or your state (Department) American Legion Hq. Send letters to the editor to: Letters, The American Legion Magazine, 720 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019.

THE STOCK MARKET
sir: Richard Rush's article on a five-year stock market boom (April) was very impressive.

ROMAN S. GORSKI
Professor of Business Administration
New Mexico Western College
Silver City, N. Mex.

sir: A note to tell you how much I enjoyed Mr. Rush's stock market piece in April. I hope informative articles of this nature will continue to be presented.

FRANCIS GERONOVSKY

TEACHING HISTORY
sir: I say "thank you" for Nat'l Commander Foley's April editorial on the need to teach American history, "Yesterday—the Key to Today and Tomorrow." I am a high school teacher in the social studies field, and I believe and try to teach that American history is essential to the growth and development of young Americans. I will list the articles in the April issue on Lexington and Concord, and on the National Anthem on the reading list for my students.

JULIA G. SIMMONS
Saranac, N. Y.

sir: I read with interest and satisfaction Commander Foley's editorial on teaching history. I thoroughly agree. I am a WWI veteran and a retired Texas Public School teacher.

D. W. RATCHFORD
San Marcos, Tex.

sir: I go down the line 100% with Commander Foley's editorial on teaching history. As a substitute teacher, I find the children fascinated to learn the history behind many of the things they study.

MRS. SAM HARPER
Smyrna, Ga.

sir: I fully agree with Commander Foley on the teaching of history.

MRS. RICHARD L. BALL
New Bedford, Mass.

sir: "Yesterday—the Key to Today and Tomorrow" is worthy of the highest commendation. "What we learn from history is absolutely nothing" has become the crudest hoax ever perpetrated upon American progeny in many generations. Commander Foley's editorial is the greatest theme to keynote the Legion's Americaism efforts in the past two decades.

SAMUEL E. MILLER
Bentonville, Ark.

sir: I certainly agree that American history should be well taught in our schools. I also think we should watch our for slanted textbooks. The Russians aren't the only ones who rewrite history.

ALENE OESTERLE
Greenville, Ill.

THE BIBLE
sir: I have never read a better article on the great subject of The Bible than Pete Martin's "How They Translate the Bible into 1,202 Languages," in the April issue. I have been a supporter of the Bible Society in a small way over the years, and it warmed my heart to see this in your magazine.

C. OLIN EDWARDS, BRIGADIER
The Salvation Army
Berea, Calif.

sir: I want to commend your April article on the work of the Bible Society. It is splendid.

REV. THOM WILLIAMSON
Decatur, Ga.

THOSE OTHER LEGIONS
sir: Thanks for your story on The American Legion, Inc. (April News section) which was organized for preparedness before we entered WWI. I was in it in 1916, but when I tell people I was a member of The American Legion in 1916 they call me a liar. Not only was I in the U. S. American Legion of that time, but when I crossed the Canadian border as a uniformed Plattsburger I was "piled with liquor" by recruiters of the Canadian American Legion, the 97th Overseas Infantry Bat.

GORDON T. FISH
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

NEW IDEA
sir: There ought to be an Argument Club for the people who have to argue about something and have to win the argument before they're satisfied—where they can let off steam and go away happy, so when they get in their cars and drive they don't argue with all the other drivers with their steering wheels and their accelerators and horns.

PAUL DILL
Dassel, Minn.

A sort of Arguers Anonymous?

CIGARETTES & THE VA
sir: You reported in your Veterans Newsletter that the Veterans Administration is banning the giving of free cigarettes to hospitalized veterans—although of course the patients can still buy cigarettes. In all seriousness, isn't this some sort of political grandstand-

ing? There is nothing medical about the decision. Certainly no matter how bad cigarettes may or may not be for health it is not up to the government to make people quit smoking, but only to educate them. This decision does neither. It keeps free cigarettes away from the patient who decides he wants to smoke anyway but hasn't the money to buy them; while it lets the equivalent fellow who's in better circumstances go right on smoking by buying his cigarettes. If the VA can send you a letter showing how it makes sense I'd sure like to see it published, so we can examine the thinking behind this very peculiar executive decision.

ELMON DES. GREEN
Los Angeles, Calif.

sir: Isn't that a stupid decision? How about the patient with no money? It all sounds like a political gesture plus a grab for monopoly on sales (in the VA canteens). People either do or don't smoke. It's as simple as that.

LAURENCE B. GRAY
Harrison, Me.

sir: Should the government prohibit the use, sale or manufacture of tobacco products? No, never! Should the government keep the public informed on smoking hazards? Yes.

JAN GYERBOS
Elmira, N. Y.

GENERAL MACARTHUR
sir: Douglas MacArthur, besides being a great general, was, I believe, the greatest statesman of our time. In 1900 I was a buck private under his father—Gen. Arthur MacArthur—in the Philippines.

WILLARD Q. KINSMAN
Brookton, Mass.

sir: The memory of General Douglas MacArthur will be cherished as long as the patriotic spirit of America survives.

MR. & MRS. ARTHUR McQUERN
Santa Ana, Calif.

THE ANTHEM
sir: Thanks and congratulations on the excellent article on Francis Scott Key and the Star-Spangled Banner. This is the first time I've seen the full story in print, and packed with so many exciting details of that important event in our history. My copy is going to my junior high school nephew and—I wish—everyone's nephew too.

RUTH BEELER WHITE
New York, N. Y.

CORRECTION
sir: In your piece in the April Editor’s Corner about electoral votes you said Lincoln didn’t get the majority of the electoral votes in 1860. He didn’t get the majority of the popular vote, but he got 59.5% of the electoral vote, and that’s to a gnat’s eyelash—180 out of 303 electoral votes.

FRED MARTY
Colby, Kan.

True. We feel silly. We had all the dope right in front of us and loused it up.
nothing comes closer than this

trims better than this

or gives better value than this Ronson “200”

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THE SIXTH OF JUNE

JUNE 6 is the 20th anniversary of the Normandy landings. In this issue we offer the view of Omaha Beach as movie producer John Ford and his Coast Guard cameramen saw it—as told by Ford to Pete Martin.

We wonder how many American Legion posts will arrange some special event to mark the Sixth of June. Of all the anxious days of the Second World War, Invasion Day for Normandy seems to us the one day of our greatest anxiety, our profoundest prayers, our most dreadful doubts, our most fervent hopes. It is worth remembering in every community in some tangible way.

Will your Post do something this June 6 to commemorate the fateful day when we cast the dice of war so irrevocably?
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THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE • JUNE 1964 5
ON JUNE 14 the American people will pause to pay tribute to the symbol of all that our country stands for. Flag Day, 1964, presents each of us with an opportunity for a meaningful exercise in patriotism.

It should be a day of personal as well as public reflection. For our love of the flag can be truly meaningful only if it expresses our love and understanding of the ideas which the flag symbolizes.

American Legionnaires are known—and proudly so—as flag wavers. We resent and regret any action that smacks of disrespect for the Stars and Stripes. We do so because, like Francis Scott Key, we have seen Old Glory embattled and we have known the joy of helping to keep it high “o’er the ramparts we watch.”

Old Glory belongs to every American. It proclaims our freedom, our rights, our duties. But in the family of nations it is more than just another national ensign.

If the American flag were to stand merely for nationalism—for a loyalty required of citizens—it would be no different and mean no more than any other flag. But ours is a very special flag, with special significance for all mankind.

It signifies that the Declaration of Independence, as Abraham Lincoln said, “gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world.”

It reminds us of Alexander Hamilton’s admonition: “It is up to the American people by their conduct and example to decide the important question, whether societies of men are really capable or not of establishing good government from reflection and choice.”

It stands for a way of life fashioned, as nearly as possible, after Almighty God’s way—a society built upon spiritual values, offering challenge for the strong, help for the weak, and compassion for the unfortunate. It tells us that in this land, as in no other, an individual can advance to the limit of his talents—unafraid, and unhindered by the circumstances of his birth.

Because we cannot comprehend America and all it represents in any other simple way, the flag is a focal image of our loyalty. We worship as we choose, say what we believe, work where and as we like, vote according to diverse shadings of political opinion. For all one hundred and eighty million of us, whatever our differences, the flag affirms our common citizenship in one indivisible nation.

IT IS UNFORTUNATE, but understandable, that not all Americans show proper respect for the flag; not all Americans appreciate their blessings. To refuse to join in the pledge of allegiance, as a group of teen-age students recently did in a widely reported incident, is a sobering show of ignorance and apathy about what America means. The youngsters said they wanted to assert their independence. I wonder how many of those students realized their own dilemma—that the flag itself is our foremost symbol of the independence they claimed to express.

It is noteworthy that patriotic irreverence of this kind is rarely practiced by foreign-born Americans. Many of our new citizens have come from lands where freedom is a dream and the national flag a signal of oppression. They are not embarrassed to stand up for Old Glory because they know and love what Old Glory stands for.

The privileges we enjoy as citizens will last only as long as we fulfill our responsibilities of citizenship. It is not enough to want freedom and to know how it was won in an earlier day. To preserve it, we must defend and earn it.

In the history of nations, liberty has been lost more often through internal negligence than through external aggression. The flag should be for each of us a constant incentive to alert, responsible citizenship.

Woodrow Wilson once said: “The things that the flag stands for were created by the experiences of a great people. . . . The flag is the embodiment, not of sentiment, but of history. It represents the experiences made by men and women, the experiences of those who do and live under that flag.”

How well we understand and value those experiences of the past will help determine the kind of America we build for the future.

Today, the Stars and Stripes keep somber vigil over the graves of American fighting men around the world. Young Americans in the uniform of their country serve under the colors of their country from Berlin to Vietnam, from the Aleutians to Antarctica. Where the flag goes, there goes America—the last best hope of all who aspire to a life of freedom with dignity and justice.

Flag Day will suggest these and many more thoughts about the character and ideals of our country. It is a good day for seriously examining our individual concepts of America—for measuring our performance against America’s promise.

Let us display the flag with care and pride. Let us encourage others, especially the children of our communities, to view the flag with a pride founded upon reasoned understanding of the great national purposes it heralds.

Among recent leaders of the nation, none excelled the late President Kennedy in the ability to articulate those purposes in the context of our times. “All the propaganda, all of the messengers around the world, pale next to the fact of what we are,” he said. “If we can do well here, if we can develop our resources, if we can protect the rights of our people, if we can maximize their opportunities, if we can build a strong society, then the message of freedom will be carried around the world.”

The American flag will continue to deliver that message so long as we, by our sacrifice and integrity and courage, continue to send it, for the flag is neither more nor less than the symbol of “what we are.”
Twentieth Century-Fox is proud to participate in the salute to the veterans of America whose courage and bravery helped to change the course of history.

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S "THE LONGEST DAY" has brought to people in every corner of the world the story of the heroic valor and greatness of the Allied Forces. Now for the first time, we present this internationally acclaimed hit at POPULAR PRICES with every exciting scene intact.

Legionnaires who have never seen this epic drama will thrill to its power, magnificence and human courage. And those who have seen it before, will want to see it again at this time of rededication.

Throughout the land, wherever "THE LONGEST DAY" is playing, theatres will offer their cooperation to local American Legion Posts in making D-Day + 20 an event to remember.
FOREIGN POLICY "FLEXIBLE.
THE SOVIET-CHINA CONFLICT.
PLEIT OF U. S. INDIANS.

Password at the State Department today is "flexible policy." Thus, the U.S. government is "flexible" in dealing with the communist countries . . . Officially, we are more flexible in dealing with Yugoslavia, Poland, Hungary; less flexible, but still flexible, dealing with Russia; inflexible vis-a-vis Red China; and inflexible-plus about Castro's Cuba.

Says Secretary of State Rusk, explaining why the United States treats different communist countries differently: "The Communist world is no longer a single flock of sheep following blindly behind one leader."

Some of the communist governments have become responsive, in varying degrees, if not directly, to the aspirations of their people, at least to kindred aspirations of their own . . . The United States should encourage this trend, say Washington's "flexibles."

Rusk says U.S. prime goal is inflexible: to oppose communist expansion, by force or threat of force, around the world.

Red Russia and Red China, like thieves falling out, are saying all sorts of mean things about each other these days, although it takes highly skilled interpreters of Sin-Soviet semantics to figure out what they really mean.

In Washington, the theory is that Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung are not only fighting over personal power and glory as the No. 1 leader of the communists' world, but also over the basic approach to world revolution.

The Chinese, who have little to lose themselves, have demanded that the Russians go all out to promote world revolution by force, without regard to consequences . . . The Russians, though, figure they've much to lose, including national survival if nuclear war should break out . . . Around the world the red parties are also splitting over this issue . . . Question is how can the United States best exploit the red split?

Among Americans living in seemingly perpetual poverty are the 360,000 Indians eking out a substandard existence on isolated reservations scattered through the United States.

The Indians are citizens, vote, perform military service, pay taxes, and are desperately poor.

The reservations rate among the worst off of the nation's "pockets of poverty"—unemployment seven times greater than national average; housing indecent; education at a low level; average age of death 42.

Under Bureau of Indian Affairs, the United States is trying new approaches to generations-old problem: building new homes through mutual help, setting up tribal enterprises (such as ski-lift), encouraging establishment of factories near reservations . . . Encouraging progress is being made with Seminole Indians of Florida, who gave up resistance to United States only ten years ago!

One of few assets of these natives is their claim against United States for wrongs done a century ago . . . Congress has recognized the need to settle these ancient claims, but in two decades only about 20% of the claims have been settled to date.

WASHINGTON

PEOPLE AND QUOTES

THANK YOU NOTE
"To hell with your aid!"
President Sukarno of Indonesia.

VOICE OF CASTRO
"We will claim the base (Guantanamo) in the moment we consider convenient and will use the ways of international organizations that we will consider convenient for our claim." President Dorticas of Cuba.

HAPPY SCHOOL DAYS
"College students are married, employed, going to or returning from a conference, apprehensive about examinations, ruled by the clock like the most harried executives . . . which is why so many are also in the midst of psychiatric treatment." Dr. Jacques Barzun, Dean of Faculties, Columbia University.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE
"There is nothing so stupid as an educated man, if you get him off the thing he was educated in." The late Will Rogers.

PATRIOTISM
"Only those Americans who are willing to die for their country are fit to live." General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, deceased.

NO FLEXIBILITY
"You are endangering the defense of the country by depending on this weapon system [intercontinental missiles] alone because you have no flexibility. You only have two choices: You are either off the button and are at peace or you are on the button and you are at war." Gen. Curtis LeMay, Air Force chief of staff.

SMALL-SCALE TECHNOLOGY
"Too often we think of technological development as building big factories, but people in my country need very basic knowledge." Nigerian Ambassador Julius M. Udouche.
Consult Eastern Air Lines for the most convenient and comfortable flight to the convention  Eastern’s gotten so good at getting conventioneers to conventions, to call anybody else is unconventional. An Eastern ticket agent will find the ideal flight for you—one that neatly wraps up all the special considerations of family, fare, business considerations, after-convention travel plans, get-away time, you name it. And Eastern people guard that special carefree convention spirit of yours—with impeccable service, special attention on the ground and in the air, helpfulness in every possible way. Always remember—Eastern’s got the planes and the connections to get you anywhere. For information, call Eastern Air Lines or your Travel Agent.
The Left and The Right


Self-avowed political liberals, and the creed that they call liberalism, are causing the West to suffer defeats, losses and withdrawals in its struggle with communism, states Mr. Burnham. His book is both a study and an indictment of the creed that currently styles itself "liberalism." Having failed to solve the political problems which have been challenging Western civilization since the earliest days of the Bolshevik Revolution, liberalism comforts the defeated and excuses its defeats by claiming that they are in fact victories, says Burnham. In doing so, it offers an easy way out of facing the awful truth that civilization is once again being overrun by barbarians.

Starting with a geography lesson that might well be entitled "How The West Has Shrunk," Mr. Burnham proceeds to define the "liberal type" and to identify specific liberals. He examines their political and social goals, what motivates people to become liberals and the effect of this liberalism on our government's policies. He sees modern liberalism as a major contributory factor in the death of the West; a death which he feels is inevitable unless today's disease of self-deceit is checked and a major reversal in our way of thinking and acting takes place.


During most of the last 32 years liberal politicians have held the major public offices in our federal government, says Dean Manion. Their influence on our foreign and domestic policies has given rise to an opposing force, conservatism. With this as his premise, Manion presents in capsule form highlights of the political struggles that have been carried on in both major parties since that time between the forces of liberalism and conservatism.

In a separate section, he discusses the principles and rights that he feels must be fought for and preserved if our national sovereignty is to be perpetuated.

Persons of Note


The many volumes of the original "Dictionary of American Biography" occupy an even three feet of shelf-length in our library. They are a valuable, time-tested reference to men and women of the past who have made a mark on the American scene—a classic reference encyclopedia of American people.

Of all the Englishmen who drink gin... how many drink Gordon's?

Most of them. And it's been that way for years. To be blunt about it, Gordon's is England's biggest selling gin—as it is America's and the world's. Why? Probably because we have always refused to tamper with a good thing. Gordon's still harks back to Alexander Gordon's original formula—conceived in London 195 years ago—so its distinctive dryness and delicate flavour remain unchanged and unchallenged to this day. Ask for Gordon's by name.

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Other Norelco Comfort Shave Products: Prelec®, pre-shave lotion; Finale®, after-shave lotion; Shaver Cleaner: cleans, oils shaver. Home Barber Kit: saves money on haircuts. Great for children.


Visit Norelco at the New York World's Fair Better Living Center.
The Career of CHARLES de GAULLE

By GERALD L. STEIBEL

CHARLES de GAULLE of France is doing today what he has done for 30 years: outraging his colleagues and allies on a grand scale. In the almost five years since he returned as head of the French Government, de Gaulle has antagonized his close supporters by freeing Algeria, his European allies by barring Britain from the Common Market, and the United States by recognizing Red China and advocating a "neutralization" of Vietnam that could open it to communist takeover. There is doubtless more to come from him.

His own view of himself and his actions is calm: A statesman fulfilling the role destiny has marked for him—the reassertion of French greatness. Others, however, have not been that calm. Franklin Roosevelt used H. G. Wells' description of de Gaulle: "an utterly sincere megalomaniac." Winston Churchill lauded him in public, but said in his memoirs, "I understood and admired, while I resented, his arrogant demeanour." Dwight Eisenhower says he liked de Gaulle personally, though he was extraordinarily difficult to work with. Joseph Stalin was contemptuous, saying,
“He’s not complicated,” John Kennedy admitted he didn’t understand what de Gaulle was trying to do.

De Gaulle himself never cared what others thought of him. Through the years, his indifference was bolstered by a growing record of being right. He was right about forecasting the Second World War and its dangers, right in believing his country would need him again when he retired in 1946, right in thinking he could defy Britain and the other Atlantic partners without being stopped. He will go on being certain he is right in Asia, in Africa and in his newest ventures into Latin American politics.

Right or wrong, de Gaulle is a complex man, an enigma to those closest to him, a riddle to much of the outside world.

There was little in de Gaulle’s early years to suggest that he would eventually irritate and provoke on so grand a scale. Born on November 22, 1890, in Lille, it was 30 years before he mounted his first rebellion, and 40 years before others in the world began taking notice of him.

Both de Gaulle’s parents were the essence of quiet and reserve. His father, Henri de Gaulle, was a professor of philosophy and literature in a Jesuit school in Paris, where Charles and his three brothers and one sister grew up. His mother, Jeanne Maillot-Delannoy, was a deeply religious woman whose ancestors had fled Scotland and Ireland two centuries earlier after the overthrow of the Stuarts. From them, he inherited a lifelong piety and simplicity of personal behavior.

Young Charles also acquired from the start two other loves. First was his love of the classics. He read avidly at home and in the secondary school he attended in Paris, stocking his mind liberally with everything from Greek thought to modern psychology. His speeches are still peppered with classical quotations, his style modeled on Victor Hugo’s “Concision, precision and decision.”

De Gaulle also absorbed from his parents their love of country, which he carried far beyond ordinary patriotism. His father, he says, was a “thoughtful, cultivated man imbued with a feeling for the dignity of France,” and that feeling took deep root in the son. A veteran of the Franco-Prussian War, the elder de Gaulle was wounded in the fighting that marked the humiliation of France by Wilhelm’s and Bismarck’s Germans. Charles’ mother never forgot the tears in her own parents’ eyes when the news of Bazaine’s capitulation came through.

To his family legacy of patriotism and his scholarly excursions into history, de Gaulle added the sensual experiences of a young man in Paris in the first decade of the 1900’s: “Nothing struck me more than the symbols of our glories: night falling over Notre Dame, the majesty of evening at Versailles, the Arc de Triomphe in the sun, conquered colours shuddering in the vault of the Invalides.”

France became to him “like the princess in the fairy stories or the Madonna in the frescoes, as dedicated to an exalted and exceptional destiny.”

But there was an unease and a sadness in this, too. France, in the early 20th century, was wreaked with the aftermath of defeat—the surrender by the French of Fashoda, in the Sudan, to the British; the anti-Semitic evil of the Dreyfus case; the “many gifts wasted in political confusion and national disunity.” These, too, the young de Gaulle felt deeply and they provided yet another facet to his complex personality.

Though reticent and bookish, de Gaulle also had his lighter side. At school he was known affectionately by his fellow students as “the big asparagus” because of his 6’4” height. On occasion, he would poke fun at his own prominent nose by declaiming from Rostand’s play, Cyrano de Bergerac, whose hero’s romantic spirit was blighted by the size of his nose. Through all his solemnity, the young de Gaulle displayed a capacity for humor, not the least of which was more than once directed against his own postures.

In 1908, de Gaulle entered the military academy of St. Cyr. France’s “West Point.” His decision to seek an army career was made with all the self-assurance that characterized his later life: “I was convinced that France would have to go through gigantic trials, that the interest of life consisted in one day rendering her some signal service, and that I would have occasion to do so.” He saw in the army one of the few opportunities for dedicated professionalism combined with devotion to country—“one of the greatest things in the world.”

De Gaulle graduated from St. Cyr in 1911, among the first 15 in his class. This (Continued on page 48)
Twenty years have passed since the Great Invasion. On June 6, 1944, film producer John Ford led his Coast Guardsmen ashore, armed with movie cameras, to be the eyes of the world on Normandy's bloody beaches. Here's how D-Day looked to the man whose job it was to see it for everyone.

By PETE MARTIN

Who saw D-Day in Normandy 20 years ago?

No one man really saw it, for its stage was as big as the world and its actions were as big as history.

While Nazi Germany held all of France after the fall of Dunkirk on the English Channel in 1940, we amassed huge forces in England. In an operation called Overlord we committed them to the perils of the sea and the German-held invasion beaches of the French Normandy Coast, starting at the base of the Cotentin Peninsula at 0015 hours on the morning of June 6, 1944.

Since Dunkirk, millions of men and women had lived, worked, suffered, prayed, died—so that this invasion of Hitler's fortress would come off. The British had licked their wounds, and rallied behind the indomitable spirit of their Prime Minister. They clawed away at Hitler's air force as the Luftwaffe tried to pound their island soft for a German invasion. On the Continent, a valiant and vigilant underground army somehow endured, risking torture and firing squads for themselves and their families and friends to hamstring the German occu-

Dragging ashore men whose landing craft was sunk.
pation forces in a thousand secret ways.

After June 1940, the fight grew more difficult as, one by one, the remaining European nations joined Hitler or were crushed by the weight of his military forces. Hungary, Romania, and Bulgaria allied themselves with the Nazis. Only Yugoslavia and Greece resisted. In April and May 1941, they in turn fell before the German Wehrmacht. In all Western Europe only Sweden and Switzerland remained neutral.

Then suddenly in June 1941, Hitler turned eastward, invaded Russia, and England gained a new ally. Two months later the U.S. Congress, prodded by President Roosevelt, voted lend-lease aid to save Britain from a collapse doomed by her African defeats and shipping losses to U-boats.

The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, brought our own country into World War 2. The year that followed was the darkest of the entire war for the Allies. In the Pacific the Japanese captured everything in sight. They were even on the frightening verge of invading Australia. In Africa, Rommel's Afrika Korps swarmed into Egypt like the plague of locusts Joseph said would best Pharaoh. Soon it would be within striking distance of the Suez Canal. In Russia, German armies, penetrating the Caucasus, attacked Stalingrad. During most of 1942, U-boats were sinking Allied ships in the Atlantic faster than they could be built and launched!

But General Montgomery, with the help of lend-lease tanks and equipment, stopped Rommel in October at El Alamein; and the Russians held at Stalingrad. The following month, our armies under General Eisenhower invaded North Africa to help the British and Free French defeat the Afrika Korps. By May 1943, this was accomplished. Meanwhile, in February, the Russians had fought the Germans to a standstill at Stalingrad, mounted a huge counter-offensive and captured nearly a third of a million Nazi troops.

With each victory the Allies gained new momentum. From Africa we launched our attack on Sicily, then Italy. That country surrendered in September 1943, though the German forces there did not! It was on June 5, 1944, one day before D-Day, that Rome was captured. Not until the war's end in 1945 was northern Italy mopped up with finality.

With the invasion of Italy under way in 1943, and the submarine menace declining in the Atlantic, the Allies began to establish the huge base of operations in England that would make it possible for us to invade Fortress Europe across the English Channel.

Throughout the rest of 1943 and early winter of 1944, preparations continued at a frenzied pace. The Russians were impatient at the delay, for the Western invasion of France would ease German pressure against them in the East. In England the race was against time and tide. Unless the invasion took place during early June, H-hour could not be triggered and set for the prized combination of early dawn and the lowest tide. Without this combination, thousands of underwater obstacles and mines would not stand exposed to be avoided or destroyed by the invading landing craft and troops.

Somehow, by an effort that now seems incredible, almost 2 million men were assembled in England. On D-Day, some 160,000 managed to get ashore on the
French Coast. This was a day for which the world had waited anxiously for years. Hearts skipped beats and fingers were crossed around the world while the ebb and flow of events on the Normandy beaches were in question. Failure would throw the free world into gloom. The answer to the question “What now?” in case we were hurled back was one that people hoped they would never have to provide. All that first day, until word came that our troops had begun to plunge inland, hearts pounded while millions clasped their hands and bowed their heads in prayer.

Despite the fears of Overlord’s planners (and possibly because of them), Allied casualties on D-Day, June 6, 1944, were much lighter than had been anticipated. The Allies lost between 10,000 and 12,000. Of these, approximately 6,600 were American, the rest British and Canadian. German casualties were a third of the Allied total, though by the end of June they reached about a quarter of a million, including prisoners.

Nobody who was there really saw the operation. The anxious people all over the world who pieced together the news reports with bated breath saw more of it; the intelligence officers putting bits of information together for the high command and the heads of the contending nations saw it. The Army historians saw it later as they wrote the Normandy invasion into the Army’s huge history of WW2.

But the participants didn’t see it. Each saw his own little acre; his own piece of treacherous, churning water; his own sweep of beach; the bluff ahead that he had to mount against the fire from that house, that cliff; his own comrade who just fell on the sand.

The very first forces ashore were troops of our 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions who dropped on the Cotentin Peninsula behind Utah Beach the night before. They saw little of the mighty world drama; in the dark, they even had to find one another out by ear, snapping five-and-dime cricket toys as signals.

The crew of the old battleship Texas stood with the offshore armada to give heavy artillery support for the landing waves. Though it was daylight, they saw but a part of the invasion. Little spotting planes, droning low over the coast, were the Texas’ eyes to tell it via radio where to fire.

There was one man there on Omaha Beach whose sole mission was to see the invasion for the world, and for history. He was John Ford, the movie director and producer. What did it look like to him?

Ford, a veteran of WW1 as well as WW2, has had a career studied with top cinema awards for such films as The Quiet Man, The Informer, The Grapes of Wrath, How Green Was My Valley, The Long Voyage Home, Stagecoach and Tobacco Road. After painting motion picture classics with film, he was one of those given the assignment of preserving on movie film the history of the Normandy invasion for posterity. He drew Omaha Beach as his “location” and as a result didn’t see Utah Beach at all. But on Omaha, the acting was real enough and so was the shooting.

This winter I found a tired John Ford back in California between takes of a movie he was directing in Wyoming. He’d talked very little about D-Day in the last 20 years. “What is there to tell?” he asked at first. “My story is in the film we shot! Millions of feet of it!”

Finally he said that the real-life drama he remembers most vividly of all his film-making career was the tragedy and triumph of D-Day. “Not that I or any other man who was there can give a panoramic wide-angle view of the first wave of Americans who hit the beach that morning,” Ford said. “There was a tremendous sort of spiral of events all over the world, and it seemed to narrow down to each man in its vortex on Omaha Beach that day. My group was there to photograph everything we could for the record. In the States, as Overlord got under way, the film Going My Way with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald was a smash hit. I had nothing to do with it, but the title was somehow appropriate when I remembered what we were starting in Normandy.”

Ford was head of the Photographic Department of the Office of Strategic Services under General “Wild Bill” Donovan. The cameramen in his unit were attached to the Coast Guard and trained for every sort of action. They could drop by parachute, land with raiders, commandoes, infantry. They knew about amphibious landings. All Ford had to do was name it. They could do it. He’d hand picked his group of helpers. They were a superb team. Ford was told to head that team up and get both color and black-and-white footage of the invasion of Omaha Beach from start to finish.

He was in London when Wild Bill gave him the word. Ford (as well as practically everybody else) knew the invasion would start soon. He and his outfit had been in the British Isles for quite a while readying themselves for their part in it. Two high-ranking officers talked
headed back to port. Others flopped around blindly at sea, waiting, their crews and the troops aboard furious, seasick, underfed, weakened by the storm. Finally, at 0415 hours, June 5, while winds of near hurricane force snarled, the meteorologists told Ike and his staff that they would slacken the following morning, and stay fairly clear for 36 hours. Ike polled the staff. Some said yes; others were doubtful. Finally there was a silence and everyone waited tensely for Ike to make the decision as Supreme Commander. Later it was said by some that he deliberated between 15 and 20 seconds, others stated that he took 2 minutes, even as many as 5 minutes, before looking up and saying, “Let’s go... been taken by the American and British forces pushing up the Italian peninsula. I did read later that he gave no hint about Overlord, saying only of the three Axis capital cities: ‘One down and two to go.’

“The Plunket dropped anchor close inshore off Omaha Beach about 6 a.m. Things began to happen fast. It was extreme low tide and all the underwater obstacles put there by the Germans stuck out crazily like giant kids’ jackstraws with mines and shells wired all over them. There were demolition teams on the first landing craft that were supposed to blow such things out of the way for the landings to follow. As the first landing craft started past the Plunket, I could see the got more on shore. I heard later that U.S. plane production was being cut back that same month. And the Government apparently had just cancelled a contract for 800 cargo planes after the Budd Manufacturing Co. had built only four of them. If we hadn’t gotten ashore that day, a hell of a lot of plans would have gone down the drain. They must have been awfully sure of success back in Washington.

“The fog and mist cleared away shortly and it became full daylight. The cloud cover didn’t go away, however. When our fleet of heavy bombers went in to clobber the beaches, they bombed blind through solid cloud and their bombs fell way inland. That was another mess. They I don’t see how we can do anything else.”

Jack Ford says, “When we did start we were the last ship out in our huge convoy. There were more than 50 other convoys, some bigger than ours. Nobody was quite sure just how many ships there were in all, at least 4,000 though, I heard later. Nothing like it ever in the English Channel, not even the Spanish Armada, 356 years before. I went below for a minute or two and suddenly our flotilla was switched about and we were headed in another direction, which put the old Plunket in the lead. I am told I expressed some surprise at leading the invasion with my cameras. What I’ll never forget is how rough that sea was. The destroyers rolled terribly. Practically everybody was stinking, rotten sick. How anyone on the smaller landing craft had enough guts left to get out and fight I’ll never understand, but somehow they did; and well, too. We hadn’t heard President Roosevelt’s hastily scheduled radio address a few hours earlier about Rome having troops baling with their helmets, stopping to heave their guts out every few throws. In the closer LCMs and LCVTs I could even hear them puking over the noise of motors and waves slapping flat bows all the way to the beach.

“I remember looking with pride at the battlewagon Texas anchored to our left.” Ford told me. “She was one of our old, old battlewagons, not new like the Wiscon- sin or the Arizona. I was listening on the radio to TBS, the talk-between-ships. The Texas had artillery observers both ashore and in recon planes overhead who spoke back to them and gave directions about knocking out certain points of German defense on the coast. Of all the rounds the Texas fired she only missed once. The only trouble was that for some reason nobody, not even we, expected the flight overhead of all our little L-4s and L-55—observation planes; and we apparently shot most of them down ourselves. Poor fellows. As a result we were short on observers for a couple of days until we had been supposed to blanket the beaches, the Nazis’ machinegun nests, observers’ posts, big gun emplacements. This would explode a lot of mines in the sand, make convenient craters in which our men could take cover at first, and stun or knock out a lot of enemy gunners. I expect they planned to scare them, too. The Germans opposite us were supposed to be Russian and Polish ‘volun- teers’ and service troops. Unhappily, when our bombs missed the troops oppo- sing us they turned out to be a tough infantry division that had been moved up for rest and training without our intelligence finding it out. When they finally opened up with fire power, it was tragic what they did to us.

“Everyone held his breath while the naval bombardment was going on. We wondered about the complete absence of return fire. Not a shot from shore all the time our landing craft headed in. When our fire lifted just before our first LCVTs began to blow up on the ob-
Continued We Shot D-Day on Omaha Beach

...stacles, we thought they were going to make it without any opposition from the coast. Then the Nazis opened up and hellish fast, too.

"Troops were jumping over side into the water so they wouldn't have to wade through streams of machinegun fire when the bow ramp dropped. Then some of the tanks with flotation gear started going by, I saw two take direct hits, or hit mines. Others had their canvas flotation gear punctured and sank like stones. I don't believe more than one or two climbed out on the beach near us. The tanks were supposed to give mobile, close-in artillery support while our men were getting past the sea wall to knock out the pillboxes and machineguns, but they didn't have a chance.

"Neither did the LCMs bringing in bulldozers and more tanks. They really caught hell. Later I heard that only three bulldozers out of 30 or 40 made it. I also remember seeing landing craft swing out of control and smash against obstacles where they touched off a mine and blew sky high. On a later day, much later, I discovered that it was this very week that the first U.S. shipyards were getting ready to lay off hundreds of men as wartime orders slackened.

"At one point, just before we went ashore with the second wave, our ship, the Plunket, was banging away at a stone building just behind the beach. I said to the captain, 'I wouldn't think the Germans are stupid enough to stay in there. It's too prominent. I bet if you raised your guns and fired at that little house back up there, you might stir up something.' He fired a couple of shots at it, and by God, the place spewed German troops like a hornets' nest. It erupted.

"The objective of my outfit was simple — just take movies of everything on Omaha Beach. Simple, but not easy. The skipper of the Plunket loaded us into DUKWs. About midmorning they went off shoreward. I remember watching one colored man in a DUKW loaded with supplies. He dropped them on the beach, unloaded, went back for more. I watched, fascinated. Shells landed around him. The Germans were really after him. He avoided every obstacle and just kept going back and forth, back and forth, completely calm. I thought, By God, if anybody deserves a medal that man does. I wanted to photograph him, but I was in a relatively safe place at the time so I figured, The hell with it. I was willing to admit he was braver than I was.

"The discipline and training of those boys who came ashore in the later waves of landing craft, throwing up and groaning with nausea all the way into the beach, was amazing. It showed. They made no mad rush. They quietly took their places and kept moving steadily forward. Anyone can have hindsight, there is no trick to that, but it is still hard for me to realize that back home in the nightclubs 'Pistol-Packin' Mama' was making the audiences sing, clap and stomp.

"From the Plunket I recall vaguely seeing a landing craft off to my right hit a mine and suddenly go up, and another tangled in an underwater obstruction swinging around in crazy, uncontrolled circles. Most of the kids on board got off and waded ashore.

"Once I was on the beach I ran forward and started placing some of my men behind things so they'd have a chance to expose their film. I know it doesn't make it blazingly dramatic, but all I could think was that for the most part everything was all so well coordinated, fitted perfectly, went beautifully. To my mind, those seasick kids were heroes. I saw very few dead and wounded men. I remember thinking,
That's strange, although later I could see the dead floating in the sea. I also remember being surprised at how much closer the Plunket looked from shore, much closer than the shore had looked a few minutes earlier from the Plunket! Thoughts are funny things; they wander. I recall wondering how our troops in the Pacific felt. A couple of weeks later they invaded Saipan to establish airfields for the B-29s.

"My memories of D-Day come in disconnected takes like unassembled shots to be spliced together afterward in a film. I can't remember seeing anybody get wounded or fall down or get shot. I passed men who had just been hit. I saw one group get out of a landing craft and make a rush to their assigned positions. As they rushed they passed two men on the ground who had been hit. They glanced at the two for a minute. They knew that the medical corpsmen would reach them right away. One of the two who had been wounded managed to rise and stagger to cover. The other had to be dragged. It was a good thing that the previous month the U.S. pharmaceutical industry had produced a record-breaking 100 million units of the new wonder drug penicillin. The Army had the highest priority. It needed it.

"To tell the truth, I was too busy doing what I had to do to for a cohesive picture of what I did to register in my mind. We stayed on our job and worked that day and for several other days and nights, too. When you concentrate on a job the way we did, there was no time for sight-seeing. I was reminded of that line in 'The Red Badge Of Courage' about how the soldiers were always busy, always deeply absorbed in their individual combats. In this awful seesaw, the people who were actually there on the beaches only saw the thing the way I did. In my case, it is the extreme example of the narrow view of the participants, because my staff and I had the job of 'seeing' the whole invasion for the world, but all any one of us saw was his own little area.

"At first when our outfit hit the beach, we ran for cover. Then we made for the hills, pausing to expose film footage here and there. I'm not sure of the name of the main town just back from the coast—Colleville-sur-mer? If I'm right, that means Colleville-On-The-Sea. After that the Germans made their first stand. Ac-

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his mind and accepted the other's opinion. But since the net result left them still on opposite sides of the fence, that didn't help them very much. Hitler held back his Panzer reserves to meet the expected attack on Calais until it was too late for them to counterattack before we had a foothold. In addition, Allied paratroopers who went in the night before D-Day had captured roads and bridges so far inland that it made it difficult for a counterattack to be assembled and set in motion. The German High Command had recently ordered the word 'catastro-

'phe' eliminated from all military reports and the German vocabulary in general. As I recall it, the only counterattack launched on D-Day was against the British. But the B. E. F. had been able to land their tanks and anti-tank guns so

French summertime beach crowds inspect relics of the great invasion in the Omaha Beach Museum at Arromanches.

they stopped the Germans cold just inland from the beach on their way to Caen.

"At any rate, it turned out that Rommel was in Germany for his wife's birthday. I guess we can be damn grateful he wasn't at headquarters in LaRoche-Guyon when we landed. God knows it was terrible enough without him. We'd heard from a British woman, interned by the Germans and repatriated a week earlier, that the German people were supposedly terrified of being invaded. German newspapers were publishing conflicting reports every day, guessing at dates and locations of the Allied landings. The German troops sure didn't act terrified!

(Continued on page 44)
General Douglas MacArthur’s Farewell

Duty, Honor, Country

General Douglas MacArthur, Commander of the 42nd (Rainbow) Division in WW1; Commander in the Southwest Pacific in WW2; Supreme Commander of occupied Japan after WW2; Commander of all UN forces in the Korean War until removed by President Truman; a five-star General; a life member of Alonzo Cudworth Post of The American Legion in Milwaukee, Wis.; died in Walter Reed Hospital at the age of 84, on April 5, 1964.

On May 12, 1962, then 82, General MacArthur delivered what he properly called his farewell to a life devoted to “duty, honor and country” in a speech delivered without notes to the Corps of Cadets at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., on the occasion of his being awarded the Military Academy’s Thayer Award. Here is the text of that eloquent speech, omitting two introductory paragraphs.

Duty, Honor, Country: Those three hallowed words reverently dictate what you ought to be, what you can be, what you will be. They are your rallying point to build courage when courage seems to fail, to regain faith when there seems to be little cause for faith, to create hope when hope becomes forlorn.

The unbelievers will say they are but words, but a slogan, but a flamboyant phrase. Every pedant, every demagogue, every cynic, every hypocrite, every troublemaker, and, I am sorry to say, some others of an entirely different character, will try to downgrade them even to the extent of mockery and ridicule.

But these are some of the things they do. They build your basic character. They mold you for your future roles as the custodians of the Nation’s defense. They make you strong enough to know when you are weak, and brave enough to face yourself when you are afraid. They teach you to be proud and unbending in honest failure, but humble and gentle in success; not to substitute words for actions, not to seek the path of comfort, but to face the stress and spur of difficulty and challenge; to learn to stand up in the storm, but to have compassion on those who fall; to master yourself before you seek to master others; to have a heart that is clean, a goal that is high; to learn to laugh, yet never forget how to weep; to reach into the future, yet never neglect the past; to be serious, yet never to take yourself too seriously; to be modest so that you will remember the simplicity of true greatness, the open mind of true wisdom, the meekness of true strength.

They give you a temperate will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emo-
tions, a freshness of the deep springs of life, a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of an appetite for adventure over love and ease.

They create in your heart the sense of wonder, the unfailing hope of what next, and the joy and inspiration of life. They teach you in this way to be an officer and a gentleman.

And what sort of soldiers are those you are to lead? Are they reliable? Are they brave? Are they capable of victory? Their story is known to all of you. It is the story of the American man-at-arms. My estimate of him was formed on the battlefield many, many years ago, and has never changed. I regarded him then, as I regard him now, as one of the world’s noblest figures; not only as one of the finest military characters, but also as one of the most stainless. His name and fame are the birthright of every American citizen. In his youth and strength, his love and loyalty, he gave all that mortality can give. He needs no eulogy from me, or from any other man. He has written his own history and written it in red on his enemy’s breast. But when I think of his patience in adversity, of his courage under fire and of his modesty in victory, I am filled with an emotion of admiration I cannot put into words. He belongs to history as furnishing one of the greatest examples of successful patriotism. He belongs to posterity as the instructor of future generations in the principles of liberty and freedom. He belongs to the present, to us, by his virtues and by his achievements. In 20 campaigns, on a hundred battlefields, around a thousand camp fires, I have witnessed that enduring fortitude, that patriotic self-abnegation, and that invincible determination which have earned his statue in the hearts of his people.

From one end of the world to the other, he has drained deep the chalice of courage. As I listened to those songs of the West Point glee club, I could see those staggering columns of the first World War, bending under soggy packs on many a weary march, from dripping dusk to drizzling dawn, slogging ankle deep through the mire of shell-pocked roads, to form grimly for the attack, blue-lipped, covered with sludge and mud, chilled by the wind and rain, driving home to their objective, and for many, to the judgment seat of God. I do not know the dignity of their birth, but I do know the glory of their death. They died, unquestioning, uncomplaining, with faith in their hearts, and on their lips the hope that we would go on to victory. Always for them: Duty, honor, country. Always their blood, and sweat, and tears, as we sought the way and the light and the truth. And 20 years after, on the other side of the globe, again the filth of murky foxholes, the stench of ghostly trenches, the slime of dripping dugouts, those boiling suns of relentless heat, those torrential rains of devastating storms, the loneliness and utter desolation of jungle trails, the bitterness of long separation from those they loved and cherished, the deadly pestilence of tropical disease, the horror of stricken areas of war.

Their resolute and determined defense, their swift and sure attack, their indomitable purpose, their complete and decisive victory—always victory, always through the bloody haze of their last reverberating shot, the vision of gaunt, ghastly men, reverently following your password of duty, honor, country.

The code which those words perpetuate embraces the highest moral law and will stand the test of any ethics or philosophies ever promulgated for the uplift of mankind. Its requirements are for the things that are right and its restraints are from the things that are wrong. The soldier, above all other men, is required to practice the greatest act of religious training—sacrifice. In battle, and in the face of danger and death, he discloses those divine attributes which His Maker gave when He created man in His own image. No physical courage and no greater strength can take the place of the divine help which alone can sustain him. However hard the incidents of war may be, the soldier who is called upon to offer and to give his life for his country is the noblest development of mankind.

You now face a new world, a world of change. The thrust into outer space of the satellite, spheres, and missiles marks a beginning of another (Continued on page 43)
A Look at

AN AIR VIEW OF DALLAS, TEXAS, WHERE THE LEGION WILL HOLD
The 46th National Convention of the American Legion will be held in Dallas, Texas, next Sept. 18-24. It will be the first Legion national conclave in Texas since the 1928 convention in San Antonio—when the late Paul V. McNutt, of Indiana, was elected National Commander and the convention explicitly predicted Pearl Harbor and the Second World War if the U.S. persisted in its disarmament policies of that time—which it did.

Dallas is probably the finest convention city in the land that the Legion has not yet visited en masse. Its accommodations for the comfort, enjoyment and convenience of visitors—rooms, entertainment, good eating, centralization of facilities, convention hall—rank in calibre and class with those of the big resort cities, such as Las Vegas and Miami Beach, and in some respects outrank them though Dallas is a white-collar business city, not a resort.

Dallas has been in the news in an unfavorable light since President Kennedy was assassinated there last Nov. 22. Since then every journalistic Monday morning quarterback seems to have been busy finding all 1,300,000 people in the Dallas metropolitan area guilty by association of the acts of Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby—neither of whom were natives of Dallas. Some have even called for the Legion to punish the city by pulling its convention out.

Yet my friend, George Cornelius, Jr., the Indianapolis printer, had told my best girl: “Don’t fail to go to the Dallas convention with your husband. You’ll have a ball in Dallas!”

Never having seen much of Dallas, I flew out of New York in April to see what sort of a place it is for convention-goers.

I put up at the fantastic new Cabana motor hotel, which is right next to the fantastic new Marriott motor hotel on the Stemmons Freeway, in the very shadow of Dallas’ downtown center of modern skyscrapers.

You might get more, somewhere, in the way of a motor hotel, but I doubt it. Later I visited the Marriott next door, the Executive Inn out at the airport, took a peek at construction on the new Howard Johnson’s on Stemmons Freeway.
A Look at DALLAS, TEXAS

and at the Holiday Inn, farther over in town. I eyed the Ramada Inn at the airport and other motels, driving by in my rented car (of which Dallas offers many). I investigated the older hotels in the midtown area, such as the Adolphus and the Baker, and the big, new hotels, such as the Sheraton Dallas that’s attached to the Southland Center luxury skyscraper, and the new Statler Hilton with its massive, curved front. I looked at the large, bright, comfortable, air-conditioned Memorial Auditorium which will hold the Legion convention sessions (only a short stroll from the dead center of town). I sampled more good food and more beverages and more entertainment in more establishments for genteel human enjoyment than my doctor would approve.

I came away agreeing with George Cornelius, Jr. A convention-goer who doesn’t have a ball in Dallas has to bring his own misery with him. What Dallas provides for visitors is— in addition to being very comfortable—fantastic, sumptuous, extravagant and moderate in price.

The Cabana, where I put up on a warm night after a jet trip, ranks with the Marriott as the 1964 climax of the U.S. motor hotel concept. It has a Graeco-Roman motif added to 1964 modernity. My room lay deep in red carpeting, with white Roman and Greek statuette for lighting fixtures; a bed so broad I could stretch my six-foot-four length almost crosswise on it; one whole wall mirrored; air conditioning or heat adjustable to the fingertip; the furnishings all white and marble patterned with spaciousness between, and enough dresser drawer space to do well if I moved in for keeps. The “closet” was a furnished ante-room to the bath. The bath was roomy, had a white extension telephone. The tub was enclosed in a glass shower stall, and the hot water ran furiously and hot immediately. The Cabana is about as expensive as they come in Dallas, and I was living like a millionaire on $14 a night, single, in accommodations for two.

Down in the Bon Vivant dining room live entertainers were regaling the dinners. In the nearby Nero’s Nook cocktail lounge “club” a three-man combo played. I joined the “club” by showing my room key to the desk clerk. I had two Bloody Mary’s in Nero’s Nook served by quiet, good-looking hostesses in imitation white-and-gold ancient Roman get-up. I chatted with Bill Pauli, Cabana sales manager—a Korea vet who had worked at the Plaza in New York. From him I learned that Doris Day is a part owner of the Cabana and Jimmy Hoffa is not. I sauntered to the swimming pool. There I sat in a warm breeze as colored lights played on gushing fountains, and I stared at the Dallas skyline, so close I felt I could almost touch the midtown Southland Center tower as traffic whizzed by on the freeway below into the heart of the city. It was a good end to a day for a weary traveling man and I went to bed early. The next day I made the mistake of visiting the Marriott motor hotel, in company with Mike Barns of the Chamber of Commerce. Mike is a transplanted young Iowan, who kept praising Dallas long after we were on such intimate terms that he knew me for a hard-bitten journalist who only believes what he sees. The trouble with the Marriott is that it is easily as sumptuous in its own way as the Cabana. If this kept up I’d need an encyclopaedia to describe Dallas’ extravaganza of visitors’ comforts. Oh, those special Spanish Empire duplex apartments in the Marriott! (They are more costly than the Marriott’s more ordinary richly-appointed quarters for “common folk.”) One thing the Marriott has that the Cabana hasn’t is a convention hall of its own that’ll hold eleven hundred people. Talk about tourist cabins! But I’ll just have to let the Cabana and Marriott folks fight it out among themselves as to which is best at turning a poor man into an emperor while he’s there.

The competition for my honest praise didn’t let up in Dallas. It got out of hand. The hotels are “class” too, and the eating places and the good entertainment spots. The Ports o’ Call Restaurant on the 37th floor of the Southland Center is, believe me, elegant in its mere furnishings and motif, let alone the food you get and what you pay for it. I don’t see how it’s going to hold the Legionnaires who will want to eat in this richly appointed, exotic-atmosphered dining spot that gazes down on the whole northeast Texas plain and the buzzing city of Dallas.

The menu prices in the quality eating places in Dallas are surprising. Dinners at the best eating places were mostly in the $2.25 to $2.75 range. These are meals which range from $3 to $5 in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Miami...
Air-conditioned, bright, with excellent acoustics, the Auditorium can seat 3,000 in soft seats on the main floor; 10,439 in total.

Beach, Los Angeles. In one of the very best restaurants I ran my eye down the menu price column and found only one dinner over $3, none over $4. About five top eating spots hit the $4-$5 range. There are spots in Dallas where you can pour money out like water—like the world famous Nieman-Marcus department store, which advertises nationally and whose six floors of shopping area maintain an atmosphere, a presence, and a line of goods as if they were expecting the Queen of England in ten minutes. You want to know where Texas oil money goes? The husbands reinvest their share in new enterprises and the wives spend theirs at Nieman-Marcus. Lesser women finagle Nieman-Marcus shopping bags for status, then sneak out to the other good stores on Elm, Main and Commerce streets to fill them. My Emily had threatened punishment if I didn’t bring her something that was exclusively Nieman-Marcus. Before I left home I added what was in my piggy bank to my winter’s bowling winnings and in Dallas I blew it on a half-ounce of Nieman-Marcus perfume—$15 plus tax. I got kissed when I got home, ugly as I am. You can’t get NM perfume anywhere except Nieman-Marcus, Dallas.

Now about food. I did my best, and didn’t put on too much, honest, Doc. Mike Barns had bragged to me about the beef at the Beefaters Inn. As I recall, he said you didn’t need gums to chew it and it was as sweet to a man as candy is to a baby. “Show me,” said I. Arthur and Mary Lee run the Beefaters (evening meals only). It’s small and comfortable. Mary wasn’t there. Mike took Arthur aside and said, “Look, I’ve got this magazine writer here. He’ll write for millions about the food. Quick, Arthur, what’s the best thing on the menu tonight? The very best?” Arthur Lee said: “Anything. Let him order anything on the menu.” “Please, Arthur, the best,” Mike implored. “Anything on the menu,” said Arthur, growing stern.

I ordered a prime rib dinner (this was about $4.25). The meat was rich, red, juicy, and about yea thick. You scarcely needed gums to chew it and it was as sweet to a man as candy is to a baby. I don’t see how the Legionnaires who will want to eat at the Beefaters will ever get in the place. It’s small and comfortable.

Oh, well. Right downtown is the Copper Cow with barbecued ribs, chicken, ham or beef at $2.85, with seconds on the house; and a couple of Cattlemen’s Restaurants with hostesses in 6-gun western outfits; and the Steak House Unique; and the Town and Country Restaurant which specializes in beef as well as Chinese dishes—and they all go in for elegance and atmosphere.

Now then, you like exotic food, seafood, pancakes in style, or just good wholesome barnyard eating? Ports o’ Call (the skyscraper restaurant) offers food in the style of Papeete, Singapore, Saigon and Macao. The Ramada Inn, at the airport, specializes in pancakes and pastries, with all the syrup and molasses, butter, bacon and sausage that go with a pancake house and a “plantation atmosphere,” and has more different kinds of syrup than you ever heard of—coconut, boysenberry, right down the line. The Chateaubriand boasts continental and French New Orleans cooking, and takes pride in its wine cellar. The Golden Nugget, last I heard, is decked out in pure haute monde Texas atmosphere with the smell of raw leather and a catcall menu including beefsteak, sea-

La Tunisia’s "Arabian nights" splendor is but a sample of the luxury of Dallas’ restaurants, hotels, motels.

food, Italian and Mexican cuisine. La Vielle Varsovie, also known as "Old Warsaw," is French; there are four El Fenix Restaurants (Mexican); Dominique is French and Italian; The Torch is Greek; Yee’s, near the airport, is Chinese—indeed Cantonese.

We’ve tossed in a photo of La Tunisia with this story so you can see what I mean about “sumptuous,” "extravagant," and "richly-appointed." The details are peculiar to La Tunisia, but the general flavor is what I’ve been talking about in oodles of Dallas spots. La Tunisia, in Exchange Park, decks itself and its help out like the mysterious East, and offers North African food as well as Texas steaks. Maybe its 7-foot turbanned doorman will be there (Continued on page 41)
SHOULD THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT CONTINUE

YES

Rep. William M. Tuck (D-Va.)
5th District

Our national labor policy, expressed in Section 8(a)(3) of the National Labor Relations Act, permits employers and unions to make "union shop" agreements. Where these agreements exist, there is no freedom of choice for the individual worker; union membership is compulsory and he must join or be fired. This serious infringement of freedom was unacceptable to Senator Taft and others.

Through their insistence the 1947 Taft-Hartley Act provided, by Section 14(b), that union membership could not be made a condition of employment in states which acted to outlaw such compulsion.

Twenty states have so acted, through passage of "Right-To-Work" laws. The individual worker is free to join or not to join a union at his place of employment—as he sees fit—without fear of sanction or reprisal whichever his choice.

Repeal of Section 14(b) would withdraw from the states the right to safeguard by law their citizens' exercise of individual liberty. It would repudiate the will of the people of 20 states and paralyze the other 30, in order to vest in organized labor a power given no private institution in our society and wholly alien to our society—the power to compel membership, support, and unquestioning allegiance.

Against the "Right-To-Work," the proponents of compulsion make two chief arguments. They argue that if the majority of workers in a bargaining suit want a union shop they should have it, because majority rule is the American way. But majority rule is the American way only when the essential liberties of the minority are protected. In the "union shop," the minority have no rights: if in a plant employing 100 workers, 51 vote for a union shop, the remaining 49 must join or get out. This is a form of absolute tyranny.

The other contention most often advanced is the so-called "free rider" argument—that those who are not members benefit from the union's work and should be forced to pay. The inference is that if a man elects not to join the union where he works there can be but one reason—his desire to be a parasite on his fellows. But there are many reasons why a man may not want to join a union. He may believe that the union's demands will bring about his unemployment by forcing his employer to automate, reduce the work force, or even close down the plant; he may oppose the political causes and candidates his dues would support; he may believe that union policies are harmful generally by endangering America's position in international trade or by producing inflation. In any event, it is for each individual to decide whether the union, on balance, benefits him; only the "Right-To-Work" laws give the liberty not to join.

Repeal Section 14(b) and you repeal the freedom of the states to legislate for the welfare of their citizens, and the freedom of choice and of association which is the inalienable right of every American.

If you wish to let your Congressman or one of your Senators know how you feel on this big issue, fill out the "ballot" on the facing page and mail it to him.
SUPPORTING STATE "RIGHT-TO-WORK" LAWS?

NO

Sen. Harrison Williams, Jr. (D-N.J.)

"Veterans' give-away" is a tricky label used to discredit needed veterans' benefits. The tricky "Right-To-Work" label camouflages state laws that destroy majority rule and industrial peace—goals which are basic to our democracy.

"Right-To-Work" laws destroy free choice and force an employer and his workers to accept a compulsory open shop. Here, the employer and his workers are denied the freedom to decide upon a "union shop," "agency shop," or other mutually agreeable work arrangement authorized by our national labor laws.

Under national law, "agency shop" employees not joining a union pay service fees to cover bargaining costs. "Union shop" employees must join the union or pay union dues; and national law allows workers to end the "union shop" by majority vote. But the "Right-To-Work" compulsory open shop cannot be changed—even when the employer and every employee want to.

Besides destroying free choice, "Right-To-Work" laws are basically unjust. A union is legally required to negotiate wages, process grievances, and provide other hard-won benefits for union and non-union workers alike. Despite the union's duty to assist all employees equally, some "Right-To-Work" laws bar arrangements where non-union employees pay their fair share for these services, even when the employer and the majority of his workers want such an arrangement.

The "Right-To-Work" argument mistakenly compares unions with voluntary associations. It claims that since a person has the right to drop club membership,

he should be free to drop union membership. What is overlooked is that a person dropping club membership is barred from using club facilities.

Because a union must assist non-member employees, the issue does not concern a person's right to work, but rather the wrong he does his fellow workers who must finance the assistance he gains from bargaining.

"Free riders"—Senator Taft's characterization of employees who accept union services but assume none of the costs—are resented by union members and make for an insecure union. In time, frivolous grievances or unreasonable wage demands may displace responsible collective bargaining. Without the finances needed to conduct its responsibilities, a union may ultimately collapse, thereby jeopardizing the industrial peace so vital to our nation's security and economic growth.

Ironically, some aggressive "Right-To-Work" advocates are totally indifferent toward obtaining Fair Employment legislation. This suggests they are not really interested in fair employment opportunities but are using the tricky label "Right-To-Work" to disguise their efforts to destroy free collective bargaining.

Hiding behind "Right-To-Work" laws is the senseless jungle of industrial strife which this nation abandoned years ago. We must not go back to that wasteful chaos.

I have read in The American Legion Magazine for June the arguments in PRO & CON:

Should The Federal Government Continue Supporting State "Right-To-Work" Laws?

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE
IN MY OPINION THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT
☐ SHOULD ☐ SHOULD NOT SUPPORT STATE "RIGHT-TO-WORK" LAWS.

SIGNED __________________________________________
ADDRESS __________________________________________
TOWN __________________________________________ STATE ________
A REPORT FROM

The Alaskan Earthquake

By KEN SCHANK
Public Relations Officer, American Legion Post 1, Anchorage, Alaska

O n the 27th day of March 1964, Jack Henry Post #1, Anchorage, Alaska, one of the oldest Posts in The American Legion and the first Post of Alaska, chartered in February 1919, received one of its most trying experiences.

On this date at 5:37 p.m. pandemonium broke loose at the time normal preparations were being made for the bi-monthly meetings of its members. This grand old building trembled and groaned in the twisting actions of what was to be one of the world's greatest earthquakes. Within seconds God had stopped the progress of man as electricity, water, telephones and gas were dormant. The contours of land and buildings were changed. Many personal tragedies and deaths were soon to be known to the world. After an inspection of the building, it was determined safe for use as a shelter and the Commander issued a call over the only radio station in operation for all members to meet at the Post. In the meantime, several Legionnaires and their families had arrived at the Post, forgetting their own personal losses and problems, to be of assistance to the community. Soon many more Legionnaires and Auxiliary members, who had heard the appeal for help, arrived.

Immediately the shelter was organized: candles and fireplace were lit, the propane stove in the kitchen served well to make coffee, crews were dispatched for water from nearby wells, snow was also melted and sandwiches were made from the well stocked kitchen.

The Legion's Civil Defense Chairman went immediately to Civil Defense Headquarters, which was not destroyed, and began working with the officials.

Two members located a power plant for auxiliary power, as candles and gas lights were too dangerous in a crowded building. A fire guard was put into action immediately to prevent a loss by fire.

The transportation chairman went into action providing drivers and vehicles for communications between the Post, Civil Defense Headquarters and radio stations (three were now operating).

Registration was set up at the door by the Auxiliary women to list all people entering or leaving the building, when they left and where they went. We found this was very beneficial later in locating missing persons. As each person came in, he gave his name, as asked if he had anyone else's children, and he was taken into the other room and settled down. 1,482 people entered the Post the first night with approximately 375 persons remaining all night in the building for shelter the Post offered. Many had no homes and in many cases had no knowledge of the whereabouts of their families. Some were in tears, others in shock. There were three cases of pregnant women. One was having labor pains. The Post was fortunate in having a doctor and one or two nurses on duty at all times throughout the week. At times as many as five nurses were on duty. Three corpsmen and an ambulance were also dispatched to us from a nearby Air Guard base for the first 48 hours.

We also had offers of psychiatric treatment if we needed it for any of the refugees or workers. None was required but several times it was marginal with some of the workers who had been on their feet continuously for six days and nights with some having no more than six to eight hours of sleep the whole time. The original idea was to fill the gap for Civil Defense from the time of emergency until the wheels could be set in motion and the larger organizations could take over.

It was never intended to duplicate the work of the Red Cross and Salvation Army, although the coordination was wonderful between these units. By the time the Post had filled its mission it had served 5,200 sandwiches, 320 gallons of coffee and well over 6,000 hot meals, consisting of sausage and eggs, moose, bear, caribou, salads, soup, hot rolls, chicken, salmon, chile, hot dogs, hamburgers, airline flight dinners, cookies, stew and many other edibles. Three radio station crews received hot meals around the clock, which totaled 99 meals daily. They were delivered by our transportation committee, who also served many meals to employees of the airport who were unable to get food because the only cafe in that area had collapsed. A lunch wagon was also dispatched from the Post to the downtown disaster area serving hot meals, sandwiches and coffee to the rescue workers.

As people filled Jack Henry Post #1 many problems arose. One problem was drinking water and water for dishes. This was overcome by 3:00 a.m. Saturday morning when two Legionnaires went to the Civil Defense Headquarters and arranged for an Army water tanker to be dispatched to the Post. A driver and helper were stationed there until city water was approved for use on Friday morning. The two GI's on duty with the water truck made themselves extremely helpful, not only for the water distribution, but also for details such as garbage removal, washing dishes, unloading food and many other chores.

Another critical problem was sanitation. When the water system was ruptured a need for toilet facilities was of too great importance to be treated as a delicate subject. Several Legionnaires acquired large metal pails with lids in which holes were cut with a hunting knife and plastic bag inserts were secured from a nearby market. This type of container is usually referred to in Alaska, as its counterpart was in the Army, as a "honey bucket."

A honey bucket brigade was set up in both toilets to keep them clean and see that the waste was disposed of by a honey bucket wagon. At the same time there were 80 children in the building and a need for diapers was quickly overcome by placing disposable diapers in the ladies' rest room.

These were also given to the babies' mothers when they left the Post for their new homes. The sanitation problem was well under control by Saturday afternoon as the water service was restored to the building. But it was not tested and considered safe to drink until Friday noon of the following week.

With the area water situation as it was, an immediate need for typhoid vaccine was noted and steps were taken to give typhoid shots at the Post. The big problem was where to acquire the vaccine. This was temporarily overcome by calling a druggist whose store was in the middle of the disaster area and getting permission to use his vaccine. This furnished vaccine for 400 people Saturday afternoon. Many were turned away. Saturday night one Legion member was leaving by plane for Seattle and was told to contact the Legion Post in Seattle early Sunday morning to arrange for shipment by air of 1000 cc's of typhoid vaccine. This arrived Sunday noon and immediately calls were sent out over radio stations that shots would be given that afternoon. Sunday afternoon the citizens of Anchorage were lined up for a city block awaiting their shots. Easter eggs and cookies were given to the children after they received their shots.

(Clothing and food were also distributed as well as many gallons of water. Baby food was passed out as required.) 1,069
shots were given in three hours. Many food handlers, doctors and nurses, firemen and other busy people were placed at the head of the line, as they arrived, in order that they might get back to their work. By Friday evening, one week after the disaster struck, a total of 3,020 typhoid shots had been administered, along with many sedatives and treatment of small children for minor illnesses.

All of the food, clothing, coffee makers, blankets, sleeping bags, disposable diapers, cigarettes, Easter eggs, movie projectors, film, music, clothing and many other items were donated by the citizens of Anchorage. The response to our wonderful radio station calls was overwhelming, many times we had to cancel the appeal for certain items within 30 minutes after it reached the air.

Saturday evening the organ that is normally used at the Post for fun and play had a serious part to play in rendering a service to our community. It was played by a Legion member for several hours, soothing the tired, weary and shocked. The music did much for the morale of all who heard it. Many dozed off in their blankets and sleeping bags.

As Easter Sunday came to light, hot food was served and later in the morning projectors and films to last all day were set up in our back room and the children spent most of the day viewing comedy and serious films. While the children were occupied, babies were being cared for by the Junior Auxiliary girls so their parents could move about. The sons of the Legionnaires were detailed to remove the bedding and sleeping bags from the building and air them out. When evening fell and many of the good citizens had felt the sting of the needle, a deluxe Easter basket was issued to every child in the shelter. After all, it was still Easter. The surplus baskets were delivered to the Alaska Native Hospital for distribution to the children there.

By now the whole country was aware that Jack Henry Post #1 was fulfilling its purpose in the community. Many testimonials had been given the Post for meritorious service in time of need. One prominent newscaster gave 15 minutes of his radio time for a wonderful talk praising Jack Henry Post #1 and what it had accomplished. Although it was given at 2:30 a.m. Sunday morning, many ears were tuned to it. One person in particular was tuned in, a long time member of our Post—Bob Kaufman. The next day he was at the Post with his wife helping direct traffic in the building. When he registered he told the receptionist "many times he had been proud to be a Legionnaire, but never had he been so proud to be a member of Jack Henry Post #1." This 76-year-old member will never be able to say those words again. Bob Kaufman, life member, passed away that Tuesday morning of a heart attack. This Post is certainly going to miss this wonderful man.

To our knowledge at this time there have been two members of this Post listed as casualties, Robert Kaufman and Lee Stever.

Due to poor communications up to this time we have not been able to contact the other Posts and receive full details of casualties or losses in the quake area. When this information is received, Jack Henry Post #1 will be standing by to help.

One truckload of clothes, food and sleeping bags was taken to Glennallen Post #27, Monday evening by a volunteer and given to the Post to distribute. At the time he arrived the evacuees of Valdez and town people were reported to be eating the rations issued to the military on duty there. They were very grateful, but their first question was what could they do for us in Anchorage.

As the clothing drive started, it created another monster. Approximately 8,000 lbs. of clothing started to arrive at the Post. This was sorted by the clothing committee and the Junior Auxiliary. Soon another 65 boxes of clothing arrived on MATS Military Plane from Anacortes, Washington. As the building bulged with clothes, the Legion Post #28 offered their fireproof building as storage and distribution center and the VFW Auxiliary offered their help to dispense and sort the clothes. The Red Cross and Salvation Army sent many people out to us with referral slips but many people were given clothes as they took their shots or came in for a hot meal. Our records list 67 families supplied with clothing. Many others who received clothing and food were not listed. The clothing, food and toy situation is now under control and we probably have more of these items than are actually needed.

We of Jack Henry Post #1 of Anchorage, Alaska, can walk with our heads erect and feel proud to have the little number 1 on the side of our caps. Our mission of supplying meals, shelter, coffee, clothes, guard duty and many other duties for the community was well performed by many persons for many long hours and sleepless nights until the job was finished.

Jack Henry Post #1 is ready for tomorrow, next week or next year and will always be available if help is needed in the community. However, none of this could have been accomplished without the help of all the businessmen, citizens and children of the community. To these wonderful people, Jack Henry Post #1 extends its heartfelt thanks. THE END
Guessing The Weather

Meteorologists say that simply by noting cloud types and wind direction outdoorsmen in the field can make reasonably accurate weather forecasts for short periods in advance. All weather on this continent moves generally from west to east. The clouds which precede it reveal its character. Their types depend on the air's temperature and moisture content, two basic causes of weather. The third is wind, due to differences in air pressures. The weather-indicating clouds are: cirrus, hair-like wisps high in the stratosphere, also called 'mares' tails'; cumulus, which resemble tufts of cotton; stratus, a layer of shapeless fog high above the ground; and nimbus, a heavy black rain cloud.

A sky of cirrus clouds indicates short range fair weather. When displaced by cumulus, then stratus, a steady rain is due shortly. A cumulus sky not preceded by cirrus also means fair general weather but if these clouds grow into huge anvil shapes with black bases, they are cumulonimbus or thunderheads, and will become local thunderstorms. When cirrus or cumulus increase in number to cover the sky and the wind is westerly, squalls may develop but seldom steady rain. The same sky with an easterly wind means, however, steady rain within a day. A stratus layer promises rain at any time. When nimbus clouds appear, they bring immediate rain. When the sun shines through a halo (high-altitude stratus), rain will follow by nightfall. Scattered patches of stratus in an east or south wind will bring rain.

Cloud colors at dawn and sunset are caused by the moisture content of the air which bends the sun's light rays varying degrees and so they also are weather forecasters. If the sun rises in a blue sky behind light violet clouds, the day will be fair. If the cloud forms a purple cloud bank, there will also be a strong wind. A gray or rose dawn means a sunny day, but a fiery red one means rain and wind. These are eastern skies, however, and weather comes from the west; therefore the day clouds may show a weather change. Evening skies in the west are more reliable. After a fiery sunset expect a hot, clear day with probable afternoon thunderstorms. A red sunset with heavy clouds means a cloudy day with a late rain. A golden sunset with purple clouds, or a rosy sunset, generally brings clear weather, but a yellow evening sky forecasts rain.

Winds from the north to southeast usually bring rain except in some western areas. Those from the south to northwest bring fair skies. A marked shift in wind direction means a weather change, from rain to fair or from fair to rain. To track a distant thunderstorm, face the wind; the storm will usually be directly to your right. Since thunderstorms travel from west to east, if it is to the north or northwest, south or southwest, it will miss you in all probability. But if you are facing a south wind, indicating the storm is west from you, get ready for it. If an early morning fog has no wind to blow it away, the day will be fair.

Want to tell the air temperature using a watch? Count the cricket chirps for 15 seconds and add 40, says an oldtimer. We're waiting for cricket time to see for ourselves.

When you're fishing in a boat and you get thirsty, you may have soda or beer or a thermos but there's no place to rest it where it'll be tip-proof after it has been opened. After Andy Louviere of Jeanerette, La., decided he'd spilled too many he discovered a remedy. To the sides of his boat near each seat he screwed an empty can slightly larger than his favorite beverage container. Now he simply places the open bottle or can in one of these improvised holders. A coat of spray-paint protects them from rust.

Most fly lines must be treated periodically with line dressing so they'll float and also so they'll shoot through the rod guides with a minimum of friction. Should you forget your dressing, writes F. S. Millham of Fullerton, Pa., just take a piece of waxed paper, fold it, and draw the line through it several times. The wax will serve as an emergency dressing and you're back in business.

Browning Arms Co., one of our most reliable manufacturers of fine shotguns, rifles and pistols, last year branched out into the archery business. Now it's in the fishing tackle business, too. Recently it acquired a fishing-rod subsidiary, the maker of Sidleax rods. We are familiar with these fishing rods and find them in keeping with Browning's high standards. They are tough, have continuous action from butt to tip, and are not expensive when one considers their quality.

Ordinary pipe cleaners can be useful to all anglers, even non-smokers. They can be twisted around coils of mono-filament and nylon leaders to keep them from becoming entangled. Twist one around your rod above the handle and you can slip your hook under it to keep the hook from waving in the breeze while you move to another spot. Used as a swab, a pipe cleaner will oil those hard-to-reach places in your reel. Wrap a piece of one around a hook and you have a wooly-worm that will catch trout as well as panfish. You can even dress it up with nail polish or ink.

When water is muddy after a heavy rain, most fishermen stay home. Why waste time when the fish can't see the lure? They might not be able to see one, but they can hear it. Use a surface lure that makes a lot of fuss, for big trout a small popping bug and for bass a large plug that splashes noisily when retrieved. Or try a goby of worms or a hook with a dashed-out cork as a bobber; the cork can be made to pop by jerking the rod tip. Cast along a shoreline.

Drug-loaded arrowheads were the subject of an article in a recent outdoor magazine. These "hypo arrows," loaded with drugs, could kill a deer cleanly, painlessly, within 30 seconds after it was hit. A good idea? If you're thinking of giving them a try, forget it! Almost everywhere the use of chemicals or drugs in taking game animals is forbidden except in very rare instances. If you're a bow-hunter, you'll have to continue doing it the old Redskin way.

Loyal fly anglers consider trout the nobility of game fish and even abhor the idea of catching one on a worm. How must they feel about this latest bait? At Lake Merced, San Francisco, anglers have discovered that trout have a bar for varicolored miniature marshmallows. The bait has another advantage; when trout aren't biting, the angler can cut it himself.

A Deer call often will coax a nice buck to your rifle and Owen Gordon of McCool, Miss., has a recipe for one. All you need, he says, are two strips of soft wood strips about 4"x2"x1/4", a flat rubber band and some strong fishing line. With a sharp knife carve a shallow hollow in the center of one flat side of each wooden strip, then place one strip on top of the other with these hollows facing each other and with the flat strand of rubber band stretched tightly between them. Tie together the ends of the strips with the fishing line. When you blow gently through the hollow thus formed, the rubber band will vibrate and you'll get a very seductive "bla-at" that will fool any deer.

If you have a helpful idea for this feature send it in. If we can use it we'll pay you $5.00. However, we cannot acknowledge, return or respond concerning contributions. Address: Outdoor Editor, The American Legion Magazine, 720 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10019.

30 THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE • JUNE 1964
INCOME TAX REDUCTION
MAY BE TRAP IN APRIL 1965;
MANY MAY OWE THE GOV'T
MORE THAN THEY HAVE:

In spite of the fact that federal income taxes have been reduced at all levels for 1964, many people are apt to be in for a very rude shock. They will owe more taxes, after payroll withholding deductions, than ever before.

To make the shock worse, even before the 1964 tax data was available, government spokesmen had encouraged Americans to spend their larger payrolls to "boost the economy". The financial world suggested that many of them would do it by pledging their withholding tax savings toward credit-buying of expensive items. As a result many taxpayers may find themselves coming down to next April owing the government substantial sums which they've already spent or obligated in the climate of "boost the economy by spending the payroll tax savings."

Those who file an estimated tax return for 1964 in advance and pay on it in advance will already have discovered the big discrepancy between the real tax cut and the illusory tax cut in the payroll deductions.

On the other side of the coin, many people whose whole incomes are between $5,000 and $10,000 have never filed estimated returns in advance because they didn't owe enough after withholding to be required to. In the "spend the money" atmosphere that rode in with the tax cut many of them may not discover until next April that this year their withholding is so far below their actual tax that they were required by law to file an estimated return last April 15 for the first time. They may well feel that they have been lulled into owing the government money they don't have and violating the law as well.

The standard government payroll withholding formula has been reduced from 18% to 14% of all wages in excess of the personal exemptions ($600 per person).

Below is an example of what a man and wife with no dependents, filing a joint return, will owe after payroll deductions, where total income ranges from $4,000 to $27,000; where all their income is wages or salary; where they can claim 10% of their total salary or wages as legitimate deductions; and where withholding is done on the government's 14% formula.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Total income</th>
<th>Withholding</th>
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<tr>
<td>$ 4,000</td>
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<td>$ 5,000</td>
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<td>$ 6,000</td>
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<td>$1,246.50</td>
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<tr>
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<td>$1,381.00</td>
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<td>$25,000</td>
<td>$1,830.00</td>
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<td>$26,000</td>
<td>$1,996.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$27,000</td>
<td>$2,162.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Having more dependents doesn't change the situation materially. By way of comparison, let's take the same family, but with one other dependent, and compare the effect of the reduced withholding on what it would have to ante up in the end for 1963, as compared to 1964.

On total wages of $8,000 this family would have gotten a refund of $8 on its 1963 withholding. For 1964, although its total tax would be $148 less than in 1963, it would be entitled to no refund in April, 1965. It will have to pay $92 from resources other than withholding.

Such a family, if its whole income were $15,000, had to pay $266 more than withholding on 1963's income. For 1964, although its tax is $292.40 less, it will have to pay $501.50 in addition to...
what is withheld throughout the year.

What to do about it... Those who have not filed an "estimated tax return" for 1964 had better get the forms and instructions from their Internal Revenue Office, and calculate their probable 1964 income tax immediately, comparing it with the withholding rate applied to their pay by their employers... Many of them who have not already done so may find that they were required by law to have filed an estimated return last April 15, because they will owe so much more than is being withheld.

Employers are deeply concerned about this problem and many of them have asked their employees to take steps to increase their withholding tax... Some employers can withhold any additional amount asked by employees, though they cannot withhold more than the insufficient federal formula without a request from the employee... Others cannot withhold an arbitrary amount because their payrolls are on computers, which must be fed genuine tax data rather than be instructed to come up with a predetermined answer... Such employers have been suggesting that employees file false, but harmless and non-fraudulent, information with them, such as claiming no personal exemptions (though they will claim them in their tax returns)... You can increase your withholding by $84 a year for every personal exemption that you actually have (yourself, your wife or husband, your minor children) which you disclaim for purposes of withholding... Some employers can increase the rate of withholding, using some other rate than 14%, if asked to... Meanwhile, unless this word filters down to the millions involved before they spend the imaginary part of their tax reduction, the Capital may have the biggest wave of public indignation on its hands at the moment of truth next April since Yalta.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LEGION PENSION BILL?

HR1927, the Legion's veterans pension reform bill, which was reported and discussed in great detail here a year and more ago, has sat in the House Veterans Affairs Committee without hearings ever since... There is no indication that it will pass unless veterans and their widows start and continue a massive campaign of their own... This is true of every major money bill in Congress, be it veterans legislation, medicare, a "poverty control" bill or what-have-you, whether sponsored by the Legion, the State Department or the President of the United States... The road to pension reform is for all interested people to write and write and keep writing to their own Congressmen, and get as many others to do so as possible, and never get faint-hearted or discouraged or accept a non-committal letter from one's Congressman as a final answer... Some veterans who need this bill--on whose behalf the Legion sponsors it--have asked "Why haven't the Legion's spokesmen gotten it passed?"... No money bill is passed by spokesmen, it is passed by the climate of opinion built in Congress by the constituents of the Congressmen... Veterans who have seen Presidents work for years to pass their own programs and fail should realize that leadership can steer a bill and make it a reasonable bill to be passed and give expert testimony on it and call on followers for untiring support, but only the unified persistence of people who vote can bring it off.

Hearings have recently been held on HR2136, to reopen NSLI life insurance (WW2 and Korea) for a year to make amends to veterans who had the right to take out more insurance, but lost that right without one day's grace period more than ten years ago... Rehab Director John Corcoran testified on it for the Legion, going over ground that has been gone over in the many years that the Senate has unanimously passed the bill and the House has blocked it... "Newsletter" takes a cynical view of the future of this bill... The House Veterans Affairs Committee pays more attention to the opposition to it of life insurance lobbyists, than to the bill's eminent fairness to veterans... For a bill that would cost no federal money (the insured being charged for the administrative cost); for a bill that the Senate has passed time and again out of a sense of fair play to veterans; for a bill that should open millions of homes to insurance agents (by giving 7 million or so veterans a one-year deadline in which to revise their family insurance programs under an expirable advantage), the opposition seems stupid to us.
Wisconsin Boy Wins $4,000 Legion Nat’l Oratorical Prize

Sixteen-year-old David Bruce Marth of Wausau, Wisconsin, won the 27th Annual National Oratorical Contest of The American Legion before an audience of approximately 1,200 people at Hillsborough High School in Tampa, Florida, on April 16. Almost the youngest person ever to win the $4,000 college scholarship, David was sponsored by Montgomery Plant Post 10 of Wausau, and is a junior at the Senior High School of that city.

A matter of a few months difference in age prevented Dave from being the youngest winner. Senator Frank Church, Jr., of Idaho, still holds that honor, having taken the prize as a 16-year-old in 1941 at Charleston, South Carolina.

Before winning the valuable college scholarship, Dave had garnered top honors at the Sectional C Contest held at Indianapolis, Ind., and had also won the Regional 9 trial held in the Senate Chambers of the State Capitol in Bismarck, North Dakota.

Young Marth, who was accompanied by his speech coach, Ervin C. Marquardt of Wausau, is active in extracurricular affairs, both social and athletic, and his present plans are to use the scholarship studying for the ministry. He lives with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis E. Marth of Wausau.

Marth and Coach Marquardt traveled over 5,000 miles in winning the seven oratorical contests (including the final) which made him national champion. Headlines of newspapers in his local area claimed “Thousands Throng Wausau Airport To Greet Speech Champ David Marth.” The sponsoring post, Montgomery Plant Post 10, and its drum and bugle corps, were out in force to meet the homecoming winner. Dave will also appear at many of the important national Legion events throughout the next year, including the National Convention in Dallas, Tex., Sept. 18-24.

The other three finalists:
Second place winner is Christopher Kenney, 17, a senior at Boston College High School, Dorchester, Mass. His prize was a $2,500 scholarship and he intends to study for the clergy. The son of Mr. and Mrs. John Torrey Kenney of Norwood, Mass., he was sponsored in the contest before coming to the Tampa finals.

Fourth place winner is 17-year-old Donald L. Burnett, Jr., a senior at Pocatello High School in his home town of Pocatello, Idaho. Donald won his $500 national scholarship after taking top honors in the Sectional D and Regional 11 Contests. He participated in Idaho Boys’ state, is busy with extracurricular activities, and has won several civic awards. His choice of career at the present time is law and he lives with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Donald L. Burnett in Pocatello.

The first National Oratorical Contest was conducted in 1938 with eleven Depts. competing and 4,000 students participating. Held annually under the auspices of the national Americanism Commission of The American Legion, the contest has grown to the point where over 350,000 students participate each year.

The national prizes total $8,000, and to date The American Legion has provided more than $186,000 in cash scholarships on the national level. Many more thousands of dollars in cash and scholarships are awarded each year by Departments, their districts and posts.

The subject material used for the prepared Oratorical Contest must be on some phase of the Constitution of the United States.

The contestants also must talk off-the-cuff from four to six minutes to determine the depth of knowledge on the subject of the basic principles of our Constitutional government. They are informed of the extemporaneous subject only six minutes before they are required to talk on it.

Following are the eight other regional winners:
Regional 2—Donna MacInnis, 17, of

Contest runners-up (l. to r.) Christopher Kenney, Gary Priour, and Donald Burnett.
Notre Dame High School, Fairfield, Conn.

Regional 3—Albert Meloni, 17, of Gonzaga High School, Washington, D. C.


Regional 5—Thomas E. Bridwell, 17, of Englewood High School, Jacksonville, Fla.

Regional 7—Michael John Perry, 18, of St. Xavier High School, Louisville, Ky.

Regional 8—David S. Hobbs, 17, of Marietta High School, Marietta, Okla.

Regional 10—James Robert Vivian, 17, of Clovis High School, Clovis, N. Mex.

Regional 12—Kathy Eastmond, 17, of American Fork High School, American Fork, Utah.

Also participating in the Regional trials were contestants from Alaska, Hawaii, and Germany (Dep't of France).

The 1965 National Oratorical Finals will be held at Portland, Oregon.

Alaskan Relief Fund

The mighty earth tremor that shook Alaska at 5:39 p.m. on Good Friday 1964, sent giant tidal waves up and down the Pacific Coast, caused property damage close to $500 million, registered a reading exceeding 8 on the Richter scale of magnitude, and also triggered into action a massive nationwide campaign by The American Legion to provide emergency relief funds for the Alaskan earthquake victims.

Almost immediately, Nat'l Cmdr Daniel F. Foley and Auxiliary Nat'l President Mrs. Lucile P. Johnson, in a joint telegram to all department headquarters of the Legion and Auxiliary, urged department commanders and presidents to alert every post and unit of the need for funds to provide food, clothing and other basic and immediate emergency needs.

Legislatively, plans went forward to assure Federal relief for the stricken areas. Sen. Henry M. Jackson (D-Wash.), introduced Senate Bill 2719 to provide retroactive disaster insurance and committee hearings were being held as this was being written.

At press time, funds totaling more than $50,000 had been transmitted to the Dep't of Alaska. The figure does not include clothing, typhoid serum and other aid. Many more thousands of dollars would be needed.

National Hq kicked off the drive with a direct contribution of $5,000. The Dep'ts of New York, Ohio, Hawaii, and Washington followed rapidly with sums in the substantial thousands. Other departments began cranking up their fund machinery.

The Easter weekend disaster proved once again that the Legion, both at the national and local level, is at its best in time of emergency.

Some reports from Legion officials hard at work in the quake areas:

From Joseph M. Briones, Dep't Adj't of Alaska and Coordinator of Alaskan Relief: "The Valdez situation is grim and tragic. This city will take a long time to come back. Women, children, and in some cases, entire families have been evacuated to safe areas. Rebuilding will have to wait until geological and economic reports have been completed. Glennallen Post & Unit 27 (115 miles inland from Valdez) are doing a tremendous job feeding and housing the evacuees. Cash contributions to these people have certainly given them a lot of comfort and aid.

"Kodiak and vicinity were hard hit. Their economy is staggered. Despite this, they are in high spirits. Because so many have lost their jobs and businesses, our direct aid has been most welcome.

"In the Homer area, early damage was not too heavy and the gravest concern is the fact that the land mass has sunk and is now being threatened by high tides. This could ruin dock and harbor facilities for the future.

"According to present reports, Seward lost all their industry."

From National Executive Committeeman Herald E. Stringer, of Alaska, in a telephone call to Nat'l Cmdr Daniel F. Foley: "During the darkest hours the Legion was magnificent. You would have been proud as I was to see the work of Post 1 here in Anchorage. This is the kind of thing that the Legion does best on a community level."

Stringer, who lives in Anchorage where now more than 2,000 are homeless, said his own office was a "shambles," his home was in an unsafe-for-occupancy area, and "it is a miracle that we are alive."

As soon as possible after the quake, Alaska Dep't Cmdr George Petrovitch of Anchorage, telephoned Nat'l Adj't E. A. Blackmore and reported that Seward Post 5 and Jack Allman Post 17 of Kodiak had been destroyed.

Despite all its troubles, the Dep't of Alaska decided to go ahead with its department convention as scheduled in Anchorage the middle of this month.

(For a two-page report on earthquake relief work in Anchorage by Jack Henry Post 1, please turn to page 28.)

Not all the damage was confined to Alaska. Churned by the jolting Alaskan earthquake, the Pacific Ocean, in a series of tidal waves, battered the northern California coastal community of Crescent City, leaving behind numerous dead and missing and untold destruction.

Jack Murdock Photos

After the quake, Anchorage citizens line up at Jack Henry Post 1 for typhoid shots such as this one being given with such feeling by Dr. Wilbur Raybourn and received by club manager Verlin Olson. Both are Legionnaires. Girl in the background seems sympathetic.

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In nearby communities, Del Norte Post 175 and Smith River Post 712 immediately responded to the emergency with offers of assistance. Post 175 set up a soup kitchen which was later turned over to the Red Cross, while Post 712 manned a sandwich and coffee booth in the disaster area.

The May issue of this magazine carried an appeal in Editor’s Corner for funds to be donated to Alaskan earthquake victims with directions how to send these funds to the proper sources.

We now repeat those directions.

Checks should be made out to “American Legion Alaskan Relief,” and sent to your state Legion headquarters.

If you don’t know the address of your state Legion headquarters, send it to this magazine addressed as follows, and we will forward it unopened to your state Legion office:

Alaskan Relief
American Legion of (your state)
c/o The American Legion Magazine
720 5th Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10019

Doughboy Pictures, Anyone?
The Columbia Broadcasting System is planning a television series based on the American Expeditionary Force in WW1 and needs still photographs of an individual Doughboy taken at various stages from civilian life into the Army and on into combat.

If you’ve got a complete photo album with such pictures and think they might meet the network’s needs, get in touch with the CBS Public Affairs Dept., 485 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

Don’t send valuable material without first writing them. They’re particularly interested in enlisted men who fought in the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 26th, 28th, or 42nd Divisions prior to July 18, 1918.

Legion Legislative Appearances
Recent appearances before the Committees of the Congress by Legion officials:


• Also on March 18, Nat’l Economic Director Clarence W. Bird asked the same committee that sufficient funds be appropriated for the proper operation of the Veterans Employment Service, the Bureau of Veterans Reemployment Rights, and related programs.

• On March 19, Nat’l Security Director James R. Wilson, Jr., testified before the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee on the 1965 defense budget.

• On March 24, Nat’l Rehab Director John J. Corean appeared before the Insurance Subcommittee of the House Committee on Veterans Affairs and once again urged the Subcommittee to act favorably on the Legion’s long-standing request for reopening for a limited period of National Service Life Insurance to WW2 and Korean War vets.

• On April 17, National Americanism Chmn Daniel J. O’Connor testified before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in support of legislation to establish a Freedom Commission and a Freedom Academy under House bills HR-5368 and HR-8320.

• On April 21, Ass’t Nat’l Economic Director Austin E. Kerby appeared before the Subcommittee on Independent Offices, House Committee on Appropriations in connection with funds for the proper operation of the U.S. Civil Service for 1965.

• On April 22, Nat’l Civil Defense Committee Chmn David Aronberg testified before the House Appropriations Subcommittee on the 1965 Civil Defense Budget.

Boys’ State Schedule
Here are additional sites and dates for the 1964 Boys’ State:

Alabama at University of R.I., Kingston, June 22-28 (tentative)
Utah at Utah State University, Logan, June 27-July 4
Wyoming at Wyoming State Fair Grounds, Douglas, June 7-13

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The 45th National Executive

The 45th National Executive Committee of The American Legion had its annual spring meeting as this issue went to press. Shown on these two pages are the 1963-64 members. Of the 65 members 58 are from state and foreign departments and were elected by their department conventions. The seven elected national officers are the National Commander, five National Vice Commanders, and the National Chaplain with the Commander serving as chairman. All living Past National Commanders are members without vote. The late Bill Stern, of North Dakota, died at 77 on January 1, 1964 and had the longest continuous service on the NEC.

Daniel F. Foley
National Commander

Rev. John J. Howard
National Chaplain

Hugh W. Overton
Alabama

Herald E. Stringer
Alaska

Solent Tom
Arizona

Claude Carpenter
Arkansas

Roscoe T. Morse
California

E. Meade Wilson
Florida

Sedley Peck
France

W. D. Harrell
Georgia

Wallace C. S. Young
Hawaii

Douglas D. Kramer
Idaho

John H. Geiger
Illinois

William J. Rogers
Maine

David L. Brigham
Maryland

Gabriel T. Olga
Massachusetts

Norbert Schmelkes
Mexico

William J. Clarahan
Michigan

Eugene V. Lindquist
Minnesota

William G. McKinley
New Jersey

Dr. D. H. Reed
New Mexico

Louis E. Drago
New York

W. D. Robbins
North Carolina

Wm. Stern, N. Dak.
(Died Jan. 1, 1964)

Merle F. Brady
Ohio

John A. Ryer
Rhode Island

E. Roy Stone, Jr.
South Carolina

Glen R. Green
South Dakota

William S. Todd
Tennessee

J. Walter Janko
Texas

William E. Christoffersen
Utah
BRIEFLY NOTED

The ultramodern Dallas Memorial Auditorium will be the site of the business sessions of the 46th National Convention of The American Legion, Sept. 18-24. The drum and bugle corps contests will be staged in the Cotton Bowl and the P. C. Cobb Stadium. The Cobb Stadium, site of the senior drum and bugle corps competitions and the Parade of Champions, has a seating capacity of 22,000, while the Cotton Bowl seats up to 80,000. Both stadiums are centrally located in downtown Dallas.

With the appointment of William J. Chisholm, of Denver, Colo., as national chairman, Natl’ Cmdr Daniel F. Foley has announced plans to dramatize again the Legion’s dedication to positive Americanism by the ringing of Bells for Peace across the nation on July 4.

Everywhere in the United States, church bells, school bells, chimes, carillons, and other bells of all sizes and kinds will ring out a reminder to all citizens of their heritage of freedom and peace.

The American Legion has presented testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in support of H.R. 5368 and H.R. 8320 which would establish a Freedom Commission and a National Freedom Academy. Said Daniel J. O’Connor, chairman of the Legion’s Natl’ Americanism Commission, in part, in testifying: “We believe that, for the most part, our soldiers of freedom, active and potential, are not sufficiently knowledgeable in the area of political warfare and all it entails. We have too many voices in the wilderness, without concert of direction, that need orientation such as contemplated in the preambles to the two bills.”

“Great Songs of America” an LP record of patriotic and popular songs performed by topflight American artists, is available from The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.’s service stores and dealers. Price: $1, in both monaural and stereo. Playing time is approximately one hour for 18 songs. The offer extends only through the Fourth of July.

When a Bozeman, Mont., public school teacher asked his pupils to write an essay on “What It Means To Be An American,” the youngsters failed almost without exception. Most of them saw America as a land of high living standards, modern conveniences, beautiful mountains, rivers, schools, colleges, automobiles, and great national wealth. But not a single pupil seemed to know what part basic fundamentals of Americanism had played in the development of the American nation.

As a result, a course in Americanism was introduced in the Bozeman schools—kindergarten through high school. After two successful years, Legion Post 14 got permission to promote the project statewide. Now, all of the 128 Legion posts in Montana promote the Americanism project in the schools.

After two months and over 200 hours of volunteer work by Legion and Auxiliary members, some 500 mimeographed copies of the Americanism course texts are available. The project has the complete endorsement of Montana’s Gov. Tim Babcock and State Sup’t of Schools Harriet Miller.

Maj. Gen. E. B. LeBailly, director of information for the U.S. Air Force, has called upon all Air Force commands to support The American Legion’s Boys State Program, by having outstanding officers and airmen volunteer to serve as counselors. General LeBailly plans to have two Air Force cadets attend the Legion’s Boys Nation program in July at College Park, Md.

The Legion’s Americanism Commission has won the Freedoms Foundation Distinguished Service Award for “outstanding achievement in bringing about a better understanding of the American way of life.” The Department of Alabama was awarded the George Washington Honor Medal for “outstanding community service in the Cotton State during 1962-63.” Eight department winners and the national champion of The American Legion’s 1963 Natl’ High School Oratorical Contest have been granted awards by the Foundation at Valley Forge, Pa.

Nearly two of every five living Korean War veterans have thus far taken advantage of the Korean GI Bill (established through the active support of The American Legion), according to the latest Veterans Administration statistics. These vets have completed or are presently enrolled in some form of educational or readjustment training. Of the 5.6 million living Korean vets, 2,385,100 have entered the GI Bill schooling programs.

Most of the former GI’s—582,000—chose education and training in crafts, trade, and industry. Other categories: business administration and managerial, 275,000; engineering, 187,000; teaching, 141,000; medicine, dentistry, and veterinary, 61,000; and physical and biological sciences, 45,000.

Of the 2.3 million trained under the Korean GI Bill, 1,207,000 went to colleges, while the remainder were trained in institutions below college level, correspondence schools, and on-the-job and on-the-farm training. In comparison, the GI Bill for World War 2 veterans education found 7.8 million veterans taking advantage of the benefits. The VA lists some 15 million WW2 vets living. Since the first of the readjustment training laws became effective in 1943, veterans of WW2 and the Korean War have received educational and training benefits totaling $1.6 billion through June 1963.

New Mexico’s first American Legion Economy Store has opened in Albuquerque. It’s aim: to help unemployed vets and raise funds to expand the Legion’s Welfare Program. The store will be the retail outlet for rummage that has been repaired by unemployed vets at the store’s warehouse. The storekeeper is Ken Ferguson.

Earning priorities in housing accommodations for the Natl’ American Legion Convention in Dallas (Sept. 18-24) are the following departments (each is the leader in its own number-of-rooms-required category): Foreign: Canada; Departments requiring 200 or more rooms: Illinois; 150-199 rooms: Ohio; 100-149 rooms: Minnesota; 75-99 rooms: Kansas; 50-74 rooms: Florida; less than 50 rooms: South Carolina.

All 162 students in grades 9 through 12 at Reeltown H.S., Tallapoosa County, Ala., recently prepared and delivered orations on some phase of the United States Constitution. The effort was stimulated by a teacher, Mrs. Clarene W. Phillips, who used The American Legion’s Natl’ H.S. Oratorical Contest program as a guide. Said Mrs. Phillips: “The students gained a deep and realistic understanding of the Constitution and also learned to outline, compile, memorize, and appreciate materials they had always considered dull.”

As part of the Legion’s 45th Birthday celebration in Maryland, the Department’s Rehabilitation Div. gave to the Baltimore Veterans Administration Hospital a complete amateur radio station. The modern, single side-band transmitter/receiver will tie in with the VA emergency radio network to provide continuing communication in the event of a storm or disaster.

The Child Welfare Div. did its celebrating by voting to donate $1,250 to the Baltimore Crippled Children’s League for equipment in the League’s new building which is now being constructed.
POSTS IN ACTION

Two Boy Scouts, members of Legion-sponsored Scout troops, have been awarded Certificates of Merit by the Nat’l Court of Honor of the Boy Scouts of America. Terry Auten, 16, Life Scout, sponsored by Post 155, Britton, Mich., used mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to save the life of a woman who had apparently stopped breathing.

Alan St. Martin, 16, Explorer Scout, sponsored by Post 168, Southampton, Mass., saved the life of a boy who had been enveloped in flames after dropping a match into an abandoned gas tank. The scout threw the victim to the ground and put out the flames with wet leaves. Then, with the aid of a friend, he took the injured boy to his home, and then to the hospital.

Post 74, Framingham, Mass., has raised $2,500 for 12-year-old Anthony Cardiff, who lost his left leg four inches below the knee in a coal company’s fire and explosion. Another drive is under way for funds for families of three firemen killed in the accident.

Post 98, Brewer, Maine, has voted to award a $200 scholarship to a 1964 graduate of Brewer H.S. Basis for selection will be scholastic excellence, extra-curricular activities, and financial need.

Post 134, Stanley, N. Dak., took stock of its good deeds recently and found it had (with the Auxiliary) given about $75,000 to the community since 1947. The Community Hospital, with over $60,000, was the biggest beneficiary, and baseball, a retirement home, Boys and Girls State, and child welfare were other projects high on the benefits list.

Post 3, Findlay, Ohio, has donated 55 classroom flags to Findlay H.S., the 14th school the post has so served in three years. In recent weeks, the post has also presented an 8-by-12-foot flag to the Hancock County Home and a 4-by-6 flag to a local church. Post 144, Columbus, Ohio, gave an outdoor flag at the recent dedication of the Lincoln Park district police station. Post 216, Corona, Calif., organized a flag raising ceremony recently at St. Edward’s Catholic School, attended by representatives of Post 328 and those of over 50 other local organizations.

Also, Essex (N.J.) Women’s Post 406 presented a flag for every classroom in the Myrtle Ave. Jr. H.S. in Irvington, N. J. Post 380, Dravosburg, Pa., sold 450 flags in a February project, achieving over 30 per cent of its goal in the town: “A flag in every door in ‘64.”

53, Hemet, Calif., largely through the efforts of Lloyd Bancroft, Sr., has, since 1953, sold over 100 flags at cost to 90 per cent of the town’s merchants, in cooperation with the city government, which drilled and installed the receptacles. Most recent sale was 21 flags to a new shopping center. Total sales from August 1952 to date amount to about $3,000.

Cook County, Ill., Legionnaires have presented to the Nat’l Society for Crippled Children and Adults a flag and flagpole, erected on the grounds of the Society in Chicago. Post 51, Buchanan, Mich., presented 16 flags and copies of “Flag Etiquette” to Girl Scout troops in the area.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

Charles B. Metz, Wyoming’s Nat’l Executive Committee member, elected president of the Sheridan Chamber of Commerce for 1964-65.

W. C. Daniel, of Danville, Va., Past Natl Cmdr of The American Legion (1956-57), named a director on the Board of the Natl Bank of Virginia.

Alfred P. Chamie, of California, member of the Legion’s Finance Commission, elected vice president and secretary of the Association of Motion Pictures and Television Producers.

Preston J. Moore, of Oklahoma, Legion Past Natl Cmdr (1958-59), was elected vice chairman of the Conference of Nat’l Organizations, which is composed of organizations with a total membership of more than 50 million individuals.

James D. Hill, of Maryland, a member of the Child Welfare Commission, has become associated with the firm of Armour, Herrick, Kneipple and Allen in Washington, D.C.

George R. Dowdell, of Pennsylvania, a former Air Force public information officer, and recently on the editorial staff of the Courier-Post of Camden, N.J., appointed to the Nat’l Public Relations Div. of The American Legion in Indianapolis, Ind.

DIED

Hoyt C. Brown, of Macon, Ga., a member of the Nat’l Executive Committee in 1941-43.

Burgin Pennell, of Asheville, N.C., Past Dep’t Cmdr (1938-39).

Charles F. Carpenter, of Illinois, a member of the Legion’s Distinguished Guests Committee from 1953 to 1963. At the time of his death he was serving his fourth term as Illinois Secretary of State and was seeking the GOP gubernatorial nomination.


Dr. Joseph E. Redden, of Massachusetts, former department vice cmdr, and brother of Harold P. Redden, chairman of the Legion’s Finance Commission.

Rev. Joseph O’Callahan, Medal of Honor winner, of Worcester, Mass., who was the chaplain aboard the carrier USS Franklin when it was attacked by Japanese Kamikaze pilots.

James P. Murray, of Carbondale, Pa., Past Dep’t Cmdr (1945-46).

Olin F. Jacquot, of Casper, Wyo., former alternate member of the Nat’l Executive Committee (1952-54).

Rev. William E. Patrick, of Santa Barbara, Calif., Past Natl Chaplain of The American Legion (1925-26).

Joseph J. Kerrigan, of New York, who attended the Legion’s Paris Caucus in 1919.


NEW POSTS


Outfit Reunions

Reunion will be held in month indicated. For particulars, write person whose address is given.

NOTES

ARMY

1st Inf Reg't, Co H—(Aug.) Wm. Corteville, 13122—6th St., Grandview, Mo.


4th Cav—(Aug.) Mike Loberg, Annandale, N. J.

6th Inf Div—(Aug.) Rubin Smiklik, 1522 Falls—Lowfield Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

11th Airborne Div, 472nd Field Art'y Bn—(July 15) 1270 12th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

138th Field Art'y Div, 93rd Cav Recon Sqdn (Mech)—Troop C—(June) Phyllis Ayers, 202 Austin Ave., Ellingham, Ill.


52nd Eng, Co A—(Aug.) George C. Kauffman, 440 Grover C. Carr P.O. Box 181, Clinton, Tenn.

46th Chem Depot—(Aug.) Donald E. Downs, 814 Pearson Dr., Ioliet, Ill.

61st Sig Bn, Co C—(Aug.) John Stadhearn, 2525 34th West, Mound, Minn.

68th Regt Coast Art'y Corps—(Aug.) G. Fred Sheriff, 981 33rd St., Kentuxy, Danville, Ill.

70th Inf Div—(Aug.) Clinton Kruse, 694 P.O. Box 914, Dodge City, Kans.

74th Inf Div—(July) Edward E. McDonald, 15 Scenario View Dr., Fort Thomas, Ky.

102nd Inf Div—(July) A. L. Hitt, 534 S. Elmwood Ave., Topeka, Kans.

108th Inf Div—(Aug.) Dorothy J. Keck, R.N. Box 426, Long Prairie, Minn. 56347.


353rd Field Art'y, Bn (July) Gus Seftals, 32 Petri Pl., Delran, N. J. 08075.

311th Field Art'y, Bat D (WWII)—(Aug.) Philip Groves, 616 West Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill. 60612.

314th Inf Reg't (WWII)—(July) Philip Polsiott, 764 Paul St., Union, N. J. 07451.

392nd Inf Co (G)—(Aug.) C. G. Burton, Minter Center, Ohio 43541.


Life Memberships

The award of a life membership to a Legionnaire by his Post is a testimonial by those who know him best that he has served the American Legion well.

Any Post may send applications of the previously unpublicized life membership Post awards that have been reported to the editors. They are arranged by States.

Arnold O. Aamodt and James L. Jackson (both 1963), Post 450, Huntington Park, Calif. Buell I. Chapman (1964), Post 14, Rockville Centre, N. Y.


John A. Herbeck and William Kilianski and Harold L. Smith (all 1963), Post 12, Chicago, Ill.

Harry H. Wood (1963), Post 697, Mackinaw, Ill.

Welds H. Laurent (1959) and Charles P. Moskop (1960) and Harry Doiron (1962), Post 622, Prairie du Bochier, Ill.

William J. Willard Thomas, Sr. (1958) and Robert Kimmel (1962), Post 64, Indianapolis, Ind.

Ross Chrisman and Stephen A. Kollar (both 1963), Post 284, South Bend, Ind.

Harold L. Marshall and Walter E. Merrill and Hal A. Pratt and Jesse R. Saville (all 1961), Post 259, Blue Rapids, Kans.
when you stop by. Good German food is found at Rheinischerhof, with imported German brew on tap. Probably the best seafood spot is Zuider Zee, which serves giant crabs and brings fresh Maine lobsters and half-shell oysters in by air every day.

As for barnyard eating, Lucas' B&B Restaurant offers a down-on-the-farm cuisine of fresh eggs, rich milk, good meat and sweet vegetables and a coffee shop that never closes; while three Youngbloods Restaurants all specialize in chicken dinners raised from the egg to your plate by Youngbloods. Meanwhile, restaurants in the better hotels are of one piece or more so with what we've been talking about along the avenues.

The pattern of evening social life in Dallas is molded by the Texas liquor laws. There are no bars open to the general public in Texas, but restaurants, lounges, clubs may serve wines, champagne and beer at tables to the general public (not mixed drinks).

In addition, Dallas abounds in "upper clubs," and restaurants which are open to the public, and which may serve the "mixings" if the customers bring their own liquor. So it's a common sight to see Texans heading out for a social evening in style with paper bags under their arms holding bottles legally purchased at any of the numerous "package stores." Arriving at a public supper club, such as the Empire Room of the Statler Hilton, the customer puts his bottle on the table, orders the set-ups and mixes his own cocktails at the table, while enjoying the live entertainment, dancing, genteel atmosphere, and dinner in style.

Places like the Empire Room come under the heading of public supper clubs, and there are quite a few of them attached to hotels and motels which book good entertainment—such as the Century Room at the Adolphus Hotel and the Mayfair Room at the Executive Inn motor hotel. Others, such as Chez La Combe on Lemmon Ave., are independent of hotels.

Texas law does permit the serving of mixed drinks in private clubs, and Dallas abounds in private clubs, which, except for the membership requirement, are identical with the better public cocktail lounges and night clubs, with or without food, in most large cities. Some of these clubs are private clubs, open only to a restricted membership on an annual basis or to guests of regular members. Such a one, where I was an averted guest, is the magnificent Chaparral Club on the 36th floor of the Southland Center. It was another of the sumptuous, extravagant, richly-appointed places. But membership is available to transients in numerous private cocktail lounges. Nearly all the better hotels and motels have them—such as the Cabana's Nero's Nook, which I have reported that I joined by showing my Cabana room key.

Many of the better restaurants also have "private club" cocktail lounges with membership available to transients, such as Town and Country Restaurant's Marquis Club. And there are such clubs operating independently, such as the Club Montmartre between the Baker and Statler Hilton hotels: the Haunted House, rigged up like a Chas Addams nightmare as a spoof; the Skyknigh Club, the Music Box, etc.

Private clubs at hotels include the Kings Club at the Adolphus, the Court Club at the Statler Hilton; the London Club at the Sheraton-Dallas. Those at motels also include the Black Garter at the Executive Inn, the Jet Stream at the Ramada Inn, and the Sirloin and Saddle at the Marriott. Virtually all of these I rate from "good" to "high class" to "sumptuous."

A transient usually can join the club at his own hotel or motel free, on a daily reissue basis, by applying as a guest. Transient membership in others runs from nothing to $3 for four days or so, with $1 the most common membership fee. A member can bring his own guests. Early Legion convention plans anticipate making transient memberships in many of them available at or near the convention registration booths. I would stress that the places I'm talking about are not deep, dark dens of iniquity, which the stories in the press of Jack Ruby's place may have summoned up. They are quality establishments for pleasant socializing of convivial people. I went to no joints or burlesque houses, nor did any thrust their presence on me.

All night spots have to close at midnight, except 1 a.m. Sunday morning. Package stores in Dallas are open 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. except Sundays, when they are closed. Beer is not sold on Sunday before 1 p.m.

Before going into many things that Dallas offers in the way of sightseeing, a little city history will make it clearer why a business city on the northeast Texas cotton plain offers hospitality on a par with the top resort spots in the land.

Dallas is a self-made city, one of the best managed in the country. There was originally very little reason for its existence as anything but a moderate-sized local trading center, and it could well have developed as a strictly local "cowtown" where strangers would feel ill at ease. But decades ago ambitious and en-
terprising town fathers set out to make it a white-collar trading and financial center. They correctly understood that they would have to attract outsiders. Unlike many cities which seek to impress outsiders with mere claims, they also correctly understood that they would really attract outsiders by really pleasing them.

Dallas was after business, not tourists, and its leaders divined that its attractions would have to be so real as to be permanently pleasing. When other Texas towns in the vicinity were rejecting railroads because trains in those days were noisy and smoky, Dallas persuaded the railroads to go out of their way a bit to run through its premises. In nothing flat it became a transportation hub and a natural trade mart ("natural" only after the rails went through, unnatural before then). The same foresight that the city used to become a transport center it applied to almost every other aspect of turning investments and people from elsewhere. Incidental among these was a drive to attract business conventions—which meant not only making it profitable for businesses to move to Dallas, but also making its personal accommodations for business executives so pleasing that they would come and look at the city in the first place, and go away liking it.

The results from the start were fantastic. Every 20 years since 1880 Dallas has at least doubled in size, more than once tripling or quadrupling in two decades. It is already a city of modern skyscrapers with good clean air between them, and new modern towers are presently springing up all over town, to a maximum of 50 stories. It is a smokeless city—burning natural gas chiefly. It has virtually no heavy industry and is essentially an insurance, banking, financial, sales, shopping and educational center. Texas is a "southwestern" state, and Dallas is more in the South than the Southwest. But it is a cosmopolitan city, filled chiefly with the hustle and bustle of people from South, West, East and North who are enterprising, ambitious and sophisticated—not to mention hospitable. With Dallas' background, nobody is made to feel like a stranger. It has been in the vanguard of everything that is modern. When air-conditioning was a novelty over much of the country, Dallas' public accommodations and offices were already nearly totally air-conditioned. Dallas is "culture-conscious"; when it decided to have a civic theater it got Frank Lloyd Wright to design it—the only theater he ever designed. When Texas decided it would have a permanent state fair grounds, Dallas bulled its way to the fore, outbid all others for the state fair, built grounds for it, and on them established museums, an aquarium, a marvelous Texas Hall of State, the Cotton Bowl, zoological gardens, a music hall, and other cultural and exhibit centers for all-year-around use. When the "freeway concept" came in, Dallas was again in the forefront, with freeways and expressways pouring into the midtown area somewhat like the spokes of a wheel, and a peripheral belt highway system (not an expressway) circling the town. On the Dallas-Fort Worth Freeway, about midway between the two cities (which are a little over 30 miles apart) is the new Six Flags Over Texas, a so-called amusement park which deserves a better name—as it is really a sort of Disneyland of the history of the Southwest, based on the six different cultures that have ruled over Texas: Spain, France, Mexico, Republic of Texas, Confederate States and United States. It's a "class" place to take the family, and not the honkey-tonk that "amusement park" suggests. You pay one admission price at the gate and nothing more, except for what you eat or drink, to explore its acres of reconstructed Southwest history and culture, with rides on land and water to move you along, and local college students from Southern Methodist University and other seats of higher learning to greet and guide you.

The photos of the Memorial Auditorium with this article should give readers an idea of the accommodations for the Legion convention business meetings. Jim Carter, assistant Auditorium Director, took me all through the hall, and the side meeting rooms, and the big ex-hibit hall downstairs, and the theater where the Legion's memorial services will be held, and even up to the overhead catwalks where all the ropes and wires and stuff are. It was like the hotels and motels and clubs in its sparkling modernity and don't-spare-the-horses equip-page. Air-conditioned, bright, with upholstered seats, the auditorium can pack in more than 10,000 people—and can hold the 3,000 Legion delegates on the main floor without putting a soul in the plush arena and balcony seats—though I don't say that that's how it'll be done. I sat in some of the arena and balcony seats and they were mighty comfortable. Jim turned the normal lights on for me, and I shot elegant black-and-white trial photos on the convention floor, without flash, setting my camera at f4 at 1/50th, using Tri-X film rated at ASA 1200 for normal development in Acufine. Legion camera bugs take note.

The parking lot can hold about eleven hundred cars, and the Memorial Auditorium, as I recall, is exactly two blocks (maybe 2½) from the Adolphus Hotel, which is just about midtown on Commerce Street—one of the three parallel main drags. Bill Miller, the Legion's long suffering national convention director, who moves his family to a different city every year to set up the national convention, told me he was getting top cooperation from the leading citizens of Dallas in setting up this convention. I sat in on a meeting of the Convention Corporation—whose president is Alvin Owlesy, a Dallasis who was National Commander in 1922-23; whose chairman is Ben H. Wooten, board chairman of the Dallas Federal Savings and Loan Ass'n; and whose other members make up a goodly chunk of Dallas' leading citizens and businessmen.

The meeting was with the military, to plan participation of the Armed Forces in the Legion's big parade on Monday, Sept. 21. It was cooperation with a capital C. The parade will go right down the busiest part of Main Street, than which there is no manner. None of this shunting it around side streets. The military will shoot the works to make its part of the parade a whopper.

The idea that the whole city of Dallas should become a national villain after the events of last Nov. 22—and especially that the Legion should punish it by pulling its convention out—is a bit of self-righteousness that has already been answered effectively by two well qualified people, as well as by my friend, the adventurous journalist Charley Wiley. Charley said if that's what we should do, then we'd better blow Washington, D. C., off the map for the assassinations of Lincoln and Garfield and the attempts on the lives of Truman and Andy Jackson there, and throw Buffalo, N. Y. under Niagara Falls for the shooting of McKinley there. Charley disapproved any of these procedures.

Legion National Commander Daniel F. Foley (of Minnesota) said he wouldn't consider leveling guilt-by-association charges at the whole city, and the convention would stay in Dallas, then Robert Gladwin, Commander of the late President Kennedy's American Legion Post 281 in Boston, said that it wasn't like President Kennedy and isn't like the Legion to kick people when they are down. "Now is the time," Gladwin told the Boston press last Dec. 11, "for all Legionnaires to come to the aid of their comrades in Dallas...and do everything we can to make the 1964 convention a fitting tribute to President Kennedy." Gladwin, who is general counsel for the Massachusetts General Hospital, added: "We can best do that by giving full support to our new commander-in-chief, Lyndon B. Johnson, and our continued support to his home state."

But you don't need to go to Dallas just to be fair to a badly wounded city. As George Cornelius, Jr., said, you can have a ball in Dallas.

THE END
epoch in the long story of mankind. In the five or more billions of years the scientists tell us it has taken to form the earth, in the three or more billion years of development of the human race, there has never been a more abrupt or staggering evolution.

We deal now, not with things of this world alone, but with the illimitable distances and as yet unfathomed mysteries of the universe. We are reaching out for a new and boundless frontier. We speak in strange terms of harnessing the cosmic energy, of making winds and tides work for us, of creating unheard-of synthetic materials to supplement or even replace our old standard basics; to purify sea water for our drink; of mining ocean floors for new fields of wealth and food; of disease preventative to expand life into the hundred of years; of controlling the weather for a more equitable distribution of heat and cold, of rain and shine; of spaceships to the moon; of the primary target in war, no longer limited to the armed forces of an enemy, but instead to include his civil populations; of ultimate conflict between a united human race and the sinister forces of some other planetary galaxy; of such dreams and fantasies as to make life the most exciting of all times.

And through all this welter of change and development your mission remains fixed, determined, inviolable. It is to win our wars. Everything else in your professional career is but corollary to this vital dedication. All other public purposes, all other public projects, all other public needs, great or small, will find others for their accomplishment; but you are the ones who are trained to fight.

Yours is the profession of arms, the will to win, the sure knowledge that in war there is no substitute for victory, that if you lose, the Nation will be destroyed, that the very obsession of your public service must be duty, honor, country.

Others will debate the controversial issues, national and international, which divide men's minds. But serene, calm, aloof, you stand as the Nation's war guardian, as its lifeguard from the raging tides of international conflict, as its gladiator in the arena of battle. For a century and a half you have defended, guarded, and protected its hallowed traditions of liberty and freedom, of right and justice.

Let civilian voices argue the merits or demerits of our processes of government: Whether our strength is being sapped by deficit financing indulged in too long, by Federal paternalism grown too mighty, by power groups grown too arrogant, by politics grown too corrupt, by crime grown too rampant, by morals grown too low, by taxes grown too high, by extremists grown too violent; whether our personal liberties are as thorough and complete as they should be.

These great national problems are not for your professional participation or military solution. Your guidepost stands out like a tenfold beacon in the night: Duty, honor, country.

You are the leaven which binds together the entire fabric of our national system of defense. From your ranks come the great captains who hold the Nation's destiny in their hands the moment the war tocsin sounds.

The long, gray line has never failed us. Were you to do so, a million ghosts in olive drab, in brown khaki, in blue and gray, would rise from their white crosses, thundering those magic words: Duty, honor, country.

This does not mean that you are war-mongers. On the contrary, the soldier above all other people prays for peace, for he must suffer and bear the deepest wounds and scars of war. But always in our cars ring the ominous words of Plato, that wisest of all philosophers: "Only the dead have seen the end of war."

The shadows are lengthening for me. The twilight is here. My days of old have vanished—tone and tint. They have gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were. Their memory is one of wondrous beauty, watered by tears and coaxed and caressed by the smiles of yesteryear. I listen vainly, but with thirsty ear, for the witching melody of faint bugles blowing reveille, of far drums beating the long roll.

In my dreams I hear again the crash of guns, the rattle of musketry, the strange mournful mutter of the battlefield. But in the evening of my memory always I come back to West Point. Always there echoes and re-echoes: Duty, honor, country.

Today marks my final roll call with you. But I want you to know that when I cross the river, my last conscious thoughts will be of the corps, and the corps, and the corps. I bid you farewell.

COMING—JULY ISSUE

The Ordeal of Leonard Wood:
The story of the heroic effort of an American doctor-general to make a democracy of Cuba. By Clarence Woodbury.

Our Own Japanese in The Pacific War:
The little known story of the service of a special corps of Japanese Americans in the Pacific in WW2. By Bill Hoso-kawa.

Other News, Views, Pix.

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EXCELSIOR

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE • JUNE 1964 43
"As I think back on it now, I doubt if I saw—really saw—more than 12 of our men at one time. Looking back, I saw the Texas and the heavy cruisers still firing. At the end of that day when I listened to the TBS, the only battlewagon I listened to was the Texas, but the others probably had records just as good. It's amazing how accurate they were, and how effective the observers were on shore. They were Navy radiomen and they pinpointed just about everything.

"Omaha Beach had cliffs that had to be climbed straight up from the edge of the sand. The plan was for the Rangers to mop up the Germans on top at the fringe of the cliffs. Those Rangers swarmed up ropes. Somehow they got up those cliffs. I was there, but I don't really know how they did it. I think they shot the ropes with grapnels upward with special rocket guns. I was told later that the ropes got soaked in the rough seas coming in and were so stiff some rockets couldn't shoot them to the top, and the Germans leaned out and dropped grenades on the attackers as they shinnied up the rope. I only remember that vaguely as a part of all that went on around me. I was busy concentrating on my immediate job, and looking after my unit.

"How would I describe my job?" John Ford said, when I asked him. "Unofficially, I was in charge of cinemaphotography, but in all honesty I was really more or less a logistics officer. It was up to me to see that everybody who should have a camera had one. I take my hat off to my Coast Guard kids. They were impressive. They went in first, not to fight, but to photograph. They went with the troops. They were with the first ones ashore. They filmed some wonderful material. Fortunately, most of them came through well. There were a few casualties. I lost some men. It is a coincidence that one of the cameramen who works for me today—his name is Archie Stout—had a son in my outfit. He was one of the two photographers who rode ashore on a Phoenix concrete breakwater. He rode his Phoenix all the way over from England photographing everything in sight. He did a fine job riding that big box. He got a Silver Star for it. Later, he was to be flown back to England to sign his papers for a commission for which he certainly qualified in every way. On his way, even before he'd left France, a lone German fighter popped out of nowhere and shot him down. He's buried there in a cemetery where the landing was. That cemetery was a new one and Stout's was one of the first graves there. I've been back to it several times to leave flowers.

"I think it's amazing that I lost no more when you consider how much of them were exposed to fire, although I wouldn't let them stand up. I made them lie behind cover to do their photographing. Nevertheless, they didn't have arms, just cameras, and to me, facing the enemy defenseless takes a special kind of bravery. When a man is armed with a gun he's probably much braver than if he doesn't have one.

"In action, I didn't tell my boys where to aim their cameras. They took whatever they could. Once they got ashore they just started photographing our troops in different groups rushing to their assigned places. Not that they rushed wildly, they rushed with a definite purpose. After they got ashore, they made for a certain objective. There was no panic or running around. I've often wondered why they didn't run faster. Probably they weighed too much with all their equipment on. They hurried, but there was no frantic dash, just a steady dog trot.

"I remember meeting Col. Red Reeder on the beach. I knew him well and I met him a long time later when I went to West Point to do a picture, The Long Gray Line. On D-Day, Red was sitting with one leg smashed so badly it had to be amputated. 'Got any orange juice?' he asked me. I said, 'Orange juice! What the hell would I be doing carrying orange juice? How about a shot of brandy?' We had been issued little bottles of brandy in case anybody needed it. Doggedly he said, 'No, I want orange juice.' I said, 'Colonel, I'm afraid that's something I can't get you, but I can help you get back to our ship which is close in. Once there you can get some aid.' He said, 'No, I just want some orange juice.' Red and I had a laugh about that long afterward at West Point. In a moment of crisis, people get funny fixations. I asked him, 'Why didn't you take that brandy?' He said, 'I don't know. It's the first time in my life I ever refused a drink of hard liquor. All of a sudden I was pure. As a matter of fact, I don't even like orange juice.' He was in shock, and as I've said, they had to cut off his leg in an emergency operation.

"The film my men took was processed in London, in both color and black-and-white. Most of it was in Kodachrome. It was transferred to black-and-white for release in the news weeklies in movie theaters. All of it still exists today in color in storage in Anacostia near Washington, D.C. My cutting unit was in London, too. They worked 24-hour watches, picking out the best part of the film that had been shot. I'm sure it was the biggest cutting job of all time including the cutting done for the recent picture Cleopatra. The cutters worked four-hour shifts—on four, off four. Allen Brown, the producer, now a captain in the Reserve, was in charge. There were literally millions of feet of film. When Brown's unit saw something they liked, they pressed a button, and put clips on that portion of film. When they cut the stuff all they did was cut at the places marked by those clips. It saved a lot of time. Very little was released to the public then—
apparently the Government was afraid to show so many American casualties on the screen. After all, even The New York Times best-seller list that summer had only six ‘war books’ on it out of a total of 30.

"As I’ve said, I don’t think I ever saw more than a dozen men on one time on that beach. That’s all my eye could take in. For that matter, I don’t think anybody on the beach saw more than 20 at the outside. After all, they all were attacking in small groups. They were trained to do that. The first wave consisted of about 3,000 men, and not all of them got ashore alive. Numerically, that wasn’t so many really.

"I don’t remember just when we reached our first inland village, but I do remember that on my way there our troops ahead were smoking out a nest of Germans on the edge of the town. They had no artillery support, so they sneaked up with flame throwers. It turned out that the house held five Germans and three female French collaborationists.

"As I remember it now, the shells the Texas fired must have been 12-inch jobs. They made a big sound, but the old thing was how they looked. They gave off yellowish smoke—and instead of rupturing the ear drums of listeners they made a dull boom. Sixteen-inch guns shattered ear drums, but the 12-inch ones went boom like an explosion going off inside of a mine. The 16-inch guns were murderous. You had to stuff your ears with cotton if you were too near them. They tell me Omar Bradley used cotton. He must have been on one of our big battlewagons. I didn’t see him, but I did see young Teddy Roosevelt near Utah Beach on D-Day plus three or four. We had met in Scotland where my unit trained nearby, I thought him a fine man. He didn’t last very long after he landed.

"He was the principal founder of The American Legion back in 1919. While he was alive he did 20 men’s jobs and was awarded the Medal of Honor. He didn’t know that because a heart attack killed him on July 12. He just kept going up and down Omaha Beach with the walking stick under his arm, very neat, very presentable, getting things done, directing traffic, giving orders to the men running up to him. His boss, Terry Allen, who was in charge of the First Division, was a lot of man, too. That was 20 years ago and even now I don’t know too much about what an Army general’s job is, but when I met Terry and Teddy, the impression I got was that they were both good men doing efficient jobs.

"My unit shot motion pictures of the whole Operation Mulberry, too—the construction of the man-made harbor facilities designed to handle 8,000 tons of supplies a day. In the end it handled more. A fleet of old ships was brought across the Channel and purposely sunk to tail in a row offshore. This bit was named Operation Gooseberry. It began on the second day. Those ships caught quite a bit of German artillery fire. Each time we sank one the Germans reported to Goebbels that another enemy vessel had been sunk by glorious German fire. On D-Day plus three, by the time the Nazis figured out what was happening, most of those ships were in position and the first of the big concrete Phoenix breakwaters was being pushed into position and sunk. There was an outer line of floating steel breakwaters, too. Finally came the three piers running from the beach straight out to deep water. These were called Whales. and LSTs came right up to them and unloaded in less than an hour. The operation was a triumph for an idea conceived by Britain’s Lord Louis Mountbatten. Two years earlier he had made the revolutionary suggestion of taking our own seaport along with the invading forces instead of trying to capture the heavily defended French ports. The other brass hats laughed at him at first—though never to his face.

"That was quite an improvement over beaching LSTs, unloading and floating them off 12 hours later to fetch another load, which is what was done until the Mulberry harbor was finished on D-Day plus ten. They called the operation Mulberry because the mulberry is supposed to be the fastest growing tree. I never did figure out any of the other code names. Maybe that’s why the secret was kept so well—no one else could either.

"A few days later, on the 19th and 20th, when a gale hit and destroyed practically everything, I had some of my unit station themselves on one of the Phoenix caissons. It was blowing like hell and I was out in a small boat picking them up. As I was heading in, somebody yelled at me from an old English ferryboat, a sidewheeler, one of the decrepit old Brighton excursion boats. I could see it was a chief petty officer yelling. ‘Hi, Jack! Hi, Jack!’ I looked at him, waved and asked, ‘Who is it?’ Then I recognized Ian Hunter, the actor, who afterward worked with me in The Long Voyage Home. Hunter played the English officer in that film. He was as surprised to see me as I was to see him. He yelled, ‘What are you doing here?’ I yelled, ‘Damned if I know. What are you doing?’ Hunter said, ‘Damned if I know either.’ It was a brief encounter because I was concerned with getting my boys off and ashore. The gale messed up the painfully assembled and constructed Mulberry harbor. Land- ing craft of all kinds broke loose and piled into docks and breakwaters. My photographers got plenty of footage of that for historical purposes. It was as bad a Channel storm as the first one, if
not worse. It was weeks before the harbor was straightened out, though supplies continued to get ashore somehow. That is the best I can do 20 years after D-Day. This is the first time I’ve ever talked about it.

“I would like to say to The American Legion Magazine readers that I am a lifetime member and so is my wife, Mary. We were both given our silver lifetime membership cards in 1955. Mary was a nurse in World War I. She is a member of the Harold T. Andrews Post in Portland, Maine. I’m not much of a joiner. The Legion is the only organization I belong to. We’re proud of it, and proud of the American soldiers we have known over the years.

“One other thing, I guess it’s the only Hollywood attribute I share with stars: John Ford isn’t my real name. My real name is Sean Aloysius Kilmartin O’Feeney.”

Ford paused while we both thought about D-Day in Normandy and all over the world.

There is small doubt that the preparation for and the launching of Overlord was the most important military movement ever made by this country, with the possible exception of the marching and bloody dying of men wearing blue and gray near a small sleepy town in Pennsylvania called Gettysburg. Even there only our soldiery was involved; not our Navy, our Marine Corps, our planes, our Coast Guard, all blended into one mighty spearhead of men as they were on Utah Beach and Omaha Beach, with the British and Canadians on more beaches to the east.

And although the world stood on tip-toe, its hands cupped around its collective eardrums for the first word of how we did there, in its crazy, natural, sometimes silly and inconsequential way life went on elsewhere.

The day before Operation Overlord, a fairly important thing took place as Rome fell and Allied troops marched into it. In China, squadrons of new super-fortress B-29s were being readied for their first attack on Japan (the first U.S. raids since the Doolittle “30 Seconds Over Tokyo” group had made its gallant gesture 2½ years before). Just about that same time, a famous name in show business was singing in New York with Mary Martin. Eddie Cantor sang: “We’re Having a Baby, My Baby and Me.” (On one of the early shows the network eliminated the sound throughout the entire second verse. At the last minute it felt that the lyrics needed censoring.)

In Vincennes, Ind., Mrs. Lyndon Eberly and her daughter, Helen, heard on the radio that their soldier, Sgt. Richard Eberly, 21, had been one of the first to be landed by air in France. The Eberlys were praying. At 3:30 a.m. in Marietta, Ga., the bell of the Methodist Church began to peal: by 4 a.m. every church was lighted, and in every church people prayed. Aloud or in their hearts, plain men were not ashamed to say what General Eisenhower said in his Order of the Day to his men: “Good luck, and may the blessing of God go with you.”

In Japan, German correspondents in Tokyo writing for their newspapers revealed much that was not meant for U.S. eyes. When the Japanese Government closed all theaters, newspapers complained: “The hard-working population cannot live on patriotic speeches and moral sermons alone.”

The invasion of France was the Seventh Front. Maps were bought in large volume by civilians anxious to know where their friends, sons, husbands and families were located.

In Great Britain at Lewisham, Mrs. Edith Robinson, 32, had quadruplets and the news caused hardly a ripple. This was the fifth set born in Britain in a year, the third set born to wives of servicemen, the second set to wives of R.A.F. men.

Like 135 million of his countrymen, Franklin Roosevelt spent the week waiting for invasion bulletins. As the scanty news trickled in, the President, like his fellow citizens, took it steadily, neither optimistically, impatiently, nor fearfully. But the nation’s eyes were on the coast of France. What happened in the hived rowed fields and the coastal swamps and beaches and in the ancient towns of Normandy was all important. But the people’s look at the war was farther, far beyond Normandy.

Since then Jack Ford has made many motion pictures, and what he regards as “my small, ant-like part in Overlord” has been hazed over by the passing years. Sometimes he thinks the events he remembers most vividly concerning those explosive days have to do with a small priest standing by a roadside before his squat Norman church, waving a tiny American flag, the kind that may be purchased in any five-and-dime store around Independence Day.

“Off to the right there was a little church,” Ford said. “Its little priest stood about five-feet-four. He had a little American flag in one hand and a big jug of calvados in the other. To us, that’s apple brandy. As our troops went by he dipped into it for them. Then he’d pour out another drink. When he ran out of brandy he gave them red wine. After that he served cider, and last water. The water was appreciated as much as the brandy. As our guys streamed by and saw this little priest and the American flag, a lot of them asked his blessing and took a drink. My memory of that little man with his white hair is burned on the inside of my skull. He’d been saving that flag for a long, long time.

“When I went back there three years later,” Ford went on, “he was still there and I talked to him. By that time I had more boys buried there in that little priest’s cemetery. In spite of my bad French and the priest’s bad English, we talked up a storm. The priest kept talking about what he called ‘jour de dea.’ It was as close as his tongue could get to ‘D-Day.’ Perhaps no man’s tongue can get closer. It was a day for dying and a day for victory.”

THE END
In calculating major budget items this summer, keep these clues in mind:

- **Automotive costs**: Gasoline supplies will be plentiful; no upward push on prices is in sight. Used car tags meantime will be a bit higher than last year—which, however, is fine if you’re trading in an old car on a new one, because it insures a favorable allowance.

- **Car rentals**: So many companies have entered this field that “discount wars” periodically are cropping up. Compacts in some spots now rent for $5 a day and 5¢ a mile, as against $9 and 9¢ a year ago. In short, you can shop in a fairly wide price and convenience range.

- **Building costs**: Moving up steadily. Lumber is more expensive than it has been in a long time. Aluminum, copper, and brass products are climbing. So are labor costs. In fact, about the only construction price that’s stable is cement, the supply of which is more than ample.

The recent deaths of some people whose names often appear in the news (among them Ted Patrick, editor of Holiday) from infectious hepatitis puts that disease in the headlines. It’s a sneaky malady. Here’s what happens:

- **A virus attacks the liver and inflames it**. The liver is the largest internal organ in your body (it weighs about 4 lbs.). Its function is to produce secretions essential to digestion.

- **When the liver doesn’t work properly**, you may get serious loss of appetite, nausea, vomiting, chills, fever, and a “dragging” sensation. A severe impairment of the liver obviously results in death.

- **Rest and diet are the standard cures for infectious hepatitis**. Meantime, since the virus can be passed from one person to another, strict hygiene must be observed when an infected person is in the household.

How do you get it? **Usually from another person or from food**, which, in turn, has been polluted (by contaminated water, for instance). Raw clams, oysters, and shellfish often are suspect.

A new vogue in lighting—the miniature, high-intensity lamp—is reaching boom proportions. Students, hobbyists, travelers, and executives are buying these peewee, glareless lights at such a clip that Tensor, pioneer in the business, expects to sell upwards of $1,500,000 worth of these items this year at $9.95 to $9.95 apiece.

The lamps consist of a base housing a transformer; an adjustable bracket; and a tiny, low-voltage light (about the size of the bulbs in auto parking lights). The transformer accommodates the light to 110-volt current, producing from 40 ft. to over 5,000 ft. candlepower in a concentrated dose.

Lighting experts say the mighty midges do a great job, but that 1) bulb life is fairly low, and 2) it may be wise to compensate for the intensely-embarked beam by turning on other lights in the room.

Now that most states have removed restrictions against synthetic sweeteners, you’ll soon be able to get many major types of foods and soft drinks in sugarless, low-calorie versions. Weight-watchers (and also housewives who object to the high price of sugar) keep the synthetics business growing.

Incidentally, saccharin—a veteran coal-tar product about 300 times as sweet as sugar—is being overshadowed these days by a new group of synthetics called cyclamates. They’re about 30 times as sweet as sugar, are relatively cheap, and in easy supply.

Two job areas being affected by national defense are:

- **Engineers**: Cutbacks and completions of military programs are taking some of the bloom off this glamor occupation. Salaries, though, continue to rise and the long-term prospect still is for a near-shortage situation.

- **Airline pilots**: The oversupply of only two years ago has turned into an acute shortage. The average age of pilots in the labor market now is over 40 years. The Air Force, too, is short of pilots in the 23-30 age groups. So a scramble of world-wide dimensions is developing for beginners to help man jet craft.

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gave him the pick of assignments, and he chose the 33rd Infantry Regiment at Arras. Its commanding officer was Col. Henri Philippe Pétain, the man destined to rule defeated France for Hitler after 1940. Thus began a 35-year relationship between the two men which would run the gamut from the most intimate friendship to the deepest hostility.

The First World War now caught up de Gaulle. A captain, he was wounded three times—at Dinant, in 1914; Champagne, in 1915; and in the savage hand-to-hand fighting around Verdun in 1916. Taken prisoner at Douaumont, he spent the rest of the war in a German POW camp, and tried five times to escape, without success.

For a few years after the war, de Gaulle led the placid existence of a peacetime officer: special army duty in Poland, a history professorship at St. Cyr, duty at the École de Guerre (War College). In April 1921 he married Yvonne Vendroux, the daughter of a biscuit manufacturer in Calais. They met in a Calais tea room where he accidentally spilled a cup of tea over her, while the orchestra was playing the “Destiny Waltz.” It is still “their song.” They named their son Philippe, for Pétain. He is now a naval officer. The de Gaulles also have a daughter, Elizabeth, who is married to an army officer. A second daughter, Anne, died in 1948.

It was at the War College, in the early 1920's, that the later de Gaulle first began to emerge. Going on annual maneuvers, he ordered mobile tactics to be used, a clear violation of French military doctrine which was then based on fixed, positional warfare. For this, de Gaulle was demoted and transferred out of the War College.

Word of what had happened reached Pétain, now a Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the French Army. Pétain had de Gaulle's demotion cancelled, reinstated him as an instructor and then appointed him to his own staff.

It was a curious alliance: Pétain, the hero of defensive warfare, of the stand at Verdun, popularly associated with “They shall not pass” (actually it was General Nivelle who said it); de Gaulle, the rebel preaching and practicing military heresy. But personal warmth and admiration played a greater part than professional theory, and these qualities were to be important to both men more than once.

For the rest of the 1920's, de Gaulle saw varied but unexciting duties. He commanded the 19th Chasseur Battalion at Trèves (Trier) and served on the General Staff of the Army of the Rhine. Between 1929 and 1932 he led military missions in Syria, Egypt, Persia and Iraq.

Then, in 1932, at the age of 41, he was assigned as a lieutenant colonel to the Secretariat General de la Defense Nationale. This was the premier's military planning body, responsible for France's war defenses. From his new vantage point at this crossroads of military and political decision-making, de Gaulle was finally face to face with his first major challenge—and opportunity.

These were days of disarmament in Geneva and instability at home. It was de Gaulle's painful task to prepare estimates of reductions in strength which he believed wholly unwise, for a world without arms which he believed wholly impossible. He also now had extensive contact with the civil departments, the nation's industrialists and its political leaders. He saw no less than 14 governments come and go between 1932 and 1937, as France was rocked by scandal and subversion. This revealed to him, he says, the whole “extent of our resources, but also the feebleness of the state.”

A new threat now appeared across the Rhine—Adolf Hitler. For de Gaulle, this changed everything and turned academic discussion of military science into practical realities. De Gaulle had to make a crucial decision. In the belief that the Army commanders “were growing old at their posts, wedded to errors that had once constituted their glory” he made his decision: “If no one proposed anything that would meet the situation, I felt myself bound to appeal to public opinion and bring forward my own plan.”

After one preliminary article in 1933, de Gaulle brought his main thrust forward in the spring of 1934—a book called Vers l'arme de métier (“Army of the Future”). It was a thoroughgoing attack on the entire Maginot Line philosophy of fixed defensive warfare, and on the French politics that de Gaulle believed was built around that philosophy. In it he proposed creation of “an army of maneuver and attack, mechanized, armoured, composed of picked men, to be added to the large-scale units supplied by mobilization.” This new army would have to be created by the government, bringing with it massive changes in both the techniques and politics of warfare.

De Gaulle claimed no originality of his own for these ideas. He drew liberally on both French and British innovators who had pioneered before him: General Estienne—France's first Inspector of Tanks in 1917, British General Fuller and Captain Liddell Hart and others who had urged that the next war would be fought with the mobile and mechanized tactics and matériel of the later months of World War I, rather than the trench warfare of its middle years. He also drew on German General von Seeckt, the rejuvenator of German military strength after 1918, and Italian General Douhet, who, like the then discredited American General William “Billy” Mitchell, early saw the role air forces would also play.

De Gaulle's book attracted little attention among the French public (it sold about 700 copies), but the storm that broke around him in military and government circles was tremendous. General Débeney, former Chief of the General Staff, and General Weygand, the incumbent Chief, both fell on de Gaulle. Débeney argued, in La Revue des Deux Mondes (Review of Two Worlds), that the northeast frontier of France would be the decisive theater in the next war and that it had to be held and reinforced. Weygand insisted France had all she needed, including a “mechanized, motorized, and mounted reserve.”

Even de Gaulle's old friend and protector, Marshal Pétain, broke with him. In a preface to General Chauvineau's book, Une invasion, est-elle encore possible? (“Is An Invasion Possible Again?”), Pétain asserted that “tanks and aircraft did not modify the basic factors of warfare, and... that the principal element of French security was the continuous front buttressed by fortification.” The Pétain-de Gaulle friendship turned to enmity in a split which was to widen beyond repair until the very end.

De Gaulle was not without other friends and advocates, André Pironneau, news editor of the Echo de Paris, took up his cause. So did Paul Reynaud, a rising politician who, with de Gaulle, would be called on to save France when it was already too late. In March 1935, Reynaud submitted a bill in the Chamber of Deputies asking for a specialized corps of six line divisions, plus one light division and general reserves and services, to be brought up to full strength by April 15, 1940—almost the precise date of the Wehrmacht invasion of France.

The bill was defeated in the Chamber's Army Committee, whose report called it "useless, undesirable, with the logic of history against it." General Maurin, Minister of War, capped this incredible display of ignorance of what was coming by asking on the Chamber floor, "When we have devoted so many efforts to building up a fortified barrier, is it conceivable that we would be mad enough to go ahead of this barrier, into I know not what adventure?"

Of de Gaulle he said, "He has got himself a tame writer—Pironneau—and a gramophone—Reynaud. I shall send him to Corsica!" To de Gaulle himself, Maurin snapped, "Good-bye, de Gaulle!
Where I am there’s no place for you.”

Attacks came from the other side of the spectrum, too. French Socialist leader Léon Blum, a prime antagonist of the French Army and later to be Premier, jumped on de Gaulle. To Blum, any army was a threat to the Republic, and de Gaulle’s proposals for an increased professional force were therefore anathema.

In the end, de Gaulle had only the grim satisfaction of seeing Hitler’s generals employing his ideas. In 1934, Joachim von Ribbentrop, Hitler’s Foreign Minister, knew all about de Gaulle, as did the future chief of the Nazi motorized corps, Huenehnn. Both were surprised that eminent Frenchmen they talked to had never heard of him.

For three years after 1937, de Gaulle was sidelined as a tank regimental commander at Metz. He published another book, in 1938, "France et son arme" (“France and Her Army”), which Weygand called “evil” and Pétain laughed off as merely “witticisms.” De Gaulle also continued to plead for his mobile armored divisions in memoranda to people in high governmental positions. Some slow progress was made—two light mechanized divisions were formed by 1939, and two more were on the way. But de Gaulle was too far from the centers of power to be effective, and the tide was still against him at top levels.

Then everything began to change. War was declared in September 1939. For seven months, France sat it out behind her Maginot Line, exactly as the Government and Army leaders had planned. This was the period of the “Phony War,” when the Germans did not move and the British and French took no initiatives against the enemy. In fact, demands in the West for a settlement with Hitler grew ever more insistent.

The Tide Was Running Out. In March 1940, the Daladier Government fell and de Gaulle’s chief political ally, Paul Reynaud, became Premier. On May 10, the main invasion of France began, as and where de Gaulle had so clearly forecast. A sweep of the German mechanized divisions through Belgium—which had relied on “neutrality” for its defense—bypassed the Maginot Line and put the Germans on the road to Paris.

In the holocaust that followed, de Gaulle almost alone put up a creditable fight. Just before the onslaught, he had been given command of the 4th Armored Division. At Laon and Abbeville, his forces inflicted the only real defeats of the campaign on the Germans. “If I live,” he said before the engagement at Laon, “I will fight, wherever I must, as long as I must, until the enemy is defeated and the national stain is washed clean.” Later he wrote, “All I have managed to do since was resolved on that day.”

On June 6, 1940, Brigadier General de Gaulle was brought into the doomed Reynaud Government as Undersecretary of State for National Defense. He was highly critical of the Army Command, especially the Commander-in-Chief, General Weygand, for their lack of leadership. Against the urgings of the top generals, who wanted to accept an armistice, de Gaulle held out for continuing the war from the French Empire. He made two trips to London to enlist British support for the idea, and to get help while the fighting in Europe still went on. Churchill could give little help on the ground, none in the air, but he was impressed with de Gaulle’s plans for fighting on from the colonies.

After his second return to Paris, he found that Reynaud had resigned and Pétain had become head of the government. Realizing that this meant surrender, de Gaulle left for London for the last time, with 100,000 francs given him by Reynaud from the secret funds.

Now began the next major chapter in de Gaulle’s life—the struggle to free France from the Germans and to maintain, as he saw it, the identity of France in the eyes of its own friends and allies. The decision to go into exile was one about which he had not the slightest doubt. As General Eisenhower later remarked, his brother French officers who accepted their government’s order to surrender had to dislike de Gaulle for his refusal. If he were right, it made cowards of them all. Otherwise, he was simply a deserter.

De Gaulle’s first move in London was to appeal to all Frenchmen to contact him, if possible. “Whatever happens, the flame of French resistance must not and shall not die.” On June 19, he went on the air to French forces in Africa, asking them not to surrender. On June 24, he called on Indochinese forces to stay with him and fight on.

For these moves, he was tried by the War Council in surrendered France, which condemned him to death in absentia. There was no turning back now, whatever happened. On June 28, 1940, de Gaulle was recognized by the Allies as the leader of the Free French Forces. He was nominally under the British High Command and subject to its orders. In return, the British, on August 7, agreed formally to the “integral restoration of the independence and greatness of France”—a typical de Gaulle formulation.

De Gaulle’s assessment of Churchill was: “From one end of the drama to the other, he appeared to me as the great champion of a great enterprise, and the great artist of a great history . . . Led by such a fighter, Great Britain would certainly not flinch.” Churchill returned the

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feeling, saying of de Gaulle, "I preserved the impression, in contact with this very tall, phlegmatic man, 'Here is the Constable of France.' " But de Gaulle was a source of friction to the Allied command throughout the war, his preoccupation with France coming in conflict with the Allied preoccupation with victory.

Whatever de Gaulle's personal emotions about the "Angle-Saxons" and their treatment of him, his behavior had more important goals. "It was by adopting without compromise the cause of national recovery that I could acquire authority... Limited and alone though I was, and precisely because I was so, I had to climb to the heights and never then to come down."

De Gaulle was now on his way to major public power. It was a striking feat for a man whose background was entirely that of a professional soldier. Not only had he never held elective office, he had entered public life less than a month before. Though he had Reynaud's personal confidence, he had no real mandate to take on the leadership of France.

But neither the rules of elections nor the niceties of appointment applied in those turbulent days. France had ceased to exist as a political entity, except through its exiles. Its most important exile, de Gaulle, proclaimed that he was France. For the Allies, it was either he or no one. They recognized him and he accepted the recognition, because they were all that counted then, all that ever possibly could restore France's independence.

Later, when he went back to France, de Gaulle would have to make his new mandate good with the French people. For the present, he was their leader by the sheer force of his personality and philosophy, and the unique circumstances of World War 2 in 1940.

He was not long in putting his principles into action. In the fall of 1940, he set out on a tour of those French colonies allied with the Free French. In October, at Brazzaville, in the Congo, he established himself as trustee of France's interests, of the legitimate French Government when that should be restored to power. That was followed by a trip through the Middle East; altogether, de Gaulle spent eight of his first 12 months after leaving France in Africa and the Middle East.

Throughout 1941, he traveled through England and made countless radio broadcasts for his Free French cause. When Russia was pulled into the war, he welcomed the event. Though he foresaw problems after the war as a result, even then he was thinking of the counterbalancing elements to American-British power he would need when peace returned. In November, by his own "ordinance," he established a National Committee to rule France following its liberation. "The Committee," he said, "would be the government."

Friction mounted between de Gaulle, the weakest member of the Alliance, and his stronger friends, who believed that paying the bills entitled them to call the tune. At the Casablanca Conference, in 1943, Roosevelt and Churchill brought in, as a counterweight to de Gaulle, French General Henri Giraud, who had escaped from a German POW camp. Far from avowing de Gaulle, this only made him more adamant in his determination to be the only spokesman for France. Roosevelt and Churchill had to spend much time reconciling the two. The outcome was a French Committee of National Liberation headquartered in Algiers, but it was de Gaulle who was its sole president.

In June 1944, de Gaulle returned to England for the D-Day invasion. That month, his National Committee became the Provisional Government of the French Republic and, in July, the United States declared it "recognizes that the French Committee of Liberation is qualified to exercise the administration of France." De Gaulle's authority was now unchallenged by anyone.

He was back on the continent with the advancing troops. de Gaulle's independent actions became even bolder and more exasperating to his allies. In the German assault—the Battle of The Bulge—in December 1944, General Eisenhower ordered French forces to pull back on the Alsace sector. De Gaulle refused. Eisenhower spent a long session gently lecturing him on the duties of soldiers to obey the orders of superiors. He even threatened to cut off fuel and other supplies. De Gaulle listened impassively and rejoined merely that "French honor" did not permit the evacuation of Strasbourg.

In the end, he prevailed. There was no evacuation.

The same thing happened in the last days of the war, as the French 1st Army crossed the Alpine frontier into North-west Italy. Eisenhower again ordered withdrawal and de Gaulle again refused, not wanting to see Allied military governments set up in areas occupied by French troops. This time, President Truman wrote him, saying bluntly that there would be no further equipment sent him until he complied. De Gaulle yielded.

For de Gaulle, the liberation of Paris in August 1944 was the crowning act of the years of exile and comeback. The Allies permitted this to be a French show all the way, and de Gaulle would scarcely have settled for less. de Gaulle led the victorious French troops down the Champs Elysee. "I went on foot," he wrote. "This was not the day for passing in review with arms glittering and trumpets sounding." And with careful modesty, he says, "And I myself, at the center of this outburst, I felt I was fulfilling a function which far transcended my individuality, for I was serving as an instrument of destiny."

The war over, de Gaulle became head of the Provisional Government of France. It was a job whose duties he did not relish. There were, first of all, the trials of the wartime Vichyites, the men who had delivered France to the enemy and then collaborated in the captivity that followed. Among those tried was Marshal Pétain. Many were sentenced to death or long prison terms. de Gaulle commuted some of the sentences, reduced others.

Toward his one-time mentor, Pétain, he was especially charitable, seeing to it that the old man was spared the indignity of execution. If there was any personal motivation behind this act, de Gaulle never admitted it. He said only that Pétain's former services to France, and the dignity of his rank forbade such an ignominious end. Pétain was allowed to live out his days in guarded isolation. For the civilian collaborationist chiefs, Laval and Darnand, there was no such Clemency.

It was when de Gaulle turned to other problems that his frustrations became severe. One of his first acts after the end of the fighting was to call for an "austerity program" for France. He tried to paint the "magnificent future" that would be hers if people pulled in their belts and worked hard. He also toured the country preaching the doctrine "To work!" In his memoirs he stated that everywhere he went he was wildly received.

But "political activity took a contrary direction." The politicians rejected his demands for the powers he wanted in order to impose his austerity measures.
Former Premiers Blum and Herriot turned him down when he tried to get them to go along. In fact, he complained, they gave force to the unfounded rumors that he was seeking to set himself up as a dictator. By June 1945, de Gaulle was already thinking of retiring.

All of his earlier doubts about politicians and their corrosive effects on society began to ascend again. The October elections, which returned the largest number of representatives from the communists (160), confirmed these doubts. He believed that it was only he who had prevented an outright takeover by the communists, but he also had to admit that “at this point in my journey, the support the nation offered me was growing slight and uncertain.”

After that he was to “step on one nest of intrigue after the other,” including bringing communists into the government only to be flooded with disapproval from all the others. His own power “hung by a thread” now. On January 1, 1946, he made up his mind. On January 20, he called his ministers together, after further “disgusting” attacks by Herriot, and told them he was resigning. He thought they were more grieved than astonished. Even communist leader Thorez said, “A departure made with greatness.”

Thus, at 55, de Gaulle left public life for his home in the Champagne. He said he was disheartened by the political squabbling, the contention of the factions, and unwilling to go on until there would be nothing left of his own reputation as a national leader.

To many, it was the end of de Gaulle as a French public figure. At Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises he walked in the gardens in silence. The villagers became his friends, though he was never intimate with them. There, too, in 1948, his younger daughter, Anne, died.

Yet, de Gaulle was never really out of France’s affairs. Leaders of all political faiths came to talk and consult with him. In April 1947, the Rassemblement du Peuple Français (the Gaullist party) chose him as its President. He listened closely to the radio and followed the newspapers. At this time, also, he wrote his wartime memoirs.

De Gaulle’s retirement kept his name clear of the beginnings of France’s colonial disintegration. The setbacks in Indochina, culminating with the debacle at Dienbienphu in 1954, seared France’s soul once again, but de Gaulle remained immune to the bitterness that engulfed the Fourth Republic’s statesmen. He was also in retirement when the Algerian revolt began and while it ground on to its climax of the separation of France’s most important possession.

When all else had failed in Algeria, when dissolution again was threatening France herself in May 1958, President Coty asked General de Gaulle to form a new government.

De Gaulle once again moved back into office, in June, as Premier. This time it was on his terms. He insisted on, and got, the powers to rule as well as reign. A new Constitution was written, giving the President powers to act even though the Assembly was hostile or immobilized. On December 21, 1958, de Gaulle became the first President of the Fifth French Republic, chosen to serve seven years beginning in January 1959. He also kept the office of Premier (though he later passed that office to Michel Débré).

Much had changed in the 12 years de Gaulle had been away. There were new world leaders—Khruschev, Mao, Eisenhower—and new events for him to deal with. One thing had not changed—de Gaulle’s genius for surprising people.

The first victims were his staunchest supporters, the Frenchmen fighting back the tide of revolt in Algeria. Settlers and generals alike, they believed de Gaulle would somehow halt the revolt and make Algeria safe for them once again. But de Gaulle soon made it plain that he intended to settle the Algerian question, not permit it to go on internationally, and that meant self-determination for Algeria. In September 1959, he promised self-determination if the rebels would agree to a cease fire.

First the colonies (the French-Algerian civilians), then the generals turned against de Gaulle. Several of the highest-ranking generals—Challe, Zeller, Salan, Massu and others—ended up in jail or on the sidelines. Embittered political figures like Georges Bidault fled France with warrants hanging over them. In March 1962, the Algerian war ended after seven years and four months of fighting, and in a referendum in April, Algeria voted to become independent.

De Gaulle’s decolonialization effort went far beyond Algeria. He offered the other French African colonies their choice: independence within the French Commonwealth, with French aid and other benefits, or independence outside, with no aid. All except Guinea chose to stay within the Commonwealth. De Gaulle promptly cut off the Guineans from all economic assistance, something they had never done. (The Guineans then turned to Soviet Russia, but after finding that Soviet “assisters” were plotting their overthrow they expelled the Russians and turned back to France. De Gaulle welcomed them back in—on his terms.)

But the really severe shocks were still ahead. As negotiations between Britain and the Common Market droned on through 1961 and 1962, de Gaulle gave increasing vent to his impatience. But even after three decades of experience, the world did not take him seriously. It was unprepared, therefore, for the casual announcement at a press conference, on January 14, 1963, that France would veto any British application to join the Common Market.

Once again, de Gaulle was a riddle to his allies. He confounded them by removing some of his divisions, ships and air units from NATO command, by embarking on the development of his own nuclear forces, and by making his own alliance-within-the-alliance with German Chancellor Adenauer. In December 1963, he moved to open diplomatic relations with Communist China—the first Western power to do so since before the Korean War. At the same time he urged that Vietnam be “neutralized,” a term which his American allies interpreted as “surrender to the communists.” In 1964, he began bidding for Latin American support with offers of French trade, technical help, and the friendship of a major nation independent of both the United States and the communists.

De Gaulle remained untroubled about the headaches he was raising. He insisted that England’s interests really lay outside the European continent and the Market, that he could negotiate with both Moscow and Peking better than Washington could, that he was actually a staunch ally—witness his immediate declaration of support for the United States when the crisis over Russian missiles in Cuba broke in 1962—and that French help for Latin America would actually be a boon to the United States.

By now de Gaulle’s allies were no longer dismissing him, although they were still baffled as to what he would do next. In every Western nation he was defended and denounced with equal vehemence, especially in the United States. His detractors were certain that Europe, the Atlantic Community and the world would return to “normal” after de Gaulle had left the scene; his defenders were just as certain that his works would live after him.

In the center of the turmoil is de Gaulle, serene and unshakable in the knowledge that in the internationalist world of 1964 he has applied the code of French patriotism and pride of the last century. Through sheer will power he made it work for France to ride out Hitler, and then to reveld a split and shaken France into a world power again since 1958. Right or wrong in whatever he has done or may do next, he is apt to remain unshakable to think of France first, to trust his own judgment above that of all others; and to let the rest of the world worry about its problems. Which makes him a very tough nut for the rest of the world.

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"Just how much do you tip that kid?"

QUIPMANSHIP

A motorist taking a vacation trip through New England stopped one afternoon for a bite to eat in a typical Cape Cod tea room. As he sat near a window and looked out at the surrounding village, he remarked to the waitress: "Tell me, how do you keep your village so quaint-looking?"

"By applying modern methods," replied the waitress, "We make a practice of re-quainting it every two or three years."

DAN BENNETT

IT'S A GOOD THING

The little girl rushed into kindergarten and said, breathlessly, "We got a new baby at our house. Why don't you come and see it, teacher?"

"I shall," replied the teacher, "but I think I'd better wait until your mother is better."

"Oh, you don't have to be afraid," confided the little girl, "it isn't catching!"

ANNA HERBERT

EXPERIENCED

An iron worker was nonchalantly walking the beams high above the street on a new skyscraper while the pneumatic hammers made a nerve-jangling racket and the compressor below shook the whole steel structure. When he came down a spectator approached him.

"I was amazed at your calmness up there," he yelled to the iron worker. "How did you happen to get a job like this?"

"Well," the calm iron worker yelled back, "I used to drive a school bus until my nerves gave out."

GILES H. RUNYON

"THAT'LL FOOL 'EM"

Entering the hotel, a shy bride whispered to her husband, "Let's act as if we've been married a long time. I don't want them to know we're newlyweds."

"All right," replied her husband, "Think you can carry both these suitcases?"

LUCILLE J. GOODWEAR

WATCH OUT, MEN!

Sign posted in a girl's gym at West Coast college:

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THOMAS APRIL

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The purist who sticks to a fly that's dry
Has only sneers for the wet-fly guy
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He uses for oafs who stoop to worms.
(But me, I'd gladly shoot 'em or net 'em—
Any old way just so I get 'em.)

ETHEL JACOBSON

THE BRIGHT SIDE

The nice thing about an egotist is that he
doesn't go around talking about other people.

PHILIP THOMAS

FAMOUS LAST WORDS:

I won't criticize your cooking, Honey,
But, gee—these mushrooms sure taste funny.

JOSEPH V. BRAUN

GOT A MATCH?

A man is his own master in the free enterprise system, but if his boss makes him a gift of a pipe, he smokes a pipe.

G. NORMAN COLLIE

GOOD GRIEF

Though life is beset with acute irritations
The picture is never as bad as it looks:
Troubles are tempered with fair compensations.

Some women drivers are excellent cooks.

MIL RYAN

PRIMEVAL URGE

Women love to shop. Their husbands get quite a charge out of it too.

WALT SOUTHEIFF

DON'T GIVE IT A THOUGHT

Any cutie who has beauty
Needn't plot or plan
Or endeavor to be clever,
For she knows she can
—Though a nit-wit—
'Make a hit wid'
Boy or man.

Which will tend to show you, Chum,
That a dumbbell ain't so dumb!

DICK POOREE

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