REPORT FROM LOS ANGELES
An account of the National Convention

THE SET-UP
A Short Story by Wm. Thomas

A JOB FOR SIX CENTS
By Robert Y. Neal
"That man—he's done it again!"

It's easy to understand a man's enthusiasm for Schlitz. We think you'll like Schlitz best, too, because . . .

More people like the taste of Schlitz than any other beer.

Radio's brightest comedy drama: "The Halls of Ivy," NBC, Wed. nights, starring Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Coleman.

Television's newest hit: "Pulitzer Prize Playhouse," ABC, Friday nights, featuring stars of stage and screen.
5-VOICE
MIRACLE SKIN
"Baby Blue Eyes"

SHE SLEEPS!
SHE CRIES & COOS!
SHE SITS UP!

SHE'S ACTUALLY
LIFE-SIZE!

Look at these Features:
"Baby Blue Eyes" is 2 feet tall. Her real-looking curls are thick mohair. She has rosy cheeks, cute Cupid’s bow mouth and real eyelashes that close in sleep over big, beautiful blue eyes. Arms, legs and head are movable so she can sit up and assume many life-like poses. She’ll cry for you—or she’ll coo. And she’s all dressed up in a six-piece wardrobe.

RESPONDS INSTANTLY! Coos happily when you touch any one of her dimpled vinyl arms or legs—lovable, natural coos exactly like a living baby’s. Bend her and she cries.

REAL MOHAIR CURLS! And real eyelashes, too. Eyes close in sleep when “Baby Blue Eyes” lies down. And the cutest plump little face you ever saw, perfectly framed in a chic bonnet edged with lace.

SIX-PIECE WARDROBE “Baby Blue Eyes” is all dressed up in a lace-trimmed flared ninon or organdy dress, with slip, rubber panties, white socks and booties!

MIRACLE SKIN! Movable arms and legs are made of “Miracle Skin” vinyl that’s soft like a baby’s skin. Easy to clean, too—just wipe with a damp cloth.

AMAZINGLY LIFE-LIKE! So perfectly molded that her hands and feet are life-like as a child’s, even to tiny fingernails and delicate toenails. Arms and legs are enchantingly dimpled.

LIFE-SIZE! “Baby Blue Eyes” measures a full 24 inches from the top of her pretty head to her dainty feet—larger than many real-life babies. She’s a big doll—a big bargain!
Our cover this month suggested an article, when artist Len Steckler brought his finished painting into the office, it naturally stirred editorial conversation around to the subject of hunting. The plot of the talk was that you didn’t have to shoot something to go on a hunting trip—look at the fellow on the cover. If you want to read the article that developed from this rumbling, turn to page 22.

POSTMASTER: Please send copies returned under label: Form 3579 to Post Office Box 1055, Indianapolis 6, Indiana.

The American Legion Magazine is the official publication of the American Legion and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1950: Published monthly at 1100 W. Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 5, 1925. Price single copy, 15 cents; yearly subscription, $1.50. Entered as second-class matter June 30, 1948, at the Post Office at Louisville, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Non-member subscriptions should be sent to the Circulation Department of The American Legion Magazine, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis 6, Indiana.

EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES Indianapolis 6, Indiana

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING 500 Fifth Avenue New York 19, N. Y.

WESTERN OFFICE 333 North Michigan Avenue Chicago 1, Illinois


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VITALIS

"Live-action" care gives you Handsome Hair!

FEEL the difference in your scalp—SEE the difference in your hair!

What a wonderful, pleasing wake-up glow—when you use "Live-Action" VITALIS and the famous "60-Second Workout!"

50 seconds’ massage with active VITALIS (1) stimulates scalp (2) prevents dryness (3) roots flaky dandruff (4) helps check excessive falling hair. Then 10 seconds to comb, and your hair is matter, handsome—set to stay that way all day! Natural looking—never "sucked down." VITALIS contains no greasy liquid petroleum—just pure, natural vegetable oil. Get VITALIS at your drug counter or barber shop.

* Many skin specialists prescribe two of VITALIS’ basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp.

VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

NEW! for cream tonic fans... lighter-bodied VITALIS HAIR CREAM gives your hair that clean-groomed look

NO heavy film! NO sticky comb! NO messy hands!
BEN HOGAN SAYS:

"For that smoother taste—
just ask for...

FINEST BEER SERVED...ANYWHERE!"

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New Allen-A Sensation!

"LIVE-RUBBER" Action Fit!

Like comfort in action? This new Allen-A Atlastic* T-Shirt has live-rubber s-t-r-e-t-c-h in shoulder seams and collar for permanent shape-holding fit—in both action and at ease!

Live rubber where it counts!

These new Allen-A Atlastic* Briefs have live-rubber s-t-r-e-t-c-h at legs and waistband, naturally. But their new live-rubber and combed-yarn knit fly is Allen-A’s alone. It gives you permanent fit plus mild support. Ask for this newest Allen-A "wonder-wear" today!

- New comfort!
- New smooth, easy fit!
- New mild support!

Allen A®

Atlastic*

Underwear

engineered with "live rubber"

—fits like your own skin!


PRODUCTS PARADE

A sampling of items which are in process of development or are coming on the market. Mention of products in no way constitutes an endorsement of them, since in most cases they are described as represented by manufacturers.

SAVES TIRES, PREVENTS ACCIDENTS. An ingenious safety device that screws on a tire valve and whistles when the pressure drops dangerously low has been announced by the Louell Products Co., 427 Fulton St., Brooklyn 1. Called the Tire-Larm, the gadget also adds a colorful note to the car since it is luminous and shows at night as a revolving circle of light. Tire-Larms are sold in sets of four for $5.95 postpaid.

POCKET-SIZE GOOSE DECOY. A life-size, all-rubber, collapsible Canadian goose decoy weighing only 18 ounces will be available to hunters this year for $7.50, a fraction of the cost of conventional wooden decoys. Called the Duragoose, it has the dull natural coloring of live Canadian geese, and inflates to 23½ inches long and 12½ inches high. Easily deployed, it is fitted with five anchor studs and no tools are needed to inflate it. The manufacturer is the Dewey and Almy Chemical Co., Cambridge 40, Mass.

QUICK DRAG. For nervous smokers who never finish a cigarette anyway, a way of getting more smokes per pack is being offered by the Half-C Co., 44 Greenwich Ave., New York City 11. The company is offering a kit which consists of guillotine cutter and a tube. You stick the cigarette in the tube and slice it in half with the cutter, so you end up with twice as many cigarettes as you had before. Of course they’re only half as big, but what do you expect for the dollar the Half-C kit costs?

THIS ROD SPARES THE CHILD. For parents who aren’t getting to first base reasoning with Junior, J. A. Engel, Inc., 24 Syndicate Bldg., Minneapolis 2, Minn., is offering a new aid to discipline—the Spank Stik. This isn’t just an old-fashioned board for warming the seat of Junior’s pants, but is correctly described by the manufacturer as “both useful and decorative.” It is finished in a six-color pleasant design so it can be hung in any room to remind the small fry that they’d better watch out. However, it has more bark than bite since it is made in two flat sections that provide more noise than punishment. The announcement of the Spank Stik says it punishes “just enough.” If that is likely to straighten out your Junior, the price will be $1.00.

A HEATER THAT FITS INTO A WALL. A gas-burning heater for homes where space is at a premium has been introduced by The Coleman Company of Wichita, Kan., manufacturers of lamps and stoves known to all ex-GIs. The new Coleman heater takes up no floor space. It fits into the wall between two rooms, and the rooms on each side get plenty of heat because there is an outlet for each side. Installation is simple in either a new house or an old one. The dual wall heater has an input rating of 45,000 BTU, 80 percent more than the company’s single wall heater which was capable of heating two average size rooms. The unit will sell from $139.95 to $149.95 depending upon controls selected. This price does not, of course, include installation.
TURNS MINNOWS INTO REDSKINS. On the theory that minnows would do a better job for fisherman if they had greater visibility in the water, a dye has been developed that breaks up the minnow's protective coloration and makes him a brilliant red. The dye, called Minnow Red-Kote, comes in powdered form and retails for 5¢ a package. The manufacturer is W. Dallas Turner Chemicals, Newtown 3, Ill.

TWO-WAY TABLE. A new table for the small home or apartment is designed for serving meals and for recreation. Slip off the plastic top, which is resistant to stains, burns and chipping, and you have a felt-covered table-top for card games, with a recessed space around the rim for cards, poker chips, glasses and ash trays. Remove this top and you have a recessed felt-covered space for dice games. The table which has pedestal legs of chrome steel, will accommodate six or eight persons. Called the Playdine and selling for $124.50 with four chairs, it is made by Daysstrom Corp., 666 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

LIQUID FLOOR CLEANER. Said to clean floors of old accumulations of varnish, wax, plastic or shellac, a product called Wilsolve is being introduced by Lowebco, Inc., 1525 E. 53rd St., Chicago 15. Eliminating the necessity of sanding, the organic liquid product is poured on a small area, rubbed for a moment with steel wool and removed with a cloth or squeegee. No scraping is said to be needed. According to the manufacturer, a gallon will clean a 12 by 15-foot area, and a can that size sells for $3.35.

FOR EXPECTANT FATHERS. It doesn't matter whether that new baby is a boy or a girl; Legionnaire Joe Swarbrick, 217 Rutherford Place, North Arlington, N.J., has one of your problems solved for you. He is prepared to assist you in announcing the happy event by means of special cigar bands. These bands show a baby boy on one side, with the words “It's a Boy.” On the reverse side, in case the stork doesn't bring you a boy, there's a picture of a girl, and the words, “It's a Girl.” All you have to do is wrap the bands around your gift cigars and you're all set to tell the world. Fifty of the bands sell for 35¢ postpaid.

CHILD'S DRESS WITH SOCIAL SECURITY. A new kind of dress for little girls has built-in panties lined with a moisture-resistant plastic that provides “social security” and also assures that the panties won't be lost. The dress has snap fasteners down the front of the dress and along the sides of the Vinylite panties, so the garment opens flat for dressing or undressing. The dress is fashioned with a Peter Pan collar, pullover sleeves, lace trimming and embroidered inserts, and is made of soft interlock jersey. It comes in pink, maize, blue, and Nile green in sizes for babies nine, twelve and eighteen months. The manufacturer of the Pantidress is Miller Art Mfg. Co., 594 Broadway, New York City 12, and the price is $2.98.

FOR FEWER CAVITIES. A tooth powder containing penicillin which cut cavity development by 55 percent in a two-year test with Welpole, Mass., school children is now available when prescribed by dentists. Developed in a five-year research program by the staff of the Tufts College Dental School, Boston, the dentifrice passed extensive tests for safety and effectiveness. It is being marketed under the trade name Dentocillin, by the Drug Division of the Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati and sells for $1.00.

YOUR SERVE. Tennis fans will be interested in a new kind of trainer and exerciser called the Kum-Bak Tennis Trainer being made by Gary & Biglow, 101 Park Avenue, New York City 17. This device consists of braced uprights from which a tennis ball is suspended permitting you to practice those smashing drives and accurate place shots. The complete outfit sells for $9.95.

FIST-FITTING FAN. A midget electric fan that you can carry around in your pocket is being offered by B. C. Moses, 4313 Austin St., Houston 4, Texas. Called the Tom Thumb, its tiny rubber blades are spun by a motor powered by two flashlight batteries. Selling for $2.00 postpaid, it has numerous uses. The manufacturer says it can be used to dry the face of shaving lotion, dry nail polish or keep one cool in church.

When writing to manufacturers concerning items described here kindly mention that you read about them in The American Legion Magazine.
Why do more shooters use Remington Ammunition than any other brand?

Power plus Pattern

in REMINGTON “EXPRESS”

is an important reason!

Yes, Remington “Express” shells deliver smashing power . . . power aplenty to fold up game, at all shotgun ranges. And those big green shells give you perfect patterns every shot . . . with no holes through which game may escape.

It's top-flight performance like this that makes Remington ammunition America’s favorite brand. For no other shell on the market has all these advantages: “Kleanbore” priming, corrugated shell bodies, lubricated wadding, nylon-bonded top seal. All the extras that help you get your fair share of game.

Next time you buy shotgun shells, buy the best . . . Remington “Express.”

“If It’s Remington—It’s Right!”

BOUGHT WITH BLOOD AND SOLD FOR $2

I Saw Negro Votes Peddled, on page 12 of this issue, is written by an eminent, scholarly, sensitive woman, Zora Neale Hurston. Look Miss Hurston up in Who's Who in America or read her occasional warm, touching stories in Saturday Evening Post and other magazines to appreciate her stature and sincerity.

Let us here make the apologies which should not be necessary, but which we will certainly be called on to make for selecting this article for publication. Miss Hurston tells what she saw of the purchase of Negro votes in last May's Florida primary elections. So let us say here and now that you can go into other cities and states and find other groups (you can name some of them yourself right now) selling their most precious possession at bargain prices, and all the rights we all enjoy were bought with blood.

In our minds it is only on the surface that this splendid but sorrowful article is about Florida and Negroes. Above all, Miss Hurston has made an unparalleled statement of the meaning and priceless value of the right to vote freely and of the duties it imposes on all of us. It is this statement, made by a brilliant daughter of the Negro race and the State of Florida, that makes her article an outstanding document.

We owe no explanation to the modern carpet-baggers from outside Florida whom Miss Hurston found buying American citizens with a song of hate and two dollars a head. Their forerunners, 85 years ago, set the Southern Negro back a century, and here are the moderns, still calling themselves "friend of the Negro," doing business at the same old stand, carefully nurturing the hatred that must continue if carpet-baggers anywhere are to live in power and comfort.

DOES MACY'S PUSH GIMBEL'S?

They say not, but we're different. When someone comes along with an excellent idea we're all for telling the world about it—even when it's another magazine that worked out the idea.

What we have reference to is a new project of The American Magazine, one that should be highly effective in selling Americanism to those who take it too much for granted. The American Magazine in its November issue will have an eight-page four-color "America" section, which dramatizes, in this case, the life of Eddie Rickenbacker. The purpose is to show how the American Way of Life makes it possible for us to use our talents, rear our families, build our homes and live full, satisfying lives.

So effectively does this American Story—
graph dramatize the idea that the publishers plan to distribute vast quantities of reprints. These will be made available for $8.50 per thousand. American Legion Posts might well look into this. The particulars and the initial Storygraph can be found in the November issue of The American Magazine.

MORE BOOKS THAT EXPOSE COMMUNISM

A few months ago we listed ten books on communism that every library should have. We suggested then that every Legion Post should see that its town's library has these books.

Below are thirteen additional titles, all available through The American Legion Book Service, 734 Fifteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. It can safely be said that no one should speak authoritatively on world communism without having a good grounding in these basic books. They are of sufficient weight and importance to justify being on the shelves of all important libraries, and any library lacking half or more of them could hardly claim to be a first class library.

The thirteen titles:

A Communist Party In Action, by Rossi, $4; American Communism, by Oresi and Werner, $5; Blueprint for World Conquest (a collection of communist documents assembled by William Henry Chamberlin), $3.50; Forced Labor in the Soviet Union, by Nikolaevsky, $3.75; International Relations, by Strauss-Hupe & Possoby, $5; Power in the People, by Morley, $3; Red Decade, by Lyons $3; The Russian Revolution, by Chamberlin (two volumes), $10; Stalin and German Communism, by Fischer, $8; Stalin's Kampf, by Werner, $2.50; Verdict of Three Decades, by Steinberg, $5 and World Communism, by Borkenau, $3.75.

DO YOU HAVE ARTHRITIS?

The Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation invites any arthritis sufferer, or friend of an arthritis sufferer, to send for free literature on arthritis and rheumatism and on means to combat it.

Says the foundation, "Seventy per cent of arthritis victims can be restored to active, useful living" without the ticklish-to-use and scarce new drugs, cortisone and ACTH.

The foundation is a legitimate, non-profit organization dedicated to the downfall of arthritis — an affliction said to affect over 7½ million Americans.

The following coupon, mailed to The Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation, 337 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. will serve as a request for the latest expert survey of arthritis and methods of treatment.

WILL YOU kindly send free literature on arthritis and rheumatism and means to fight it?

Name (print) ........................................
Address (print) ......................................

TELEPHONE LINES ARE HUMMING

This country's telephone service is one of its greatest assets in time of emergency. It unites millions of people — helps thousands of businesses to get things done quicker — and is a vital part of our national defense.

Since 1941, the Bell System has increased the number of telephones by more than 16,000,000. There are nearly twice as many now as nine years ago. Billions of dollars have been spent for new telephone equipment of every kind. The number of Bell Telephone employees has increased to more than 600,000.

All of this growth and the size of the Bell System are proving of particular value right now. One reason this country can outproduce any other is because it has the most and the best telephone service in the world.
SOUND OFF!

Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. So many letters are being received it is not possible to promise answers. Keep your letters short. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, 540 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

THOSE FOOTBALL FORECASTS

How come your writer Ed Fitzgerald in his story, Football Forecast for ’50, failed to mention the University of Iowa? We Iowans think, at least some of us, that Iowa is just as important as the mentioned Iowa State College.

I think U. of Iowa will have a pretty fair team this year. Tell Mr. Fitzgerald I was very disappointed.

Betty B. Anderson
Ames, Iowa

Joe Iowa lost its coach some months ago, a fellow named Dr. Eddie Anderson, who came East to resume the job of coaching Holy Cross. By the time you read this it will be apparent whether Ed Fitzgerald and his staff of advisors were correct in ignoring the Hawkeyes. Editors

HARRY BOTSFORD’S COOKING

They tell us that 16 years have been added to the modern average American’s life expectancy.

Can this have any relation to the fact that we DO NOT eat the foods described by Harry Botsford; What Has Happened to American Cooking? Legion magazine, August 1950??

C. P. Herling
Los Altos, California

Hurrah for Harry Botsford! How I would like to invite Mr. Botsford to our home. How I, too, lament the near-lost art of cooking.

We have hot bread at our table every day in winter, at least once a week. Hot rolls at least once a week. And I mean my rolls, not a vile machine mixed concoction to which you add water and slam into the oven. I would not permit a packaged mix or a pressure cooker to enter my kitchen.

Our fried potatoes are raw-fried, our green beans are simmered—not boiled—for five hours in a minimum amount of water with a ham hock or chunk of fat bacon (we are Southerners). Our soups are simmered all day with a beef knuckle (when I can find one).

Mr. Botsford, if you find that much sought cook book, will you please let me know where I can find one?

Mrs. Oliver Sturges
Belleville, Illinois

Mr. Herling’s was the only negative vote. The other writers were generally speaking, as ecstatic about the Botsford dishes as Mrs. Sturges. Editors

CREDIT FOR THE LANSDOWNE

Mr. Stutler’s article I Saw the Surrender was very interesting and accurate, except for one detail. The former crew members of the U.S.S. Lansdowne (DD 486) will not be pleased by his failure to mention the Lansdowne as the ship that carried the Japanese surrender delegates to the Missouri. We were very proud of our part in “the biggest show on earth.”

Julius W. Goree
Petterville, Ark.
Former Fire Controlman 2nd Class
U.S.S. Lansdowne (DD 486)

ACTION NEEDED

The article on civil defense by National Commander Craig really struck home. No, they probably won’t waste an A-bomb on a tiny community of farmers and small businessmen. But in our small community there are several registered nurses, engineers and others who might be called upon in an emergency elsewhere.

To my knowledge, none of us has received any information in our professional lives about such emergencies. Surely all can see the value of keeping at least medical personnel up to date ahead of time, rather than giving hurried on-the-spot information, that might easily be misunderstood in emergencies. Approaching these professional people through their magazines and trade journals would reach many but would also by-pass the many who, because of doing work other than their training, do not subscribe to their professional magazines.

Let’s get started now.

Mrs. Walter A. Lamml
Stanton, Nebraska

TRADING WITH THE REDS

The magazine for August, 1950, carries an article, “The Reds Reach for Your Wallet” which interested me very much. The practice of dumping into the U.S. goods manufactured in countries of low wages and low standards of living is the wickedest thing ever foisted upon the American people. Yet the American people have asked for it.

Everything the author states in the article is true. The effect of dumping is felt in every community in the nation. We feel it in our own community and State. Protests are made. Made where? To the State Department in Washington, D.C. Why to the State Department? Because that is where “reciprocal trade
agreements" (so called) originate. What answer do you get: That, regardless of the unfair competition set up, these countries must be allowed to sell their stuff here, so they can build up credit to buy things here (maybe). This is true with goods dumped by the Russian satellite countries. It is done so through reciprocal trade agreements by our State Department. Even though we are at war with Russia in Korea, our State Department is trading with her and her satellites. The theory of reciprocal trade agreements as practiced by our government is strangling America.

Frank Z. Howard
Klamath Falls, Ore.

I have just finished reading the article by J. Anthony Marcus, "The Reds Reach for Your Wallet." I believe it is soundly written and I am in favor of his suggestions for crushing the Soviet Union. What can we citizens do to further it? My husband is a Legionnaire of War I, one son is 22, my other son is nearing 18. Some-thing must be done and soon. Can't your article reach more people or reach people in authority who have power to do something? Are we citizens powerful enough or do we have to wait until all the people who benefit by a war have it their way?

Mrs. Louis E. Francois
Stockton, California

FORRESTAL WAS RIGHT

The September issue of The American Legion Magazine registered a commendable service to the memory of the late James Forrestal in publishing George Fielding Eliot's article, Forrestal Was Right. More than that, you revealed for the reading public the pattern of preparation that must be undertaken in the immediate future.

Forrestal's plan was indicative of the contemplations of a prophet. We would have done well to have adopted his philosophy. Now, as Forrestal predicted, it's going to cost considerably more. This circumstance lies not in the fault of our stars but in ourselves. It is ironic that a prophet must forever remain "a man without honor in his own country."

Jay Cobb, Jr.
Columbus, Kansas

From page 55 of our September issue: FORRESTAL: "...I'm reluctantly compelled to the conclusion that the next defense budget will have to be something like $17 1/2 billion . . ."

Congress had just approved of a military budget of $10 billion, 200 million for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1949.

From a Washington news account of late September, 1950: "The program (of building up U.S. defenses), reaching far beyond the $17 billion the President had asked of Congress since Korea, might eventually take one-fifth to one-sixth of all that the U.S. can produce each year. "That meant that the U.S. could expect to start spending $50 billion to $60 billion a year for the arms it needed for itself and its friends abroad . . ."

Editors

BICYCLE QUIZ

How would you play them?

1. After first draw (opponent has melded 3 Aces) this CANASTA hand should... Freeze the pack by discarding a 2. Don't deplete your hand so early for an initial 50 meld. It's wiser to play for a pack, by holding pairs.

2. The pot has been raised 4 times in HIGH-LOW POKER. Call? Raise? Best choice is... This is a "perfect" hand, but 243 possible hands will tie it. Better just call, after four raisers. You can lose heavily if you win only half of a pot.

3. In any game your best bet is... The card with more "snap" and "slip": BICYCLE. For years man's favorite card because there's more endurance, better action in a Bicycle Deck. They're everywhere! (New: Bicycle CANASTA Cards.)
Who Runs America?

the Congress? the President?

FREEDOM COMES UNDER ATTACK. The reality of war has made every American think hard about the things he's willing to work and fight for—and freedom leads the list!

But that freedom has been attacked here recently—just as it has been attacked in other parts of the world. One of the most serious threats to individual freedom has been the threat of Government-dominated Compulsory Health Insurance, falsely presented as a new guarantee of health "security" for everybody.

THE PEOPLE WEIGH THE FACTS. In the American manner, the people studied the case for Socialized Medicine—and the case against it.

They found that Government domination of the people's medical affairs under Compulsory Health Insurance means: lower standards of medical care, higher payroll taxes, loss of incentive, damage to research, penalties for the provident, rewards for the improvident. They found that no country on earth can surpass America's leadership in medical care and progress. They found that able doctors, teachers, nurses and scientists—working in laboratories where Science, not Politics, is master—are blazing dramatic new trails to healthier lives for Americans, and for the world.

THE "GRASS ROOTS" SIGNALS CONGRESS. In every community in the Nation, people stood up to be counted on this important issue, and gave the ever-vigilant, ever-sensitive United States Congress an unmistakable Grass Roots signal from home!

Today, among the 10,000 great organizations on militant public record against "Compulsory Health Insurance" are:

- General Federation of Women's Clubs
- American Farm Bureau Federation
- National Grange
- Veterans of Foreign Wars
- National Conference of Catholic Charities
- American Protestant Hospital Association
- American Legion
- National Association of Small Business Men
- U.S. Chamber of Commerce
- Amvets
- National Association of Retail Grocers
- National Retail Dry Goods Association
- American Bar Association

THE VOLUNTARY WAY IS THE AMERICAN WAY!

- Throughout the Nation, free men and women, working and planning together, are finding the American answer to every question of medical service, care and cost. 
- Hundreds of Voluntary Health Insurance Plans are in healthy competition—sponsored by doctors, insurance companies, hospitals, fraternal organizations—by industry, agriculture and labor.
- Today in America—70 million people already are protected by Voluntary Health Insurance. 
- Throughout the Nation, families are insuring themselves against the major costs of illness at reasonable, budget-basis prices. That's the American way to cope with this problem. Voluntary Health Insurance takes the economic shock out of illness. Protect your family now. 
- For information, ask your doctor—or your insurance man.

An American's greatest heritage is the right to learn the facts—and to speak his mind. Maintained with honor and used with sincerity—that right will guarantee forever that

You and Your Neighbor Run America!

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION • NATIONAL EDUCATION CAMPAIGN
ONE NORTH LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
ARTY BROCKER was sitting in the modern, geometrical reception room of American Newsreels, Inc. He was sitting forward at one end of the light gray curved sofa, his forearms resting on his knees, aware of the difference between himself and the room. He was turning his brown felt hat in his hands, following with his eyes the irregular line of the dark perspiration stain on the band.

"All right," he heard the girl at the desk say, putting down the phone. "Mr. Hicks will see you now."

He was conscious that she had not addressed him by name. She slid from behind the desk and he followed her down the narrow grey hall, appraising her and resenting her for it.

"All right," the girl said. "You may go in." She pointed through the door.

He said nothing and stepped into the room, and she closed the door softly behind him. He saw Hicks, big and tanned and clean, sitting behind the desk, looking up from a sheet of paper in his hands.

"Oh," Hicks (Continued on page 46)
As in the Reconstruction Period after the Civil War, carpet-baggers are going after the Negro vote. Here is an account, by a distinguished Negro woman, of what recently happened in Florida.

...
it betrays the fact that the ballot-wielder has been coached. The instructor does not trust the voter’s mind to retain but so much, so no risk is taken by trying to teach the whole ticket. Just go in and pull down lever

Number 2, for instance, then come on out. Lever Two, you know a 2 when you see it, don’t you? Pull 2, t-w-o, and come on out and get your pay. That or these, are the mechanics and the explanation of single-shotting.

It was while registration was going on that a murmur reached me that this was going to be a hotly-contested senatorial fight between the incumbent, Senator Claude Pepper, and his challenger, Representative George Smathers, and that an organization from the north was going to come into Florida to organize and deliver the Negro vote in a lump. From historical background, I did not believe that an outside agency would dare to interfere in a southern election, nor did I believe that the Negro vote could be handled as a dark, amorphous lump. Then and there I made up my mind to be in Florida for this struggle at all costs, and to be in Miami, Florida’s largest city and the seat of Dade county, which from rumor was slated to be the hottest battle-ground. So I planted myself there and saw the intense and well-organized drive to get the mass of Negro voters registered for the polls. I heard about the payment of a dollar to each prospective voter, because you cannot keep secret what thousands of people know. It was a dollar for each person who registered to vote, and twenty-five cents a head for the bush-beaters who rounded up the people and delivered them to the registration centers. By all accounts, this was the heaviest registration of Negro voters in the history of the State, and perhaps many years will pass before it happens that way again.

Whether (Continued on page 54)
Your letter can make you out to be lazy or ambitious, a gentleman or a smart-aleck, dependable or not to be trusted.

How you can get a job for six cents

Men who do the hiring tell what they look for in letters asking for jobs

By ROBERT YELTON ROBB

KENNETH JONES, a Detroit veteran who had done combat flying in the South Pacific, started to worry about employment early this year. He had good reason to worry. Twenty-seven years old, married, and the father of two children, he was due to graduate from college in June and he didn’t have a single job prospect. His ambition was to be hired by a large department store, preferably in Detroit, and eventually work his way up to the important position of buyer. One of his biggest handicaps was his lack of department store experience.

But before graduation day, Jones
got the job he wanted. His job-hunting campaign cost him only six cents because he knew how to write an effective application letter.

Like Jones, you can land a job at the cost of only three cents' postage for an application letter, plus the expenditure of another three cents to stamp a strategic follow-up letter after you have been interviewed.

But your job-getting application must necessarily be a dynamic sales letter. "Any man who gets a job with our company has to be a salesman, regardless of the position he applies for," says the personnel manager of a Chicago firm. "His first sales job is to sell himself—to convince me that he would be an asset to us as an employee."

How can you sell yourself in an application letter?

A recent nationwide survey, by interview and questionnaire, of the personnel managers of 178 prominent American companies, provides tips on the sales ingredients you should use in your job-getting application. Kenneth Jones made successful use of these valuable tips.

The survey ranged from the American Airlines to the Gruen Watch Company, to the Ford Motor Company, to Schenley Distilleries, Inc., to the Western and Southern Life Insurance Company, to the Dearborn Motors Corporation, to American Home Foods, Inc., to the Great Lakes Greyhound lines. And then some—178 companies in all.

According to the survey, your application should consist of a sales letter and a well-organized data sheet giving your educational background, specialized training, employment record, hobbies, references, and extra-curricular activities.

"The first thing to be considered in any letter is that the person receiving it is probably very busy," comments the employment manager of a Midwestern corporation. "He won’t or can’t spend much time reading your letter unless it immediately wins his attention, creates interest in you as a prospective employee, and provides a solution to some employment need of his company. These are fundamentals that we recognize in actual selling. I recommend that your letter contain perhaps no more than two or three paragraphs which would do nothing more than get attention and create a definite interest in you as an employee."

This executive adds, however, "You must invite his action by stating your availability for employment and your willingness to come for an interview at his convenience."

Here is the sales letter that won a job for Kenneth Jones. It was addressed to the personnel manager of one of Detroit’s largest department stores.

Dear Mr. Tompkins:

"I want a job. Not any job with any store, but a particular job with your store. My ambition is to become a buyer. May I be considered an applicant for your executive training program? The following qualifications should help me be of some service to your store. As a retailing major at Wayne University, I have acquainted myself with the fundamentals of the buyer’s job, merchandise arithmetic, merchandise information and customer demand as well as with salesmanship, sales management, advertising, speech psychology, and business law. In June, 1950, I shall graduate with a bachelor of science degree in business administration.

"While attending college I have held part-time jobs as a clerk in a supermarket, jewelry salesman, and life insurance agent. During my four high school summer vacations I got my hands dirty and my back stiff, working in the tobacco fields of Ontario, Canada. As a grade school student, I worked a daily paper route and operated a news-stand.

"I am 27 years old, married (the father of two children), and a veteran of World War II. I am finance officer of American Legion Post No. ……., and have in addition served as vice-president and program chairman."

"On the attached data sheet I have listed my work and educational experience, references, and other data. If there is any further information about me that you would like to have, I shall be glad to send it to you."

"May I come in for an interview at your convenience? My telephone number is WR 2–3456."

The mechanics of your letter and data sheet are not difficult. Personnel managers prefer that you submit a typed letter on good quality, plain white stationery, 8½ by 11 inches. "But no fancy or heavy folder, please," says a Baltimore executive cautions the job-seeker. "It makes filing a headache. If you don’t type, it will pay to hire a stenographer to do your typing work. The dividends are tremendous."

If you mail the application flat, you may enclose it in a plain manila folder to keep it neat and clean. But you won’t incur your prospect’s displeasure if you mail it in an ordinary executive-size envelope. A return envelope is not necessary.

Both your letter and data sheet should be neatly framed on the page, with ample margins. Your language should be simple, direct and correct. Your most effective tone will be the man-to-man approach of earnest conversation.

"Make your letter a lively one-page effort of not more than four or five short (Continued on page 60)
I’ve tangled with the Octopus

Diver Virgil Burford works daily in octopus-infested waters.

He learned how to get along down there the hard way

By Virgil Burford as told to Walt Morey

One of the first questions people ask a deep sea diver is, “Have you ever seen an octopus?” When I tell them I’ve seen as many as three or four hundred in a single day they don’t call me a liar — not in words.

For the past nine years I have been a fish trap diver for the Alaskan salmon canneries. My job is to inspect the traps and make repairs. Often it is necessary to eliminate sharks, sea lions and other denizens that blunder into the enclosure. If left in they rip the trap to shreds or stampede the timid salmon back into the sea. I have come in contact with everything from an eighty ton whale, to a three-hundred pound baby sea lion. But of all the toughies in the sea, the octopus was the one I most dreaded meeting.

I knew, before I made the first dive, the meeting was inevitable. So I set about gathering all the information possible. I haunted book stores and libraries. What little I found was mere descriptions of a few people’s experiences.

I learned he was a sulking, solitary individual who lurks in rock crevices, caves and old wrecks. His main diet is crab, and his table manners are on a par with his looks. Once captured, the victim is bitten by the parrot-like beak, and a digestive juice is forced into its body from the octopus’s mouth. This juice paralyzes the victim, then dissolves and partly digests the flesh, the resulting soup being sucked back into the octopus’s mouth. I found, too, that the world’s largest octopuses inhabit Alaskan waters; that some, spread out, have measured in excess of twenty-eight feet. I found nothing concerning their strength, speed, manner of fighting, or how I should fight or avoid them. This knowledge, I felt I must have, before we met face to face down below. So I set out to learn first hand.

Near Halibut Point, at Sitka, there is a stretch of clear rock-strewn bottom that is perfect for studying the octopus. When the tide is out, stranded young octopuses crouch in the count-

Less shallow pools that pock the shore. It was here, with a twelve foot pike pole, I went to school.

Pike pole in hand I’d move among the pools peering into shadowy holes and crevices. I’d look for a tentacle stretched snake-like along the face of a rock, a pair of coal-black eyes watching me, a pinkish pear-shaped mass crouched far back in a hole.

When I’d find one I’d move in, spear ready. He never came out at me, but cringed far back watching, with a stare that in itself was disconcerting. When I gigged him he immediately began waving all eight tentacles in wild confusion. When one came in contact with the pike pole he grabbed and yanked. One or two more arms popped out and joined the first. With the others he’d anchor to bottom and pull, or more likely, just hold on.

Unless I was braced, the first yank of a four foot octopus took me off my feet or ripped the pike pole free. When he settled down to hanging on, his strength was a match for mine. Often I’ve had to (Continued on page 50)
AFTER THREE HOURS we pulled Holmes to the surface. The octopus was perched atop his helmet.
The inside story of the man who has probably done more than any other American to disrupt the plans of Stalin’s spies and dupes plotting the overthrow of the United States from within.

By CLARENCE WOODBURY

The American boys who are fighting the communists in Asia are receiving, justly, the nation’s highest praise. From coast to coast, politicians, journalists, radio commentators and other public figures are beating the drum for the men who are slugging it out with the Reds on faraway fronts. That is as it should be.

But many of those who are most voluble in their praise of our Korea heroes are strangely inconsistent in their behavior toward our leading anti-red warriors here at home. At the same time that they pat the embattled GIs and Marines on the back, a large number of prominent Americans seem to take a sadistic delight in smearing dirt over those who serve us best in the war against the communist menace right here in the United States.

This is demonstrated in dramatic fashion by the mud bath which has been administered to Louis F. Budenz, the ex-communist who is today the Government’s most valuable weapon in its attack upon Stalin’s fifth column.

DISREGARDING vicious smears from the Reds and pinks, Louis F. Budenz has been trying to stoke the fires of the hate he sowed as a Red leader.

EDITOR’S NOTE: Although Clarence Woodbury is one of the country’s top magazine writers, he is not an expert on communism. That is why we asked him if he would write an article for us about Louis F. Budenz. We wanted Woodbury’s type of fine, objective reporting rather than what may have been preconceived notions from an authority on the subject. Mr. Woodbury accepted the assignment, but made his acceptance conditional. If, he said, his research convinced him that Mr. Budenz was not entirely on the level, he would drop the assignment forthwith. We believe the article speaks for itself as a tribute to the integrity of Mr. Budenz.
T. A. BISSON

PHILIP JAFFE

OWEN LATTIMORE

BEFORE the House Un-American Activities Committee, Budenz identified Owen Lattimore as a member of a communist cell. The State Department adviser is shown here in China with Philip Jaffe of the infamous Amerasia Case, and commie-liner T. A. Bisson.

LEGAL maneuvers keep Judy Coplon out of jail, though she was found guilty. Budenz helped the F.B.I. in this case.

GERHART EISLER bawled that he was just a poor persecuted refugee when Budenz named him a commie big wheel.

On the contrary, he has been made the target of a broad campaign of character assassination and subjected to just about every slur in the dictionary of vilification. His personal life has been attacked and he has even been accused of using the Cross as a weapon with which to bludgeon people he doesn't like.

BUDENZ provided the information that eventually broke Communist Harry Bridges' stranglehold on our West Coast shipping.

IF Budenz were the only one concerned in this mud-slinging it would not be so deplorable. Only one man's character would be besmirched. But by permitting our most valuable witness against the Stalinists to be publicly abused and discredited, we are not only blunting our best weapon against the enemy but keeping other former reds from revealing important facts about the plot to take over our country. After seeing what has happened to Budenz, it takes a brave man indeed to speak out against the comrades.

You need only look at newspaper files to realize the extent of the smearings he has undergone during the past five years. At Federal trials and other hearings where Budenz testified in the public's behalf, he has been called at various times "a rat," "a stool pigeon," "a paid informer," "a liar," "a Judas Iscariot," "a foul mouth," "a money-mad publicity hound" and, last but not least, "an unscrupulous finger man full of impure hogwash."

If all of these epithets had been flung by communists or their lawyers, as some of them were, they could be discounted. The commies always scream when someone has the goods on them and their (Continued on page 63)
CHECK YOUR HAT!

It may be making you look old, fat and failing.

A master hatter tells you how you can make your next headpiece an asset instead of a liability

By JACK DENTON SCOTT

NOT LONG AGO Winston Churchill stood in the “Bridal Suite” in a large hotel in New York City. Twenty or thirty newspapermen, celebrities and politicians, Churchill’s ever present admirers, gathered about him, asking questions, listening to the great man expound upon Russia and other current problems. After several minutes Churchill became expansive and friendly. Finally he said, “That’s about it, gentlemen. Any questions?”

THE RIGHT AND WRONG HATS FOR DIFFERENT TYPES OF FACES

A. The brim is too narrow for this broad face, and the crown is too high for a tall man, making his height a liability.

B. The wider brim minimizes the broad face, and the higher crown also improves matters. But the crown shouldn’t be too high.

C. This crown is too high and the brim is too wide for a long, slender face. Too wide a brim submerges the face, too narrow makes one look skinny.

D. Moderate crown height lessens appearance of this long face. Deep pinch in front is desirable. The brim should be of medium width.

E. This full, square crown is out of place on this man. Nor should he wear a pork-pie hat or a brim that snaps deeply over the eyes.

F. A tapering crown is proper. Brim should be turned up. Brim should be moderate width. Bound or welt edge makes brim look narrower.

G. This brim is snapped too full for this man. Nor should he wear a narrow brim. For this fellow all extremes are bad—and a low pork-pie is out.

H. A crown with very slight taper is best for this man, and he should wear his hat moderately back on his head. Pulled down over eyes it makes face look shorter.

A neatly dressed man in a dark serge suit and a quietly checkered tie, moved in from the rear of the room.

“Yes, Mister Churchill,” he said, “can you tell us why a man in your position wears such horrible hats? You need a hat with a wider brim, a little more flange.”

Churchill, a man never at a loss for words, was caught short. “I’ll look into it,” he said and smiled.

Newspapers carried the story. One week later Winston Churchill bought himself a new hat. A nice flangi one.

The man who popped the question was Harry Rolnick. The question was not unusual or startling as far as he
ROLNICK told Winston Churchill to his face that he wore horrible looking hats.

was concerned. He has asked like questions of several presidents of the United States and Mexico, and most of the big name movie stars.

Rolnick prizes a letter from the wife of a governor of one of our eastern states. "Thank you dearly, Mr. Rolnick," the letter reads, "for designing a hat for my husband. Old prune face never looked like a human being in a hat until he wore yours."

Practically every governor in the United States, Harry Truman, Alan Ladd, William Bendix, Robert Taylor, George Burns, Jimmy Durante, Humphrey Bogart, Adolphe Menjou, big names, celebrities too numerous to mention, are grateful clients of Harry Rolnick.

He has failed only once. The adamant one was F. H. LaGuardia, former mayor of New York City, an extremely fiery, independent character.

"I hated to see Butch make such a mistake," says Rolnick. "Those hats he wore didn't do anything for him. Big Westerns with 3½ inch brims! High crowns! Terrible! They made him look like one of the Seven Dwarfs, but I couldn't do anything about it. He just kept buying them, God rest him."

Harry Rolnick, the Lily Daché of the men's hat world, was born in Brooklyn, New York, and moved to Texas when he was ten years old. He always had an unusual and rather odd interest in hats. When other kids were working out erector set problems and tinkering with their electric trains, young Rolnick amused himself sketching the lines and plumages of headgear worn by famed characters like Napoleon and Henry the Eighth.

At eighteen he went to work for a retail clothing store where his boss had a white elephant supply of misshaped hats. Rolnick got the idea of buying a couple of inexpensive pieces of machinery, reshaping the hats and selling them. This he did at a more than neat profit.

In a short time the two inexpensive hunks of machinery were replaced by ten specially designed machines, and in 1927 limited operations began. Rolnick picked (Continued on page 49)
"DON'T RECALL if we got a bear," Jack drawled. "But that was the year Fat Henderson fell in the brook twice."

What's the FUN in HUNTING?

Long after you've forgotten the game you shot, you recall the good companionship—like laughing at your pal who sat on a porcupine.

By BARNEY PETERS

"IF YOU SHOOT that elk," Ted said in a low voice, "the fun will be over. Then you'll have to go home and go to work."

We were three days in the wilderness, with the prospect of fifteen more. I had flown from New York to Idaho for this moment. I'd laid out more dough than I spent on my honeymoon. I had sway-backed a horse getting into the mountains, climbed ravines and cedar-cracked granite, and walked until I didn't know which foot to limp with.

Now here we were and right away I had a beautiful bull elk in my gun sights. But Ted said, "Don't
giving. Supposing I didn’t see another elk? That would ruin my vacation, wouldn’t it? So the talk got around to just what it is we get out of hunting. How about the long months before the season begins when we browse through sporting goods stores and drowse ourselves to sleep at home reading gun catalogs and dreaming of owning the most expensive tents and sleeping bags in the mail order books? Is that just a long season of impatience or is it part of the fun?

It must be fun, Jack argued, pointing out that only one deer hunter in eighteen goes home with a buck in New York State, but they keep coming back every year. Something must sustain them, and if it’s just a thirst for blood it gets little quenching.

“I get more of a kick shopping for a camp outfit than my wife does looking for a new dress,” Dave added.

“Then there’s this,” Jack drawled. “We went bear hunting in Pennsylvania once. It was a long time ago. Fat Henderson fell in a brook. We dragged him out and dried him out and the very next brook we came to he fell in again. Came to a third brook and we all took hold of Fat and tried to carry him over and he was going to fight us all at one time. I’ll never forget it. But I don’t recall now if we shot a bear that trip. Remember, Ted?”

“That’s what I was thinking of today,” muttered Ted, eyeing me cruelly. “Maybe Barney’ll fall in a creek day after tomorrow and give us something special to remember. But if he were heading home with that elk before the hunt really got going it never could happen.”

The joke was on me, but it was a good point. I can’t remember the grouse we shot one particular year in New Hampshire, but I’ll never forget how Hank Wheelock and his dog, Pearl, learned the difference between a hunting dog and a lap dog.

Paul McDowell and I were along with Hank and Pearl. Hank had insisted that Pearl was a hunting fool, so she was the only dog we had with us. Ah, that Pearl! She was Hank’s first hunting dog—a raunchy-looking English setter with a sort of careful mince that made me uneasy. Something about the animal hinted at gentle living rather than rough brier patches. Her eyes, perhaps, or the sleekness of her hair.

We made camp in northern New Hampshire on a Friday night, cooked a big supper on the tent stove, then leaned back against our rolled-up sleeping bags to inhale the sweet pine scent from the woods. At least Mac and I did. Hank ministered to Pearl.

“Killed seven birds over her so far this season,” he said proudly, running a steel comb through the animal’s white coat. Pearl watched him with steadfast attention. Presently Hank examined Pearl’s paws carefully. Finally he opened his duffel bag and brought out a big package of something wrapped in wax-paper. He opened it and removed a large slab of rich, red prime beef. This he cut up and put in a dish before Pearl.

We had been eating off paper plates, but Pearl’s dish was china. She looked at the meat and she looked at Hank.

“All right, (Continued on page 68)
Just one of thousands of Unknown Dead of the first World War rests in the marble tomb in Arlington—but he symbolizes all of them.

By MANCEL TALCOTT
Chairman, National Graves Registration and Memorial Committee, The American Legion

A whole generation has come on the scene since America's Unknown Soldier of World War One was laid to final rest in Arlington National Cemetery at the nation's capital. A bigger war than the one in which he was engaged has been fought and won and next Memorial Day, if present plans are carried out, a new Unknown representing the dead of the Armed Forces of the second World War will be enshrined at Arlington to keep him company.

Periodically there has arisen, and no doubt will continue to arise, some disquieting doubt that the Unknown Soldier now resting in the marble tomb is not unknown. When items of this sort find their way into the news columns a storm of still anxious inquiries comes anew, both to the Department of Defense and to The American Legion.

As late as November, 1949, the newspapers carried an item saying that "newly uncovered evidence revealed that the Unknown Soldier had come from Chicago." The story was based on the recollections of an elderly embalmer who had served the Army in France after the close of World War I. It was not difficult to disprove the embalmer's story and to show how utterly impossible it was for the Unknown Soldier to be identified by name, Army unit, or from what section of the country he hailed. I answered dozens of inquiries from relatives of the thousands of unknown dead of World War I—but every such story leaves an element of doubt in the minds of many who do not know the care that was taken to make certain the Unknown selected to rest in the Nation's shrine would be forever unidentified.

The story of the Unknown Soldier begins in the year 1920. It was a year in America's history not dissimilar to present post-war years. There were the Bolshevik peril, housing and food shortages. There were strikes, too. And there was also sorrowing at home and abroad for the casualties of the late war. There was talk, too, of returning an Unknown Soldier, particularly since Allied nations across the Atlantic were preparing shrines for a single unknown as a symbol of the nation's grief.

France buried her unknown hero in January, 1921, under the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. On the following Armistice Day Britain placed the remains of her unknown soldier in Westminster Abbey, Portugal, Romania, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Turkey enshrined their unknown soldiers in honored glory. A stone block was erected in the City Park of Budapest to commemorate Hungary's Unknown, but it is no hero's grave, for no one is yet buried there. Belgium has a shrine at Brussels, and Poland has one at Warsaw.

The first official action to similarly honor America's own war dead came on December 21, 1920, when Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., World War I veteran and one of the founders of The American Legion, sponsored House Joint Resolution No. 426. This resolution provided for burial in Arlington Cemetery of the body of an unknown member of America's overseas forces "who was killed on the battlefields of France."

Congress finally approved the measure, eliminating some of the initial phrasing, but directing the Secretary of War "to cause to be brought to the United States the body of an American who was a member of the American Expeditionary Forces who served in Europe, who lost his life during the World War and whose identity has not been established, for burial in the Memorial Amphitheater of the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia." President Warren Harding signed this Resolution into law on March 4, 1921, one of his first official acts upon assuming the office of Chief Magistrate.

Father Edward A. Duff, a famous Navy Chaplain, later interpreted this action of Congress as honoring the manhood of America. "It is for the noble and worthwhile acts of life that a grateful nation perpetuates the memory of its (Continued on page 45)
PROPOSED BENEFITS FOR KOREAN VETS:

American Legion omnibus bill for veterans of the Korean War (H.R. 9644), introduced by John Rankin, Mississippi, Chairman of House Veterans' Affairs Committee, on September 13, proposes benefits to all personnel of the Armed Forces on active military, naval or air service on or after June 25, 1950. If enacted, it will extend present benefits to service members of Korean wars similar to WW2 vets. Highlights: 1. Service connection of disabilities and deaths on wartime basis with consequent compensation awards at wartime rates to vets and dependents. 2. Pension to permanently disabled vets where service connection is not admitted, and to survivors. 3. Privilege of hospitalization as to veterans of any war. 4. Vocational rehabilitation to overcome handicap of service-connected disability. 5. Education and training as granted by the GI Bill. 6. Loans for homes, farms or business. 7. Readjustment allowances for the unemployed. 8. Insurance protection on an automatic basis not to exceed $5,000 for persons who die or become totally disabled in line of duty, or who are captured, besieged or otherwise isolated by forces against whom the United States is engaged in armed conflict.

WAR CLAIMS COMMISSION MAKING PROGRESS:

Legion National Rehab. Commission has issued a bulletin advising that the War Claims Commission handling cases of WW2 prisoners of war has caught up on backlog of incoming mail. Claims now being paid are in 16,000 series and checks are going out at rates of approximately 2,500 per month. Claimants holding claim number in 26 series should not expect payment before January, 1951, and-unless speeded up—payment of the 75,000 series is approximately 23 months away. Branch office has been opened at Manila to care for Filipinos ex-prisoners of war and American citizens who were interned and are still resident in the Philippines. These claims may run as high as $200,000,000, and payments will not start for some time. Some 10,000 eligible survivors in the U.S. apparently are not aware of their eligibility and consequently have not filed claims. The rate of payment for military personnel is $1 per day for each day spent in prison camps in hands of the enemy, all theatres. Civilian claimants, Pacific theatre only, have a different rate. The deadline for filing is March 1, 1951.

AMERICAN EDUCATION WEEK:

Government Of, By, and For the People is the challenging theme of American Education Week, to be observed throughout the country November 9-11. The Legion joins with the National Education Association and other groups concerned with our free common schools to help educate our youth for the great task of leading the world toward freedom, justice and peace. The 17,400 Posts of the Legion have been alerted to keep our schools strong and effective through participation in American Education Week observances and continued support of the schools. Seven daily topics have been selected: November 5, Moral and Spiritual Values; November 6, Responsibilities of the Citizen; November 7, Meaning of the Ballot; November 8, Urgent School Needs; November 9, Opportunity for All; November 10, Home-School-Community Teamwork; November 11, Freedom's Heritage.

STATE BONUS NOTES:

Recent special session of the Washington State Legislature amended the bonus law, broadening provisions to include payment to survivors of eligible WW2 veterans who died prior to June 8, 1949. Original law provided only for payment to survivors of men who died while in service. This amendment affects the eligibility of a great number of dependents. New type application blanks under the amended law are available for distribution. Write H. C. Ashenfelter, Administrator, Division of Veterans' Compensation, Olympia, Washington.

Louisiana—Amendment to Louisiana bonus law will be voted on at the general election, November 7. Eligibles (WW2) are warned to keep an eye on the returns. If approved, the amendment will extend the deadline for applications to January 1, 1951 (expired December 1, 1949). Also eliminates "dependency clause" in original Act, making it no longer necessary for parents to establish dependency of deceased son or daughter to collect $1,000 bonus. Other requirements as to service and residence at time of entry into service remain unchanged. Applications from Joseph L. Golsan, Director, Department of Veterans' Affairs, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, are applications are received at his office but are held pending outcome of November voting.

West Virginia—Vote will be taken at election November 7 on bonus proposal for vets both World Wars. Proposal calls for payment of $10 per month home service and $15 per month for overseas, up to a maximum of $300 for home, and $400 for overseas, or combination of both services. Six months residence in State prior to induction, minimum 90 days overseas unless discharged for service-incurried disability; discharge other than dishonorable.

Pennsylvania—Some 663 claimants who are wondering why their checks have not arrived can collect immediately if they will send change of address to the Director, WW2 Veterans' Compensation Bureau, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The checks, totaling more than $220,000, have been returned to the Bureau because the claimants moved and left no address.

Delaware and Indiana—WW2 vets are again warned that the deadline for filing applications for the bonuses in Delaware and Indiana is January 1, 1951. Procrastinators may be left out in the cold.

AMPUTEE CAR DEADLINE EXTENDED:

In its closing sessions, Congress renewed the car-for-amputees program until June 30, 1951. Expenditure of $800,000 authorized, but part is to care for 200 vets who applied too late for the benefit. Price limit fixed at $1,600 and eligible amputees—with one or both legs amputated above the ankle—must have driver's license to qualify. It is estimated 500 vets are eligible for cars.
THE AMERICAN LEGION AT

LOS ANGELES

32nd ANNUAL NATIONAL CONVENTION
Scattered over 400 square miles, Legionnaires at Los Angeles traveled a lot, worked hard, had fun

IF ANY CITY can swallow up a huge national convention it is Los Angeles, California. There, on Monday, October 9, 1950, the 32nd Annual Convention of The American Legion opened for a four-day stand that appeared to be the smallest Legion convention in years. Reason? Visiting Legionnaires scattered themselves in hotels, rooming houses and private homes from Burbank to Long Beach, from Santa Monica to Pasadena—points embracing 400 square miles.

It took the official parade on Tuesday, October 10, to draw the outlying hordes in to Broadway, in downtown Los Angeles, and show the size of the gathering. Then, the 6½-hour parade was rated the largest such event ever seen in California, and the spectators (estimated at a million) were judged California's largest public gathering ever. It was one show in which the Legion could outdo even Hollywood.

Not alone did Los Angeles' sprawling geography disperse the convention. So too did the distribution of points of interest. More than 25 miles of ocean beach drew some of the visitors. Others ventured out onto the Pacific for deep sea fishing. Thousands wandered Hollywood Boulevard hoping to spy a strolling movie star. Others visited Mexican markets, New Chinatown, movie lots from Culver City to Burbank, and Los Angeles and San Gabriel missions, twenty miles apart.

Visitors found no central gathering point like Chicago's Loop or New York's Times Square—unless it was Hollywood, five miles north of downtown L. A. Legionnaires who went shopping with their wives were spread out, on fabulous Wilshire Boulevard alone, for 12 miles from downtown Los Angeles to Beverly Hills.

Finally, Los Angeles has more relatives of folks from other states than any other city in the nation, and visits to this scattergram of kinfolk completed the thinning of the convention.

Legionnaires felt not a drop of rain. They found the days warm to hot, the sun clear and bright, the nights cool to cold, and the mornings smoggy.

For their entertainment they found Los Angeles hospitable, populace and police alike. The visitors reciprocated with another orderly, well-behaved meeting, proving again that the modern Legion is America's biggest and best-behaved conventioneering group.

Conventioneers saw the world premiere of the Legion-sponsored musical show, Red, White and Blue, which first reviews described as "a show to rival This Is the Army and Winged Victory." Two other colorful shows, both in the mammoth Los Angeles Coliseum, were the Legion senior drum & bugle corps competition (won for the second straight year by New York City's Garbarina Post) and the Pageant of Stars, a three-hour outdoor extravaganza of California pageantry, which at one phase included a football field of square dancers in early Spanish costumes, hemmed in by circling horsemen.

In the serious business of the convention the Legion adopted its most vigorous platform in history for immediate and permanent national preparedness and against communism in the U. S.

Delegates were fortified by the knowledge that recent world events have brought home to the general public more than ever before the truth of warnings against weakness and subversion issued by the Legion for 31 years.

National figures who spoke to the convention on preparedness and communism included Past National Commander Louis Johnson, former Secretary of Defense; Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada, Congressman Richard M. Nixon of California and Senator Karl Mundt of South Dakota, co-authors of the recently enacted communist-control bill; Prof. Louis F. Budenz, former managing editor of the communist Daily Worker and now the nation's leading expert on communist machinations.

The Legion rededicated itself to its goal of proper care for disabled veterans and their dependents, including fulfillment of a balanced and adequate veterans' hospital system after five years of postwar confusion, contention and shifting government policy.

The Governor of Florida and the Mayor of Miami invited the Legion to Miami for its convention next year.

As the convention closed, Erle Cocke, Jr., War Two veteran of Dawson, Georgia, was elected National Commander for 1951 by acclamation.

(For further convention details see next fifteen pages of this section)
Past National Commander Edward A. Hayes of Chicago tells executive committee of National Rehab Commission Legion should make complete survey of vets' hospitals

Senator Karl Mundt of South Dakota addresses the Convention. Foe of reds, he called for more vigorous action against commies

National Adjutant Henry H. Dudley, Erle Cocke, Jr., (later elected National Commander) and then National Commander George N. Craig confer on platform

Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts receives The American Legion Distinguished Service Medal from National Commander Craig

National Chaplain Edward J. Carney looks on

The

WORKING

LEGION

While visiting Legionnaires saw the sights, delegates and committee members labored through long sessions

With the somber shadows of the Korean "police action" and a crisis in world affairs hanging low on the horizon, official delegates and visitors to the 32nd annual National Convention of The American Legion charted a course for the year ahead at Los Angeles. There was, pervading every session, a keen awareness of the role the great organization of the veterans of two World Wars (soon to be joined by the veterans of Korea) play in the national and international concerns.

No punches were pulled. It was a hard-hitting, quick-acting three days of business session from the time on Monday morning, October 9, when National Commander George N. Craig dropped the gavel to call the Convention to order until nearly 6 o'clock on Thursday evening, October 12, amidst a spontaneous ovation the like of which has been rarely seen in a Legion Convention, when 29-year-old World War II veteran Erle Cocke, Jr., of Dawson, Georgia, was elected National Commander.
In swift succession following the colorful opening ceremony the Convention listened to a series of addresses, which called for a forthright, coats-off, powder-dry attitude against communism, a house-cleaning in our Department of State, the immediate enactment of the Universal Military Training law, for adequate hospital facilities for sick and disabled veterans, for a strong foreign policy, and explored all phases of the welfare of veterans. The resolutions asking pensions for World War I veterans adopted at the Miami 1948, and Philadelphia 1949 Conventions were reaffirmed, with deferment of action during the present world crisis.

Internal affairs of the organization claimed a fair share of the deliberations. Highlighting actions on matters that concern the Legion was the adoption of a resolution petitioning the Congress to amend the charter of The American Legion to admit veterans of the war in Korea to membership.

At the opening session, the invocation was delivered by Archbishop J. Francis A. McIntyre, of Los Angeles, and the "Star-Spangled Banner" was sung by Tenor Morton Downey. Five-year-old Gee Bee Anderson, son of a member of West Covina (California) Post No. 790, brought down the house when in a clear, ringing voice he led in the recitation of the Preamble to the Legion Constitution. Addresses of welcome were delivered by Governor Earl Warren, Mayor Fletcher R. Bowron, William A. Smith, Chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles County; Leon McCardle, President of the Los Angeles Convention Corporation, and Lewis K. Gough, immediate Past Department Commander of California.

Responding to the addresses of welcome, Past National Commander Stephen F. Chadwick reminded the Angelenos that in welcoming the visiting Legionnaires they were receiving their own kinfolk. Paraphrasing Sir Walter Scott he said: "Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to him-
self hath said 'I have relatives in Los Angeles.'"

President Harry S. Truman, a delegate to the Convention from the Department of Missouri, sent a message of regret that he could not be present because of the pressure of his official duties. General George C. Marshall, the new Defense Secretary, made a plea for Universal Military Training in his telegram of greetings.

The Legionnaires roared their approval when Past National Commander Louis Johnson, of West Virginia, former Secretary of Defense, described General Douglas MacArthur as the "master strategist who changed the course of the Korean campaign in the matter of hours." And they came to their feet in a standing minutes-long ovation when he declared that communism cannot be stopped without speedy enactment of a Universal Military Training Law.

The Convention heard a grim warning from Louis Budenz, former communist leader and managing editor of the red Daily Worker, who renounced Soviet leadership five years ago and is now a professor in Fordham University, that recognition of red China "directly or indirectly, would be a tragic blow to American security, especially on the West Coast."

Senator Pat McCarran, of Nevada, author of the Internal Security Act of 1950 recently passed over the veto of President Truman, explained the provisions of the law which he asserted will make it easier to send subversive aliens back to their home land and to better control the native brand of termites. Hon. Richard M. Nixon, of California, co-author of the Mundt-Nixon Bill, brought round after round of applause when speaking on the same subject.

In a down-to-earth, shirt-sleeve address, Senator George W. (Molly) Malone, of Nevada, who described himself as a Legionnaire who has held every office in the Legion up to National Vice Commander, demanded the immediate ouster of Secretary of State Dean Acheson—and gave reasons therefore.

Senator Karl Mundt, of South Dakota, who has carried the fight against communism in both Houses of Congress, said that he had wired President Truman asking that one citizen recommended by the Legion be appointed to the new Subversive Activities Control Board provided for in the McCarran Internal Security Act. He said that he wanted someone on the Board who knows the difference between a communist and a purple cow.

Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rogers, of Massachusetts, ranking member of the House Committee on Veterans Affairs and late its Chairman, raised enthusiasm to its highest pitch of the day when she concluded
her brief address with a dramatic defiance of Stalin and his satellites. Her speech was in response to presentation of the Distinguished Service Medal.

Two other Distinguished Service Medals, authorized by the National Executive Committee at its May, 1950, meeting, were presented. The recipients were Charles F. Johnson, Jr., Endicott, New York, who received the Medal from Past National Commander Edward N. Scheiberling, and Major General Milton A. Reckord, Baltimore, who received the decoration from Past National Commander Warren Atherton.

Governor Fuller Warren, of Florida—the State which will be host to the 1951 National Convention at Miami—told the Legionnaires that since he became Governor he had ordered things better—that there would be no rainfall at the 1951 meet such as the Noah's flood which featured the 1948 meet. He was backed by the Hon. William Wolfards, Mayor of Miami. Past National Commander Perry Brown presented the medal commemorative of the 1949 Convention to the City of Philadelphia, which was accepted by Past National Vice Commander Walter Alessandroni.

The Hon. Louis Jacquinot, Minister of Veteran Affairs of the Republic of France, brought fraternal greetings from the French veterans, our comrades-in-arms in two wars, as well as from the Republic. At the conclusion of his address he decorated National Commander Craig with the medal of the Legion of Honor—not forgetting the customary salute of a hearty kiss on both cheeks. Brigadier General Louis Renfrow, St. Louis, Missouri, Assistant Director of Selective Service, was awarded the same decoration in the same ceremony.

A spirited floor fight developed when the Rehabilitation Committee report, read by Chairman Bob McCurdy, offered the recommendation that chiropractic treatment be authorized in VA hospitals under existing VA regulations. A minority report was immediately offered, insisting that the recommendation be rejected. As in three previous National Conventions, the issue was debated at some length—and two roll calls and some quick parliamentary maneuvering were necessary to settle the matter. The report of the Committee was affirmed favoring the chiropractors.

Chairman Irving Geist and Thomas Paradise, New York, reported the successful conclusion of the Tide of Toys campaign for the children of Europe. The program was continued with a call for 15,000,000 toys for 1951 and extension of distribution to the Philippines and other untouched areas in the East. Bing Crosby has accepted designation as Honorary Chairman of the Tide of Toys campaign for 1951.

Following the election of National Commander Cocke and his staff of five National Vice Commanders and National Chaplain Dave Lefkowitz, the Convention adjourned on a note of confidence and enthusiasm.
As a curtain-raiser to the National Convention, the Legion-sponsored musical show “Red, White and Blue” had its world premiere on Saturday, Oct. 7, at the Paramount Theater in Los Angeles. The show proved popular not only with the general audience but with critics. After its Los Angeles run the big musical will make a tour of the country to raise funds for the Legion’s work in child welfare and veteran rehabilitation.

A million people lined the streets of Los Angeles, to see Legion marchers from every State and Posts abroad. And, as usual, pretty drum majorettes stole the show with their form. Hollywood put on a colorful pageant for Legionnaires. Left, above, Edward Arnold acting as MC. Below, left, part of huge crowd viewing pageant. Many movie stars put in appearance, and quite a few entertained visiting Legionnaires, including Dinah Shore, Pat O’Brien, Howard Keel, Roy Rogers and his horse Trigger, and Red Skelton, below, right.

Jimmy Carter, left, drum major of Gladstone Post 777, Chicago, Sons of the American Legion, gets a fitting
In one of the world's greatest show centers, these American Legion attractions proved to be standouts.

Prof. Louis F. Budenz of Fordham University, former red agent, waves before Convention evidence of communist plans for overthrow of U. S.

Chinatown staged a big celebration for the Legion. Here Mr. and Mrs. Morris Yik and Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Kenney, of Philadelphia, watch some young Chinese dragon dancers.

MUSIC AND MARCHING COMPETITION

Those who attend Legion national music and marching final competitions know they see one of the greatest shows on earth. And whether they win, lose or draw, the Legion's precision marchers and musicians make a huge contribution to the success of Legion conventions and parades. It can cost as much as $30,000 to bring a complete drum corps across the country, and each corps raises its own funds locally.

Winners of the many Legion contests at Los Angeles included:
- Senior drum & bugle corps, Raymond A. Garbarina Memorial Post 1523, New York City; senior band, Harwood Post 5, Joliet, Illinois; firing squad, tie between 1st National Bank Post, Chicago, and Schlitz-Milwaukee Post; chorus, Sioux Falls Post, South Dakota; color guard, Capt. Harry B. Doremus Post, Hackensack, New Jersey; initiation ritual team, Naval Post, Chicago; junior drum & bugle corps, Holy Name Cadets, Garfield, New Jersey; S. A. L. drum & bugle corps, Gladstone Squadron, Chicago.

Finale of drum corps competition (top), won by Garbarina Post. Below, father of Raymond A. Garbarina, soldier killed in Bulge for whom Post was named, accepts trophy.

Winner of a Ford donated by J. J. Seagram Post was J. R. Turley, Gardena Valley Post 187, Cal., shown at wheel getting ownership papers from Walter Radovich of J. J. Seagram Post 658, Los Angeles. Other Ford winners were G. F. Calhoun, Stigler, Okla., H. M. Henry, Lansford, Pa., and S. C. Lenoir, of Memphis, Tenn.
Linley L.
Crosthwaite,
Post 427,
Cincinnati,
Ohio

"I like the whole convention," said Crosthwaite, who was a Chief MoMM in the Navy in War Two. "My wife and I drove out from Ohio. Took our time, saw the sights, visited Juarez. We went fishing off Santa Monica the other day and I landed four small sharks."

Ed Land,
Post 89,
Louisa, Ky.

Said Land, "This is my first national Legion convention and I'm just learning what I've been missing. I'll never miss another."

Mrs. Frank
Howard,
Center Creek,
Cal., Amador
Post 108
Auxiliary Unit

It was Mrs. Howard's first convention too, and, though she is a Californian it was her first visit to Los Angeles. Center Creek is 400 miles north. She said: "I get a hang out of everything, particularly just meeting new people. I've been taking all the tours. The drum corps competition in particular was wonderful. I'm determined to get to Miami next year."

Francis E.
White,
Post 28,
Wells, Nev.

White drove to L.A. with his father, a War One Legionnaire. "We haven't missed a thing," he said, "and the hospitality of the people is A-1."

Floyd Mazikowski of Buffalo visits Olvera St. with sister-in-law La Raine Mazikowski of Merced, Cal. Even this cutie gets no response from "Big Chief" Blake Layer of Okmulgee, Okla.

Hollywood Post played host to visiting comrades by staging wrestling and boxing matches in its magnificent auditorium. Here wrestler Enrique Torres autographs programs for spectator.
Madamba, though blind, traveled across the country with a Legion buddy to attend his third national convention. He brought his guide dog with him.

Madamba is a life member of the DAV and has been a Legionnaire twenty-nine years. As a steward on the Navy repair ship, Prometheus, he served in War One. He is a victim of the shelling of Paris in 1918, where he was struck by shrapnel. He was subsequently hospitalized thirty-two times and suffered permanent loss of eyesight. He now draws 100% disability compensation. He first went to a Legion National Convention at Miami in 1948, and in spite of his disability enjoyed it so much that he went again to the Philadelphia convention last year, and this year made the trans-continental trip.

Here Madamba suns himself with his dog in Los Angeles' Pershing Square. Later he attended the big parade, where the music, marching feet and comments and exclamations of the crowd brought the spectacle to him.

Angel Q.
Madamba,
Post 2,
Atlantic City,
N. J.

Pier Witte,
Post 15,
Sioux Falls,
S. D.

“Twas at the Philadelphia convention and I think I liked it a little better. Los Angeles has a lot more to offer in the way of entertainment but there were many more Legionnaires at Philly and that made it more fun. I guess a lot of them are in service now. One thing, though, they’re really tops here in hospitality. Want to hear about the young lady who had the convertible?”

Benny Goldberg,
Post 180,
Hartshorne,
Okl.

“Twas a lot here for out-of-state people to see, but I was particularly impressed by the amount of work done by the Legion. It gave me an entirely new idea of the bigness of the organization. From an entertainment standpoint, I enjoyed the drum & bugle corps competition and the premiere of Red, White and Blue.”

Joseph Greenwell,
Post 6,
Fort Wayne,
Ind.

“I’ve been to nine conventions and I’m having the best time ever at this one. The people of Los Angeles can take the credit for that. For instance, the generator on my car burned out twenty miles out, and two Los Angeles policemen brought four of us into town and had the car taken to a garage.
People and Places

and never held their palms out once. Wouldn’t take a cent. I’ve got a swell room and bath for only a buck and a half a night. I’m not a delegate, just here for a good time and having it.”

Jack Denton, Jr.,
Post 43,
Hollywood,
Cal.

“I live here so I probably look at the convention differently from those who are visiting. I can tell you this, though, that the people I work with and everyone else I know all like the Legionnaires they’ve met and they want the Legion to come back for another convention.”

Mrs. Sadie Jones,
Post 5,
Nashville,
Tenn.

“I enjoy everything,” said Mrs. Jones. “We went out to Long Beach the other day and visited an Oriental curio shop that was the most interesting thing I’ve ever seen. One of my girl friends got her biggest kick out of seeing a broadcast of Lux-Radio Theater in Hollywood.”

Eugene Martin,
Northwestern
Railway
Post 430,
Chicago

“I’m enjoying the convention but it’s too bad that everything is so scattered. We’re staying at a hotel in Santa Monica, which is about 18 miles from downtown Los Angeles. They’re treating us fine. I received a guest card to that Deauville Club you see over there—and I’ve enjoyed myself a lot there. How did I get out here? Are you kidding? By train, of course. The Northwestern to Omaha, then the Union Pacific to Los Angeles.”
G. A. Nordman,  
Post 41,  
North  
Brookfield,  
Mass.  

"I drove 3,400 miles just to see the parade, and it was worth it."

Bob Patterson,  
White Plains  
Post 135,  
N. Y.  

"I've been to eighteen conventions. They've quieted down a lot, yet I have more fun these days than at the noisier ones. The conventions are more sensibly arranged these days, too."

George A.  
Schaad,  
Aqueduct  
Post 342,  
Los Angeles,  
Cal.  

"I moved out here from Bergen County, New Jersey, years ago, and I'm as much a native as most folks around here now. We of Los Angeles think this is a most orderly and enjoyable convention.  
"My Post got the job of organizing the California delegation for the parade, and nobody, from California or elsewhere, is giving us any trouble."

John E. Newcomb, Augusta, Ill., 90-year-old vet, served again as color guard. With him is Sunnie Baker, Los Angeles, who broke precedent by serving as a Sergeant-at-Arms. Curio shops of Chinatown attracted Mr. and Mrs. Fred Poole, of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sinner of Post 106, Fairmount, North Dakota, came to L. A. by bus. "It was a pretty long trip," said Mrs. Sinner, "but we're visiting an uncle at Redondo Beach, seeing Hollywood and having a good time." He added, "When we went swimming at Redondo it was the first time Mrs. Sinner ever saw the ocean, and she was scared to death at first."
A MESSAGE FROM ERLE COCKE, JR.,
NATIONAL COMMANDER, THE AMERICAN LEGION

My Comrades:
The American Legion was two years old when I was born into a devoted Legion family. From infancy I have been imbued with American Legion ideals and traditions. Now you have appraised me as worthy of leadership of the Legion in this critical year of history. I enter upon my new responsibilities with a deep sense of humility.

I leave the Los Angeles convention on a nationwide motor tour of eighteen states to enlist the support of the American people for our program and to invite personally all eligible veterans to join the American Legion to keep America American.

America this year is no place for weaklings. We are now in an unrelenting battle and ours is a fighting job. In Los Angeles your delegates enlarged the bold and constructive program of the Legion. It is a program that seeks peace and strength and continued freedom for America—and it needs and deserves the active support of not only three million Legionnaires but 150 million Americans.

If hard work on our part can put that program over—and I think it can—then I promise a year of progress.

Your delegates have taken the first step to make eligible for American Legion membership the American veterans fighting in Korea. We shall welcome them. But I emphasize this—the program adopted at this convention, which I shall give my full support and
all my strength, is designed to prevent any further manufacture of American war veterans!

The American Legion demands Universal Military Training for our young men. Only on that framework can we build an invincible modern American peace establishment. Coupled with this there must be industrial mobilization of our Nation to produce the adequate arms and equipment for the use of our trained manpower. These objectives cannot be reached without valiant sacrifice. Their achievement does not permit politics as usual, business as usual and spending as usual. Our Government must set the example in reducing non-essential expenditures. Our civilian population must follow this lead and accept the necessary degree of "belt tightening" to do the job.

As to World War III anything may happen. We do emphasize that we may now expect the worst. We can now find consolation only in the thought that the ships, the planes, the tanks, the guns, the bombs and the other arms which we must produce, may never be used, but that each of these weapons will represent part of the road blocks that may prevent war.

We must also strengthen the internal security of our country. Congress has at long last and at our never-ceasing behest given us a communist-control law. We must be militantly alert now to see this law enforced so that every communist beach-head within the United States is wiped out.

Our dollars from now on must be fighting dollars. The American Legion will support energetically the sale of government savings bonds.

We shall also take the lead in helping to build an effective civil defense so that our people may achieve the benefits of protective planning and panic-proofing. If war comes, an enemy will try to bring it to the doorsteps of our homes. We must be prepared to survive any such attempt.

It took hard work, thrift and enterprise to found America. It took these same qualities to build The American Legion into the largest veterans' organization in the world. These are specifically American traits. We've got them in The American Legion—it is a genuinely American organization.

I believe in having a definite plan and in going about it without delay in carrying it out. You have given me that plan. I am going to start working on it immediately.

I accept my new job—gratefully—humbly—and with confidence. I place my faith in the willingness of all Americans to join in contributing all that God has permitted us of energy and talent and determination to strengthen and keep our beloved United States.
THE
AUXILIARY'S
PART

The ladies added a million voices to Legion demands for a strong America

A STRONG SECOND to The American Legion's demand for an America more secure from internal subversion and external aggression was sounded with the voices of nearly one million women at the American Legion Auxiliary's thirtieth national convention.

The Auxiliary's 837 delegates representing 974,747 members adopted a program of all-out support for the Legion's 1951 objectives, echoing the Legion's action on national security and counter-communist measures, and also planning expansion of Auxiliary activities for disabled veterans, for children of veterans and for service to the 13,565 communities in which Auxiliary Units are located.

To lead this program they elected Mrs. Hope Reed, wife of Dr. Willis C. Reed, Vinita, Oklahoma. Mrs. Reed is a former President of her Department and former National Vice President.

The convention heard and cheered a report of the Auxiliary's nation-wide poll on Universal Military Training which showed Americans in favor of UMT by the overwhelming majority of eleven to one.

From Representative Richard M. Nixon, Congressional leader of the fight against subversive activities, the delegates received an up-to-the-minute picture of progress made in this long battle. They endorsed the Legion's stand for full enforcement of communist control laws.

Mrs. Norman L. Sheehe, Rockford, Illinois, outgoing National President, reported wide advances in all fields of Auxiliary activity and the largest membership enrollment in the organization's history.

Mrs. Ethel M. Hearst, Los Angeles, California, was elected National Historian, and Mrs. William C. Alexander, Durham, North Carolina, National Chaplain.

In the meeting of the National Executive Committee which followed adjournment of the convention, Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell, Story City, Iowa, National Secretary, and Mrs. Cecilia Wenz, Indianapolis, Indiana, National Treasurer, were unanimously re-elected to their offices.
What the Convention Did

The 32nd Annual Convention in its three crowded day-long sessions adopted a series of resolutions dealing with all of the major activities and interests of the Legion. These enactments form the working program of the organization for the year ahead. The most significant of the pronouncements and mandates are summarized here:

Most important of all the actions affecting the internal organization of the Legion itself was the preliminary action to broaden the eligibility requirements to admit veterans of the Korean war to membership. Congress was asked to amend the national charter to admit “members of our Armed Forces engaged in the Korean conflict, and for citizens of the United States on active duty with forces of Allied Governments” from June 25, 1950, “to and including the date of cessation of hostilities.” Appropriate amendment of the Legion’s Constitution to conform to this petition was authorized.

The annual national per capita tax was fixed at $1.25, of which 25 cents was earmarked for the rehabilitation program.

AMERICANISM

Demanded outlawing not only the communist party but of all subversive and “front” organizations.

Called for disbarment of members of the National Lawyers Guild for “following the party line.”

Asked continuance of the House Un-American Activities Committee with sufficient appropriations.

Recommended that subversive groups be refused permits to meet in public buildings or hold parades.

Demanded removal from office of any public official who tolerates communist activities within his department, and called for redoubling of loyalty checks on Government employees.

Urged for compulsory arbitration of labor disputes during emergencies.

Urged a more severe screening of displaced persons permitted to enter the country.

Called for the invoking of economic sanctions upon trade with Russia or her satellites.

Recommended adequate courses in American history in high schools and colleges as a prerequisite for graduation.

Reaffirmed the demand for the repeal of laws which discriminate against persons of Indian blood.

Asked that the President and Secretary of Defense fix a new date for Armed Forces Day “sufficiently removed in time from Memorial Day.”

Commended Judge Harold R. Medina for able conduct of the trial of the 11 communists in New York City.

Asked that wives and minor children of U. S. veterans living outside the U. S. be permitted to enter as aliens with such veterans to take up permanent residence.

Proposed legislation to provide for adequate regulation of the conduct of immi-

grants for reasonable length of time after admission.

Reaffirmed equality of full educational opportunities for all citizens from ele-

mentary schools through college and university levels.

Reiterated demand for Federal aid to educational and cultural control and with full preservation of American principle of local management of schools.

Instructed Americanism Commission to formulate program for instruction of immi-

grants in American standard way of life as against socialism or other ideologies.

Demanded that the death penalty be imposed on those convicted of the crimes of espionage, sabotage and sedition committed in peacetime as well as in wartime.

GENERAL MacARTHUR CITED FOR LEADERSHIP IN KOREA

Time after time during the Convention sessions mention of the name of General Douglas MacArthur, who “pulled this nation out of a hole in Korea,” brought cheers and roars of approval. At the last session the climax came when an official citation was unani-

mously adopted:

“Resolved, that General Douglas MacArthur is hereby commended and cited for his outstanding leadership and loyalty in the performance of his duties as Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces of the United States in the Asiatic and Far Eastern Command.”

Urged that, for national security, all communists be placed in detention; all U. S. citizens who are communists be tried as traitors, and aliens treated as enemy spies.

Deplored the release of Harry Bridges from jail.

Endorsed and called for enactment by Senate of Hobbs Bill (H.R. 10) dealing with alien subversives who cannot be deported.

Commended press, radio and television for promotion of the Americanism program of the Legion.

Urged publicity campaign for all citizens to register and vote, and for a spirited educational program on flag etiquette.

Reiterated stand on divisive forces which seek to array classes against class, race and creed against other races and creeds.

Asked cooperation of Legionnaires and citizens with Postmaster General to rid mails of indecent and obscene literature.

Opposed restoration to citizenship of Japanese who renounced citizenship when Japan declared war on U. S.

Commended J. Edgar Hoover and Federal Bureau of Investigation for efficiency and objectivity; William Green, President of AFL, for courageous stand and leadership against communism; National Education Association for barring communists and other subversives from membership, and to teaching profession general for hearty support of Americanism program; The Attorney General of the U. S. for prosecution of Harry Bridges, convicted perjurer; William Randolph Hearst for courageous, friendly and constant cooperation with the Legion in all its programs; to Congressman Richard M. Nixon for diligent efforts to uncover the Alger Hiss sub-

version, and to Motion Picture Industry for support of American principles against communism.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Condemned the failure of the State Department to deal adequately with the advance of communism, due fundamentally to a lack of understanding of communism itself. Deplored presence in State Department of men well known to possess communist leanings and demanded that the “President of the United States heed the clear lack of confidence and the misgivings of our people” and take immediate steps to reconstitute that Department.

Reiterated demand for strengthening charter of United Nations by removal of veto power in matters of aggression; adoption of international control of atomic energy and establishment of army quota; establishment of an effective tyranny-proof international police force.

Favored resolution by American delegate in U. N. that further aggression by Soviet Russia will meet retaliation, including, if necessary, release of atomic weapons on Soviet Russia.

Warned that we guard against jeopardizing our own financial structure by overextending financial aid to countries in the fight to destroy communism everywhere. Marshall Plan aid to Western Europe en-

dorsed until 1952 with hope of reducing commitments.

North Atlantic Pact commended; urged continued strengthening of military and political effectiveness; asked countries in Pact to aid in Legion’s recommendations for amending U. N. charter.

Called for strengthening political, military and economic effectiveness of Western Germany as a bulwark against Soviet aggression. Recommended careful screen-

ing of aid to other European countries, including Spain.

Recommended full diplomatic recognition of Spain, including appointment of Ambassador to that country by U. S.

Commended United Nations for prompt and effective action to repel the armed attack on the Republic of Korea.

Opposed recognition of red China, and seating delegate of red China in U. N.

Urged continued defense of Formosa and aid to Philippine Government to help resist revolutionists and communist aggressors.

Urged support of patriot groups of Chinese, such as the Nationalists, who will fight for a free China.

Called for speedy conclusion of treaty of peace with Japan.
Reiterated demand for establishment of Regional Defense Pact for nations of the far Pacific and South-Eastern Asia.

Approved the accomplishments of our economic and military aid to Greece, Turkey and the Middle East, and called on Latin American countries to join us in a mutual understanding and helpfulness between the peoples of the Americas.

Urged use of American technological knowledge for the benefit of children, who constitute 25% of the total population of the world, and cooperate with private enterprise in countries needing such aid and who are actively combatting the forces of "Kremlinism."

Approved Voice of America program, and called for greater means to disseminate the American story. Approved and recommended support of "Crusade for Freedom." Urged activation of Legion Forces, to continue through all levels of Legion activity.

CHILD WELFARE

Instructed Legion Commissions to make study of the use and means of prevention of use of narcotics among our juveniles, cooperating with law enforcing and social agencies.

Recommended that a section of Child Welfare Area Conferences be devoted to study of problems of juvenile delinquency, remedies and prevention. Authorized Child Welfare Aids, as a means of inculcating in each District which does most outstanding work in child welfare.

Endorsed uniform state laws on desertion and non-support which will make possible reciprocal agreements between states for enforcement of court orders regarding support of minor children.

Asked that Social Security Act be amended to provide credits for men and women in Korean war. Also urged that the Social Security Act be amended to increase the wage credit for WW2 military service from 75 cents to 1 dollar.

Recommended that a system of identification of children be established as a part of the civilian defense program.

That in establishment of day care facilities for children, high standards be maintained, and that such centers be licensed and supervised by the appropriate state agency.

Called for re-establishment of emergency maternity and infant care program similar to operation during WW2.

Urged Congress to define "continued absence from home" as used in Social Security Act, to allow all dependent children and that the definition should make it mandatory for states to adjudge a child as being denied the support of a parent in short absences.

LEGISLATIVE

Asked that new general medical and surgical hospital be named in honor of the late Albert A. Sprague.

Opposed granting veterans' benefits to former members of non-military or quasi-military groups associated with the Armed Forces, including Merchant Marine, American Field Service, Coast Guard Temporary Reservists (except those on full time active duty), Civilian Air Patrol, Russian Railway Service, Red Cross, and Office of Strategic Services (civilians), etc.

Requested that Armed Forces personnel on active duty receive a $1,500 deduction from their income for federal income tax purposes for 1950 to the end of the present emergency.

Demanded impartial Congressional investigation of the loyalty of all officials and employees of the State Department: dismissal of any found wanting, and that all personnel records of the State Depart-
Elaborate ceremonies marked the laying of the cornerstone of the Legion's new monumental-type building at Washington on September 15. Construction of the 7-story edifice is well under way and—designed to house the Washington offices of the National Headquarters—it is expected that several floors will be ready for occupancy by January 1st. According to plans, the building will be fully occupied by March 1st.

The cornerstone was laid by National Commander George N. Craig, who was also the principal speaker of the day. Sharing honors with the current Commander, and one of the speakers, was Franklin D'Olier, Newark, New Jersey, the first elected National Commander, who steered the newly organized American Legion through its first year. With him was Lemuel Bolles, Washington, who was the first National Adjutant and who served long and efficiently in that position.

Master of ceremonies of the occasion was Owen C. Holleran, National Executive Committeeman representing the District of Columbia, who introduced the speakers.

Past National Commander Milo J. Warner, Toledo, Ohio, Chairman of the subcommittee on Enlarging National Headquarters, whose committee planned the new building, reviewed at some length the history of National Headquarters housing in Washington. After years of operation in rented rooms, the Legion purchased a 4-story red brick residence building at 1608 K Street, Northwest, in 1924, and this building served the Washington branch until the fall of 1949, when it was wrecked to make way for the new structure.

The increased membership and the pyramid ing load upon the Washington offices as a result of WW2 made a larger building imperative. The Building Committee was created in 1943; its first duty was to study the needs and make recommendations to meet those needs. An appropriation of $1,000,000 was made available for the new structure at Washington; Chairman Warner was able to report at the cornerstone laying that all requirements will be met and that through the watchful supervision of National Commander George N. Craig and the Committee the structure will be completed, furnished, the rent for temporary quarters paid for, moving, and other expenses met not only within the limit of the $1,000,000 appropriation, but that something more than $250,000 will be returned to the Legion's treasury.

Members of the Committee headed by Chairman Warner are Past National Commander Perry Brown, Beaumont, Texas; John E. Curtiss, Lincoln, Nebraska; Leo V. Lanning, Albany, New York, and Harry K. Stinger, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. At the ceremony, the colors were advanced and retired by the National Guard of Honor of Washington. The U. S. Army Band, under command of Captain Hugh Kelly, furnished the music. Rev. Edward J. Carney, O.S.A., Lawrence, Massachusetts, National Chaplain, pronounced the invocation and the benediction.

The new building occupies an area 110 feet deep with a frontage of 50 feet, seven stories in height and will provide 39,000 square feet of floor space. Six of the floors will be occupied by offices of the National Commander, the National President of the Auxiliary, National Rehabilitation Commission, National Legislative Commission, National Economic Commission, and branch offices of the National Public Relations Commission, National Americanism Commission, and such other sections of the national Legion organization as find it necessary to operate from Washington branch offices.

Carl C. Britsch of the firm of Britsch & Munger, Toledo, Ohio, and Bertram Giesecke of the firm of Giesecke, Kuehne & Brooks, Austin, Texas, are the architects. Hauser Construction Company of Philadelphia are the contractors.

Commander Perry Brown struck first blow to wreck old red brick building; National Adjutant Henry H. Dudley watched
National Commander Heads Caravan in Cross-Country Tour to Spur Early Membership

Striking out immediately after his election, National Commander Erle Cocke, Jr., is covering the country from coast to coast with a membership caravan that will cover nearly a score of Legion Department posts. The purpose of the tour is to stimulate new enthusiasm and new determination on the part of local Posts and the Departments to roll up an all time high advance 1951 membership enrollment.

Nothing like it has ever been attempted before on a country-wide basis. As planned, the National Commander Cocke and his staff, the long swing from the Pacific to the Atlantic has two definite advantages—a membership enrollment campaign at the grass roots and at the same time permit the newly elected National Commander to carry the programs of the Legion direct to the Legionnaires who will be called upon to support them.

Commander Cocke, from experience in his own Georgia Department and in the broader national field, is convinced that a lot of membership effort is wasted by spreading enrollment campaigns out over a few months. Well-determined, with the aid of the Department officers, to bolster the membership strength as the first major effort of his campaign—get the memberships in quickly, leaving plenty of time to give attention to the thousand and one worthwhile, constructive programs and projects of local Posts and the national organizations.

As planned, the tour spans from Los Angeles to New York, beginning on October 15 and ending with a grand rally at Baltimore, Maryland, on the evening of November 9. There will be one or two major meetings each day, but interspersed in the day’s business, as the caravan moves from one central point to another, will be a great number of informal stops. The National Commander and Department officers will make brief addresses at these “court house steps” conferences.

Starting from Los Angeles on the morning of October 15, National Commander Cocke and his caravan had the first membership pep meeting at Las Vegas, Nevada, that evening. The itinerary is an ambitious one—the only major noon and evening meetings are listed:

October 16, Reno, Nevada; 17, Elko, Nevada; 18, Pocatello, Idaho; 19, Rock Springs, Wyoming; 20, Provo, Utah; 21, noon, Richfield, Utah, and evening, Cedar City, Utah; 22, Flagstaff, Arizona; 23, noon, Holbrook, Arizona, and evening, Gallup, New Mexico; 24, Santa Fe, New Mexico; 25, Trinidad, Colorado; 26, Amarillo, Texas; 27, Wichita Falls, Texas; 28, noon, Gainesville, Texas, 4 p.m. Durant, Oklahoma.

On October 29 the caravan will have a luncheon meeting atMuscogee, Oklahoma, and an evening meeting at Fort Smith, Arkansas. On the 30th meetings will be held at Paris, Texas, at noon, and at Springfield, Missouri, in the evening, and the month will end, the 31st, with a noon meeting at Marshall, Missouri, and an evening rally at Hannibal, Missouri.

November Ist will see the caravan enter Illinois—noon at Peoria and evening at Joliet. The 2nd is held open for a brief rest and to permit National Commander Cocke to catch up with official business, but will resume on the 3rd with a noon meeting at Niles, Michigan, and a dinner gathering at Battle Creek, Michigan.

A luncheon meeting is scheduled for Detroit on the 4th, and the 5th will be held at the noon hour at Erie, Pennsylvania, and in the evening at Rochester, New York. On November 6th a luncheon at Syracuse, New York, and a dinner meeting at Albany are scheduled. The New Jersey schedule for the 7th had now been fixed at the time of closing this page. The caravan will wind up the long trek on November 9th with a luncheon meeting at Wilmington, Delaware, and a dinner meeting in Baltimore, Maryland. The annual Armistice Day service at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, on November 11th, will follow the conclusion of the tour.

Legion on Quiz Kid Program

A panel of five Legionnaires will tangle with the Quiz Kids in a Legion radio program on Sunday, November 5, 3:30 p.m., Eastern Standard Time. The popular program is aired over the facilities of NBC throughout the country. The special broadcast promises to be lively and highly entertaining.

Cornhusker Boys and Girls County

The Boys and Girls County program, originated in Nebraska three years ago, operated in 61 counties in that State in the 1949-50 school year. It is expected that every county in Nebraska will participate in the present school year. Approved as a national program last spring, Nebraska led the way in adopting the program.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

4th (Pathfinder) Infantry Division—3rd annual reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio.7th (Squadron) Engineering—annual reunion, New York City, September 31. Headquarters, 77th Division Club, 28 East 39th St. Inquiries to Jack Malpass, General Chairman, at Club House.

Chemical Warfare Service Veterans Association—14th annual convention, New York City, November 30; both WVs and men in service. Info from George W. Nichols, Secy-Treas., RFD 4, Box 422A, Kingston, N.Y.

Co. 2, 19th Engineers, and Co. A, 123d Inf., 31st Division, (WW2)—1st annual reunion, Oklahoma City, November 11. Write George C. Woods, Box 1850, Oklahoma City.

Co. A, 79th MP Battalion 1st reunion, Columbus, Ohio. Labor Day weekend, 1941. Write Bill Schorrheide, 505 West St. Louis St., Nashville, Ill.


5th General Hospital Association—5th annual reunion, Boston, Mass., November 4th; Parker House. Info from Robert Baron, 24 Rockmere Gardens, Lynn, Mass.


2nd Anti-Aircraft M.G. BN. 4-A.E.F.—2nd annual reunion, Sunday, November 5. Details from W. L. Sperling, 224 Rockmere Gardens, Villas, L. N. Y.

2nd Infantry, 99th Division—3rd annual reunion, Kansas City, Mo., November 18, 24 Memorial Building. Info from Inghram D. Hook, President, 960 Reserve Bank Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.
dead," he told many audiences. "In memory, our dead ever live to us and their deeds of courage, valor and patriotism are the prop and inspiration for the living citizenry to carry on."

The Secretary of War delegated his appointed duty to the Quartermaster General. The return, directed the Chief of the American Graves Registration Service in Europe to select the bodies of four unknown dead. The Service acted promptly. Four bodies were exhumed from the sections consecrated to the unknown dead, one from each in four American cemeteries—Saint-Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne near Romagne-sous-Montfaucon; St. Mihiel near Thiaucourt; Aisne-Marne near Belleau Wood, and Somme near Bony. The service men designated to exhume the unknowns made certain that they were the bodies of Americans by careful checking uniforms, equipment, markings where born, and any original burial records.

This examination fulfilled the first part of the authorization to select an unknown soldier, but there was still much to be done—care must be taken that there were no possible misidentification. In some cases, uniforms, as well as sleeves or pockets, were cut open and reversed, every scrap of clothing was examined for written names or other markings, the inner soles of the shoes were removed in the search for identification. It was established that the bodies had no identifiable sets of teeth, for charts had more than once in the past provided the clue to identity of a battle casualty.

The embalming groups wrapped each of the four unidentified bodies in blankets and placed them in identical metal caskets. They were then enclosed in shipping boxes which had been planed white to eliminate all marks that would disclose the cemetery from which they came. A close guard had been maintained during all this procedure. On October 23, 1921, the four caskets were removed to a chapel set in the Hotel de Ville (City Hall) of the French city of Chalons-sur-Marne. The caskets were removed from the shipping boxes, which were used as catafalques.

Six pallbearers, all outstanding noncommissioned officers who had honored in the war and had been selected from the American troops in various sections of occupied Germany. These soldiers were Sergeant Nathan S. Meredith, Howitzer Co., 8th Infantry; Corporal Albert H. Miller, Company H, 8th Infantry; Corporal James N. Forrester, Company B, 5th Infantry; Corporal Russell W. Williams, Company K, 5th Infantry; Sergeant Edward F. Younger, Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, 50th Infantry, and Corporal Reuben Abrams, Company E, 50th Infantry.

Arriving at Chalons on the morning of October 24th the designated pallbearers were interviewed singly by General Harry H. Rogers, Quartermaster General. After the interviews had been completed Colonel Frank Rethers, Chief of the Graves Registration Service in Europe, informed them that "General Rogers has made his decision. Sergeant Edward F. Younger will choose the Unknown Soldier."

Sergeant Younger was a handsome strapping 23-year-old Chicagoan. As a member of Company A, 9th Infantry, 2nd Division, he had fought at Chateau-Thierry and in the Argonne Offensive, and in the Meuse-Argonne and had been awarded the Purple Heart Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster. He was later transferred to the 50th Infantry for Army Occupation service.

General Henry T. Allen, Commanding General of the American Forces in Germany, accompanied by aides and a delegation representing Paris Post No. 1, The American Legion, arrived at Chalons city hall at 10 o'clock in the morning of October 24th. A notable company of French dignitaries, headed by the Mayor of Chalons, had awaited his arrival. The General directed that the spray of flowers be given to Sergeant Younger.

"Proceed alone into the chapel," the General told the Sergeant. "Select the Unknown Soldier, and place these flowers upon his casket. Take all the time you wish."

Sergeant Younger saluted smartly, then walked from the rotunda between two lines of the Guard of Honor into the chapel. A French Army band played a hymn quietly and softly.

The Sergeant stood alone with the heroic dead. He slowly circled the four caskets. His sole and specific job now was to fulfill an order of the American people, an order written by their elected representatives in Congress.

"I was left alone in the chapel," he later told friends. "I walked around the coffins three times. Then suddenly I stopped. What caused me to stop I don't know. It was as though something had pulled me. I placed the roses on the coffin in front of me. I can still remember the awful feeling I had, standing there alone."

Sergeant Younger returned to Chicago after discharge as a remarried man in the postoffice. He was a charter member of Van Buren Post No. 401, The American Legion, of Chicago. He died on August 6, 1942, and is buried in Arlington Cemetery near the tomb of the Unknown Soldier he had selected.

The Unknown Soldier who had been selected. The final part of the Congressional mandate remained to be carried out: return home, for final interment in his native American soil.

Embalmers working in the presence of Army officers transferred the body to a casket and an engraved plate with the inscription: "Unknown American Soldier Who Gave His Life in the Great War." The casket was sealed. It was covered with an American flag on which rested a spray of roses. It was never again opened.

The other three unidentified bodies were immediately returned for final burial in the Meuse-Argonne Cemetery near Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, where each grave was marked by a marble cross inscribed: "Here rests in Honored Glory an Unknown American Soldier."

An identical marker is placed at the graves of all the Unknown American dead buried in Europe, and the inscription is the same as that on the revered tombstone in Arlington.

On the day of selection the Unknown Soldier began his long journey home. Crowds lined the streets as the casket passed down to deliver the casket to a waiting train, and at 9:30 that evening it arrived at Batignolles, an outlying station of Paris, where a Guard of Honor—the three American soldiers and a representative of The American Legion kept vigil until then. The body lay on a catafalque, surrounded by the flowers and the music of a French Army band. Three thousand school children threw flowers in the pathway of the coffin and then followed the casket to the dock, where it was taken aboard the United States cruiser Olympia, once the flagship of Admiral George Dewey, hero of another war. The pallbearers were four sailors and two Marines.

On November 9th the Olympia steamed up the Potomac River, the hero Unknown laid on the after deck under theades of her big guns. As she passed Mount Vernon the ship's bells tolled in honor of an earlier patriot, George Washington. A waiting regiment of cavalry serving as a Guard of Honor escorted the body, carried on a black-draped gun casket drawn by four black horses and placed in the Navy Yard to the nation's Capitol. President and Mrs. Harding and other officials paid reverence honors soon after the body had been placed in state in the great rotunda of the Capitol. The casket rested on a catafalque which had borne the bodies of the three martyred Presidents—Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley.

On the following day, November 10, long lines formed outside the Capitol—people of all stations in life—who came to pay final respects to America's hero. More than 100,000 filed past the bier that day. To an observer the rotunda seemed like a garden, so many were the tributes were banked there. The Governor of each State and officials of the District of Columbia sent floral tributes, as well as representatives of the Allied Powers and patriotic organizations. The eldest holder of the Victoria Cross, 92-year-old Sergeant George Forrester, of Nova Scotia, offered a huge wreath of maple leaves and poppies from the veterans of Canada.

The Earl of Craven placed a wreath on the catafalque bearing a card with a tribute in his King's own handwriting: "As unknown, and yet well known; As dying, and behold, we live.—George, R. I." One
wreath from a new country that was born as a result of the war had a card reading: "To the Unknown American Hero from the grateful Czechoslovak Nation."

The Unknown left his Nation’s Capitol at 8:30 in the morning of November 11th – the third anniversary of Armistice Day. In solemn ceremony the coffin proceeded the several miles from the Capitol, down to Key Bridge and across the Potomac to Arlington. General Pershing had decided to be the grand marshal of the parade; as chief of the AEF he regarded himself as a mourner and walked the entire route. The stricken ex-President Woodrow Wilson rode in the procession in an old fashioned Victoria, but was unable to participate in the ceremonies.

Among those gathered to pay the last honors and to witness the entombment were ex-President Taft, Vice President Coolidge, Marshal Foch, Generals of the Allied Armies; General Diaz, Commander of the Italian Armies; Admiral Beatty, Commander of the British Grand Fleet; General Jacques, Commander of the Belgian Army; Premier Briand of France, and Prime Minister David Lloyd George of Britain. Included in the great gathering were the representatives of the Legion from every Department. The tremendous outpouring of people – more than 100,000 – overflowed the Amphitheater and hills of the beautiful cemetery which overlooks the Potomac and the city of Washington.

The funeral procession reached the Amphitheater at 11:40; President and Mrs. Harding arrived at precisely 11:56, which was the signal to begin the ceremonies. As the last notes of The Star Spangled Banner died down, Chief Army Chaplain Axton asked God to show the light to those who would seek peace. A deep hush fell at 12 noon when, conforming to the President’s proclamation, a two-minute period of silence was observed – observed not only at Washington but throughout the entire country.

After a brief introduction by Secretary Weeks, President Harding spoke briefly, paying the official tribute to the valorous dead and in the course of which he made a plea for a world-wide ban on war. "Standing today on hallowed ground," he said, "conscious that all America has hails to share in the tribute of heart, and mind, and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that this is not only the expression of the Republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the million dead, shall not be in vain. There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare."

At the conclusion of his address the President dramatically asked the assemblage to join in the Lord's Prayer. The President then affixed to the casket the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest military decoration of the United States. He was followed by the official representatives of Belgium, Britain, France, Italy, Romania, Czechoslovakia and Poland, who laid upon the casket the highest military medals and decorations of their respective countries.

The casket was then wheeled into its final resting place.

At first a simple white marble tomb with but a slight elevation was placed over the grave, but by 1929 Congressional appropriations had been made to erect the larger tomb of white Colorado marble – a shrine in honor and memory of the unknown dead of the first World War. Any parent of any one of the unknown dead can look across the wide distances and say, "My son may be resting there."

The panels of the tomb bear carved figures which represent Valor, Victory and Peace. The only inscription is on one of the panels: "Here rests in Honored Glory an American Soldier Known But to God."

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The Set-Up
(Continued from page 11)

"I'll take the chance?" Brocker said. "I have the greatest admiration for your daring or confidence, whatever you want to call it. Frankly, you amaze me. On the other hand, suppose we go through with this and suppose--well, suppose that you're not successful?"

"Then I'm tapped out," Brocker said. "Look," Hicks said. "You must understand that we can't afford to have the responsibility for this thing traced to us. We're a reputable company."

"What responsibility? I have no family."

"You don't get the point. It's against the law to jump off bridges around here. Furthermore, we can't take the chance of anyone tracing it back to us in case of well, in case of your death."

He was looking right at Brocker. "Why not face it," he said. "You might get killed."

"Suppose I sign a paper?"

"No. It won't mean a thing."

Brocker went over to the window beyond Hicks across the great blue open space to the next tall building in the distance. "You mean that's final?" he said. "That's right. I'm afraid so."

"I waited again. Well, he thought, now we'll see."

"Well," he said, "if you're sure that's the way you feel."

"It's the way I feel." It sounded final. Brocker stood up. He walked up to the desk. "All right," he said. "Then I take it to the World people. I jump for the World people, and they get a helluva picture."

He watches Hicks's face. He saw that it did not change. "You know the World people," Brocker said. "They'll go for it."

"You're very stubborn," Hicks said. "Why?"

"Because I want to get a hundred bucks for jumping off the bridge."

"All right," Hicks said. "I'll give you a hundred dollars to sign a paper saying you won't jump off any bridges for the World people or for us or for anyone else."

"No good."

"Why? You want a hundred dollars and you'll get it that way." "I don't want it that way."

"I don't understand."

"Look," Brocker said, and he was leaning over the desk toward Hicks now, "I don't know how much you get for running this newsreel company. I don't care. If I could get you the same dough for not running this newsreel company would you quit?"

"No. Probably not, but this is a different thing."

"This is the same thing," Brocker said. "This is what you do for your dough, and what I do is take chances. Nobody ever jumped off that bridge with the idea of living. It's 365 feet from the roadway to the water. That's a long way. I'm gonna jump off that bridge for you or the World people or somebody else, but I'm not

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Calvert Challenges Comparison

with any whiskey —at any price!

TRUST YOUR OWN GOOD TASTE to decide which whiskey is right for you.

Frankly, whether it's Calvert or some other brand, the whiskey that tastes best to you is the best buy for your money.

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2 SNIFF ONE BRAND for aroma. Taste it critically for smoothness. Swallow slowly to judge its freedom from harshness. Then judge the other brand in the same analytical way, and pick the one that really tastes best to you.

Your own good taste will tell you
It's Smart to Switch to
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CALVERT RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY
(Continued from page 46)
gonna do it just to take the chance. I'm gonna earn a hundred bucks that way. Now do you understand?"
He backed away from the desk and sat down again in the leather chair. He kept watching Hicks.
"You're really amazing, Mr. Brocker," Hicks said. "You amaze me more all the time."
"Do I do it for you, or don't I?"
"I don't know," Hicks said. "I want to talk to somebody."
He reached over and pushed a button behind his desk. He talked into the box on the desk at his right.
"Miss Barton," he said. "Send in Fraser."
The two men did not talk until Fraser came in. Fraser was a slim man in his mid-thirties, and he had on a sports jacket and a sports shirt and slacks.
"Fraser," Hicks said, "this is Mr. Brocker."
Fraser looked at Brocker and nodded and Brocker nodded back.
"He's going to pull off a stunt for us," Hicks said. "He's going to jump off the Lincoln Bridge."
"What?"
"I said he's going to jump off the Lincoln Bridge."
Brocker had to smile. Sitting there and looking at Fraser's face as Fraser looked at him he had to smile in spite of Hicks. "I think tomorrow morning will be as good a time as any," Hicks said, "as long as we get a break in the weather."
"The weather will be all right," Brocker said. "I checked the weather bureau."
"Anyway," Hicks said, still talking to Fraser, "I think you and Gibson and Mr. Brocker here should go out there this afternoon and ride back and forth over the bridge a few times to see about setting up."
"We won't have to," Brocker said. "I've been over the thing a half dozen times. I'll jump about 800 feet out from the East end on the north walk. There's plenty of traffic under the bridge and I'll wait until a tug or something comes along to pick me up. Mr. Fraser here can set up with the sun at his back, and I'll wear white pants and a white shirt so I'll show up good."
Hicks shrugged his shoulders and looked at Fraser.
"Well," Fraser was saying slowly, "if we're going to do this thing I think we'd better forget the white pants. Just the white shirt. The white pants will look too much like a stunt coming off if the cops spot us."
"That's right," Hicks said. "You'll have to watch out for the police."
"Not only that," Fraser said, "but if anything happens—if Mr. Brocker here fails—you know, boss, we won't be able to use the stuff."
"We know that."
"You're the boss."
"And one other thing," Brocker said. "What?" Hicks said.
"My hundred bucks."
"You'll get that," Hicks said, "from Fraser on the bridge tomorrow morning."
"All right."
The next morning at 7:30 Fraser and Gibson and the driver sat in the station wagon in front of the office of American Newsreels, Inc., waiting for Brocker. The day was clean and still cool, and the sun, still low, was shining between the tall buildings, cutting golden rectangles across the street.
"Do you think he'll show?" Gibson said.
They were sitting in the back of the station wagon, the driver alone in front. Gibson, tall and thin and starting to age, sat with his knees propped against the back of the seat in front of him.
"I don't know," Fraser said. "You guess it."
"It's okay with me," Gibson said, "if he decides not to."
"I'd like it better myself," Fraser said. He saw Brocker coming then, walking up the street toward the station wagon. He pointed him out to Gibson, the little guy in the white sports shirt and the brown work pants with the newspaper under his arm.
"I like the newspaper," Gibson said. "You'd think the guy was just going to work."
"He is," Fraser said.
Fraser got out of the station wagon. He waited on the sidewalk for Brocker.
"Well," he said when Brocker came up, "all set?"
"Sure," Brocker said. "Why not?"
"No reason," Fraser said. "We drew a good day."
"Like I said."
"Sure," Fraser said.
He opened the front door of the station wagon and Brocker got in with the driver. Fraser got in back again with Gibson and they drove the six blocks through the streets, awakening now, to the Drive. When they turned north on the Drive they could see the bridge ahead, web-like in the distance. They watched the bridge and saw it get bigger and said nothing.
When they made the turn off the ramp and onto the bridge they drove out about two-hundred yards from the end and Fraser told the driver to stop. They got out, Fraser and Gibson and Brocker, and Fraser and Gibson unloaded the big camera and the hand camera and the tripod.
"All right," Fraser said to the driver, "back in—"
He turned to Brocker who had been watching them unload.
"How long do you think this will take?"
"Fifteen minutes," Brocker said. "Fifteen minutes at the most."
"All right," Fraser said to the driver. "Drive off the bridge and wait at the other side for about ten minutes. Then drive back and around and pick us up again. In case we want more time we'll tell you when you come back."
The driver nodded and the station wagon started up and drove off. The traffic on the bridge was thin—a car every 300 yards or so—and Brocker stood watching it while Fraser and Gibson set up the big camera.
"All right," Fraser said, "we're set. How about you?"
"Not me," Brocker said. "What?"
"The dough."
"Oh," Fraser said, "Sure."
He reached into a pants pocket and took out a roll of bills and counted five twenties out into Brocker's hand. Brocker folded them once in the middle and slid them into his pocket.
"Okay," he said, "now here's what we do."
He pointed along the walk.
"You see that place there where the cable support comes down?"
Fraser nodded and Gibson stood there, looking where Brocker had pointed and back to Brocker.
"Well, that's where I go over," Brocker said. "I climb up on that railing there and I wave my handkerchief. If you're set, you wave back. Then I wave a second time and I go. From where you're set up you can fan through the railing here, and this guy with the hand camera can lean over the railing and get the whole thing from there. Okay?"
“Yes,” Fraser said. “You seem to know something about cameras.”

“I fooled around with them once,” Brocker said. “All right?”

“Sure,” Fraser said. “It’s all right with us.”

Brocker turned then and started walking along the walk. Fraser noticed that he was wearing brown sneakers. He noticed it because of the easy way Brocker walked.

“Don’t we even wish the guy luck?” Company.

“Apparently not.”

“I don’t like this,” Gibson said.

“That makes two of us,” Fraser said.

Brocker kept walking, slowly, and Fraser and Gibson started to work, running off a little film of the bridge and of Brocker walking. Brocker had walked about a hundred feet when Fraser heard a car pull up and stop, and he turned around.

“Hey!” the cop said, beckoning.

There were two cops in a white prow car. The one on the curb side had his head out of the window and he was motioning Fraser to follow.

“What do you guys think you’re doing?” the cop said.

“Nothing much,” Fraser said, smiling and walking over.

Gibson still stood by the rail watching Brocker walking. Brocker, he knew, could maneuver about the cops, and now he saw him stop.

“We’re from American Newsrel,” Fraser said. “We have some new cameras they want us to try out. We’re just shooting a lot of film for tests. That’s all.”

He waited, looking right at the cop. The cop was looking along the bridge, and then he looked at Fraser.

“All right,” he said. “I just wanted to be sure you’re not pulling anything. You newsrel guys are fresh with ideas, you know.”

“Fresh?” Fraser said, smiling. “Not us.”

“No. Of course not,” the cop said. “Two other guys.”

He said something to the cop at the wheel and the cop at the wheel shifted into gear and the car started up. When it passed Brocker he was standing by the rail, looking up the river, and the car went on.

“That was close,” Fraser said.

“Not close enough,” Gibson said. “I wish they’d stopped this. I wish they’d kicked us off the bridge.”

“It’s not our baby,” Fraser said. “We didn’t order any.”

Brocker had reached, they realized now, the point he had mentioned by the cable support. He stood there, not looking back, but looking down at the river below and the waiting, apparently, for something on the river. He stood there for about two minutes, and at the cameras Fraser and Gibson stood focusing on him, and then they saw him climb to the railing, holding onto the support, look back and wave a handkerchief.

“All right,” Gibson said. “Wave.”

“Right,” Fraser said.

Brocker waved his arm over his head twice. Brocker waved again, paused a second to let them start turning, and then he went.

When he went he pushed off strongly with his feet, and he went out in a graceful arc. They could see, in their sights, his arms spread out like wings, and his shirt very white in the brightness of the sun. He held, they could see, the arc as long as he could, and then he started turning in the air and down, his body stiff but pinwheeling, his feet over his head, until Fraser lost him under the bridge and, leaving his camera, ran over to Gibson at the rail. He was in time to see Brocker, probably conscious of his closeness to the water, kicking his feet frantically and waving his arms, trying to bring his feet down, and then hitting the water flat, and disappearing in the splash.

“God,” Fraser said.

Gibson shut off his camera, and held it close to his chest. He said nothing. The splash was two on either side, seeing the place of the splash, seeing nothing in the seconds until a tug, towing two barges, came out from under the bridge and passed over the spot.

“God,” Fraser said.

“I knew it,” Gibson said. “I said so from the start.”

“Sure,” Fraser said.

“We should have stopped him,” Gibson said. “We could have stopped him.”

“We didn’t do it.”

“Hicks did it,” Gibson said. “That big, dirty phoney did it.”

“Let’s get out of here,” Fraser said.

They went over to the big crane, and Fraser worked over it, and then they lifted it off the tripod and placed it on the walk. Gibson folded up the tripod and put it beside the camera. They were working quickly when they heard a car stop and they saw the white prow car at the curb again.

“Well,” the same cop said, “you guys satisfied now?”

“What?” Fraser said.

“Are you satisfied?” the cop said. “Did you get what you want with your new cameras? You look like you’re done.”

“Oh, sure,” Fraser said, smiling. “We’re done. We did all right. I guess. We never know until we go back and look at the stuff. You never can tell about new gadgets until you try them out. You know?”

“I suppose so,” the cop said.

“Thanks a lot, anyway.”

“That’s all right,” the cop said, smiling. “but you guys got the racket.”

“The racket?”

“Sure,” the cop said, still smiling.

“Nothing to do but go around taking pictures of bathing beauties and that kind of stuff. Am I right?”

“Sure,” Fraser said. “I guess you’re right. It’s not so bad, at that.”

Standing there, leaning on the prow car and looking back toward the East end of the Bridge Fraser could see the station wagon coming back. The sun was high and getting hot now, and he could see how white the roadway of the bridge was, and he could see the station wagon getting bigger and coming closer in the bright sunlight.

Check Your Hat!
(Continued from page 21)

himself up a partner, and moved into a small plant in Garland, Texas. Today Rolnick’s Company sprawls over fifty acres of what was once a cotton field. When Rolnick moved his plant into Garland the population was 1700; now it is 10,000 a healthy percentage of them working for the hat factory.

When he started thinking of hat manufacture, Rolnick took 3000 head shapes, and discovered what apparently no other hat manufacturer had, that no two head shapes are the same. Heads are as individual as fingerprints. Therefore such a thing as a “size” was inaccurate.

From this the beginning of modern hat manufacturing all hats had been blocked on the same shape-block. Rolnick placed manufacture on the conveyor belt system. Each operation was different. He constructed an inside leather band that would conform to the headshape of the wearer, yet not pull the hat out of its blocked oval shape. He called his hat, “The Resistol Self-Conforming” hat, and went out and made history with it.

He has received pledges of gratitude from such people as two Presidents of the United States, Governor Dewey of New York, Mexico’s former President, Avila Camacho, Winston Churchill, most of Hollywood’s movie boys, and thousands of thankful wives.

Rolnick’s most enthusiastic well-wishers are the women of America — probably because he offers them sage advice on how to buy hats for their boys. He also is the loud voice behind the Hat Research Foundation. The foundation is also working on some college and high school and school groups to discuss the value and importance of hats to America’s young men.

Clothiers discovered years ago how to drape a man’s suit to reduce unsightly bulges such as wide hips, or build up a flat chest and narrow shoulders. Harry Rolnick has a prescription that can do as much for your husband or brother with a mere hat.

He maintains, and the greater portion of male Hollywood agrees with him, that a man’s hat should be selected with the same care as his suit. Get the right hat, he says, and you can look from five to ten pounds lighter, slenderize your figure, increase or decrease your height.

A short man can look all of his weight and a few fleshy pounds more with a square blocked hat. The kind whose crown starts straight up and flattens at the top, or a sharply sloped down and a narrow brim, or the campus-cut porkpie with a wide brim. “All of these,” says Rolnick, “emphasize the short stature as well as weight, but put a slightly tapered crown surmounting a brim of 2½ inch width on a plump man, and the crown of his hat flows with the full face lines without sharp

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intrusions; the medium width brim smartly snapped gives a flowing brim line. The man's face looks less expansive; the heavy appearance is reduced.

The slender type should select a medium tapered crown; the brim can be of the distorted, heavy face; but if he select a snap brim, it should not be a deep snap. The brim shouldn't be too wide; 2½ inches is about right. This Rolnick prescription results in a hat that balances the slender face, adds weight and height to the appearance.

The lean men should never wear a high crown, a wide or a narrow-brimmed hat. It gives them an ostrich look. They need a medium tapered crown to blend with the lines of the face. A pinch in the crown also compliments the conformation of a lean face. A medium width brim is recommended unless the man is very tall. Then he should have a slightly wider brim. His hat should have a tilt to break up the long lines of his face.

The big hulk needs a full square crown of moderate height. If he is full-faced, then the crown should be given a light pinch; the brim can be as wide as the man wants it. He will also look good in an off-the-face hat. But give the large man a hat with a narrow brim and tapered crown and his features and body will look like something in a carnival distortion mirror, Rolnick points out.

The pear-headed man should have a wide-brimmed hat with a full crown with out indentation or pinch: the Clark Gable or protruding-ear type is given the slightly tapered crown, a brim that doesn't snap too much in the center, but has a full even snap across. Big noses are urged to avoid a sharply tapered crown, and keep to a medium height to avoid contrast with the long nose. They should wear their hats pulled down front rather than perched up on the forehead. This does away with that ant-eater look.

"The man with the receding chin offers a nice problem," says the hat expert, no lantern-jawed Dick Tracy himself. "He should select a brimmed crown and deep brim. To look his best, he should wear a hat with a low, slightly tapered crown and a flat-snaped brim."

One of Rolnick's lean customers, Gary Cooper, has a special closet constructed for the sixty-five hats he owns. A few others are Errol Flynn, Dennis Morgan, Jimmy Cagney, and many more with so-called problems, have their headgear especially prescribed by Harry Rolnick. This prescription is in the form of a card that Rolnick sends upon request with spaces for face type, complexion, height and weight. From the completed filled-in forms, Rolnick deduces his talent in a hat design.

A word of advice for the ladies from Rolnick: "Never let your husband wear the same color throughout. It's all right for you women to ensemble colors, but when one man wears a topcoat, hat and shoes, it blinks him out."

Gray, he believes, is the best color because it can be worn with everything, and that seems to be important to men. "I can't understand," puzzles Rolnick, "why a man will buy several suits, ties and topcoats, but never wear the same hat with them all. It's a simple matter of intelligence."

He has several feminine customers who come to him with their problems. One woman approached him last month and pleaded with him to ask her husband to buy a new hat. He had been wearing the same one for fifteen years. He's still wearing it. Rolnick isn't irrevocable.

He isn't in favor of selling hats by mail or to unseen customers. He has the artistic or "Rembrandt touch"—or so his friends and customers claim—and likes to study a man's height, weight, build, then design a hat which will fit structurally.

"Women strive for the original in hats," Rolnick remarks. "men for the conventional. That's the reason they buy their old hats. I guess they don't like to show any distinction in dress from the other fellow."

But he believes all his efforts in trying to make men hat conscious are not wasted. Ten years ago a man would have balked at wearing two-tone broad-brimmed hats, white pith helmets, and loafer jackets. Today they are evincing a knowledge of color and color harmony and realizing that the hat is as much a part of the ensemble as the shirt, tie or sax.

As to styles, Rolnick believes there is a movement toward narrowing the brim, but the Head Man continues to favor the moderately wide brim.

"Psychologists could learn plenty," the cranium coverer says, "if they would study the various hats and angles at which men wear them. I can get it if a guy is tight or generous, mean or kind, impetuous or fast by seeing his hat.

And I'm usually right."

But Harry Rolnick is not a prima donna among American hatters. He gives the same consideration to the little man as he does to big names, and his hats are priced accordingly.

John D. Rockefeler Jr., and Toots Shor, restaurateur, Harry Truman, Errol Flynn, a waiter at Cafe Society, the manager of the Coronet Theatre, and the guy dishing out hamburgers in a joint in Dallas, Texas all get the same attention and artistic endeavor from Rolnick.

Harry Rolnick believes that the most important part of the human anatomy is the head. His mission in life is trying to make the American male use it.

I've Tangled with the Octopus (Continued from page 17)

Five Tangled with the Octopus

I had my first nose to nose meeting with an octopus while inspecting the "Lead" at Red Head Trap. The "Lead" is a drift fence made of woven wire and stretches from shore to the trap. Its purpose is to turn the stream-hunting salmon toward the trap enclosure. It may be half or three-quarters of a mile long and to save time I sink half-way to bottom, hold myself there with the air adjustment in the suit, lie flat and scoop forward hand over hand by hooking my fingers through the mesh. A lot of sea weed had drifted against the "Lead" and I zoomed along, parting the patches with one hand and shooting through. I had considerer more than half the distance when I burst through a lump and came face to face with the biggest octopus I've ever seen. His tentacles were curled close and the sea bounced him against the "Lead" gently as a beach ball.

His body was big as a fifty gallon drum; the tentacles next half a foot thick. I'd guess he'd spread thirty feet. I saw, as through a magnifying glass, the pinkish, fine-textured skin, tough tentacles and rows of suckers.

My left hand, reaching for a pull, was about to land like a prize fighter's jab
between his eyes. I killed the punch and stopped my forward motion in nothing flat. My heart, stomach and everything inside piled into my throat. A tentacle under my air and I felt like the air was turning the air in the suit, and plunged to bottom like lead.

I felt no fear, as you normally feel fear. But it was there, I knew, buried beneath bone-deep revulsion at his hideous appearance. I can see how a diver might lose all reason and the ability to fight matter, when a tentacle unexpectedly snakes out to imprison an arm or leg.

He did not follow me and I guessed he'd shot away as the others had, for this was open sea. What he might do in the confines of a cave or sunken ship that he considered home was another matter. Sunken ships are a favorite home of the octopus. They also comprise a great part of a diver's work, raising them if not too badly damaged or too expensive an operation, or salvaging valuable equipment.

The old seiner was an example. She'd hit a rock, ripped her bottom and had sunk. My air and I tried to escape there was no way the crew to toss over a skiff and jump. Everything was lost, including several thousand dollars locked in the skipper's trunk behind the galley stove.

They hired me to salvage the trunk. The skipper and a crewman went along to reason and the ability to fight matter. They lay in about sixty feet of water, tipped partially on her side.

I climbed aboard the sloping deck, edged through the wheel house, down a couple of steps, through another door and into the galley. The galley lay in deep gloom and the ability to fight matter, the stove, ran my hands across its top and located an opening that led to the back. I leaned in, groping, felt the end of a box, found a handle attached and began to pull. It was almost clear when I had the pricky feeling I was being watched. I dropped the trunk, turned, and stood staring into the gloom around me.

Then I saw him—rather I saw the vague pear-shaped outline with four or five coiled tentacles. He was pulled back into the farthest corner of the galley, but was still less than ten feet away. His outline looked big as the one at Red Head Trap. His first thought was, "Where's those other tentacles?" Would I suddenly feel a powerful yank at my arms and legs?

In a way I had him cornered. He had to pass within a foot of me to get out. He also had me trapped. There was little room to swing a knife in this close space and with such darkness I'd be stabbing at a shadow. If he tried to escape there was my air line coming through the door. He might snag it, rip it loose from the suit and leave me stranded here. I stealthily unscrewed the knife from the scabbard and left it hanging free for a quick snatch. I needed both hands to gather up my air and keep driving. I was getting out.

I stepped backward, was reaching for the first coil of hose when it happened. There was no tip-off, like a cat's crouch, a bird's spring as it takes flight. One instant he was still, cowering, the next he exploded out of his corner. I grabbed for the knife, but before I touched it, he was on me—. There was a whip of tentacles past the face plate. A stream of expelled water hit me with fire-hose force hurling me backward over the chest. I caught one glimpse of him shooting through the door. He completely filled the opening. There was a sharp, scraping drag at the air line, then I was alone.

I sat down on the chest, feeling like a mass of jello that had been poured into a diving suit. At the moment I was satisfied if I never saw another octopus and I certainly wanted no more test proofs.

As it happened, a diver named Bill Holmes made the final test. Holmes, a big fellow and a good diver, was in Alaska without a suit and for a time we joined forces on outside jobs and took turns diving. One of the jobs took us to Cape Edgewater, the octopus infested rock quarry I'd been in before. We were to look for another lost anchor. For help we had a big-shouldered Swede who was going halibut fishing soon and a wiry little fellow named Jerry. Jerry knew where the anchor was.

I went down first. Finally I came up and Holmes donned his thick over the telephone and for another hour we crept back and forth across the sea.

Holmes' diving experience had been around docks in harbors. The octopuses surprised and startled him. At first he was constantly saying excitedly, "There goes a big devil! There's another! Man, oh man!" Finally the novelty wore off and I heard no more. Then he said, "There's a big one here in a hole. If Swede wants him for halibut bait send down a spear.

"You betcha, I want 'im," Swede said. The spear, a pike pole with the barb cut off, was dropped into the sea fastened to a shackle to sink it. A minute later Holmes voice said, "One octopus, comin' up." Then silence—silence shattered by a blood-chilling scream. The air and lifelines began dancing madly.

I yelled, "Haul him up, quick!" Jerry and Swede began yanking at the lifeline.

I shouted into the phone, "Holmes, what's wrong? What happened?"

The screaming went on and on. There was but one explanation. Something had mishandled, and seventy feet down Bill Holmes was fighting for his life with the octopus. Swede and Jerry could not lift him. I added my strength and we could not budge him off the ocean floor. Jerry and Swede held the strain and I returned to the telephone. I had to break through Holmes' fear somehow. Only by understanding the situation below would we know what to do. I began talking to him repeating myself over and over.

"We're trying to help you, Holmes! But you've got to tell me what's wrong. You've got to tell me, understand? Tell me! Tell me! I don't know how often I repeated that before I made out his first hallo-bobbing words, "He's got me! Oh, God, he's got me!"

The moment he began talking however, he quieted down and talked sanely.

Holmes had found the octopus in a hole under a ledge. His aim had been poor and it started going into the body. The octopus ripped it from his hands, shot out a pair of tentacles and wrapped them around his leg. Holmes had drawn his knife but lost it in his frantic struggle. Then we had tightened on the lifeline. Now we were hauling on Holmes for the end, the octopus from the other. We held our strain, he held his.

We needed another diver to go down and kill the octopus but I knew of none in Alaska. So we just held our strain and tried to think. Swede said, "Why not lower the anchor over th' octopus with Holmes directin' it, and drop it on 'im."

"We're both under the shelf of rock," Holmes said. "You can't do it."

Jerry said, "We've got another pike pole we can send down." But the shelf would keep that away from Holmes too.

We were out of ideas. I ran up a distress flag, hoping a boat would come by to help us. We took a pass around a cleft

(Continued on page 53)
How to Set a Table

A hostess is often judged by the way her table looks.

By KITTY YORK

The dessert comes next. Before it is brought in, though, everything but the water glass is cleared away. Use a seven inch plate. Cake and pie are served directly on it, or it becomes the stand for a sherbert glass. The dessert spoon and pie fork are both placed on the table. Not the coffee spoon. It is brought in on the saucer along with the coffee cup.

Technically speaking this meal is not strictly formal. However, the procedure given here is perfectly correct for almost any dinner. It is also the right one for a party lunch, except that you might then prefer to serve your salad along with the main course. In that case the salad plate would be placed just left of the forks.

Now, let's talk about the simplest of all parties, but one of the nicest—a tea. If you're having just a few friends, use a card table. Otherwise, use a larger table. In any event, set the coffee or tea pot, the cream and sugar all on a tray. The cups are placed on saucers with a spoon on each. Your refreshments should be simple—just sandwiches on a platter and a plate of tiny cakes. A stack of dessert plates and a row of pie forks, if necessary, go nearby, together with napkins folded into triangles. The table looks like this:

With the holidays coming, you've probably been thinking about the entertaining you should do—the big Thanksgiving dinner for the family, the tea for your girl friends, the Sunday brunch for the ski crowd. And, if you're like most of us, you've been wondering what you can do to make your table attractive and correct for these occasions. Well, it's not difficult.

Here are a few pointers to you to keep in mind when you're setting your table, a sort of check list to tuck away for future reference.

Let's start with a party dinner because that's the most elaborate affair you're likely to give. A service or dinner plate is always laid, no matter what the first course is. The appetizer or soup is set on it. In laying the silver, use only the pieces you'll need for the opening, the meat and the salad courses. If you're starting with oysters and there's no need for a spoon, don't serve one. The butter knife is laid across the butterplate, which is set above the forks. The water goblet is located at the point of the knife, with wine glasses, if you're using them, to the right.

At the beginning of the meal, then, each setting should look like this:

Once the appetizer or the soup has been finished, the main course is served on the dinner plate. That over, the dinner plate is removed and a salad plate is substituted. The only piece of silver left should be the salad fork.

For Sunday brunch, there's nothing like an English style buffet. A pitcher of fruit stands on a tray at one end of the table along with some glasses. Next a stack of lunch plates, napkins, knives and forks in a straight row. In the center set the hot dishes (chafing dishes are grand for this). Then come your toaster, the bread and butter. Finally, at the other end of the table, place the coffee pot, surrounded by cream, sugar, cups and saucers.

The buffet table ought to look something like this:

If your china is plain, you might like to set it on gayly designed linens. If, on the other hand, you have the decorated kind of china, use only a solid color or plain white cloth. Whichever cloth you pick, a gay center piece—of flowers, fruits or figurines—will enhance the appearance of your table.

You might find this a good time to replenish your dining equipment, so here are a few tips for you to remember when you go shopping.

The best way too choose glassware to go with your china is to look at the shape of your cups. If they flare like a bell, get the same sort of flare in the goblet. Heavy pottery looks best with sturdy glasses. Very fine china with shaped edges will be happiest alongside of delicate, curving stemware.

Silver falls into three main categories; absolutely plain, gently decorated and elaborately ornamented. The unadorned silver goes well in modern or Early American homes, while the very ornate silver is best for Victorian style dining rooms. The in-between category blends with almost everything.

The important rule about sterling flatware is to use it correctly. It never will wear out and it actually becomes more beautiful as you use it. Just wash it in hot water and buff it briskly when you dry it. You'll never have to polish it and you'll enjoy it forever.

These booklets offer many additional hints on table settings and party tricks. Write directly to the addresses listed.


"Serving Winfield Style." American Ceramic Products, 1825 Stamford St., Santa Monica, Cal. 25 cents.

"How to be a Successful Hostess." Reed & Barton Silversmiths, Taunton, Massachusetts. 10 cents.


"Entertaining . . . the Sterling Way." The Gorham Co. Providence, Rhode Island. 10 cents.
(Continued from page 51)

with the lifeline, putting all the strain we dared on Holmes's leg—and waited. Three men could never be more helpless to aid another. A half hour crawled away. I asked, "Bill! How you making?"

"My leg's numb," his voice was thin and sharp. "I can't hold out much longer."

"How hard did you stick him with the spear?" I asked.

"Pretty hard. Why?"

"Maybe he'll get weak soon."

"If he don't, then what?" he asked again.

"There'll be a boat along soon," I said.

"We'll get some help."

"What's good's help up there?"

"Wait and see," I said. "Just don't lose your nerve."

But he was right. A hundred men up here wouldn't help.

An hour dragged away. The day was bright and warm, the sea calm. And seventy feet away, on the end of the line we held, a man's life was running out. I searched the horizon for a boat until my eyes ached and sky and sea ran together.

I kept up a steady run to talk to Holmes.

A second hour passed. I filled the compressor with gas. We he'd our strain; the octopus held his. Every few minutes now, Holmes asked in an increasingly sharp voice, "You see a boat yet? Why in hell don'tcha see a boat? How many hours I been down?" Then he'd add, "God! this guy's hit. What—a happens if he gets at me? Does he use that beak?"

"Cut it," I said sharply. "We're going to get you out."

Suddenly Holmes was half sobbing, "I can't stand no more. I can't stand it! There's no boat comin'. Even if one did, they can't do nothin'. I'm out luck—"

It's a terrible thing to be so close, so helpless, and hear a man crack-up.

I said, "You're crazy. You're yellow. You haven't got the guts to fight it out." I called him everything. I didn't let him get in a word. Finally the sobbing stopped. After a little he said quietly, "All right, Virg. All right." I sat down on the rail and looked at my feet. I didn't look at Swede or Jerry and I didn't once glance at the sea. We waited—and waited.

Then Holmes voice said again, "Virg, I've thought it all out. I figured like you at first. That he'd get sick from that stickin'. But he ain't. Maybe he can hold me here for days. Anyhow I know there ain't much gas for the compressor and when that runs out I'm done. I've got one chance, just one. Start th' boat and begin pullin'."

"We'd pull a leg off," I said.

"It don't matter," the fatalistic calm of his voice made my skin crawl. "I don't wanna be left down here with an octopus. Start pullin'! You'll get most of me."

Swede shook his head when I told them. "He knows what he wants."

Jerry wiped his sweating face. He looked at the water, around the empty horizon. "Maybe—maybe if I just ease her in slow—take a little pull." "Bill," I said into the telephone, "we're going to try a pull. I want you to tell me exactly how it goes. Exactly!"

"Pull!" he said. "Pull!"

The engine started. Jerry glanced at me. at Swede, his face tight, shiny, then he eased in the clutch. The propeller bit into the water, the boat eased forward. The
feet hurt?

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life line crept aft. Strain came into it. "Bill," I asked, "how goes it?"

The phone was dead. Then the line was swinging forward to straight down. It could mean but one thing. Holmes' voice croaked, the whole room erupted with a gasp.

I yelled and jumped for the life line. Jerry cut the motor. The three of us hauled in like mad. Holmes was coming up to the boat and he was ready to break the surface before we fought him clear. It was not the diving helmet that rose above the water. It was the shapeless body of the octopus. He was perched atop the helmet, all eight tentacles twined around Holmes' body. I grabbed the pole and with a single smash drove it, spur and all, completely through his head and a yard beyond.

We got the boat on had and slipped away. He'd been sick inside the helmet several times. He stretched out on deck, eyes shut, and drew in great gulps of air. He'd been down three hours. At last he muttered, "That pull broke him loose, then he climbed on top of me. I thought I was a goner, then took the pole. An hour later he was all right. His left leg was sore but that was all.

There was an organization behind this intense drive which was paid for me positively by a Negro schoolteacher who was part of the movement.

"You were correctly informed," she told me with assurance, and even a touch of pride in her voice. "They are really here. That is no rumor at all. It is a positive fact. They are our friends from up North helping us out and they are doing a wonderful job. The Negro vote holds the balance of power, and the way we are organized now, I can't see any way in the world for our candidate to lose. Not with the help we've got. It's in the bag!"

That was the way it was. Under the promise of credentials, those pleading poverty could go to certain addresses and draw groceries. Here they were exhorted to hold firm and to spread the good gospel wherever they went. Vote right, and there would be a lot more free things besides groceries. That was the kind of government the poor people needed, and that was the kind that they would get if they voted right.

Then there were those post-primary promises. They gave unthinking voters visions and made them dream dreams.

One young woman worker told me with a confident smile, the day after the election she would be driving a Cadillac. Just like that! A drab middle-aged woman told me about the groceries that she had already got, and how she had been promised plenty of sheets and towels for her house, which she needed badly. She only wished that she had thought to ask for some new wool blankets too. Her next door neighbor had put in for some. Nice, new, pink-colored blankets and all. Still another settled woman was glowing over the promise of two new inner-spring mattresses for her beds. She was very excited about the prospect. The wishes of many of them went unfulfilled, and were lost to her life after she answered my doubts. She was not going to be fooled. She had told the white woman whom she did day-work for twice a week about it and asked her please to go down to the party headquarters the day after election and pick out her two mattresses for her. She had delivered right away.

This voting for what you could get was making me feel sick and sad. The right to vote, to express the will of the individual in the affairs of the community, the commonwealth and the nation, was nowhere to be found in this general talk that was going on all around me. The
concept was entirely missing. The exercise of the franchise, the most potent, the most sacred thing that man has conceived and strived for since humans began to live in communities, was counted as practically nothing.

I am only too aware that corrupt politicians buy white votes, and that unthinking white voters sell them, and often very cheaply. But this right ought to be

held in higher regard by Negroes than any other citizens in the United States. For us, this prized symbol of citizenship has a long and sordid history. It commences with the very inception of the United States. There have been more public debates, more moral preachments, more laws proposed and passed, more contention, and yes, more human bloodshed, to bring us to the place where we can cast a ballot, and thereby express our will in the affairs of our country, than anybody else in America. It is positively astounding that any adult Negro could look upon the right to vote as a small thing, let alone regard this highest right in civilization in such a way as to put a price upon it. In the establishment of human rights and the importance of the individual from Greece to Rome to England and to its elevation in the United States by fundamental law, it has been a long, terrible and bloody road. Americans held it so sacred that they laid down their lives in the field of battle that we too might share this right. It struck me as ironical that what others thought worth giving their lives to gain for us, some among us could think so little of that we could sell it for a dollar and think that we had gained something.

The polls opened at seven o'clock on the morning of May 2nd, and I was on hand to see what would happen. Observing as carefully as I could, I went through the colored neighborhoods from one polling precinct to the other. Except for minor human-interest details, the scene was the same everywhere. The organizers were on hand at every place, carefully setting up their pitches the required three hundred feet from the polls. There was somebody seated at a little table. The turnout in the early hours was tremen-

From where I sit

by Joe Marsh

I Have A

"Close Squeak"!

Spent last Saturday morning wandering all over the house. Wherever I went—upstairs or down—I kept hearing a "squeak." Couldn't find out where it was coming from until noontime when the missus came home from her weekly shopping.

"Listen," I says to her, "hear that squeak?" I started quietlike across the kitchen and there it went again! "Joe Marsh," she laughs, "that is nothing but your suspender clips rubbing back and forth when you walk!" And darned if it wasn't!

From where I sit, I'd been letting a little thing become a serious problem. Like some little difference of opinion or taste will start off a great big argument. I may prefer a temperate glass of beer with my dinner—while the missus likes tea—but we figure that no two people have exactly the same likes and dislikes. So, why get all "het up" about it?

The moral is, check your suspenders—and check your temper when it comes to little things.
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Birth Date (Month, Day, Year) _______________________

TRAFFIC DIVISION

"Did one of your men lose this? I found it on my windshield!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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taken back to the barn to put on coats, then back again to the polls to vote again. Later they put on hats and the candidate "voted their hats." If necessary, they were scrambled up and brought back to the polls from another direction and voted again. All that a white man needed who yearned for place and power under that system was a few hundred dollars and a tough conscience, and he was in. With the long and bloody struggle for Negro freedom in mind, many of those Scalawags must have laughed a-plenty to themselves. At a dollar a head, and voting each man three times, a Negro that during slavery would have brought at least seven hundred dollars on the block, he could now buy for thirty cents. And the Scalawag could profit infinitely more by the cheap vote than he could from the voter's twenty labor, and he did not even have to feed and shelter him.

The measures of Rutherford B. Hayes brought to an end the golden picnic of the Carpet-baggers and Scalawags. Before the fury of the re-enfranchised South, they scattered in every direction. The men who had reaped the harvest from the conquered and prostrate South were gone, but their naive tools, those Negro voters, were still around. And the scars of those Reconstruction years remained. Negroes had repeatedly voted their shirts, their coats and their hats, but had nothing to show for it but empty hands and eyes to cry with. Yet they were called upon to pay for what their exploiters had done. In those dark after-decades arose the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, disfranchisement of the Negro through the three disabling clauses, the Grandfather Clause, the Property Clause and the Literacy Clause. There came the habit of lynching, and later segregation in every state in the South.

Those Negroes, fresh out of slavery, cannot fairly be held responsible for what went on during the Reconstruction. They were illiterate. They had no background for making decisions, even to small ones that concerned their daily lives. The scoundrels who took advantage of them are the most reprehensible in all history. And to make it worse, they had brought off this monstrous villainy under the cloak of "friends of the Negro." But why, oh, where were these "friends" while the terrible decades rolled in? Unlike the turtle, their voices were not heard in the land.

But this is A.D. 1950. I am standing on the corner in Miami, Florida. It is a southern city with hundreds of very modern and comfortable Negro homes, lived in by Negroes of many professions, from the finest colleges and universities in the United States. Among them are physicians, dentists, lawyers, morticians, pharmacists, teachers, registered nurses, ministers, journalists, and the like. A Negro judge presides over a municipal court, and Negro policemen patrol the streets. Free public schools available for Negro children are ably staffed by Negroes. Negro business men control into the millions in wealth. Yet, here is the saddening picture of hundreds of Negroes, no thousands, being herded to the polls just as in 1870, and paid two dollars for votes. (Continued on page 59)

L810—Lightweight, water-repellent ZELAN jacket. Legion emblem processed on left front. Small, medium, large and extra large sizes. Oyster (cream) color. $5.75

L805—Melton Wool jacket, 24-ounce cloth, Knit trim in Legion gold and blue. Legion emblem sewn on left chest. Small, medium and large sizes. $9.25

L1105—Auto and Utility Robe. All wool, fringed MacKee robe. 52" x 72". Plaid design in rich colors. Packed in suede, water-repellent zipper case with adjustable, removable shoulder strap. Legion or Auxiliary woven emblem on robe. $117.75 complete.

L1050—Complete. $6.85

L965 Evans lighter. Emblem enameled in true colors on Legion blue background. Golden metal finish. $4.00

L967-10—10K Gold, heavy weight. Hard-baked enamel design on sides. Smart, exclusive design. $28.70 Specify size.

L945—Swank quality cuff links. Matches Tie Chain L936. $3.90 (Federal Tax included).

L936—Swank Tie Chain, gold filled, with midget American Legion emblem. $1.80


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L751—Sapphire. $25.80.

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Specify color, neck size and sleeve length

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Preface

Prices include Federal Tax  AID Legion Programs—Buy From National Emblem Sales
calling for some friend to come help him.

Why so many of our so-called leaders spend so much time and energy hunting up "friends of the Negro" is more than I can understand in this day and age. It is self-evident that these persons who talk so loudly and so much about rights and things like that have no appreciation of their present status. They have not yet conceived of themselves nor the mass of Negroes as American citizens, with the same responsibilities toward the nation as others here. To them, Negroes are still wards of the nation, to be done for, but with no responsibilities for the welfare of the United States. We are just here like tourists. Therefore, it is not up to us to fight for able, impartial executives, legislators and jurists. We get carried away by anybody who comes along and claims to be a "friend of the Negro."

Like voracious bluefish, swimming around a school of menhaden, this type of politician has been fattening off of us since 1865, and most of them have done very well for themselves by their insincerity and our credulity. But even so, these political craftsmen cannot claim credit for originality. This "taking the heathen" gambit is only a variation of the old missionary game. For nearly three hundred years the English boasted that the flag followed the missionary. The routine is, finding the competition too keen among your own kind a clipper and set sail for the "heathen." Apoint yourself his pitying partisan until you can land enough force to take him. Variations of this racket have been worked out and succeeded all over the world, even right here in these United States. Sell dope to the heathen. The dope may be beads, lengths of calico, whiskey, opium, friendship, or some other stupefying stuff. It is a good way to make a big man out of yourself in a hurry. The old game is still good as long as you can buy their votes for two dollars and put them to single-shotting.

But no fairly intelligent Negro has any right to be deceived by any political "friend" who offers to buy his vote. The fact that he offers to buy it tells you what he thinks about your character, and the petty amount gives you his estimate of your intelligence. Lumped together, you are two dollars worth of integrity and brains.

Nor need the Negro leaders of the voteselling, single-shotting Negro electorate hope for legislation in our favor. They do not seem to realize that when the candidate has paid them off at the polls, he has no further obligations toward the Negro. This is the only cause to wish to further our interests out of respect. Under our Constitution, there is no royal ruler. That quality is distributed among the citizens of the United States. Every American is part of the king that rules over this nation. To sell your vote is to delegitimize your part of the throne, and that is that.

And how can the Negro leaders who hailed these outside organizers so loudly, and the voters who so slavishly followed their counsel, reconcile their "friendship" with the fact that they neglected the twelve-and-a-half-million-dollar school bond issue at the polls? A generous slice of this was earmarked for the improvement of Negro schools in Dade County. If these organizers had really been our friends, they would have stressed the improvement of Negro schools over the senatorial seat. But it was certainly not the case. I sampled 164 voters as they left the polls and asked if they had voted for the Bond Issue. Many of them behaved as if they were hearing it for the first time. Thirteen stopped and told me that they had voted for it. Two of the others told me that it was not important. What they really meant was that they thought they might make a Killing in the Senate. That school business could be looked after later on. What can be clearer proof that, no matter what they said about being "friends of the Negro," it was not true. The Negro vote was thought necessary to elect the candidate they were here to put over, and that was all.

Negro participation in the southern primaries has only just now been restored after generations of being outlawed. So the Smathers-Pepper race is, or was, of the greatest importance for Negroes. It does not gain it's own significance for us and the candidates half so much from what the candidates said about Negroes, and how
they said it, as from our own concept of the value of the franchise as expressed by our behavior at the polls. Evaluations of Negroes as participating citizens are certainly vital to the viability of any Negro community. Handicapping minds will search out whether we see it as our responsibility to serve the common good by supporting men of high caliber for important offices, or whether, ignoring such qualifications, we rally around 'good masters' from the Negro point of view. That will determine whether we are slave-minded mobs or reliable citizens.

One very successful professional Negro man observed, "This EFCP is not the big bonus that our people are taking to it. In the first place, it is unworkable, and if it could be made to work, it would be a two-edged sword. These Negroes don't seem to realize that, once you enforce, what would hinder white office workers, insurance agents and executives, morticians and the like, from penetrating Negro business and throwing thousands of us now gainfully employed out of work?"

Don't fool yourself that none of them would be willing to turn and be made at it, and there is White teachers could then enter our schools. We had better learn to think before we yell so much.

"Man!" A pastor of a large Baptist church shouted. "You got something there. You've got cold chills running up and down my back. Supposing this law passed and we were a nation of Negroes, what would have been the struggle along for years with a little charge of around a hundred members made up this mind to take over my five thousand-members church? And that mob is out there single-shooting for him right now. I'm watching out for these 'friends of the Negro' from now on.

Whatever the issues might be at any given time, it is certainly high time that the Negro voter took his responsibility seriously. It is time for us to cease to be the single-shooting herd. Let us vote our heads instead of our hats and shirts. Each voter approaching the polls fired by his well-considered convictions and performing this most sacred civil duty in the way that it was intended. It is time for us to cease to allow ourselves to be delivered as a mob by persuasive 'friends' and become individual citizens. In other words, turn back the dark upon the concepts of the Negro movement and not keep running back the clock. To take a look at the calendar and read it right. Find out that this is the Year of our Lord 1950, and not 1865. THE END

How Can You Get a Job for Six Cents

(Continued from page 15)

paragraphs," advise the majority of the personnel managers queried in the national survey. "Every word must count, linking your experience, education and abilities to the job. Keep it brief and to the point. Write like you talk, and we tire easily. Most application letters are too long.

Since your first aim is to win the personnel manager's attention, you can start on this task by addressing him by name, rather than by title alone. "If the sweetness in your language is like man's own name, as psychologists claim, you'll be wise to use the employment manager's name when you write him," suggests the personnel manager of a Minneapolis company. "I admit that I like the salutation 'Dear Mr. Jones' far more than the impersonal 'Dear Sir.' More important, your use of words may spell the difference between a "job offer" and 'job refusal.'"

The 178 personnel managers agree that you should not write: "I'm anxious to have a job because I want security"; or "I need a job because I'm a married man with three children to support." That is the selfish "I" attitude. When you use it, you are thinking only of yourself.

Instead, you must take the company's viewpoint. Then you will have the "You" attitude so essential to successful salesmanship. Personnel managers report that their most important request in your applications is for a job that you will perform with enthusiasm. "Your organization should be able to make use of my experience in . . ., or, "My specialized training should help me be of service to you as . . ."

But there is no need to go into the details of your training and experience. "Details will be supplied under the G.I. Bill," says the personnel manager of one of America's largest corporations. If you are a young college graduate with no job experience, don't be disheartened. (Continued on page 16)
A number of employment managers reported: "We prefer the inexperienced graduate, since he has nothing to unlearn. We like to train him to do our job in our own way."

But if you have held any kind of job, don't fail to mention it.

Are you worried about your job prospects because you did not go to college? Cheer up. With some concerns, your lack of a college education is a definite sales point. Several personnel managers who select salesmen for work in agricultural areas commented: "We don't want our salesmen harried by a 'college veneer' which makes it difficult for them to succeed with our sales prospects."

Don't lose confidence in your job prospects if you are past 35. Many employment managers queried in the survey agree with the personnel director of a Minneapolis company: "Your maturity is an effective sales point with me, for I've found in my experience that most men don't have sound judgment - maybe I'd better call it 'common horse sense'" - until they have passed their 50th birthday.

Perhaps your hardest task is to put the stamp of your personality on your letter. "When I start to read an application, I always ask myself, 'What manner of man wrote this?'" reports the personnel manager of an Indianapolis company. "Is the applicant a gentleman, a logical thinker, a windbag, a careless worker? Is he honest, educated, lazy, determined, ambitious, reliable? After a paragraph or two I begin to get a reasonably clear picture of the writer's personality. He gives himself away. Sometimes it's what he says about himself that reveals his personality; sometimes it's what he doesn't say that gives me an insight into his character."

"It is best to let your record speak for your abilities and ambitions. When you write, bluntly, I'm ambitious and determined to get ahead. you are wasting your time," warns the personnel director of a California concern. To a man, the other executives questioned in the survey agree with him. "But when you tell me that you have worked part-time since you were fourteen or that you put yourself through college, I'm definitely impressed. These facts tell me all I need to know about the ambitious streak in your nature."

The employment manager will not be impressed if you write, "I am sure I can succeed in personnel work because I like people."

You will do well to follow the advice of the personnel manager of a corporation located in Columbus, Ohio: "I'll be interested in your possibilities as an employee in my department if you can record an impressive list of activities in club work, in church organizations, in civic enterprises. Facts like these provide the proof that you do like people and know how to work with them.

You can't afford to rely on such a weak statement as "I can get along with people" when you are a competitor. Write, "My one-year experience as a house-to-house salesman for the Blimp Company taught me to meet people, and they apparently liked my approach, for I made a good sales record."

Don't be satisfied to write, "I have initiative and drive." Certainly the personnel manager won't be satisfied, for he'll have only your word for it. Instead, you could use a sales line like this, which the employment manager of a Kansas City company found effective: "When I couldn't find steady employment last spring, I went to a group of home-owners and asked for housepainting jobs. I got enough work to keep me busy four months."

A Charleston, W. Va., executive reports that he was impressed by this paragraph in an applicant's letter: "Last summer I canvassed the parents in my neighborhood and persuaded them to back me financially in the organization of a boys' club for their youngsters. My work netted me enough to pay my college tuition for one semester."

You will be wise to avoid any attempt at cleverness or humor in your application unless the job you want - perhaps writing advertising copy or some related task

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**WALLY**

Want to take a chance on a live turkey for Xmas? Not a chance - I'm afraid I'd win it, like you did!! I've been to so many Thanksgiving turkey dinners lately that I'm beginning to gobble in my sleep!!

(From December, 1936 A.L.M.)

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The American Legion Magazine • November, 1932 • 61
puts a premium on such qualities. "It's best to save the examples of your sparkling wit, humor and ingenuity for enclosures as separate exhibits of your talents," cautions a Detroit personnel manager. "Most personnel managers prefer the straightforward approach."

An Atlanta, Georgia, employment manager is still fuming over a college graduate's letter which, in a silly effort to attract attention, was written in reverse. That is, the salutation appeared in the lower right-hand corner of the page, and the letter read from right to left and up the page, like this: "work for looking am I." The outraged Atlantan still refers to the writer as "The damndest fool I ever heard of!"

To your data sheet, which may be typed or mimeographed, you should attach a recent photograph, slightly larger than passport size. Many personnel managers also want an un-retouched full-length snapshot showing you "as you really are."

"Make your data sheet as easy to read as a telegram, and make it complete," advises the personnel director of a Midwestern corporation which manufactures agricultural machinery. His advice summarizes the views of the executives queried in the nationwide survey. Your data sheet has the task of implementing the conviction step in your personal salesmanship. By its details it should convince the personnel manager that you can do the job applied for. The first section should give personal details: date and place of birth, health, marital status, height and weight.

"Information about an applicant's race and religion seldom influences his job prospects," writes a Milwaukee personnel director. Most employment managers agree with him, but a businessman in the Southwest points out: "Submitting such information may save the applicant a trip for a futile interview. The cold fact is that some firms may not hire anyone of a particular race or religion."

In some companies, the personnel managers need to know your race and religion so that they may place you in a department where you will not encounter prejudice among your fellow employees. "This information eases my job of placement," reports a Peoria, Illinois, executive.

The second part of your data sheet should present the pertinent facts about your education and job experience. There must be no gaps in the chronology, otherwise the personnel manager may conclude, perhaps unjustly, that you have something to hide.

Under the section on education, name the schools you have attended, the dates, and the diploma or degree received at each. If you are still in college specify the degree you are working for and take advantage of this tip from a Portland, Oregon, executive: "When you record the college courses directly related to the job you have applied for, give a resume of their subject matter. I need this exact information so I can be sure you have the academic background for handling the job."

The section headed "Practical Work Experience" should list the jobs you've held, your employers and their address, and the dates of your employment. Whenever possible, emphasize the tie-in between those jobs and the job you want, and mention your responsibilities and duties on each job. And don't forget to tell the personnel manager why you left each job.

The employment director of a Pittsburgh corporation puts it this way: "Like all executives who do the hiring, I'm just plain curious about every applicant and his work experience. I want to know why he left every job. Was he fired — and why? Did he quit because he saw a better opportunity elsewhere? Was he laid off during a lull in production? The applicant owes this information to me. I also want to know the name of the applicant's immediate superior on every job — the man who knows him best — so I can write him for more information if I find it essential."

If you are a veteran, you should devote one section to your service experience, giving dates, overseas duty if any, rank, and specialized training. "Many veterans fail to make use of the effective sales points stemming from their military service," reports a San Francisco executive. "Not that military service in itself can sell them into a job. But in many instances a veteran's knowledge of foreign customs or his ability to speak the colloquial language of another country gives him a decided advantage over other applicants for certain kinds of jobs." The majority of the 178 personnel managers reached in the survey agree with him.

Your data sheet should also list (1) your participation as an adult in church, club and civic affairs; (2) your extracurricular activities in school; and (3) your special skills — typing, shorthand, business machine operation, etc.

"I don't give much weight to an applicant's character references," writes the employment manager of a large company in Houston, Texas. "Few personnel managers do, for such references are usually close friends of the family and are so inclined to give the applicant an undeserved build-up."

But the men queried in the nationwide survey consider former employers and professors as good references. 'They send us honest reports on job-hunter character."

Don't enclose letters of recommendation with your application. Personnel managers prefer to write directly to the references you give. If you are seeking an important position, the company will probably ask a credit bureau for a thorough-going report on you. So you'd better watch your credit rating."

You should list from three to five "solid" references: men acquainted with your ability and experience. Don't forget to ask them, first, for permission to use their names.

"When you are answering an advertisement which asks you to send the salary you expect, do so," advises the employment manager of a Seattle concern. "Don't play coy or hard to get. I, for one, won't consider your application if you fail to include this information."

Three-fourths of the personnel men queried in the survey prefer that the applicant name his salary requirements at this sort of thing. It helps them determine his standard of living.

A New York City executive suggests that you can protect yourself by writing: "I'll accept the current wage paid the head of a family of four," or, "Your going rate for the job will be satisfactory." This also makes this reassuring point: "No reputable company will pay less than its going rate regardless of the salary you name."

But if you are submitting an unsolicited application, you will do well to omit your salary expectations. You can discuss salary when you get the interview.

You should check your application for mistakes in spelling and grammar. Such errors indicate that you are either careless or ignorant, or both. The personnel director of a Chicago company warns: "Watch your spelling. Misspelled words are a risk the job applicant can't afford to take. It's surprising how much important it is for some employers to attach to this sort of thing. Just a word of advice — always check and re-
check your work for possible errors.

Regarding grammatical errors in application letters, a Philadelphia executive writer says: "It is a man’s duty to express himself properly in the English language, and I won’t tolerate how much he got from his education.

If you are invited to come some distance for the interview, most companies will pay your expenses. If you are applying for a job with an out-of-town firm, you should end your letter by saying that when you reach the city, you will call to see if an appointment can be arranged. Don’t leave this up to the personnel manager.

When you are interviewed, you can make the personnel manager take an interest in you if you are able to talk realistically about yourself and your employee needs. (You’ll have to do some investigating beforehand.) "If an applicant has the intelligence to anticipate my questions and has his answers ready, I’m favorably impressed," writes the personnel manager of a North Carolina company. The manager will probably end the interview by saying that he will give further consideration to your application and that he will let you know his decision in the course of a week or two.

Now you should invest another three cents in your job-hunting campaign. A few days after the interview, send the personnel manager a note, thanking him for his consideration and courtesy. You should conclude by stressing your continued interest in a job with his company.

Your thank-you letter may prove the most strategic step in your campaign. Almost to a man, the 178 personnel managers queried in the survey reported: "The thank-you letter is so rare that we are surprised when we get one — and pleased immensely."

A Cincinnati executive, reviewing 35 different jobs in his company for which hundreds of applications were received, gave this final tip: "In each instance the job went to the thoughtful applicant who followed up the interview with a sincere thank-you note."

With these tips to guide you, you are now prepared to market the most precious commodity in the world — yourself. You know what, in application letters that are effective in influencing personnel managers and winning jobs.

Happy hunting!  

THAT MAN BUDENZ  
(Continued from page 19)

language has a coarse, gutter quality. But the fact is that many of the nastiest smears aimed at Budenz have come from non-reds, some of them very distinguished persons.

Not long after the height of the excitement over the investigation of Owen Lattimore, Senator Dennis Chavez, Democrat of New Mexico, rose in the Senate Chamber and denounced Budenz as a "devious, warped and conspiratorial personality" and "irresponsible reformer with a lust for publicity."

Senator Chavez who is a respected lawmaker and certainly not a communist, then played into the hands of the commies by giving currency to a particularly vile story about Budenz’s personal life which the reds had been trying to circulate for years. He ended his speech by expressing the opinion that Budenz is "still a red."

The Chavez attack brought a devastating reto from the Very Reverend Laurence J. McGinley, president of Fordham University where Budenz is a professor. Chavez’s charge, McGinley retorted, had reached a point "even lower than that reached in the columns of the Daily Worker," Father McGinley stated:

"It was not until Budenz went recently to Washington — once again not at his own request but under subpoena from a senate committee — that testify in an inquiry into alleged communist influences in our own government, that those who should have been his friends turned on him with that weakest and most cowardly of all weapons — slanderous attack on his character and his family."

At about the same time, Harold L. Ickes harpooned Budenz. Writing in the New Republic of last May 1, the former Secretary of the Interior described Budenz as a "creature of a lower order," and added: "He has adopted a new avocation — that of jumping into any convenient witness box to charge decent citizens, on hearsay, with being communists."

As against this, Judge Learned Hand, in his opinion for the Circuit Court of Appeals upholding the conviction of the eleven communist leaders, declared Budenz "well qualified as an expert" on the communist conspiracy. Judge Hand’s statement is all the more impressive in view of his reputation as a true liberal as well as an outstanding jurist.

Chavez and Ickes are only two of the prominent Americans who have participated in the popular pastime of baiting Budenz. During the past two years, and especially since the Lattimore inquiry, he has been castigated by self-styled "liberal" radio commentators, editorial writers and book reviewers all over the nation. In some non-communist circles, the ex-communist Budenz is flayed with more vigor than any real communist, including Joe Stalin himself.

Now, what justification is there for all of this? What kind of person is this man who is called so many bad names? Does he crave the spotlight? Is he a money-mad opportunist? Does he go out of his way, as Ickes says, to call decent folk reds? Is he a liar or an honest man?

That last question comes up every time Budenz is called upon to testify. It was brought into dramatic focus once again when, in hearings before the Tydings Committee, Budenz charged that Lattimore had formerly been a member of a communist cell in the Institute of Pacific Relations which played a part in shaping our disastrous Far Eastern policy.

Lattimore indignantly denied the accusation and wrote a book about it. As this is written he is energetically discussing the subject on a speaker’s circuit,
Clues to Budenz’s general character can be arrived at by glancing at his past record, reviewing his recent achievements against the communists and examining his present activities. As the Scriptures say, “By their works ye shall know them.”

A short but sturdily built man of fifty-nine with sandy-gray hair thinning around a bald spot, friendly gray eyes and a gentle manner of speaking, Louis Budenz looks and acts a good deal like the college professor he has become. Or you might guess him to be a family doctor or even a clergyman. Despite the great disservice he did this country when he was a red, there is little doubt that Budenz has always been motivated by a sincere desire to help his fellow humans and that fact reflects itself in his face.

Born in Indianapolis, a fourth generation American of German and Irish ancestry, he was an idealist and crusader for social reform right from the start. As a school boy, he went out of his way to fight for Negro students whom he felt were discriminated against. While he was still in his teens, he took a leading part in a successful campaign to curb loan sharks in Indianapolis.

An exceptionally bright youngster, Budenz graduated from St. Xavier’s College (now Xavier University) in Cincinnati when he was only nineteen and then took a law course at St. Mary’s College in Kansas. While at St. Mary’s he became a fervid national organizer of the Catholic Young Men’s Institute.

After being admitted to the bar of Indiana in 1912, the young “do-gooder,” as he would now be called, plunged into an exciting career as a champion of organized labor. And there can be little question that he actually accomplished a considerable amount of good for working people during the next twenty years.

Those were years when capital held a strong whip hand over labor and smashed strikes with court injunctions. As editor of The Carpenter, organ of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, and later, as secretary of the St. Louis Civic League and editor of Labor Age, Budenz battled for stronger unionism. In 1928, he directed the Allen A strike at Kenosha, Wisconsin, and was responsible for one of the first big victories over the injunction.

During those years he grew impatient with the slow progress of the Catholic Church’s program of social reform and was excommunicated after marrying a divorced Catholic woman. He became increasingly radical in his views. He was arrested and acquitted twenty-one times while representing A.F.of L. unions but gained fame for breaking down legal barriers to union organization.

It was in October, 1935, that Budenz turned communist. Prior to that time he had felt that the Reds lacked the “American approach,” but with the announcement of their People’s Front policy at the 1935 convention in Moscow, he decided the communists had mended their ways and really had the best interests of the American working people at heart. As a result, he joined forces with them.

He rose rapidly in the communist ranks. Soon after joining the Party, he was named labor editor of the Daily Worker in New York, and in 1937 became editor of the Midwest Daily Record, the red organ in the Chicago area. In 1940, he was returned to New York and was given the number one editorial job which the communists have to offer in America, that of managing editor of the Daily Worker, a job which he held until he left the Party.

During the ten years that he was a red, Budenz was in the thick of top level communist activities. In addition to his editorial work, he was a member of the Party’s National Committee for six years. At the “Little Kremlin” on New York’s Thirteenth Street, he attended secret meetings of the Politburo. He worked closely with the chairman of the powerful Control Commission and for several years cooperated with the Soviet secret police in America.

Budenz was just as guilty as any communist, he admits, in working for the overthrow of American capitalism. He helped to establish the present communist apparatus in this country. He assisted the enemy with which we are now at war to set up its order of battle. Nothing can be said to excuse him on that point.

But while Budenz was an active communist he was not a happy one. As time passed, he came to realize that most of the beliefs he had held about communism were illusions. The communist party in America, he found, was not a political party but part of a gigantic Russian conspiracy to grab world power. The Party was not a self-governing unit by itself; it was under the control of the Kremlin. It did not have the interests of American workers at heart but only the interests of Stalin.

As these facts were brought home to Budenz, his conscience troubled him deeply, he says. He longed to become an honest citizen again and the religion of his youth. At the same time his first marriage having ended in divorce, he was worried about his marital status at that time.

The blow-off came in 1945 when the communist party quietly let it be known through an editorial in a French communist newspaper that it was returning to the doctrines of Marxism-Leninism—in other words, to the doctrines of world revolution.

That announcement, which signalled the beginning of the Cold War between Russia and the United States, was too much for Budenz. To his undivided communist double talk, it meant that the Party was giving up all pretense of being a People’s Party and thenceforth would seek to achieve world domination through conspiracy, subterfuge and violence. He decided to get out.

While still performing his tasks at the Daily Worker, Budenz sought spiritual advice from one of the Catholic Church’s most famous priests, Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen. The Monsignor instructed him in what he would have to do to become a Catholic again. A few weeks later, after quietly quitting his job at the Daily Worker in apple pie order to prevent charges of irregularities, Budenz left the Little Kremlin never to return. The next day he and his wife were married at St. Patrick’s Cathedral and their children were also taken into the Church.

Front page headlines announced this news to the nation but Budenz’s departure from the communist party was not a unique event in itself. People who are in a position to know the facts say that over the last thirty years literally hundreds of thousands of other liberals or fuzzies have joined the Party only to leave it later, like Budenz, in a sorry state of disillusionment.
What made Budenz's break with the Party important was the fact that he had held very high positions in communist circles and was willing to reveal what he knew. This made him a rarity. Many communists on leaving the Party deny they were ever members. Fearing reprisals of one sort or another, they keep their lips sealed. Obviously such people are of no use to the F.B.I. or anyone else trying to crack the red conspiracy. Other communists leave the Party in a way that makes it useless to try to get their help against their erstwhile comrades. Their tactic is known as leaving the Party by way of the left. Their claim, which has a phony ring, is that they quit the Party because they felt it wasn't communist enough. There are more of them not going to help out those who don't like any kind of communism. But Budenz moved out of the Party to the right, not to the left, and felt it his duty to talk.

This was because of his religious convictions. Under Catholic dogma it was not enough for him merely to repent of his sins. He also had to seek atonement by doing everything in his power to make amends for the wrongs he had done his country. These transgressions having been great, his task is an arduous one. As an indication of his feelings he told me: "I am not to realize that the Soviet Union has had a part in making Poland red and in turning China over to Stalin. I only hope I can undo some of this wrong."

Contrary to the persistent smears about him, however, Budenz did not go out of his way to inform on his former comrades. He did not rush into the limelight and he did not harvest a fortune by "telling all" about his career as a red.

During the first year after he renounced communism, he received cash offers aggregating more than a hundred thousand dollars from newspaper syndicates, magazine and book publishers, the radio networks. Budenz turned all these offers down to live on a very modest salary as an instructor of economics at Notre Dame University at South Bend, Indiana.

Later, he wrote a series of articles to earn money with which to move his family back to the United States. He is now a professor at Fordham University. Since then he has also written two books and given lectures to augment his college pay. Just how much money he has taken in I don't know, but he has certainly never cashed in on his publicity as he might have.

At the same time, and again contrary to the mud-slingers, Budenz has never volunteered to testify against anyone so far as I could learn. According to such detractors as Harold Ickes he is an eager beaver who started splashing red slime on all and sundry the moment he got out of the communist camp, but as a matter of fact it was not until a year after he left the reds that he first appeared against them as a witness.

That was in answer to a subpoena issued by the House un-American Activities Committee. Evidence which Budenz gave at that hearing resulted in the identification of Gerhart Eisler as the top Soviet agent in the United States and led
to his two trials for passport fraud.

After that Budenz suddenly came into tremendous demand as a witness and has been in tremendous demand ever since, but he has persistently refused to testify unless subpoenaed and he has turned down many more opportunities to testify than he has accepted. As a matter of fact, F.B.I. officials say they regard him as a reluctant witness who will not make a public appearance unless subjected to the utmost persuasion and pressure.

But in spite of his reluctance to testify unless pushed into it, he has been by all odds the most valuable witness the Government has ever had in its struggle with the communists. In one case after another, the irrefutable facts provided by the little Fordham professor have dealt the reds smashing blows.

It was Budenz who exposed J. V. Peters, the Soviet liaison man who directed Alger Hiss and John Whittaker Chambers in their plot to steal State Department documents.

It was Budenz who informed the Government Hiss was a communist long before he was brought to trial.

It was Budenz who was the main witness against John Santo, Rumanian-born communist who as organizational director of the Transport Workers Union held it within his power to tie up the Port of New York whenever Stalin gave him the nod.

It was Budenz who brought about the conviction of Harold Christoffel, the red union organizer who struck the Allis-Chalmers plant in Milwaukee during the days of the Hitler-Stalin Pact in order to curtail aid to blitz-battered Britain.

It was Budenz who gave the F.B.I. inside facts on red espionage methods which led to the arrest of Judy Coplon.

It was Budenz who provided the information which eventually broke Harry Bridges' grip on West Coast shipping. Most important of all, it was Budenz who last year made possible the conviction of the eleven leading communists in America of conspiracy to overthrow the United States Government by violence.

During a large part of the Christmas holidays of 1948, just before the famous trial opened, the Government's prosecutor, John F. X. McGhee, stayed with Budenz at his home and the two men planned and prepared the Government's case together. As usual, Budenz did not want to testify at the trial but as usual he was subpoenaed and was the Government's first and most important witness.

He was on the stand for two weeks and during that time probably underwent as gruelling an experience as any witness of modern times. But he proved irrefutably that the communist party in America was not American at all but a fifth column which gave its loyalty to Soviet Russia; he exposed the "Aesopian language" or double talk with which the reds veil their true purposes; and he made it abundantly clear to the jury that the eleven defendants were engaged in a plot to destroy the United States Government by insurrection.

When Budenz finished his direct testimony, the battery of defense lawyers sorted to every known device to confuse and discredit him during cross examination. One of them even implied he was a thief because he had failed to account for $3.50 he had spent for a book when he was with the Daily Worker. But all the defense's tricks and innuendos failed to shake Budenz's testimony. The trial dragged on for many months, but the eleven reds were as good as convicted when the Professor stepped down from the stand.

In that case, as in many others, Budenz proved invaluable as a witness because, in addition to his profound knowledge of the communist conspiracy, he keeps calm under fire, makes statements with great conservatism and respect for the
sixteen, Julia, Josephine, Justine and Joanna. They live in half of a two-family house which is not nearly as grand. Budenz likes to point out, as the homes of some prominent communists who also live in Westchester County. Nor is it as expensive a house as the one he was able to live in when he was on the red payroll as managing editor of the Daily Worker.

Mrs. Budenz, a sweet-faced and ma- tronly woman who does all her own housework, does not hesitate to show up upstairs to remind her husband to take a pill. If little Joanna wants to enter her dad’s office and climb on his knee while he is in the midst of an important con- ference with the F.B.I., he lets her do so.

Since the F.B.I. sees such great store by Budenz, it probably be fool- hardy for the commies to attempt to in- jure him physically. Since it is safer and also effective, they concentrate on assas- sinating his character. This isn’t just be- cause they hate him, but to destroy his value as a witness. Ever since he left the Party they have leveled all their smear guns at him, and in this campaign to silence him they have had the support of many Americans who should have known better. Concealed reds, he says, have striven to make it the “liberal thing” to attack him and sneer at him as an unreso- lute and mercenary publicity seeker.

That would certainly appear to be the case for there is no other way to account for the abuse to which he has been sub- jected. The slurs about him simply are not supported by the facts and those who are in a position to know the man best vouch for his integrity.

Let me quote from a letter which the prosecutor of the eleven top communists, former United States Attorney McGrohey, now a Federal Judge, recently wrote to Budenz:

“The attacks upon you show how much must sometimes be suffered for truth, for justice and for freedom. The record demonstrates that your testimony, always in response to subpoena, has never been successfully refuted. The reason is, of course, your meticulous regard for the truth, as I know from extensive personal experience. If more is needed, it is only necessary to call upon the De- partment of Justice . . . May God give you health to continue your patriotic service which millions of Americans, including my family and myself, value and thank you for . . .

At least as heart-warming to Budenz is the fact that he has had from hundreds of ordinary Americans, the people pa- tronizingly referred to by self-styled lib- erals as “little people.” These men and women, from all walks of life, have lis- tened to the charges and counter-charges, and their verdict has poured into Budenz’s mailbox. Almost unanimously these peo- ple are for him. Opposed are relatively few, mostly of the lunatic fringe.

Yet in spite of testimonials like that, the attacks on Budenz continue and many honest citizens participate in them. For us to continue to counteract such attack- es is not only crucially important to Budenz but stupid. He is in this moment, the most valuable single weapon we have against communism in America.

THE END.
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WHAT’S THE FUN IN HUNTING?
(Continued from page 23)
Pearl,” he said gently. Then she ate, just as gently.
Soon it was time to crawl in. We unrolled the bunks, blew up the air mattresses, and dragged them into the tent. Hank got out a blanket which he draped at the foot of his bedding.

“You aren’t sleeping that dog in here?” Mack asked, incredulously.

“She’s delicate,” Hank said, and he blew out the lantern.

The next morning was crisp, clear and should have been invigorating to man and dog alike. We strode on a light frost that bejeweled the spider webs in the thickets and crimsoned the maples in the swales. But Pearl seemed uninspired. She hung back behind Hank, glancing up at the six feet of him as if for reassurance.

Presently we came to a wide, shallow stream. Hank murmured something about "catching cold” and picked Pearl up. Unruffled, he carried her across in his arms.

“I’ve seen everything now,” McDowell muttered.

He was premature. Pearl refused to retrieve my first grouse from the middle of a rough brier patch. Just wouldn’t go in after it. Later she sat down in the middle of a shale patch. "Dough on a dog’s feet,” Hank said as he gave her a lift. Swamps, we soon found, were not for Pearl.

It built into quite a day. I lost count of the portages Hank gave Pearl. We beat through the thick covers where the grouse were ourselves because Pearl wouldn’t.

Come suppertime you never saw a raggeder, dirtier trio. But not Pearl. She was as immaculate as a show dog.

That night a full moon was suffusing the interior of the tent with a dim light when I awoke to the sound of frenzied barking and scuffling.

“A bear!” shouted Mac. "A bear’s in the tent and it’s got Pearl!”

“Quit your wishful dreaming and take a look,” I said. "Littlest bear I ever saw.”

One thin moonbeam, coming through the tentflaps, clearly showed Pearl circling foolishly close to a porcupine in the middle of the tent and yapping her head off. I reached for a stick, but before I could find one Hank leaped up with a cry and dove into the fray. The barking became even more frantic. Hank and Pearl moved alternately in and out of the shadows. One moment I saw Hank grabbing for his dog. Seconds later he tripped over the waterbucket, which was full, and fell.

Grasping of teeth. Swearing. Yelping. The porcupine, standing its ground, was the only dignified party to the struggle. When Hank got back on his feet he had Pearl in his arms, both of them dripping wet. Pearl squirmed and Hank lost his balance and accidentally kicked the porcupine. Dog and master rose toward the ridgepole, and when they landed Pearl bit Hank’s right ear and laid open a section of his cheek.

Any fainthearted dog-trainer could draw inspiration from what followed, though it is my opinion that the wrong parties were punished. Hank leaped to his bed with a roar and jerked the belt from his pants. He whirled on the porcupine first and quickly hazed it through the flaps.

Then he turned to Pearl. His invective was superb and well punctuated with accurate blows that made the belt buckle ring. When Pearl realized she was being beaten she fled the tent.

Pearl was no prim lady the next morning. Sleeping outside had put verve into her muscles. She hit the water like a Marine. She ranged the buck brush and
Fogged glasses ruining an easy shot? George.

Now it was the ninth season with two days to go and as usual everybody had a buck but George Mellish. Gathered around the stove at night we decided we’d all put on a big deer drive for George through a small swamp we’d been saving. We’d seen plenty of deer in it, and George, posted on the edge, should be a cinch to get anything coming out.

"Tomorrow I’m going to break that jinx," he announced with a calm air, "I’m going to anticipate fate — try something that has never been done before." He looked around mysteriously. "It can’t fail." He would say no more, so we hit the sick wondering what he meant.

The drive started beautifully. Jack Cunningham jumped a six-pointer that ran ahead, not too fast, straight for George. The four of us halted in mid-stride at the whitetail’s snort. You could mark the deer’s progress and funnel it through skim ice and skirted George’s knoll.

No action from George.

At length we started up again, kicking bushes, whoacking trees. Presently I glimpsed a brown form sneaking forward. A deer was moving cautiously ahead of the drive. At my whistle, the whitetail halted and the swamp again settled back into the numbedness of the morning, creaking its ice a little but holding itself deeply still as the deer stalked toward the hidden hunter.

No action from George.

At the risk of spoiling the drive I waved to Jack, then cut back through the swamp. George, it was obvious, needed help. I approached his knob carefully some minutes later, No George.

Then a clump of laurel shivered slightly and here he came, backing out of the laurel on all fours without his rifle!

As I began to ease up he flung off his hunting gear with a cry of protest. "I’m handicapping myself," he said finally. I eyed him. Maybe George had gone bushy.

Then, with the air of a man whose plight is too desperate to put into words, he gestured toward the laurel with the rifle barrel, which he was attempting to seat in the stock.

I crept through the brush and took a look. There was the last deer we had driven. What a buck! It was standing broadside, not seventy yards away, looking back toward the swamp.

George had the barrel in place and was searching frantically for the guard screw as I came back. It was terrible we were unable to catch him. At last he found it and with a dreadful intensity twisted it and twisted it before the threads caught. Then the screw-driver. He was taking an age.

We eased into the laurel.

The buck was gone.

From the swamp came the loud crash of our party breking ice and wallowing trees. This must have panicked the deer... George never said a word. I was about to clip him on the back when he stiffened

"What are you trying to do? Get me transferred to a beak in the sticks?"

American Legion Magazine.
and twisted to the left—the buck was sneaking away through waist-high laurel about 150 yards distant.

The shot was a sweetheart and soon we found ourselves standing over the prettiest ten-pointer you ever saw.

"Why in the name of Heaven did you take your gun down?" I cried.

"I had to make it tough for myself in advance," he explained proudly, "or I never would have a chance."

I don't recall that season as the season when I shot a certain deer. To me and the rest of us on that hunt it's The Year George Took His Gun Down.

Now you take rabbits. What do I remember most fondly of all my rabbit hunts? A dead rabbit? No. A pack of silly dogs and a grim farmer.

A few years back I had got in with a small group of beagle chasers whose joy it was to run their motley pack of dogs of a Sunday morning before church. We'd run two cottontails in fine style this morning and there remained time for one more session in those Tennessee bottomlands.

For this chase Jeff Staunton picked the strip bordering on Farmer Tolliver's lower pasture. Tolliver was a known hound hater—had often threatened to shoot dogs hunting on his land. But there seemed little chance of trouble from Tolliver because rabbits invariably kept to the strip outside the farmer's fence. There was no cover in the pasture beyond.

Stewart Colmer listening, spoke up shortly after the pack had "opened" in the dense second growth. "That Belle bitch of mine is drivin' too fast," he said. "Listen at that fool hag!"

Stewart was worried and I knew why. If a rabbit doesn't hole up, it almost invariably swings in a big circle ahead of the hounds and returns to give some gunner the chance for a shot. But if our pack drove too hard, the cottontail might leave the patch.

Presently that happened. The dogs swept under the fence and bounded across Tolliver's pasture. The four of us leaped into the brush. We had to get to those dogs before Tolliver. Up ahead the clamor of hound music became fainter. "They're heading for the barn!" Stewart shouted as we tore toward the pasture.

But he was wrong. The rabbit had bolted under a small chicken coop just beyond the pasture. You could tell because the last of eight beagles managed to squirm underneath the chicken coop and twisted to the left—the buck was sneaking away through waist-high laurel about 150 yards distant.

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A lone leghorn rocketed out. Dust rose from between the floorboards and I thought the coop trembled. Tolliver certainly wasn't yelling. His jaw hung open.

And then an extraordinary thing happened— the henhouse began to move. Teetering, it stumbled six inches, paused, and leaped a foot or more. When the pack had stood up on incense, causing the flimsy coop to go into a drunken downhill dance. That and the barrelhouse octet were too much. Stewart and Jeff and I began to laugh. And so did Tolliver, first in fits and starts and then in one steady roar.

We grabbed the coop and lifted it bodily to one side. You never saw a sillier looking pack of beagles. Conscious of our laughter they sat down nervously and tried to change the whole issue by assiduously scratching fleas.

Tolliver's face was a tear-stained wreck. "You won't," he said. "Never saw a walking henhouse before! Come up and have some cider and then please get those dogs out of here."

That's my pet rabbit hunt, but for all I know the rabbit is still alive.

Getting back to our original elk hunt, I finally bagged one after a swell twelve-day hunt without falling off a cliff, backing into a bear, or otherwise being the goat of our party. But Slim Reeves and Frank Hart had an extra-special elk hunt once.

Slim, a native Westerner, and Frank, who came from Maryland, had met in the Army where Slim had talked up elk-hunting and extended an open invitation for a hunt some day. Not long after the war Slim found himself with a longed-for elk hunt on his hands—and Frank, who had never seen an elk.

They had made camp at the north edge of Chamberlain Basin, which is in the rugged section of Idaho, and had been hunting the mountain meadows for a week without ever seeing an elk.

Slim, as the expert, had been lecturing Frank on how to sneak up on a bull elk, aided by a bamboo elk call.

"The bulls are protecting their harems of cows," explained Slim. "So when I bugle with this thing I'm another bull challenging the old boy to come fight for his ladies. You get close to a herd of elk and give it a blast—and it gets kind of exciting."

But Slim had bugled himself silly with nary a reply. He was beginning to be embarrassed. Bulls were bugling among themselves, but many a time the two men had crawled up a ravine toward a distant elk call without any takers for Slim's challenge. Frequently Frank asked to try the instrument. But Slim pointed out that on this particular hunt even an expert had a hard time.

"It plays its own tune," he said, "but the volume control is important."

The day I'm speaking of had begun badly again. When the boys got up they found that a bear had eaten their meat.

"We're hunting bear today, also," Slim announced, grimly. Frank Hart, an amiably loquacious individual with red hair and a slight drawl, said not a word.

Slim led Frank through mazes of fallen timber. He bugled. They followed fresh elk traces, approached bedding places. They walked, fell and cussed. Finally

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COME AND GET IT YOURSELF

It seems to me my appetite
Is always up and able.
When I come home from work to find
A note on the kitchen table.
— A. A. Lattimer

BATHLESS FLY

Late one afternoon our captain unexpectedly entered the company kitchen for sanitary inspection. None of us was worried, however, because the place was as clean as a hospital operating room.

The captain inspected the pots and pans, ran his hand over the stove, and was about to depart when suddenly he stopped and ran his hand across the top of the door-jamb. As he did so a huge fly zoomed over to the stove.

"Two demerits," shouted the captain. We knew he was tough on inspections, but we didn’t think we deserved two demerits for one fly, which usually meant only one demerit.

"Pardon me, sir," said the sergeant. "You mean one demerit, don’t you?" "Hell, no," shouted the captain. "Two demerits. There’s dust on the fly."
— Stanley J. Meyer

OPINION

Some politicians who have made their beds now seem to be trying to lie out of them.
— Mary Alkus

FORCED FEEDING

Upon being offered some turkey at the Mission on Thanksgiving Day the under-privileged child accepted all that was given him. "Now," said the hostess after a while, "would you like some of this nice stuffing?"

"No, thank you," the child replied, and after a moment’s thought added, "and I don’t see why the turkeys eat it either!"
— Aletha Whaley

PORTRAIT OF A HUSBAND

He jingles coins
And drums his fingers,
And in the tub
He always fingers.
Won’t shop with me,
Laughs at my hats,
Reads avidly,
But never chats.
His always right
And I agree,
For after all
He married me.
— Celia M. Webb

PERSECUTION

Scowling at his son’s report card, a father said, “What’s the excuse this time, Jack?”

“My teacher doesn’t like me,” he answered. “She nags me all day long.”

The next morning he visited Jack’s teacher to complain about the nagging.

“I don’t nag any of the children,” she protested. “Sit down and see for yourself.” The class was studying arithmetic and she called on Jack for the answer to a simple problem.

He shrugged his tiny shoulders and motioned to his father. “You are a witness, Dad,” he said. “She’s starting in already.”
— Clarence Roeger

DEAR WIFE

Forgive me if I raise my voice,
Excuse my vocal labors:
Though I know you’re still the boss, my dear,
I like to fool the neighbors.
— Philip Lazarus

PARDON ME!

The club of a coach known for his locker-room orations had played a very effeminate game for the half time and came off the football field dreading a tongue lashing. They sat in the dressing room, waiting for him to burst in and tell them off. Minute ticked after minute as the tension increased.

Then, just a moment before they had to go out on the field again, there was a sound at the door. Every player straightened.

The door opened and the coach stuck in his head. But only for an instant.

“Pardon me, girls,” the coach said, and hurriedly closed the door.
— Usher F. Newlin

PATERNAL PRECEDENT

When I crumb the crackers into my soup,
Though etiquette may forbid it,
Precedent proves me a loyal dupe,
For that is how grandfather did it!
— S. Omar Barker

WHO WON?

A team composed of military police was playing a soccer game with a team composed of back privates. A soldier was outlining the principles of the game.

“If you can’t kick the ball,” he said, “kick one of the men on the other team. Now where’s the ball?”

“Never mind the ball,” shouted a husky young private. “Let’s get on with the game.”
— F. G. Kernan

HIDDEN STRENGTH

The hand of my child is a delicate hand,
Her touch is a light, gentle touch.
Her fingers meet mine like a spidery strand,
Her clutch is a pliable clutch.
But this pliant hand, in its own gentle way,
At havoc is expert and deft,
At the rate of a table or chair every day,
We will soon have no furniture left.
— Harry Lazarus

CONFIDENCE

“Look doctor,” the sick man said, “the other doctors disagree with you in their diagnosis of my case.”

“I know,” replied the doctor, “but the postmortem will show that I am right.”
— Charles Mayes
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