



THESE AMERICANS



What You'll Find in the Pamphlet

"THESE AMERICANS"

Chapter 1. WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Pages 3-8

Johnny and his father talk about underdogs and lost causes and agree that the Pilgrims were underdogs when they came to this country, and so were many other early settlers.

When a new boy came to school, Johnny thought he had a funny name.

When the boy proved he could play ball, Johnny decided it was the person rather than the name that counted.

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Johnny decides that the motto on our coins means "one big team."

This is the challenge.

Suggested courses:

Civics

History

English

Suggested units:

{ Discrimination
{ Minority groups

{ Background of intolerance
{ Discrimination
{ Intergroup good will
{ Colonial settlements

Short biographies

Suggested comprehension level: 7-9

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★ LIVING DEMOCRACY SERIES ★
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THESE AMERICANS

Dad, Mother, and the children
talk it over: “. . . one nation, indivisible,”
united and made worthy to be great by
many people out of many lands

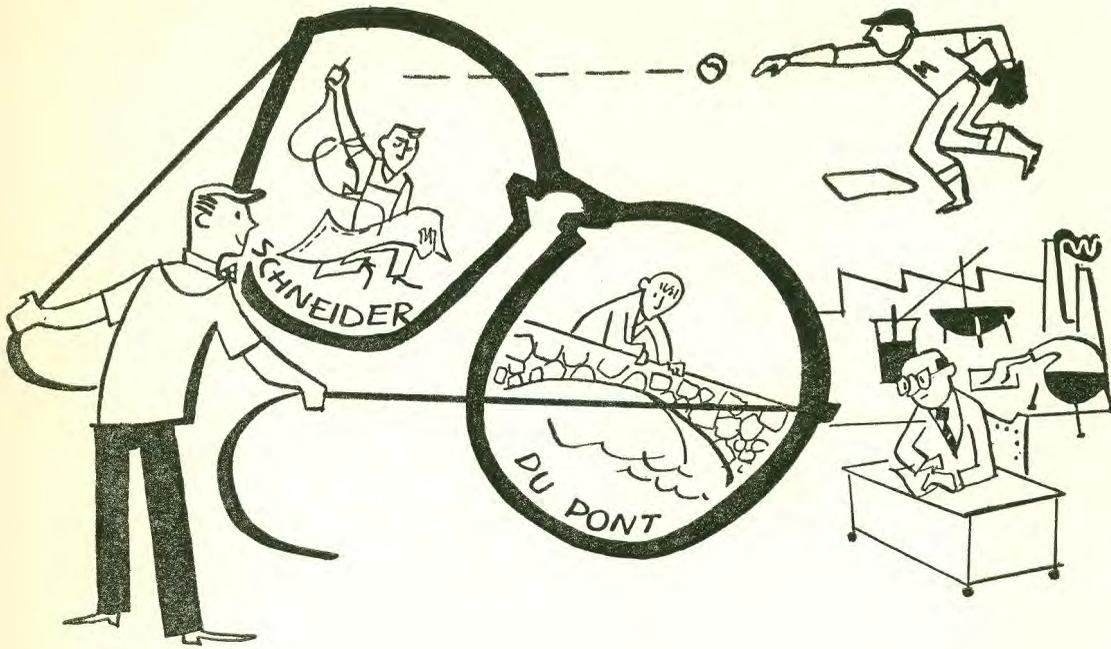
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1. WHAT'S IN A NAME

"Dad," said Johnny, "why does Eddie Jones say he'd rather be the Underdog in a big game? What does he want to be an Underdog for?"

"I don't know what you mean exactly," replied his father, looking over the top of his newspaper at Johnny.

"Eddie says he's sorry to hear that his team is favored by one touchdown to beat Norton High School. Eddie says he'd like it better if Norton High was favored to win by one touchdown."

"Oh, *that*," said Johnny's father. "That's simple. If you're favored to win, you won't play so hard as if you're favored to lose."

"Why not?" interrupted Johnny.

"Well, I'm not quite sure," his father replied, "unless it is more fun

to try to do something hard than it is to do something anyone can do. I know that I would rather play golf with Eddie's father, who usually beats me, than with Tom Brown's dad next door. I can always beat Mr. Brown. Well, almost always. Once, when I was overconfident, Tom's dad gave me a real lacing."

"You mean you like it better if you're the Underdog?" Johnny asked.

"I think so, especially in things like sports," Dad declared. "I agree with Eddie Jones on that. It's just human nature to try harder if you think you just have a chance to win than if you're almost sure you're going to win. Somebody once said that ours is a country of Underdogs and for people with *Lost Causes*."

Underdogs and Lost Causes

"What's a Lost Cause?" Johnny asked.

"I see that I'm not going to get a chance to read my paper tonight," said his father, half in earnest and half in fun.

"What's a Lost Cause?" Johnny asked again.

"Once," said his father, "women were not allowed to vote. When women first asked for the right to vote, some men—most men, I guess—laughed at them. When women kept on asking, some men said it wasn't right for them to vote. A few even said women ought not to vote because the Bible didn't say anything about votes for women. And so on. In those days, votes for women was a Lost Cause. Time after time the women who asked for the right to vote lost out on election day."

"But women do have the right to vote," said Johnny.

"Bless your heart!" said his dad, "so they do. You see, if you stand for a Lost Cause, and if that cause is good, and if you fight like an Underdog, why, the time may come when your cause isn't lost. It wins, and that's that."

"And everybody lives happily ever after, as it says in the storybooks?" asked Johnny.

"No," replied Dad. "In this country, we usually find some other cause that might be lost if it didn't get our support. If the Lost Cause is worth while, it wins after a while."

"I suppose you think," said Mother, coming into the room at that moment,

"that the dishes will wash themselves. Johnny, Mary washed them last night—and I wiped—so it's really up to you and Dad tonight."

"Well, here goes being an Underdog again," said Johnny.

"Another Lost Cause," said his father, laughing.

Johnny laughed too, very loudly.

"What's funny about that?" asked Mother. "Did I say something funny?"

Johnny and his dad laughed even louder at that.

"Come, Mr. Underdog," said his father. "You join Mr. Lost Cause. Together we'll do the dishes."

"I don't know what you men think is so funny," said Mother. "If you don't like to wash dishes, all you have to do is to buy me a dishwashing machine."

"That would take care of that Lost Cause, but since we don't have a dishwashing machine, that means we have to wash the supper dishes, doesn't it?" Johnny asked.

"And if I bought a machine, that would still leave me the Underdog," replied Dad, laughing again, "because I'm the one who has to provide the money."

Are There Really Funny Names?

Johnny liked it when he and his father could spend some time together. Girls preferred to be with their mothers, anyhow, Johnny thought, as he watched Dad fill a dishpan with hot water and suds and begin sousing the dishes and the tableware.

"Some new people have moved in

down the street," Johnny said to his father.

"Really," said Dad. "What's their name?"

"They've got a funny one, Schneider," Johnny replied.

"What's funny about that?" asked his father.

"Oh, I don't know," Johnny said. "It's just funny."

"Any children in the new family?"

"Three or four. One boy. About my age. His name is Ludwig. Ludwig Schneider. Isn't that funny?"

"No," said his father. "And I can see that this new boy is going to be an Underdog as far as you are concerned."

"Not if he's a good kid," said Johnny.

"Kid?"

"Boy. It's bad enough to have my grammar corrected in school."

"H-m-m-m-m," said his father.

"I hear the new family are Nazis," Johnny said.

"Now *that*," said his father sharply, "is a mean thing to say. Who said that?"

"One of the kids—I mean boys—said that Schneider is a German name and that all Germans were Nazis. So there."

"Johnny," said his father, "you can't tell what a person is by his name. Why, you can't expect somebody named Taylor to be a tailor or somebody named Carpenter to be a carpenter. You don't even know that the Schneiders came from Germany. But even if they did, that doesn't prove anything. Just remember that many

of the most famous American families—the Eisenhowers and the Willkies and a lot of others—came from Germany. So watch your tongue, Johnny—and don't say things you can't prove. Anyhow, Ludwig, the new boy, is too young to have been a Nazi or anything else. Chances are you'll find him to be a pretty decent boy."

What Did the Indians Think?

"You don't really think the name Schneider is funny, Dad?"

"No, I don't," Johnny's father replied. "It's a little different, that's all. Do you remember Captain Myles Standish?"

"Sure," said Johnny. "He was in charge of the Pilgrim soldiers at Plymouth."

"What was the name of the Indian with whom Captain Standish made a treaty?"

"Massasoit, wasn't it?" asked Johnny.

"Massasoit could have thought Myles Standish's name was funny," Dad said, "because everybody he knew—and that meant nearly everybody in America then—had an Indian name."

"I see," said Johnny. "I had no right to think Schneider was a funny name."

"Good for you," said his dad. "You got the point quickly. By the way, Johnny, when the Pilgrims came to this country, they were Underdogs, weren't they?"

"I never thought of it that way, but they certainly were," said Johnny. "We've been reading about them in school."

"The Quakers who settled Pennsylvania were Underdogs," said his dad.

"And the Catholics in Maryland?" asked Johnny.

"That's right," said his father.

"Why, we're a nation of Underdogs," said Johnny.

"That's right again," replied his dad. "You know, I think that's why Eddie Jones says he prefers to have his team the Underdogs when it plays Norton High this week."

"I'll bet that new boy, Ludwig Schneider, feels like an Underdog this very minute," Johnny said.

"It's up to him to prove he's a regular fellow," said Dad.

"He's got skis," said Johnny.

"How would you know that?"

"I saw the furniture movers bring them in."

"Oh."

"Will you buy me some skis this winter?"

"Do I always have to be the Underdog?" Dad asked, laughing.

Johnny laughed, too.

Just then Mother came into the kitchen to see if the dishes were done. She heard Dad and Johnny laughing.

"What's funny?" she asked.

"It's a little hard to explain," said Dad.

"Hard to explain," repeated Johnny, acting grown-up.

"I know," said Mother. "It's probably something about baseball. You can have your old secrets."

It Takes All Kinds

Dad went back to his paper. Mother worked at the sweater she was knit-

ting. Johnny was building a bridge with his steel construction set.

"Johnny," said his father, "it takes all sorts of people to make America. We were talking about the Schneiders before."

"Who?" asked Johnny's mother.

"They're the new people who have moved into the Ware house down the street."

"Tomorrow," said Mother, "I'll send them a basket of fruit. I know that's dreadfully old-fashioned, but I like to be old-fashioned about some things."

"Johnny thought Schneider was a funny name," said Dad.

"I didn't, really," said Johnny. "Don't rub it in."

"I know you were just talking," his father replied, "but a lot of thoughtless people make life hard for strangers whose names aren't like theirs. There once was a family named Heinz. I'll bet people thought theirs was a funny name. Maybe it is—but the Heinz family made millions of dollars in the pickle business, while a lot of people with unfunny names didn't amount to much. The Heinzes probably came from Germany."

"And they made good pickles," said Mother. "They made their millions of dollars because their pickles were good."

"Right," said Dad. "Now look at your stockings. The nylon in them was probably made by the Du Ponts. And the Du Ponts were French 'way back before they came to this country. We have at least one automobile named for a Frenchman—"

"Chevrolet?" asked Johnny.

"That's right," said his dad.

"How about Arturo Toscanini?" asked Mother.

"Greatest conductor, probably, in America today," said Dad. "And he came from Italy."

"George Washington Carver, a Negro, was one of the greatest food scientists the world has ever known," said Johnny. "Our teacher told us about him today."

"The greatest writer in our language, Shakespeare, once asked, 'What's in a name?' and he answered his own question by saying, 'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.' So the important thing isn't that Schneider is a German name," Dad declared.

"It isn't important even that Schneider means *tailor* or that Finklestein means *flint* or that people named Cabot used to spell their name *Caboto* four hundred years ago. It's the person, rather than the name, that's important."

Can He Play the Game?

"'Yogi' Schneider has a wicked arm," Johnny said to his father at supper several days later.

"Who's 'Yogi' Schneider?"

"The new boy down the street."

"I thought his name was Lancelot or something like that."

"Ludwig," Johnny corrected.

"You said he had a funny name."

"Aw, don't rub it in," said Johnny. "That was just talk. We boys were even going to call him Ludwig the Lug until he pitched this morning.

That's when we got together a scrub game. And when it was Lud's turn to pitch, he threw the wickedest drop you ever saw, so we've nicknamed him 'Yogi' in honor of Yogi Berra of the Yankees."

"But Yogi isn't a pitcher," said Dad.

Johnny decided to ignore that comment.

"Yogi batted .500 today," he said.

"What on earth are you talking about?" Mother asked, as she came into the room with more milk for Johnny.

"Yogi Schneider; he batted .500," Johnny repeated.

"Is that good?" Mother asked. "I'm sure I don't know who or what you're talking about."

"You divide the number of hits by the number of times at bat and carry the answer to three decimal places, and that's your batting average," Dad said very seriously.

"It's arithmetic—simple arithmetic," said Johnny.

"It's baseball," retorted Mother, "and I'll never have time to learn to understand baseball."

"Oh, Mother!" said Johnny. "It's simple. Yogi Schneider was at bat six times today. He got three hits. So he's batting for .500. See? He got a triple and a homer with the bases loaded. He—"

"If you'll excuse me," said Mother, "I'll get the dessert."

"Sometimes," said Johnny, after Mother had left the room, "sometimes I think Mother understands baseball perfectly, and sometimes I wonder if she knows the difference

between basketball and baseball.”

“Johnny!” shouted Dad, with make-believe anger. “You mustn’t talk like that. Anyhow, I’m glad the new boy turned out to be a good ballplayer. You’ll probably find that he’s a regular fellow in other ways, too.”

“Oh, Yogi’s one of the gang now,” said Johnny.

Grownups Can Learn, Too

“It would be wonderful if grownups learned the rules of the game of life as quickly as younger people do,” Dad said. “Yogi’s a member of your gang already, but it will probably take several years before his mother and father are accepted.”

“Why is that?” Johnny asked.

“Some grown-up people say to themselves when newcomers move into the neighborhood, ‘They’ll have to prove to me that they’re all right as people before I have anything to do with them.’ And sometimes, even then, grownups don’t give newcomers a chance to prove they’re all right for the longest time. Grownups take their time about making new friends. Ludwig proved to you that he was a good pitcher and a decent sort, so you have accepted him. His parents will have to prove that same thing. Not by playing baseball, of course, but by showing they are good neighbors and good citizens. That takes longer to prove.”

“Of course,” admitted Johnny.

“Some people,” said Dad, “refuse to be friendly with people, no matter

how fine they are, if they don’t like their color or their religion or their race.”

“Kids—I mean, children—aren’t like that,” said Johnny.

“Grownups can learn some things from children,” said Dad.

Johnny looked proud.

“A home run is a home run, whether it is hit by a Negro or a Japanese or a Jew, Protestant, Catholic, or Hindu,” said Dad. “Stealing home is a great stunt, too, if you can get away with it. The trick is just as good whether your parents came from Germany or Russia or Canada or wherever.”

“That’s right,” Johnny said.

“Our country is made up of people who came here from different lands. From many different people we made one nation,” Dad said, “but there are still a lot of people who think they are better than other people. Thank heaven, they’re changing their minds about that. But the change is coming slowly, perhaps too slowly.”

“Do you mean,” Johnny asked, “that there are people who won’t play with other people because of their color or religion? I’ve heard about such things, but I didn’t know it happened in real life.”

“Some day,” said Dad, “I’ll tell you about some of the people who have made this country great. And you’ll see that their color or which church they went to isn’t what you ought to judge them by.”



2. IT'S HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME

The family was sitting in the living room. Mary, Johnny's big sister, was off in a corner under a table lamp, pasting snapshots into an album. Mother was knitting, and Dad, as usual, was reading the newspaper. For a wonder, Johnny was quiet—but perhaps it wasn't a wonder, after all. Dad, you see, had been complaining that he rarely saw the newspaper in one piece. Mother, he said, made off with the household pages, and Johnny usually took out the sports pages and never bothered to return them. It was all too true, especially about Johnny, who had just found the sports section when Dad asked for it.

"Some day, when I'm old and gray,"

Dad said, "I'll expect to get the evening paper with all the pages running in order. And some day Johnny will find that there are other things to read in a newspaper besides sports. Not that there's anything wrong with sports, mind you," he went on. "The people who play the game and the way they play—those are the important things—more important, even, than the final score."

"Good old Dad," Johnny thought to himself. "He gets mad every now and again, but he doesn't stay mad long."

"Did I ever tell you about the baseball player who batted .800 in his first big-league game?" Dad asked.

Mary looked up from her snapshots. Johnny grinned, because he knew a story was coming and also because he knew his dad had stopped being angry that the sports pages had been missing from his newspaper.

"That means he got four hits out of five times at bat," said Mary.

Johnny's eyes grew round with surprise. Then he grinned.

"How would you know a thing like that?" he asked.

"Girls play baseball and softball," said Mary. "We have a team in our school and, if you must know, there are girls' softball teams all over this country."

"I was trying to tell you about a man who hit .800 in his first big-league game," said Dad.

Mary and Johnny became suddenly mum.

"He scored four runs and helped make a total of seven of the fourteen runs made by his team, the Montreal Royals. Some people said he had the makings of one of the great baseball players of all time; and some people said it was a shame he could never play in the major leagues."

"Why couldn't he?" asked Mary.

"Some people said that the color of his skin was wrong," Dad said. "He was a Negro."

"What's that got to do with the case?" asked Johnny. "He could hit, couldn't he?"

"That boy really had a rough time of it," said Dad. "He was an Underdog, because he was born in the South, where many people believe that, if your skin is black, you're not

so good as a white person. I should say, to be fair, that there are people in other parts of the country who believe the same thing. And it's all wrong.

"Anyhow, when this boy, who grew up to be 'Mr. .800,' was a baby, his mother took him and his sister and his three brothers to California, where conditions were better. The family had lost their father, so the mother had to do all sorts of odd jobs to earn enough money to feed her children.

"And the boy—let's call him Johnny or Jackie—Jackie, that's it! He had to go to work when he was ten years old. He delivered papers, collected junk, sold hot dogs, washed automobiles—things like that.

"Later he went to the John Muir Technical High School and then to the Pasadena Junior College—"

Mary interrupted.

"He must have been smart," she said.

He Broke Schoolboy Records

"Just average," said Dad, "but he became a great athlete. He starred in football, basketball, baseball, and track. As a schoolboy, he set a California record for the broad jump—25 feet, 6½ inches. And as a junior-college baseball player, his batting average was .466!"

Johnny whistled.

"He was so good," said Dad, "that he was given an athletic scholarship to UCLA. That's a college. Its full name is the University of California at Los Angeles. He was a star athlete there, too. As a football player at

UCLA, he averaged twelve yards every time he carried the ball!"

"That sounds like a storybook adventure," Mary put in.

"I'm telling you," said Dad. "This boy—this Jackie—was so good that he was the only boy in history ever to play in two College All-Star games in two different sports—football and basketball."

Johnny looked surprised.

"In his first college baseball game," Dad went on, "Jackie stole five bases—including home! Somebody taught him how to play tennis, and after brief practice, he went into the semi-finals of the national competition for Negro players."

Johnny's eyes were shining with excitement as he listened.

"One day," Dad carried on the story, "somebody invited him to a golf course, and the first time he ever picked up the clubs, he went around in 99."

"I don't know anything about golf, but I imagine that's good, isn't it?" asked Mary.

"For a first time," Dad said, "that's just about perfect.

"Jackie left college in his junior year and, after a time, he played football for the Los Angeles Bulldogs. Early in December, 1941, his team went to Honolulu to play. As they were on shipboard sailing back to the mainland, they heard in the distance—far, far away—a booming sound. What do you suppose that was?"

"What?" asked Mary and Johnny together.

"The Japanese were bombing Pearl

Harbor in Honolulu," said Dad. "We were at war. Several months later, Jackie was drafted. He was sent to officers' training school and was graduated as a second lieutenant. He served overseas for thirty-one months and was discharged as a first lieutenant in 1945. Then he went to the Samuel Houston College for Negroes in Austin, Texas, where he was director of athletics for one term.

"After that he played in the Negro American Baseball League for the Kansas City Monarchs. He batted .340 and became a sensational fielder. He was so good, in fact, that he played, just for the fun of it, with the Red Sox."

Riots? If a Negro Played?

"What do you mean, 'just for the fun of it'?" asked Johnny.

"No Negro ever had played major-league baseball," said Dad. "People said if a Negro played, that would cause riots, especially down South."

"Why?" asked Johnny. "Because of his color?"

"That's what people said," Dad replied. "But Branch Rickey, who then ran the Brooklyn Dodgers and who is one of the grandest people in the country, didn't think so. Mr. Rickey thought it was just nonsense not to let a star performer play baseball simply because his skin was black."

Mary said, "I think that's nonsense, too."

"Me, too," said Johnny.

"Branch Rickey decided to take a chance," Dad went on. "He signed Jackie to play for the Montreal Royals

at \$600 a month and gave him a \$3500 bonus for signing up. This was big-league baseball, mind you, but not yet major league.

"Anyhow, the Royals opened their season against Jersey City in the Roosevelt Stadium in April, 1946. There were 25,000 fans present. Jackie played at second base where, they say, the spikes fly sharpest. Do you know what Jackie did?"

"He hit .800," said Johnny.

"I almost forgot I had already told you that," said Dad. "His season batting average was .379. He stole forty bases, scored 113 runs. But he was black—"

"What of it?" asked Mary. "He'd proved he was a great baseball player, hadn't he?"

"Well, in Jacksonville and Deland, Florida—where it is against the law for Negroes and Whites to play together—Jackie wasn't allowed to play. But Montreal said if Jackie couldn't play, then the Royals wouldn't play. So those games were called off."

"Good!" said Johnny.

"Branch Rickey's Brooklyn Dodgers owned the Montreal Royals, as you probably know," said Dad; "and Jackie helped that team win the national championship of their league in 1946. So Branch Rickey decided he'd heard enough foolishness about white people rioting if Negroes played against them.

"He asked Jackie if he'd like to play for the Brooklyn Dodgers, and Jackie was so pleased, his friends say, that he signed the contract without even looking at the salary figure. He was

that proud of being the first Negro to be asked to play major-league baseball."

"Rookie of the Year"

"Jackie Robinson was chosen the 'Rookie of the Year' in 1947, the first year he played with the Dodgers," said Johnny.

"Oh," Dad said, "so you knew all along I was talking about Jackie Robinson? Why didn't you tell me before? I thought the story would be more interesting if I didn't tell you who the hero was until the very end."

"We knew you liked to tell it that way," said Mary, "so we decided we wouldn't let on. But then Johnny 'squealed.' He didn't mean to, I'm sure."

Dad went on, "Both Branch Rickey and Jackie Robinson received prizes for helping the Negro people in their struggle for equal rights with white people. And early in his big-league career, when some people wondered if Jackie Robinson could make the grade in the big time, he said, 'Anyone who says I can't make it doesn't know what I've gone through and what I'm prepared to go through to stay up in the big leagues.'"

"He sure made the grade," said Johnny.

Dad finished by saying, "People like Jackie Robinson and Branch Rickey and all true believers in sportsmanship are helping to make this a better country to live in. There's a lot to be done still to teach some—many—Americans to give everybody a fair chance and to remind them

that color or race or creed doesn't win or lose ball games."

"That's like what I said about Yogi Schneider," said Johnny. "I say it doesn't matter about Yogi's color or creed or where he or his folks came from. I say the important things are: Can he play baseball and will he fol-

low the rules of the game?"

"That's where you're very, very right," said Dad.

And Mary decided she'd go out to the kitchen to see how Mom was getting along with the apple pies she was baking.



3. AN ACCIDENTAL HERO

It was half past eight at night. Supper had been eaten so long ago—at least two hours had passed—that Johnny began to think of raiding the refrigerator. The last of his “good programs” on the radio had ended, and it was time for him to undress and take a shower before going to bed.

There was no reason for hurry, of course. Johnny had decided long ago that if you postponed the taking of your shower until the last possible minute—why, you could succeed in staying up much later. Johnny hated to go to bed—and he hated to get up in the morning.

Father was out of town on business. Mother was darning socks. Big sister Mary finished her homework and, as she was putting her books and papers away, spoke to Mother.

“I’ve got to write a composition next week. Will you help me with it, Mother?”

“Why, yes, dear,” Mother replied. “I’ll help you as much as I can, or as much as is fair.”

“I just can’t seem to get started,” said Mary. “If only I could get started, I’d feel as if I were half done.”

“‘Well begun is half done,’” her mother quoted. “What is your composition about?”

Mary said, “We are all supposed to write a story about somebody who did something he didn’t expect to do—like the chemist who discovered a new medicine by accident, or the machinist who unexpectedly made a new invention, or something like that. I want to write about a man who didn’t want to become a hero and who, in spite of himself, became a very great hero.”

“What kind of talk is that?” asked Johnny.

“I mean Harold Russell,” Mary continued. “An explosion blew off both of his hands. He didn’t want that to happen, did he? Well, in spite of that, he became a great hero.”

“That’s awful,” said Mother, shuddering at the thought of a man without hands.

Lindy Was His Model

"I want to tell about Harold Russell in my composition," Mary said; "how he was born in North Sydney, Nova Scotia, in 1914. After his father died, the Russells moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where his mother became a nurse. Then I can tell how Harold had to go to work as a small boy to help earn money. He sold newspapers, ran errands, polished cars, delivered bundles—did anything to help.

"Lindbergh flew across the Atlantic when Harold was a boy, so Harold hoped he could become a great flier like Lindy. To get his first training, he went to Rindge Technical High School in Cambridge. There he found out that he was not a good student in mathematics and science. What was worse, Harold learned that he had *no ability with his hands*. And to think that he was to lose those hands later!"

"Why, it's like a mystery story," said Mother. "Tell me more. And, by the way, Johnny, why don't you get ready to take your—"

"I know. My shower. Tell us more," Johnny interrupted.

"When Harold was fifteen," Mary related, "he got a job, after school hours, as a counter boy in a supermarket. Later he learned how to become a meat cutter. And at about the time of Pearl Harbor, he was made manager of the store."

Mary paused.

"Life plays some perfectly awful tricks on people," she said. "When our country got into the Second World

War, Harold Russell tried to enlist in the Marines.

"He was turned down as being physically unfit. So he tried to enlist in the Navy. Again he was turned down. Unfit. Now if only the Army had turned him down, too," said Mary, "then that awful thing would never have happened to Harold Russell."

"You can't tell about things like that," Mother said.

"Well," Mary went on, "less than two months after we went to war, Harold was in the Army. He became a paratrooper and made fifty-one jumps. To be a paratrooper, you really have to be strong. So the Marines and Navy were wrong, I think, in refusing to take Harold.

"Harold became a sergeant and was trained to be an instructor in a demolition school."

"What's that?" asked Johnny.

"That's where you train men to blow up the enemy's bridges and forts and things like that," explained Mary.

"Well, after he had been in the Army for more than two years on this dangerous work, he was teaching a squad in Camp Mackall, North Carolina, how to work with explosives. A fuse he was holding went off, and there was an explosion which shattered his hands and wounded him in the chest and stomach."

Mother and Johnny looked grim, but they remained silent.

Mary went on, "The next day they cut off his hands—three inches above the wrists."

"Ooh, gee!" said Johnny, looking at his own hands.

"It was worse than that," said Mary. "When Harold Russell came out of the operating room in Walter Reed Hospital, he was sure that life had treated him about as badly, almost, as anyone had been treated since the world began.

"He didn't want to live. He kept wondering who was going to feed him and dress him and shave him and take care of him all the days of his life. For weeks he just hated to think of himself being a burden—a helpless burden."

"I don't blame him a bit for feeling like that," said Mother.

He Has Two "Iron Hands"

"One day a soldier who had lost a hand in the First World War," said Mary, "came to visit with Harold. This man was using what they called an 'iron claw.' Suddenly Harold began to wonder if he could learn to use *two* iron claws. He wanted to try it, anyway.

"He worked and strained and struggled for weeks, and finally he succeeded in doing it. He could use two iron claws.

"At the hospital they were so amazed at Harold's courage that they put him in a movie as the main character. It was called 'Diary of a Sergeant.' They made it to help other wounded men feel that they had a chance to live and work like other human beings.

"After a year and a half in and out of hospitals, Harold was given an honorable discharge from the Army and was listed as totally unable to do any-

thing. So—he became a student at Boston University. And, after classes, he worked as director of the athletic programs at the Cambridge Y.M.C.A."

"Totally useless!" said Johnny. "He sure *wasn't*."

"In 1946, Harold Russell was invited to Hollywood to make a movie," Mary carried on the story. "He was not an actor, of course, but actors—many of them—said that Harold gave the finest performance they had ever seen. He won two Oscars—those are prizes given for good movies and good acting—for his work in that movie, which was called 'The Best Years of Our Lives.'"

"That movie won a number of Oscars besides those given to Harold, didn't it?" Mother asked.

"Yes," said Mary, "and it really deserved them, I think.

"After he completed work on the movie, Harold went back to college and got his degree. Then he became a lecturer. And now he goes all over the country telling people how great our nation is and pleading with people to be united and to stop disliking people because of their creed or color.

"Harold says that in this country many unfair handicaps are placed in the way of some people. He says that it is wicked to refuse to hire somebody for a job because he is a Jew or a Negro or a Protestant or a Catholic. He thinks everybody ought to have a fair chance to make good.

"Harold decided, you see, after he had lost his hands, that he was going to spend his life fighting for other people—the people who were handi-

capped because of their faith or race. Harold Russell fights for fair play, an even break, a new chance for all the people of our land."

"We need that kind of fighting," said Mother.

Americans from Many Lands

"I think it's marvelous," said Mary, "that a man who was born in Canada should now be speaking like that all over his adopted country. He lectures in schools and colleges, before men's and women's clubs, in churches and large halls, always urging us to remember that this country was made by persons who came from all the countries of the world!

"Last year one big club was so interested in what Harold was doing that they sent him through the whole United States. They wanted him to remind every one of us that we must live, work, and play together if we are to continue to be a strong nation. For several years Harold has been national commander of the AMVETS, an organization made up entirely of veterans of World War II; and he must be a good one, because he was

re-elected after he had served one term.

"Harold Russell is married and the father of two children. Everybody says he is a perfectly wonderful chap who didn't ever want to become a hero and who would give up all the honor and glory he has had if he could only get his two hands back. But since that can't happen, he isn't complaining. More than that, he is devoting his entire life to making this a better country and fighting for the disabled and badly treated people of the country."

"Well," said Mother, "if that's the story you want to write as your composition, I'd just put it down on paper about the way you told it to us. Then it would turn out to be a fine composition."

"That's right," said Johnny. "Write it as you told it. Do you know any more stories about Harold Russell?"

"I think I do," Mother said. "I believe that when Harold Russell was your age, Johnny, he was probably fast asleep by now. Hurry up. Take your shower and hurry off to bed."

"Aw, Mother!" said Johnny.



4. THE GREATEST PRIZE IN THE WORLD

“What a perfectly dreadful thing to say!” exclaimed Dad.

The family looked at him with great interest.

“It would be an awful thing to say if it were true,” Dad continued, “but the fact that it is a lie makes it frightful.”

It was, as usual, something Johnny had *reported* which made Dad “blow up.” Johnny’s gang, it seemed, had been talking about Jackie Robinson, and one of the boys said that his father had told him that Negroes were great athletes because their bodies were better developed than their minds. Johnny asked Dad if that were so.

“It isn’t true,” said Dad, “and it’s a dreadful thing that there are still people who spread such nonsense.

“There was a time—just to show how prejudice doesn’t change—when people used to say that the Irish (that’s what they called the Ameri-

cans who came from Ireland) were good only for menial labor.”

“What’s that?” asked Johnny.

“Ditch-digging and that sort of thing,” replied Dad. “Some people said the Irish were good for that—and for nothing else.

“Then when John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain and a lot of other fighters who were of Irish descent became boxing champs, these same people said that they were great athletes because their bodies were better developed than their minds. You know—just as Johnny says they’re saying about Jackie Robinson.

“Well, after a while some great athletes of Irish ancestry—like Eddie Mahan and Eddie Casey—began to become famous at our colleges. So the bigots said that of course the Irish were good at sports which required brute strength, but at sports like rowing or tennis—and more and more stuff like that—why, they didn’t stack up. And all hokum, too!”

“You said it,” Mary broke in. “Haven’t they ever heard about Mau-

reen Connolly, the sixteen-year-old California girl who won the National Women's Tennis Championship?"

"That's correct," her father replied. "And after that, these same bigots said the same things about the Jews. When the Jews showed that they could produce great athletes and scholars and doctors, then these prejudiced people said that Americans of Polish or Hungarian ancestry weren't athletes. And pretty soon these same people began to joke because so many persons with Polish and Hungarian names became stars for Notre Dame, Harvard, Boston College, and other big schools.

"And now they're saying the same things about the Negroes, are they? They're saying that Joe Louis and Jackie Robinson and Sam Jethroe—all Negroes—were or are great athletes because a Negro's body is better developed than his mind. What utter nonsense that is!"

That was quite a long speech for Dad to make, but he sounded so earnest about what he was saying that nobody even thought of breaking in.

Great People in Every Group

"The simple truth is," Dad said, "that, given a chance, people of every race, color, or church can produce great athletes, scholars, scientists, and the like. In this country, people usually get a chance to make good. As for American Negroes, what they have done in music and education and science—as well as in sports—is so great that it doesn't need any description or defense.

"Still, it is awful to know that people make dirty cracks like that at a time when Ralph Bunche is recognized as one of the great men of the world. It is bad for even a few parents to tell their children such stuff as if it were gospel truth."

"I didn't believe it, of course," said Johnny, worried lest Dad might think *he* would pay any attention to that kind of talk.

"Bunche," queried Mary, "Ralph Bunche? That name sounds awfully familiar, Dad, but I just can't place it."

"Ralph Bunche," Mother broke in suddenly, as if she had been called upon in a Groucho Marx Quiz Program, "is the American Negro who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1950."

"Go on," said Dad. "Tell us more."

"Dr. Bunche helped to make it possible for Jews, after two thousand years of wandering, to have peace in the Holy Land, where they had set up their own nation," Mother replied. "The Bible says that after the Jews had been dispersed, they would one day return to Palestine. So, in a way, Dr. Bunche helped to make a Bible prophecy come true. Do you know the name of the new Jewish country?" she asked Mary.

"Yes, it's the land of Israel—just as it was in Bible times," Mary said.

"Are all Jews going to live in Israel?" asked Johnny.

"Of course not," said Mother. "But any Jew who wants to live in the land of his ancestors of Bible times may now do so."

"I want to hear more about Ralph

Bunche," Johnny begged.

"Let Dad tell you," said Mother. "He's the biographer—the one who tells stories of the lives of great men—in this family."

An Athlete, a Scholar, a Diplomat

"It's a grand story," Dad began, "almost what you would call a storybook story. Ralph Bunche is, for one thing, the grandson and descendant of American slaves. He was born in Detroit in 1904—which makes him rather young to be so famous. His father was a barber, and his mother a musician. By the time he was twelve years old, Ralph's parents were both dead. His mother and father died within three months of each other."

"How perfectly awful!" said Mary.

"Ralph was brought up by his grandmother," Dad went on, "Mrs. Lucy Johnson of Los Angeles. He went to Jefferson High School in Los Angeles and was graduated right at the top of his class.

"His grandmother wasn't wealthy, so Ralph had to earn his own way through college. He went to the University of California at Los Angeles, where Jackie Robinson was once a student, too.

"At college Ralph Bunche was a star guard on three championship basketball teams. He also played on the varsity football and baseball teams. He was sports editor of the college yearbook, and he was prominent in college speaking and debating contests."

"What a lot of activities!" Mary said, a little enviously because she

found it hard to do two outside projects as well as her schoolwork.

"But just think," said Dad, "that at the same time he had to make enough money to pay his college expenses. He worked as a janitor, a carpet layer, and a waiter in an Army officers' club.

"Bunche was so bright that he won a number of scholarships at college. Also he was elected to that famous society of scholars, Phi Beta Kappa. And then, to top it all, he was graduated in 1927 *summa cum laude*."

"What's that?" asked Johnny.

"That's Latin," said Mary. "It means 'with highest honors.'"

"Gee whiz!" said Johnny.

"Everybody in Ralph's neighborhood," Dad went on, "that is, nearly everybody—was so pleased that he had done well that they decided to give him a chance to get an even higher education. Now Negroes are, for the most part, very poor people, mostly because, in the past, they haven't been given an opportunity to get an education or to hold the better jobs."

"That's still true in a lot of places today," said Mother.

"You're very right," Dad said. "Anyhow, Ralph's neighbors and friends—these awfully poor people—put together their pennies and dollars to see to it that Ralph Bunche should have the same chance any brilliant white boy would have. Altogether they gathered a thousand dollars and told him to use the money to pay his expenses at Harvard University.

"After Ralph had studied at Harvard, he became a teacher at Howard

University in Washington, D. C., a famous college mainly for the education of Negroes. He also was a member of a group which made a report on conditions of the Negro in America. Gunnar Myrdal, a famous Swedish scholar, was in charge of the survey. He and Ralph were 'run out' of Southern towns many times because selfish people didn't want them to find out how badly the Negroes were being treated and, what was worse, didn't want to make life better and happier for these fellow Americans."

"I bet that didn't stop Ralph," said Mary.

"No," Dad admitted. "He went right on. In 1941 the government borrowed him to work as an expert on African and Far Eastern affairs. He had made a trip around the world some years before and had made a study of the people in two areas in West Africa, right on the scene. Three years later he went to the State Department as an expert on colonial problems, and soon he received the highest position ever held in the State Department by a Negro—that of chief of a division."

"That's something to remember to the credit of our government," said Mother.

A Negro Brings Peace to an Ancient Land

"Ralph Bunche," Dad continued, "represented our government in San Francisco when the United Nations organization was formed. Later he was 'loaned' by the State Department to the United Nations. Still later he

was in Palestine, trying to straighten out the bitter dispute between the Jewish and Arab states.

"Count Folke Bernadotte of Sweden, a great and good man, had been appointed mediator—that means 'peacemaker'—to settle the Palestine problem. When in September, 1948, Count Bernadotte was murdered by gangsters in Israel, Ralph Bunche was made acting mediator to carry on his work.

"War had broken out in the Holy Land, and this was, really, the first test of whether the United Nations could make or keep peace. If Ralph Bunche had failed in his task, the United Nations might have been so weakened that it wouldn't have been very useful any more.

"Dr. Bunche's job was tough, because many Arab leaders not only hated the Jews but also hated one another. More than that, the Holy Land is a place sacred to persons of three of the world's great religions—Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. And each group felt that it, according to the Bible, ought to own or take care of the Holy Land.

"So, while the war was going on, Dr. Bunche held many meetings with leaders of the fighting groups. He succeeded in working out armistice—or stop-fighting—agreements between Israel and the Arab states.

"Both sides acted, of course, as if Ralph Bunche were on the *other* side, and so his job of making peace was very hard. But Dr. Bunche became famous for his patience and his unwillingness to become angry, no mat-

ter what was said about him. The result was the present armistice in the Holy Land and, just as important, the first big international victory of the United Nations.

"It was for winning this victory that Dr. Bunche was recently awarded the Nobel Peace Prize—the first Negro ever to receive any such award."

Dad turned to Johnny and added, "Johnny, tell *that* to the boy who said Negroes are great athletes because their bodies are better developed than their minds. Here is a man, Dr. Bunche, who was a great athlete; and whose mind and soul and spirit are among the noblest in the world today.

"And tell him also, Johnny, that Dr. Bunche was given the Nobel Peace Prize in preference to such worthy candidates as President Truman, General Marshall, Winston Churchill, and Sri Nehru of India."

Greatest and Best of All Prizes

"What's a noble prize?" Johnny asked.

"No-*bel*—not noble," said Dad, correcting him gently. "The prize is named after Alfred Nobel of Sweden. Nobel discovered dynamite and then was so disturbed because his invention was used for war as well as for peace that he set up a huge fund to be given as prizes to those persons who do things to make this a better world to live in. There are Nobel prizes in science and in letters, but the one prize which is best known is the Nobel Peace Prize. It has been won by many of the world's famous men."

"How wonderful it was for Ralph

Bunche's neighbors, back in 1927, to have put that thousand dollars together out of their slim savings to help him to have a higher education," Mother said. "That certainly was an investment which has paid off for the betterment of the world."

"Dr. Bunche has never forgotten that gift," Dad commented. "His whole career, as you can see, has gone into making life happier for his fellow Negroes and for all oppressed minorities—the Underdogs, Johnny—of the world. That's the meaning of his present job with the United Nations—Director of the Trusteeship Division."

"Practically everybody in this country is proud of what Dr. Bunche did," said Mother.

"You're right," said Dad. "Since he brought peace to the Holy Land, Dr. Bunche has received nineteen honorary degrees from American colleges and universities and at least one from a Canadian university. He has also won thirty-eight national and two international awards. His favorite work is teaching, I hear, and for a while he had an appointment to be professor at Harvard University. But he felt that he couldn't leave his duties with the United Nations to start work in Cambridge."

"Is Dr. Bunche married?" Mother asked.

"Yes," replied Dad, "he married one of his former students at Howard University two years after he began to teach there. Her name was Ruth Harris before she married Dr. Bunche, and she came from Montgomery, Alabama."

"Any kids—I mean children?" asked Johnny.

Dad was looking it up in *Who's Who in America*.

"Yes," he said, "there are three children: Joan Harris, Jane Johnson, and and Ralph, Junior.

"You may be interested to know," he went on, closing the book, "that Dr. Bunche refused, sadly, one of the most important jobs in this country. Shortly after he had made peace in Palestine, he was invited by President Truman to be Assistant Secretary of State.

"The reason he refused is that Washington is a Southern city in certain respects, and while no 'snooting' is allowed in government offices, in the city itself there is much bad treatment of people who happen to be Negroes. Besides, if he were Assistant Secretary of State and if he went down South on business for the government, he'd have to ride in Jim Crow cars."

"What's a Jim Crow car?" asked Mary.

"That's a car that's divided into two sections—one for Whites and the other for Negroes. Down South, Negroes can't ride in the sections reserved for Whites. And they can't go into 'white' restaurants and 'white' theaters, and stuff like that."

"Isn't that awful!" Mary exclaimed.

"Yes," said Dad, "it is awful. And the Communists make a good deal of fuss about that, in Russia as well as here, and say such treatment proves we aren't really democratic. Most of us are ashamed of things like that,

but there's pretty steady improvement in equal rights in this country. Ralph Bunche would be the first to tell you that Americans are freer and happier and better off than Russians."

He Hates Discrimination

"But what about the job President Truman offered him?" Johnny persisted.

"Dr. Bunche thanked the President," Dad replied, "and asked to be permitted to continue with the United Nations, where there is no discrimination."

"What's that?" asked Johnny.

"Keeping people out of jobs, or schools, or neighborhoods, because they're not your kind—as to color or creed or where they came from. It's what we've been talking about," Dad explained.

"Oh, yes," said Johnny.

"By the way," Dad went on, "Los Angeles was so proud of Dr. Bunche when he brought peace to Palestine that the city celebrated a Ralph Bunche Day. And General Eisenhower said Dr. Bunche was 'one of the greatest statesmen this country has produced.'"

"What do you think Dr. Bunche's son said when he heard that his father had been chosen to receive the Nobel Prize?" Mother asked. "I remember reading about that in the paper."

"What did he say?" asked Johnny.

"Well, Ralph Junior was eight years old at the time," said Mother, "and when he heard about the peace prize, he said, 'Peace prize, huh! Dad can't even keep peace between my sisters.'"

Everybody laughed at that, none quite so heartily as Mary.

Dad said, "Isn't life strange and wonderful? Just think of this. Years and years ago some slave traders seized one of Ralph's ancestors in the African jungle and brought him here. And now along comes Ralph Bunche, the grandson of a Negro slave, and he leads in making a truce between two ancient peoples, the Arabs and the Jews.

"The Jews had been enslaved for centuries, and in some countries, even when they were free, they were often badly treated. Hitler and the Nazis, during the Second World War, murdered six million Jews. The Arabs, too, have been badly treated for centuries by some of their conquerors and rulers. Much work must still be done to bring the Arabs up to the level in opportunity which we enjoy here.

"How very remarkable that a Negro, a member of a race which has been as badly treated as the Arabs and Jews, should bring about an armistice between them."

"I like to think of that. It's inspiring," said Mother.

"It proves that it takes all sorts of people to make America great," said

Dad. "And it proves also that a great American, Ralph Bunche, can make this a greater and better world for everyone. He is still a young man. We haven't heard the end of Ralph Bunche yet."

"I suppose," said Mary, "that getting the Nobel Prize was the happiest moment of the year for Dr. Bunche."

"The second happiest," said Dad.

"Second?" asked Johnny.

"Two weeks before Dr. Bunche was told he was to receive the Nobel Peace Prize, Ralph Junior was rushed to the hospital with polio. That's infantile paralysis. He really had it—bad. But somehow, mysteriously, the disease disappeared, and Ralph Junior was released from the hospital without suffering any damage from this awful disease. That, said Dr. Bunche, was the happiest moment of the year."

"I don't think you can really weigh happiness," said Mother.

"Don't you?" asked Johnny. "Now, if I had about a quart of good chocolate ice cream, you'd see whether you could weigh happiness."

"Count me out," said Dad. "I've got too much of that kind of happiness around my waistline right now."



5. THE BIGGEST LITTLE MAN OF MANHATTAN

Dad put down the newspaper and said, "Thank goodness, the news is dull. Usually the newspapers are full of war and threats of war, murder, robbery—"

"Yes," said Mother, "it's good to pick up the newspapers and find that for today at least the world seems to be in good order."

Mary and Johnny listened to this "grown-up" talk without joining in. They knew that the best part of the day had arrived—that part when everybody just sat around and had fun, talking, laughing, singing sometimes.

"What's new with you?" Dad asked Johnny.

This was, as everyone knew, almost a signal for the fun to start. Dad usually asked Mary first to report on things that interested her, but sometimes, just to please the youngest

member of the family, he started with Johnny.

"Our scout master wants to know if you'll go on a hike with our troop," said Johnny.

"Oh, my aching back!" said Dad. "Why doesn't Eddie's father go, or Walter's, or Yogi's?"

"They've been," said Johnny.

"Why, Dad," put in Mother, "surely a little thing like a ten-mile hike won't bother a grown man like you."

"I had a feeling from the way Johnny kept staring at me at supper," said Dad, "that he had something up his sleeve. O.K., Johnny, I'll go, but you'll have to carry me back."

Mother said that for a man who used to boast about taking twenty-mile training hikes with a full pack when he was a very young soldier during World War I, Dad was making

an awful fuss about a mere ten-miler.

"Why, that's practically a stroll," she said.

Dad made believe he didn't hear her. He turned to Mary and said, "What's new with you, Mary? And don't tell me that the Campfire Girls are having a cook-out, with the fathers doing all the cooking. You got away with that one last year."

Everybody laughed, and none louder than Johnny, who was trying to keep attention from himself, because it was time to go to bed. It was Johnny, therefore, who made the next remark.

"Mother," he said, "how does it happen that when it comes to telling about Americans, you let Dad do all the talking?"

"Well," replied Mother, "if somebody talks, somebody else has to listen. It's hard to be a good listener, Johnny—and yet you learn more by listening than by talking. When you listen, you get new information, while if you talk, you don't learn anything that's new."

"It seems to me, Mother," said Dad, "that a man named La Guardia, a former mayor of New York City, was one of your heroes. I know you like to quote from him a lot. I remember myself how once he appointed a judge in New York, and the man didn't turn out to be a very good judge. The newspapers and practically all the citizens began to criticize La Guardia, so that finally he had to say something. This is what he said, 'I don't make many mistakes, but when I do make one, it's a beaut.'"

"All right," said Mother, "just for Johnny's benefit, and because I do happen to know quite a bit about the late Mayor La Guardia, I'll tell you about him. He was, you see, an extraordinary person. Why, he was even born in New York—"

"What's unusual about that?" asked Johnny. "New York's the largest city in the world, so millions of people must have been born in New York."

"Well, Johnny, I don't know," said Dad. "It's a kind of joke in New York. They say if you ever want to amount to anything in the Big City, you've got to come from some small town, and it's better if it's a town in the Midwest. It all started back in the old days when we used to have a lot of immigrants, most of whom landed in New York. In those days, with New York growing the way it did, most of the big successes were made by 'foreigners.' In Manhattan they make a joke of considering everybody else, including the people of Brooklyn and the rest of the country, as 'foreigners.'"

"Who's going to tell the story?" Mother asked.

"I'm sorry," said Dad. "I was trying to explain a joke to Johnny."

"Funny thing about jokes," said Johnny. "When they need explaining, they aren't very funny!"

"My, what a grown-up thing to say!" said Mother. Then she went on with her story.

He Didn't Look Like a Flower

"He had such a wonderful name—Fiorello Enrico La Guardia," she said.

"Fiorello means 'Little Flower.' Enrico means 'Henry,' of course, and later he did change his middle name to Henry. Mayor La Guardia was little, slightly more than five feet tall, but I think the resemblance to a flower ends right there.

"The most interesting thing about Mayor La Guardia is that he was so human. He always remembered what other people liked or talked about. He even remembered children, at a time when nobody else was paying too much attention to them."

"What are you referring to, Mother?" asked Mary.

"Once when there was a newspaper strike in New York," explained Mother, "Mayor La Guardia knew that grown-ups would get their news over the radio or by buying papers from out of town. But he knew that the children would miss their comics. So, do you know what Mayor La Guardia did? He went on New York City's own radio station and read the funnies to the children."

"He sounds all right to me," said Johnny.

"He was a wonderful man," Mother said. "When he died in 1947, the whole country was sorry. The day he died, the New York Fire Department sent the signal 5-5-5-5, repeated four times, to all the fire stations in the city."

"What did that mean?" Dad asked. "I never knew about that."

"It is a signal given at 8:06 in the morning in honor of a fireman who has died in the line of duty. Mayor La Guardia was always interested in

the Fire Department."

"That I remember—and I guess everybody else does," Dad commented. "There used to be lots of cartoons in the newspapers and magazines showing the mayor climbing fire ladders, swinging an ax, and all sorts of things like that."

"But we seem to be talking about small things," said Mother. "Mayor La Guardia was a great man. He did great things. When he became mayor, the city government had many cheats and loafers in it. He threw them out, and some people say that he made New York the finest example of city government in all the world. Of course there have been other great mayors of other cities—men who made city government better.

"La Guardia wasn't interested in marble buildings. But he did lay out new parks, new highways, new hospitals, new housing developments, new sewage-disposal plants—and even a new airport, which now bears his name, La Guardia Airport."

"Go on," said Dad. "I like this."

"When he died," went on Mother, "a well-known writer, Oswald Garrison Villard, said of him, 'Never have we had in City Hall anyone more certainly or completely honest, more rigidly against all graft and all favoritism.' Somebody else said that he was New York's best mayor since Peter Stuyvesant."

"Who was that?" Johnny asked.

"That's another kind of joke," said Dad. "Peter was mayor when New York was Nieu Amsterdam, a Dutch colony. And Peter was a colorful old

Dutchman. People really mean, when they say that, that La Guardia was probably the best mayor New York ever had."

He Became an All-American

"As I said," Mother continued, "Fiorello La Guardia was born in New York City. That was on December 11, 1882. His father came from Foggia, Italy. His father was a composer, conductor, and cornettist. His mother was Jewish and came from Venice.

"Fiorello's father was an Army bandmaster and moved around from one Army post to another. So, although Fiorello was born in New York, he lived in that city as a boy for only a very short time. The boy loved his father dearly and all his life he was proud of three things his dad had taught him—how to make what he called the world's best spaghetti sauce, how to play the cornet, and how to enjoy Italian opera.

"In 1898, when the Spanish-American War took place, Fiorello's father went to Cuba with the Army. There he died of bad food—'embalmed beef'—which came in his Army ration. Fiorello was heartbroken at the death of his father, and all his life he fought for stronger health laws.

"When he was in Congress, he once introduced a bill making it a crime punishable by death for anybody to sell bad food to the armed forces. His bill didn't pass, but it proves that Mayor La Guardia never forgot what had caused his father's death.

"The United States almost lost La

Guardia's services because of the death of his father. His mother, you see, went to live in Budapest, Hungary, and the boy Fiorello went along, of course. There, after a while, he got a job in the American consulate. Then he became an interpreter at our consulate in Trieste. Three years later he was in Fiume, Italy, as an American consular agent.

"Finally, in 1906, he returned to New York and became an interpreter at Ellis Island, the famous island near the Statue of Liberty where all immigrants land. The next year he began to study law at the evening college of New York University.

"As an interpreter he made full use of the languages he knew—Italian, Croatian, French, Spanish, and Yiddish. These languages were to prove even more useful to him later, when he made up his mind to go into politics. New York, you see, has thousands and thousands of persons who speak two languages—English and their mother tongue—Italian or Spanish or whatever it may be. Mr. La Guardia could ask for their votes in many languages and could tell them funny stories in their native tongue. That's why knowing a lot of languages was helpful to him.

"He was graduated from the law school in 1910, but he never made much money as a lawyer, because he was forever working for poor people or for organizations which couldn't pay large fees."

"I think he was a very kind man," said Mary.

"Indeed he was," said Mother. She

went on, "He had been interested in politics from the time his father died. He was particularly an admirer of former President Theodore Roosevelt, and so he became, like 'Teddy,' a Progressive Republican. The first time he ran for Congress he tried to get the votes of the people of the Greenwich Village district where he lived. The surprising thing about that election is that La Guardia received 14,000 votes. The Republican politicians were truly surprised, because that district was mostly Democratic, and no Republican cared to run there.

"After getting licked — and La Guardia was badly licked, in spite of the 14,000 votes—he began to campaign for the next election. He gave free legal advice to pushcart peddlers, to icemen, to shopkeepers, to garment workers, and to letter carriers. He got them to help him campaign. Then, on election day in 1916, he got the people of the district out of bed and into the polling booths. He won by 275 votes and was the first Republican ever to go to Washington from that district. It was a very surprising victory."

He Fought and He Talked

"When La Guardia got to Washington, he began to vote with the Democrats, and that annoyed the leaders of his party, of course. He voted in favor of our taking part in World War I. He voted for the drafting of soldiers. And then, when we got into the war, he tried to enlist. He was only five feet and two inches tall—too short for the Army—but he

got into the Air Corps and went to Italy as a captain. He got into a lot of air fighting and won the nickname 'The Flying Congressman.'

"The most important thing he did in Italy was to persuade the Italian people to keep on in the war. The Austrians, you see, were giving them quite a licking. It was La Guardia, an American of Italian descent, who was able to encourage them to carry on the fight—which they did bravely. The Italians gave La Guardia practically all the medals they had to give. He had earned them, too. La Guardia, then a major, left Italy with a wife—lovely Thea Almerigotti of Trieste, Italy.

"His bravery and his speeches in Italy were so well known back in the United States that he didn't even have to campaign for re-election in 1918. More than that, Tammany—the political club which bossed New York City—didn't dare to put up a candidate to run against him."

Dad said, "Mayor La Guardia had what people call 'color.' He was full of zip and energy. He was, in many ways, a great actor. When he was mayor, he said that people weren't interested in sewers, but sewers were most important. So he frequently got a pick and a shovel and was photographed digging, to attract attention to sewers."

"He really had a bad time when he returned to this country after the war," Mother continued. "In Congress he got the reputation of being against almost everything. He was against the making of loans to our

allies, for example. About the only important thing he was for was woman suffrage.

"He began his campaign to wipe out graft and corruption in his native city in 1919. That year he ran for the position of president of the New York City Board of Aldermen and was elected. But two years later he was beaten in the primaries, which means that even his own party didn't want him to be re-elected.

"That was the worst year of his life. His wife, whom he had married in Italy only two years before, died of tuberculosis. His only child, a daughter, had spinal meningitis and died. He himself had a serious operation. His house was robbed.

"Speaking of Underdogs—and I heard Dad and Johnny talking about Underdogs some time ago—I'd like to say that Mr. La Guardia was about the worst hurt Underdog I ever heard of. And yet he fought back. He ran for Congress as an Independent. And the things he had learned as an interpreter and the things he had done when he was a beginning lawyer stood him in good stead."

A Mind of His Own

"La Guardia made speeches in Yiddish and in Italian in the East Harlem district where he was campaigning—and he was elected. In fact, he was elected a total of five times, for one term right after another. This is especially surprising, because when he got to Washington he found himself in disfavor with his party, the Republican party. He was so unpopu-

lar, as a matter of fact, that he was dropped from all committees and wasn't even invited to meetings of his own party.

"But the Little Flower was full of bounce even then. He said, 'I told Nick Longworth (who was the leader of his party) that if he wouldn't let me attend his caucuses (that's what they call party meetings, Johnny), I wouldn't let him attend mine, and that I'd hold mine in a telephone booth.'"

Dad and Mary laughed, but Johnny didn't. All of a sudden he laughed, too.

"I didn't get the point at first," he said. "Mr. La Guardia meant that he had so few friends he could get them all into a telephone booth."

"That's it, exactly," said Mother. "Nobody liked La Guardia, except the people. And they loved him. When he ran for office in 1924, he was backed by the Single Taxers, the Farmer Laborites, the Socialists, the Liberals, and the Progressives. This, of course, was in addition to a lot of Republicans and Democrats, without whose votes nobody could be elected in his district.

"La Guardia fought in Congress for a shorter working day, for old-age pensions, for national unemployment insurance, for employers' liability laws. He lived to see all these things go into effect.

"In 1929, when he first ran for mayor of New York, he was badly licked. He was running against Jimmy Walker."

Mother looked at Dad and said,

"Jimmy Walker must have been an extraordinary person."

"Indeed he was," said Dad. "He had what women call *flair*. He was handsome, and he was bright, too—brilliant in certain ways. He looked and acted like Prince Charming. Jimmy was loved all over the world. But when he was mayor of New York, the city government became so corrupt that he was threatened with impeachment, although Mayor Walker's personal honesty was never questioned."

"Before we come to that, there is an interesting thing I've got to report about Mr. La Guardia," said Mother. "In 1932, when he ran for re-election, he was beaten. That was because in his district nearly everybody voted a straight Democratic ticket, since Franklin D. Roosevelt was running for President.

"There was considerable joy in Republican and Democratic circles at the defeat of La Guardia. But that licking was the best thing that could have happened to him. In 1933, when Jimmy Walker resigned as mayor and there was a special election, Fiorello La Guardia ran for the job as a Fusion candidate."

"What's Fusion?" asked Johnny.

"Fusion means 'a melted mixture,'" explained Dad. "In this case it means that the independent voters, the Socialists, the labor groups, and even many Republicans and Democrats got together for La Guardia."

"He ran," said Mother, "and he won, becoming New York's ninety-ninth mayor. In addition to this short

term, he served until 1944. In 1937, when he ran for re-election, he was supported by almost everybody—by the Republicans, by many Democrats, by all the other parties."

He Hated Hitler

"Mayor La Guardia was one of the first persons to see the evil of Hitlerism. He said that there ought to be an anti-Nazi chamber of horrors at the New York World's Fair. When a Nazi delegation came to New York, he gave them a police escort—and every officer in that escort was a Jew. The Nazis, as you know, were very anti-Jewish. This was La Guardia's way of showing that in America we treat people as people, without regard to their faith; and that if you treat people in that way, they turn out to be good Americans. La Guardia was telling the Nazis that they were being chaperoned by good Americans. That made Hitler furious, but nearly everybody in our country cheered.

"Eight years after the death of his first wife, Mr. La Guardia married Miss Ruth Fisher, who had been his secretary when he was a Congressman in Washington. They adopted two children, Jean and Eric, who are now quite grown up.

"La Guardia saw the war in Europe coming long before most others did. He was in favor of rearmament for the country, and of compulsory military training.

"It was during this period that he became one of the best-loved persons in the country. Colleges showered him with honorary degrees. People

liked to watch him, because he was so active and so roly-poly. When he sat down, his feet dangled about one foot from the floor. He looked a little like a stout Napoleon.

"He kept things lively wherever he was. He liked to shout and pound. He could turn his temper off and on at will, like an actor. It was hard to tell, sometimes, when he was really angry and when he was just putting on a show. He liked to go raiding with the police and chasing after fires with the firemen.

"But the important thing about La Guardia is that he kept making his city greater and more efficient. Manhattan had some of the worst slums—groups of tumble-down houses—in the world. Mayor La Guardia started to clean out those slums, and today some of the best housing in the country, both for rich people in lovely apartments and for poor people in slum-clearance projects, appears on the East Side and the West Side of New York.

"Besides this, a famous New Yorker appointed by Mayor La Guardia as Park Commissioner, Robert Moses, is enclosing the East Side and the West Side with beautiful highways and parkways. I think we can say this of Mayor La Guardia: He found New York a great, corrupt city, and he changed it so that it was ready to be-

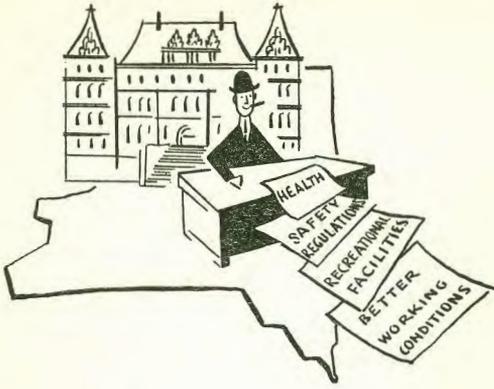
come the capital city of the world under the United Nations.

"When Mr. La Guardia retired as mayor, he was made director general of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, which is known more simply as UNRRA. While he held this job, it was his duty to see to it that millions of hungry and starving people of Europe were fed. He had to leave this work for reasons of health, and on September 20, 1947, he died of cancer."

"Mother," said Dad, "that was an interesting and lively story."

"Well," said Mother, "what you really mean is that Mayor La Guardia was interesting and lively."

"Mayor La Guardia is nearly a perfect example to show how our country is made great by people of many lands and origins," said Dad. "He climbed higher on the political ladder than any other American of Italian descent. But we must remember something else, also. Because of his work as an interpreter and because he had lived among the immigrants of New York, he knew how much this country owes to people of all creeds, colors, and mother countries. Americans will honor La Guardia for years to come. He helped to make this a better land for us and our children and our children's children to live in and enjoy."



6. THE MAN WITH THE BROWN DERBY

"Sometimes," said Johnny to Dad, "I feel a little sorry for you."

"You do!" exclaimed Dad, surprised at the sudden remark. "In the name of heaven, why?"

"It's just that I don't think you had as much fun when you were a boy as we kids do today," Johnny declared.

Dad laughed at that—and Mother joined in, too.

Mary said, "I think Johnny has a case there, Dad. It's lots more fun to be a child today than it was—"

"I know—than it was several hundred years ago when I was a boy," Dad chuckled.

"There weren't any airplanes then," said Johnny, "and there was no television. Autos were scarce, and radio was just beginning to come in. And—"

"And men wore high button shoes," Mary helped out, "and funny hats called derbies."

It was a long time since the family had heard Dad laugh so heartily. The children didn't think what they were saying was really so terribly funny, but if Dad thought it was, they were delighted.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Stop it!" Dad

laughed. "I know. You think I'm as old as Columbus."

"I do not," said Johnny. "It's only that you just didn't have as much fun when you were a boy as we do. I know that for a fact."

Dad stopped laughing and looked at his two children carefully.

"It's wonderful," Mother joined in, "to think that each new generation of boys and girls thinks that its world is the brightest and happiest of all possible worlds. I remember when I was a little girl feeling sorry that my mother didn't have the fun we children were having. So it's natural for Johnny and Mary to think they're having more fun than we did, Dad."

"Of course," said Dad. "As a matter of fact, I hope it's true. Every parent would like to make it possible for his children to have an easier and happier time than we had.

"Something Mary said struck me as odd." Dad turned to Mother. "Mom, how long is it since you've seen a man wearing a derby hat?"

"Why, I don't know, really," Mother responded. "Come to think of it, it has been the longest time!"

"That's right," Dad went on slowly, "but not so long ago there was a man who was known all over the country as 'The Brown Derby.' Do you know who he was?"

Johnny looked puzzled, and Mary wrinkled her nose the way she always did when she was trying to think.

"I know," she declared suddenly. "It was Al Smith."

"Who was he?" Johnny asked. "I never heard of him."

"He was a very great American," said Dad. "He was four times governor of New York and he was also once a candidate for the presidency of the United States."

"It's interesting," Dad continued, "that Mary should speak of derbies and that Johnny should speak of my boyhood, and that all that should remind me of Al Smith, who was old enough to have been *my* father."

By now the family knew that there was a story coming up. You could always tell, when Dad began to speak as if half to himself and half to the family, that he was trying to put his ideas together.

You Can Have Fun If You Try

"If you've got imagination," said Dad to Johnny, "you can have fun almost anywhere. When I was a boy, every lad knew how to spin a top. We thought that was fun. And maybe, Johnny, it was more fun than tuning in on a television set. At any rate, it required more skill. I'm sorry boys don't know how to spin tops today, nor play a lot of running games we played, even in city streets."

"Now, when Al Smith was a boy, his parents were so poor that you might think there was no reason why he would ever have any fun. The family lived in very nearly the dirtiest slum of the East Side of New York City. And worse still, Al's father died when Al was a little boy. That meant that his mother had to go to work. First she was an umbrella maker, and then she was keeper of a candy and grocery store."

"There was nobody at home to take care of Al most of the time, and he almost had to raise himself. Why, Al and his mother were so poor they had to live in an attic."

Johnny always full of sympathy for the Underdog, said, "Gee, Dad, that was rough. And you say Al Smith became governor of New York?"

"It was hard, of course," Dad agreed, "but Al never complained; and even though the district where he lived was the roughest, toughest, ugliest part of New York, his mother taught him to be honest, square, and decent. There were no playgrounds in that part of town, and Al used to go down to the East River and play on the wharves. He and the other boys would climb the rigging of the big sailing ships and swim in the East River. I think that must have been fun, at that, even though the East River was awfully dirty."

"Yes," said Johnny, "that might have been fun."

"Al Smith liked people," Dad went on, "and a strange thing happens if you like people—they usually like you in return. So it was that the sailors

on the waterfront gave Al a lot of presents. At one time, there lived with Al and his mother in their garret or attic on South Street, New York, a West Indian goat, four dogs, and a monkey. And in spite of that, all was peace and harmony among the humans and the animals."

"That's more pets than I ever had," said Johnny.

"It goes to prove," Dad replied, "that you can have fun anywhere—even in the slums of New York. However that may be, Al Smith never in later life complained about the hard times he had as a boy.

"Alfred Emanuel Smith was born in 1873 to parents of Irish Catholic ancestry. He was a 'junior,' and his mother's name before her marriage had been Catherine Mulvehill.

"Life wasn't all playing on the wharves and going to school for Al. He sold newspapers, waited on customers in his mother's store, and became an altar boy in St. James's Church. He left school for good when he was in the eighth grade and got a job as an errand boy at three dollars a week. Al liked school, by the way, and spent most of his spare time during the rest of his life reading and studying to try to make up for the education he had lost. But he didn't complain because his schooling ended when he was in the eighth grade. His mother was getting older, and Al had to go to work to bring in a few dollars to help out.

"When Al was fifteen, he became a volunteer fireman in the neighborhood fire company. And when he was

nineteen years old, he got a job at the Fulton Fish Market. There he worked from four o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon.

"Now, you wouldn't think a job in a fish market was a matter of any importance, would you?" Dad asked. "But to Al it was. That fish market, by the way, is still in business and is doing well, too. When Al went there to work, his fellow employees must have been intelligent and bright people. I say this because, years later, when many colleges—Columbia, Harvard, and others—gave Al honorary degrees, he said the degree he was proudest of was F.F.M., meaning, of course, Fulton Fish Market."

Mother and Mary smiled at that, but Johnny didn't quite see why it was amusing.

Spending His Spare Time

"The best part of Al Smith's job," Dad went on, "was that it got him to bed early. You've just got to be in bed early if you have to be up by three o'clock in the morning to get to work. But just as important, the job ended early—at four o'clock in the afternoon. That meant that Al was able to get around and see people and build up friendships and acquaintances.

"That is exactly what he began to do. He became an amateur actor in plays presented by his church. Al usually played the part of a villain. His acting taught him how to become a good speaker; how to develop an easy manner in public; how to walk on the stage; and a lot of things like that.

“One of the politicians in the district, a man named Tom Foley, liked Al’s friendliness and honesty, and so he decided to train Al as a future political leader. Al held minor posts for a while in politics.

“In 1900 Al married Catherine A. Dunn of the Bronx. It was a happy marriage — a complete partnership. When Catherine Smith died in May, 1944, friends said Al was so lonesome that his heart broke. However that may be, five months later Al Smith died. But that was much later, after Al, during Catherine’s lifetime, had been very busy, famous, and happy.

“When Mr. Foley thought Al was ready for political life, he helped him to get elected to the New York Assembly. That’s a state office, something like what we’d call being a Congressman. Before Al took his seat in the Assembly, Mr. Foley taught him something which few people ever learn in politics. He said to Al, ‘Don’t speak until you have something to say. Never promise anything you are not absolutely sure you can deliver.’”

Dad then told the family how Al Smith began a study of business and labor and education and all the things a politician or statesman should know. Al surprised his fellow Assemblymen by reading all of the bills on which he was going to vote. Most of the other Assemblymen voted according to what their party leaders advised and so sometimes didn’t even bother to read the bills. Al became an expert on finding out how much everything cost and, just as im-

portant, whether it was worth the cost to the people of New York, who were paying the bills.

“After a few years in the Assembly,” said Dad, “Al was so well-liked by the people in his district that nobody seriously bothered to run against him. By 1911 he was one of the most important Democrats in the capitol at Albany. Two years later he was chosen Speaker—that means chairman, or presiding officer—of the Assembly.

“Then something happened which made an entirely new Al Smith. Fire broke out in a factory in New York City, and 148 women workers lost their lives in that frightful blaze. The factory owners had been disobeying certain fire regulations, and members of Al’s own political party had winked at the breaking of the law.

“From that time on, Al Smith became independent of the Tammany club which ran New York City, and he voted for whatever he decided was best, without caring whether that pleased the leaders of his party or any other party. He and another prominent New York Assemblyman, Robert Wagner, made a study of conditions under which people worked in the state—because of the fire which had cost so many lives. They got the Assembly to pass the best laws then in the country to protect working people against fires and accidents, long hours, and dangerous work.”

Four Times Governor

“In 1918, Al Smith—the boy from the slums who loved people and who

educated himself—became governor of the State of New York,” said Dad. “Two years later he was defeated for re-election, but when he ran again, he was elected by the biggest majority ever given to a candidate for governor up to that time.

“Al served as governor until 1928, and his record was really tops. He looked upon his office, he said again and again, as a way of serving the people. He urged the legislature to build new state hospitals and public buildings; to make railroads safer; to set out more parks so that people might have better places to spend their free time. He also tried to have a law passed which would make it illegal for women and children to work more than forty-eight hours a week.

“Today most people—meaning men and women—work a forty-hour week. It is hard to remember how terrible it seemed to many folks for Al Smith to ask the representatives of his state to make it unlawful for some people to work more than forty-eight hours in a week.

“By 1924, it was generally admitted that Al Smith was the ablest and best-known member of his party in the country. But he did not get the Democratic nomination for President in that year. There were many persons who thought he deserved the honor.

“One of those who thought so was Franklin D. Roosevelt. He made a speech in favor of Mr. Smith, F.D.R. did. In his speech he said that the whole country had been watching

closely for twenty years everything that Al Smith had done, and what everyone could discover was that here was a man whose record was spotless and whose honesty was without equal.

“Four years later, Al Smith was chosen the Democratic candidate for President. The election campaign that year was one of the most exciting we ever had in America.

“Now, Al Smith was, as I think I told you, a Catholic. A great many people didn’t vote for him because they didn’t approve of the church he belonged to—as if that had anything to do with his fitness for office! The things that were said about Al Smith and his religion were pretty mean, and a great many people have been ashamed of themselves since then for voting against him because he was a Catholic.

“Some people said they didn’t think the country ought to have as a President a man who came from the slums. I guess they forgot that the country has had more than one President who was born in a log cabin. Some women said they wouldn’t vote for Al because his wife was used to doing all the housework for the family—”

“What’s wrong with that?” asked Mary. “Mother does practically all our housework.”

“When people are prejudiced,” Dad replied, “they don’t need any *reason* for being against somebody. I suppose these women thought that only a woman who was so rich that she had been surrounded by servants

all her life had any right to be the First Lady of the Land.

"Then there were people who were against Al Smith because his speech wasn't perfect. Al, you remember, had left school when he was in the eighth grade. His speech was, as a matter of fact, very good. He was a brilliant talker, and he always said something worth listening to. He didn't, for example, make a lot of wild statements. In fact, he became famous for saying in practically every speech, 'Let's look at the record.' Some people laughed at him because he pronounced the word *radio* as if it were spelled *raddio*. He probably did that on purpose, just to attract attention. But there were people who said they certainly weren't going to vote for anybody who didn't even know how to pronounce a simple word like *radio*."

The Happy Warrior Went Down Fighting

"F.D.R. had called Al Smith 'The Happy Warrior,' and that nickname clung to him all the rest of his life. He campaigned for office like a good fighter, in a dignified and intelligent fashion. On election day he was defeated—badly defeated.

"Not long after that, a lot of good people all over the country began to feel that Al Smith had been rather shabbily treated by some folks during the campaign. Some of our great colleges gave him honorary degrees, just to show what they really thought of the man. He got many other honors from clubs and churches.

"Perhaps—at least, I'd like to believe this—perhaps the condition of the country accounted for Al Smith's defeat as much as anything. We were having a big, prosperous boom, and when times are good, people are likely to vote for the party that is in office. The general idea is, 'Why don't we just let well enough alone?'

"However that may be, since the days of Al Smith's campaign, a lot of anti-Catholic prejudice has died down in this country. So, even in defeat, Al Smith did the country a good turn.

"Because, Johnny, you and I and everyone else must always remember that it isn't the church a man belongs to that's important in judging him. True religion helps any man, but no good man should have his choice of a religious faith held against him. It's the man's abilities and what he stands for and how he lives that are important.

"When Al Smith was defeated for President in 1928, he had no money and no job. He decided that it was high time he earned some money so he could live comfortably and take care of his wife and children.

"He got himself a job as head of the company which ran the Empire State Building, then and now the tallest building on earth. A lot of people who thought Al Smith was a radical—very wild in his ideas, you know, and always in favor of spending public money—found out that he was really steady and careful.

"He was against many of the things which President Roosevelt did when

he was President. He didn't approve of the third term for F.D.R. Al Smith was invited to the Democratic convention that nominated President Roosevelt for the third term. Al didn't go, because, as he said, 'I'd be about as welcome as an electric razor salesman at a barbers' convention.'

"That's the sort of person he was. If he believed something, he said so. He was a Democrat, but when he honestly disagreed with his party, he 'took a walk,' as he called it. He couldn't and wouldn't pretend by going to the meeting of all the Democrats that he was in favor of the things they were urging.

"He became active in Catholic charities. During the Second World War, he was an ardent worker for the United Service Organization and for the American Red Cross.

"The country remembers him as a happy man, smiling under a brown derby, with a big cigar tucked into the corner of his mouth, waving to the crowds of his admirers.

"When he died on October 5, 1944, the United States knew that it had lost one of its most famous men of that generation. He was a great man, Al Smith was, and he proved how great this land of ours is. To think that a boy who was descended from ancestors that came here from Ireland; a boy who was a Catholic in a

country that is largely Protestant; a lad who was born and brought up in the slums—that such a boy could grow up to become a legislator, sheriff, governor, and candidate for President!"

"Now do you think he had as much fun as you do?" Mother asked Johnny. "After all, he had a goat and four dogs and a monkey."

"Naw," said Johnny, "nobody has as much fun as we do."

"I think Johnny's right," Mary agreed.

"Do you know, Mother," said Dad, "I think you and I are members of an ancient generation or some such thing."

"Of course you are," said Johnny. "When you were young, they didn't even have talking pictures did they?"

"No," said Mother. "But I don't believe Al Smith had much less fun on that account."

"They're improving the movies even now," Johnny went on. "There's a sign outside the Strand Theater today which says, 'Greatest Movie Ever Made.' I think it would be wonderful if the members of the ancient generation could take their children to the movies and sort of grow up together."

"That," said Dad, "is as clever a way of getting yourself to the movies as ever you've tried, Johnny."



7. A NOT-SO-FOOLISH QUESTION

"What are you studying?" Johnny asked his big sister Mary. "Do all high school students have that much homework?"

"I don't know whether you'd call it a lot of homework or not," Mary replied. "Anyhow, I'm studying my biology lesson. Biology—that's the science of living things," she explained, before Johnny could ask the question she knew was sure to come.

"Is it interesting?" asked Johnny.

"I think it's one of the most interesting studies in the whole world," Mary replied. "And that reminds me. I've got to give a floor talk before my

biology class. May I try out my speech on you, Johnny?"

Johnny looked at the clock. It was getting close to bedtime, and he was looking for an excuse to stay up a bit later than usual. So he said, with a little extra enthusiasm, "Sure, Mary. You bet. Let me hear your speech."

And here, just about as she gave it that night, is Mary's talk.

We wash and bathe because we wish to be clean. We know that if our hands are dirty, they are covered with germs. We know that germs can make us ill. We know that there are

terrible germs which make some people so sick that they die.

But the earth is covered with germs, too, so why doesn't the ground get sick?

Do you think that is a funny question? Does that sound like something only a very little boy or girl would ask?

There once was a little boy who asked that question, and his daddy probably said, "Selman (that was the little boy's name), you ask the strangest questions."

Well, Why Doesn't the Ground Get Sick?

"But why doesn't the ground get sick if it is all covered with germs?" Selman may have asked again.

Little girls and little boys—and big ones, too—are always asking strange questions. Usually somebody gives them the answers. Or somebody says, "I don't know." Or they say, "Why don't you look up the answer in the dictionary or the encyclopedia?"

But nobody could answer Selman's question, and the answer wasn't in any dictionary or encyclopedia. If he had been an ordinary boy, he would have forgotten the question almost as soon as he asked it. But he wasn't an ordinary boy. And, as he grew older, he kept wondering and wondering, "Why doesn't the ground get sick?"

One day in 1915, when he was a young man—all grown up, of course, but still young—he put a lot of disease germs in a bottle. Then he got a box and filled it with soil. Then he

poured the germs into the soil.

After that he brought out his microscope. When you look through a microscope, you can see germs clearly. Selman looked through his microscope at certain disease germs and saw that some of these germs were being killed.

Something in the soil, he was sure, was killing those germs. But what could that something be?

He said to himself, "If I knew what it was that was killing those disease germs, I could make a medicine of whatever that is. Then if somebody got sick from that kind of disease germs, why, I'd give him a medicine made of the other germs, and he'd get better quickly."

Well, a long time ago—a long, long time ago, before you were born and when Selman was still a young man—he discovered what was killing the bad germs. It was another germ or microbe—which "hated" the bad germs. Selman gave the good microbe a Latin name, because that's how everybody names germs.

Do you know how long it took Selman to grow the right kind of microbes to kill the wicked germs? It took him nearly thirty years. And that, you will agree, is a long, long time.

Today Selman is a hero—one of the great heroes of the world. He is a greater hero than most generals or athletes or actors. He is a much greater hero than a lifeguard—and you have to be able to save somebody's life to be a lifeguard, don't you?

He Has Saved Thousands of Lives

Selman, you see, has saved the lives of hundreds and thousands of human beings. In time, he will have saved the lives of millions of persons. Anybody who does that, you will probably agree, is really a great hero.

The strange part about our hero, Selman, is that he isn't a medical doctor. He is, rather, a farmer-doctor or a chemical doctor.

Let me tell you more about Selman, because you will like him. Also, as you get older, you will hear and read about him often.

His full name is Selman A. Waksman. His last name is pronounced like "walks man." He was born in Russia. He came to this country because, in Russia, he would not have been allowed to go to college. Selman, you see, is a Jew, and in Russia there used to be a law which said that Jews could not go to college.

Selman's father wanted him to study in Switzerland, but the young man chose the United States. He came here when he was twenty-two. The next year, although he was pretty old to be starting college, he became a student in the agricultural college at Rutgers University in New Jersey. Later he studied at the University of California, where he became a doctor of philosophy.

In 1918 Selman returned to Rutgers University as an instructor. He has been there ever since, looking at soil through microscopes; finding bad microbes which kill good microbes; finding good microbes which kill bad

microbes—studying, studying, studying.

If you didn't know what he was doing, you might be puzzled to see a grown man looking at soil through microscopes—or mixing different kinds of soil or pouring germs into soil. And perhaps you couldn't be blamed for wondering what use there was in paying a salary to that man, just so that he could keep on staring at soil—staring and studying.

As a matter of fact, there was a time when Rutgers needed money. The University was having a hard time paying its bills. And somebody said something like this: "We're paying that Dr. Waksman more than \$4600 a year—and what for? What does he do but poke around in the soil? Now if we dismissed *him*, we could save money."

Fortunately, the President of Rutgers University thought what Dr. Selman Waksman was doing was more important than saving money. He refused to allow him to be dismissed. This was very lucky for everybody, because two years later Dr. Waksman made a great discovery. He made a medicine out of the good microbes which killed bad microbes. Doctors began to give the new medicine to persons who were terribly sick. The new medicine helped hundreds and thousands of persons.

If it hadn't been for Dr. Waksman's new medicine, just think how many thousands of these persons would be dead today. That's why, as I said before, Dr. Waksman is a truly great hero.

A Hard Word Made Easy

The new medicine has a strange name: *Streptomycin*. That looks like a hard word to say, but it is so easy, really, that even a small child can say it. Try it like this: "Strep" "toe" "my" "sin." Now put them together like this: *Strep-toe-my-sin*. Now say it fast: *Streptoemysin*, *streptomycin*, *streptomycin*. That's right. Easy, isn't it?

There are in our country nearly 500,000 people who have the terrible disease called tuberculosis. The nickname for this disease is *TB*. The disease kills thousands and thousands of people, especially young people, each year.

Do you know what is now saving the lives of a great many of the young people who have *TB*? You've guessed it: *strep-to-my-cin*.

Dr. Waksman's discovery of germs from the soil has led to other discoveries of great importance. These discoveries have been made in his laboratory and in other laboratories where scientists are trying to find other cures for human ailments. The work he started will save thousands upon thousands of lives each year.

Some day he hopes to find a cure for that awful disease which we call polio, or infantile paralysis. Wouldn't that be a wonderful discovery?

And what do you think Dr. Waksman is doing with the money which his medicine is earning? He's giving it away. He's giving it to the University where he is teaching and from

which he was almost discharged. He's giving his money to the University where his President thought it was useful for a man to spend his days staring into soil through a microscope. So far, he has given his University more than two million dollars.

Mary had finished her talk, and Johnny said, "Gee, the way you tell it, that is an awfully exciting story—like a baseball game or something."

Mother said, "Johnny—"

But before Johnny was packed off to bed, Dad said, "That's what's wonderful about our country. It accepts people from other lands and gives them citizenship—and opportunities. See how important it was for our country—and for the whole world—for us to have let Dr. Waksman come here. If we had refused to let him come in because he was a Jew or a Russian, think of the people who might still be suffering from diseases which Dr. Waksman's medicines are curing."

"We were all immigrants at one time—either we or our ancestors. Our land has become great because it has accepted and blended the talents of people from all parts of the world. Let's keep it that way."

"You bet," said Johnny. Then, "Do you know what?" he asked.

"What?" asked Mother.

"I'm hungry," said Johnny.

"Extraordinary," said Mother. "It's amazing how you always get hungry at bedtime."



8. OUR ANCESTORS WERE— FOREIGNERS!

“You women,” Dad said, “you get excited so very easily.”

Mary felt grown-up and a little proud to hear Dad say that, for she was only sixteen and liked, therefore, to be included among the “women.”

The truth is that Mary had lighted the fuse herself by telling Dad he acted as if men were superior to women.

“How can you say such a thing about me?” Dad asked.

“Why, Dad!” Mary declared, “for the last few days, when we have been talking about who makes a good American, you said that our nation is made up of people who have come from all over the world. You said also that we have learned or copied or adopted ways of life from everywhere. You have said that from the

people of many races and religions we have made *one* nation.”

“That’s right,” said Dad.

“And I like that idea,” said Mary. “But when Johnny or somebody else asked for an example to prove what you said, you always talked about some *man*. That’s what I mean. You think men are superior to women.”

It was at this point that Dad said women seem to become excited more easily than men, and it was then that Mary felt grown-up and important.

But Dad didn’t let her get away with that. He said, “The truth is that you talked about men, too, Mary, when you were giving examples of Americans who had come from foreign lands. For instance, when you wanted to give examples of great Americans who had been born in

other countries, you chose Harold Russell and Dr. Waksman."

Dad was really joshing Mary now. He said that it was only an accident that most of the stories had been about men, and if Mary had wanted to talk about a great singer, she might have chosen a woman to use as an example—Marian Anderson, the famous Negro soprano, or Lily Pons, the famous French singer who has become an American.

"And there's another famous Anderson lady," Dad said, "Mary Anderson—Mary, not Marian—Anderson. Mary came to this country from Sweden when she was sixteen years old. She worked for a short time as a cook. Then she got a job in a shoe factory and worked at that business for eighteen years. During that time, she decided to get an education, so she studied at night school.

"Mary Anderson also became interested in labor unions. It wasn't long before she was an officer in her union. During the First World War she was in charge of the 'Women in Industry' section of the Council for National Defense. In 1920 she was appointed head of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor. She served there for twenty-four years and became nationally famous in that post.

"Why didn't you talk about Mary Anderson or Marian Anderson?" Dad asked Mary again.

"Oh, Dad, I was only fooling," said Mary, and then she tried to change the subject.

"I understand that once, when I

was away, you made a wonderful talk about Harold Russell, the handless veteran and actor who didn't want to be a hero," Dad said, bringing her back to the subject. "Why didn't you talk about some woman hero instead, Mary?"

"Who, for instance?" Mary asked.

Dad grinned and said, "Oh, almost anyone. You could have talked about Mary McLeod Bethune, who was the youngest of seventeen children and whose parents had been slaves."

"What about her?" asked Johnny.

A Courageous Negro Woman

"Well," said Dad, "Mrs. Bethune is one of the finest, most important, most heroic women in America today. She has given her life to helping Negroes to get an education. She founded Bethune-Cookman College in Daytona, Florida, and was its president for thirty-eight years.

"When she opened the school, she was a widow who was worth exactly \$1.50 in money. She used charcoal for pencils and elderberry juice for ink for her first pupils. Later on she bought a dump—I mean a real dump—for \$245, and on this she built her school. She had to cover the rubbish with topsoil, of course.

"Today her school has six hundred students and thirty-two teachers who live and work in fourteen buildings. The campus covers thirty-two acres of ground—and the college is famous. Mrs. Bethune is so highly respected that she has been given nearly a dozen honorary degrees by other colleges. She was chosen during the Sec-

ond World War to advise President Roosevelt on minority affairs. And she has received the highest prizes for helping her fellow Americans of Negro birth."

"She really would have been a good one to have given a floor talk about," said Mary. "I wish I'd known about her."

"Do you know," said Dad, "we might have used more women as examples at that. I'm glad we've sort of evened the score now."

Funny thing about Dad, Johnny thought to himself. He likes to beat me at games and things, but he really never likes to beat Mother or Mary; and just about the time everybody agrees that he has won from them—whatever it is—he turns around and says he really lost. For instance, why did he say just now that Mary was right? But Johnny only *thought* these things. He said nothing aloud.

We Were All Foreigners Once

"What do you think the Indians said," Dad asked suddenly, "when they saw Columbus wade ashore on October 12, 1492?"

"I know," Mother replied. "They probably said, 'Here come a lot of foreigners with white skins.'"

"They thought white people were angels or something," Johnny said. "We read about that in school."

What fine "angels"! Mary exclaimed. "They soon convinced the Indians that they weren't that. As a matter of fact, for several centuries most of the Indians were convinced that white people were the opposite

of angels—they were devils!"

"We don't know what the Indians thought when the English settled in Jamestown or in Plymouth, but we can be sure they thought they were foreigners," Dad declared.

"And that's what they were," said Johnny.

"That's right," said Dad. "You were born here, Johnny, and so was I, but Grandpa—"

"He came from Germany," said Johnny.

"That accounts for only one Grandpa," said Mother. "Where did your other Grandpa come from?"

"Sweden!" said Johnny.

"Right!"

"I'm half Swedish and half German and *all* American," boasted Johnny.

"Good for you," Dad said. "That's what I want you to remember all the days of your life. Come to think of it, when I was a little boy, I heard about somebody who claimed he was descended from nearly everybody. He was a rare man, that one was.

"Whenever he was introduced to somebody who came from England, he said 'I'm partly English, too, you know.' And if he was presented to a Scot, he'd say, 'You know, I'm partly Scottish, too.' He'd tell other people that he was 'partly French' and 'partly German' and 'partly Irish' and 'partly Dutch' and 'partly Welsh.'

"If he was talking to a Southerner, he liked to say, 'My mother, you know, was pro-Southern.' Of course, when he was talking to Northerners, he would say, 'My father was pro-Union.'

"If the discussion ever came to religion, he used to say, 'I'm descended from Quakers, you know.' Or 'I'm descended from Huguenots,' who were the Protestants of France. Or 'I'm an Episcopalian, you know.'"

***He Seemed to Be
"Partly Everything"***

Johnny, always the impatient member of the family, asked, "Who is it, Dad? Do I know him?"

Dad acted as if he didn't hear Johnny's question.

"This man used to say that he was descended from Catholics or Dutch Reformed people or Anglicans."

"And was he?" asked Johnny. "Who was he?"

"Yes, he was—all of the things he said he was," said Dad. "I'll tell you his name soon. He was always proud that he was descended from people who came from so many different regions. And yet he was an American—a complete American. He didn't like people from foreign countries who became American citizens and who kept mixing into the business of the countries from which they had come. He thought if you decided to become an American, you ought to be entirely American, not partly French or Italian. He thought if you decided to become an American citizen, you should never mix in the affairs of your former country. Do you agree with that?"

"Yes," said Mary and Johnny together.

"This man didn't like what he called 'hyphenated Americans'—half-

and-half Americans—half foreign and half local. Now, mind you, he liked people who came from Holland or France or other countries and who became Americans. And, as I told you, he was proud—rightly proud—of the fact that he had descended from people who came from more than half a dozen different lands. Now, do you know whom I am talking about?"

Mary looked puzzled.

"Search me," said Johnny.

Dad looked at Mother and said, "Tell them, Dear."

"President Theodore Roosevelt," said Mother.

"Of course," said Dad. "He was a great American—one of the greatest."

"And he was all those things he told people he was?" Johnny asked.

"Yes, he was," said Dad, "partly Dutch and English and Scottish and Welsh and French and all those others, too. He was proud of that."

"Do you know," said Mary, "I thought surely this time you were going to talk about a woman. Before, when Mother said you acted as if you were going to tell a story, I was positive you were going to try to surprise us by telling about some woman."

"I don't know how you women can guess such things," said Dad, "but as a matter of fact, you are right. I want to talk to you about the best-known woman in the world."

"Who is she?" asked Johnny.

"Well," said Dad. "The woman I want to talk about is an American."

Mary and Johnny looked eager for more.

International First Lady

Dad continued, "President Theodore Roosevelt's father had a brother whose name was Elliott. This brother had a daughter—and this daughter became the wife of a President of the United States and a leading figure in the United Nations."

"Is it Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt?" asked Mary.

"Right," said Dad. "Her ancestors came to this country more than three hundred years ago, and they were a mixture of all the people President Theodore Roosevelt used to talk about—and more. And, like her cousin who became President, and like her husband who also became President, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is interested in keeping this country a place where everybody has equal opportunity.

"It used to be—and we learned it in our history books—that the most famous First Lady of the Land was Dolly Madison. But that was before Eleanor Roosevelt became the mistress of the White House. She was even more widely known than Dolly. And she began to do so many different things and to travel to so many distant places that some people even criticized her for not staying home enough.

"She was everywhere—in factories, in shops, in airplanes, on trains. Once a funny magazine showed a picture of two coal miners working deep underground with the flashlights on their hats lighting up the pit. In the cartoon, the miners have turned around and are looking back toward the entrance of the mine. And under the

picture it says, 'Good Lord, Bill! Here comes Mrs. Roosevelt!'

"How everybody laughed at that!" said Dad, as the children laughed, too. "But do you want to hear the funniest part of that joke? About two weeks later, Mrs. Roosevelt did go down into a coal mine! That made people laugh all the harder, because by making the joke come true, she had made it about twice as funny as it had been when it was only a cartoon."

Dad continued, "During her husband's first two terms as President, Mrs. Roosevelt traveled more than 280,000 miles. She wrote more than a million words for her articles, columns, and letters. She received and answered in one year alone 150,000 letters. She gave several hundred lectures, and in her spare time—"

"In her what?" asked Mary.

"Spare time," repeated Dad, chuckling. "In her spare time, she knitted garments for her nine grandchildren."

"My goodness!" said Mother. "It makes me tired just to think of doing all those things."

Hot Dogs for the King and Queen

"What do you think was the most surprising thing Mrs. Roosevelt ever did?" Dad asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," Mother said. "She did so many things—and she still does. But I think the time she had the King and Queen of England as her guests at Hyde Park, New York, and she served them *hot dogs*—I think that was the most surprising thing of all."

"What's surprising about that?" asked Johnny. "I think hot dogs are wonderful."

"So do I," said Dad. "But if the King and Queen came to our house for dinner, Mother would give them steak and French fried potatoes, and she'd make one of her famous chocolate cakes, and we'd have ice cream—"

"Yummy," said Johnny.

"Kings and queens are supposed to have caviar and things like that," said Mary.

Mother laughed and said, "I remember how shocked everybody was because Mrs. Roosevelt gave the King and Queen frankfurters. And then, afterwards, how pleased everyone was because England's rulers said they loved the hot dogs and had never eaten such remarkable things before in their lives."

"That's right," said Johnny. "Hot dogs—with mustard and piccalilli. Boy, I'd like some right now!"

"What?" asked Mary. "On top of all that supper?"

"Sure," said Johnny, "why not?"

"Well, for no good reason," Dad said, "except that I was talking about the most famous woman in the world. And the most remarkable thing about her, I believe, is that her family has been here for more than three hundred years. If anybody was entitled to special privileges for having been in this country longest, then Mrs. Roosevelt and people like that ought to have first claim to special privileges."

"The remarkable thing about Mrs.

Roosevelt is that she fights so hard and often for the rights of newcomers and minorities.

"Mrs. Roosevelt once resigned from a club to which she belonged because, under the rules of that club, Marian Anderson, the great Negro singer, was not allowed to sing in their clubhouse. And perhaps the strangest thing about the clubhouse is that it is in Washington, D. C., and is called *Constitution Hall*, in honor of our Constitution. To think we had fought a war to keep the Union together and to win freedom and equal rights for Negroes, and then to find that this great singer was not allowed to sing or even to enter that hall! That was more than Mrs. Roosevelt could stand—so she resigned from the club.

"Mrs. Roosevelt isn't exactly pretty, but there is a kind of beauty of the soul which shines on her face and makes her, in certain ways, a lovely woman. When she was a girl, she was shy and gangling and awkward and unattractive. And, to make matters worse, her mother was one of the most beautiful women in America.

"When Eleanor was a very young girl, about Mary's age, she had few playmates. Even though she came from a famous family, the boys didn't make a fuss over her. She wrote about a party she had attended once: 'I still remember my gratitude, at one of these parties, to my cousin, Franklin, when he came and asked me to dance with him.'

"Today Mrs. Roosevelt is interested in many things. She does almost as

much traveling as when she was much younger; but the work she likes best and which she regards as most important is her work with the United Nations. She was our country's representative to the General Assembly of the United Nations and is chairman of the committee on human rights for the United Nations Economic and Social Council.

"Human rights," said Dad. "That's what Mrs. Roosevelt fights for. Perhaps that's why many people call her 'The First Lady of the World.'"

"We have talked about the many countries from which Mrs. Roosevelt's ancestors came. These ancestors, working with millions of others who came from still other countries, made the United States the kind of country it is. Even with its weaknesses and shortcomings, the United States is regarded by many persons, non-Americans as well as Americans, as the greatest country in the world.

"There are some Americans who think that people from the first families that came here ought to have special privileges or honors just because they were first. Fortunately there are very few Americans who feel that way.

"Mrs. Roosevelt's thought seems to be that those first families ought to have not special *privileges* but special *responsibilities*. That is why she has devoted so much of her life to working to make this a better and healthier and happier country for poor people. Nobody has worked harder to make it possible for all Americans to have an opportunity to make good.

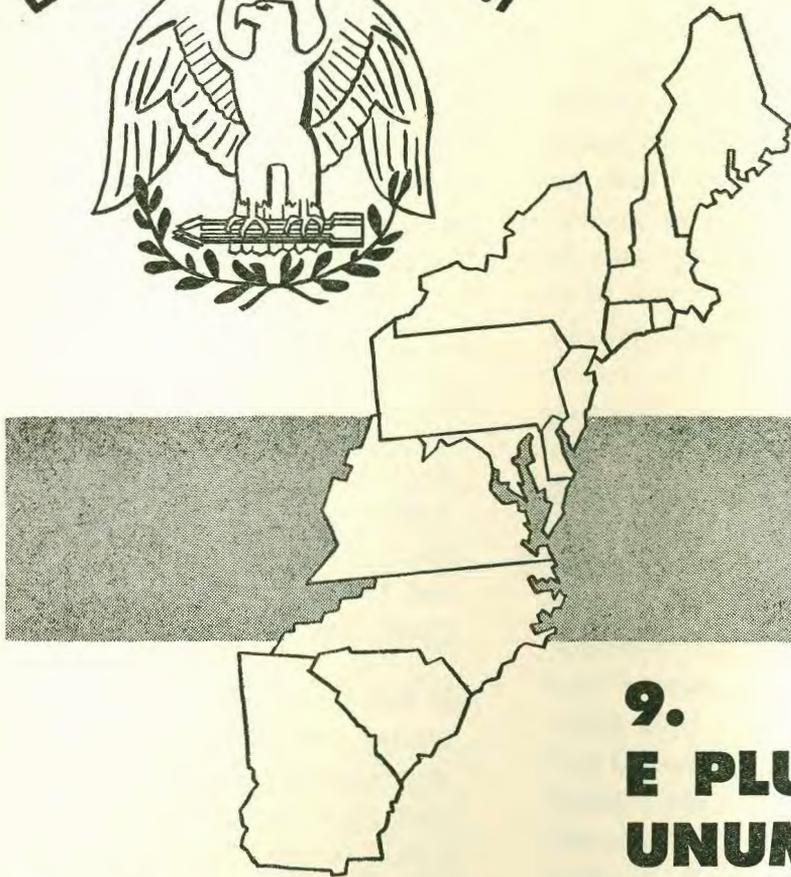
"Remember that Mrs. Roosevelt might have devoted her life to being a society lady—and probably nobody would have criticized her for that. She might have been formal and prim and proper as First Lady of the Land—and a number of First Ladies before her were standoffish. But instead she chose to be a very warm and human person who works hard to make this a great country. Really, I doubt if any other woman has worked as hard as she to achieve that end.

"And now, as our representative with the United Nations, she is working to bring the same opportunities as we have to all the people of the world. She wants people everywhere to have the right to vote, freedom to worship God as they see fit, a chance to work and earn and play and learn.

"She is very patient with people who criticize her or our country. She knows that, as an American, she had ancestors who were foreigners in this country once. She knows, therefore, that people the world over—if they are given a chance to develop—can do great things. Mrs. Roosevelt's ancestors helped to make this one nation. Mrs. Roosevelt and her husband and millions of others have worked to keep this nation safe from dictators and tyrants. She is working to defend and strengthen the people of the world against all tyrannies—little or big.

"She knows that we were, in a sense, all foreigners once, but she knows that we're all in the same boat of life, on the same planet—and that it's high time we learned to live and work together."

E PLURIBUS UNUM



9. E PLURIBUS UNUM

"An allowance is a wonderful thing," said Johnny, counting his money, "if only you didn't have to work for it."

"I don't think you'd care for your allowance if you got it free," Dad said. "It always feels so good to know that you have something you deserve."

"Oh, I don't know," said Johnny.

"How would you like it if your school team started to play the Lincoln School and if you had a score of 100-0 as a gift and a head start?" Dad asked.

Johnny thought for a moment and then said, "I wouldn't like it at all."

"Part of the fun of life is in learning

to do things so that you can do them well," said Dad.

Johnny nodded.

"Probably the hardest job of all is that of learning to work together as a team. That's the hardest—the best—job, but you don't learn to do it if things are too easy for you."

"I know you're right, Dad," Johnny said, smiling. "Anything that's worth having is worth working for. Only I have to wash a lot of dishes—"

He had been looking at the coins he held in his hand. "Do you know," he interrupted himself, "there's some funny writing on this coin—right here."

Dad took the coin from Johnny and squinted at it.

"Oh, that," he said. "That funny writing says, 'E Pluribus Unum.' It's Latin, and it's one of the greatest mottoes in all the world. If it weren't for the truth of that motto, we would have no country, and you'd have no allowance—not in American money, that is. What it means is, 'Out of many, one.'"

"What does that mean?" Johnny asked.

"It means," said Mother, who had been listening quietly to the discussion, "that out of the thirteen original states and the other states that were created later, we have made one nation, instead of a lot of little separate countries. It means, also, by now, that many millions of persons who have come to live here, from many parts of the world, have worked and lived together to make this a great, united nation. Our country is one nation made out of people from many nations."

"One big team," said Dad.

Mother added, "I know a wonderful poem which ought to be called 'E Pluribus Unum.'"

"Will you read it to us?" asked Mary.

Mother left the room and soon returned with a little pamphlet.

"I'll read you part of it," she said. "It's called 'Ballad for Americans,'* and it was written by an American with a French name—John Latouche. I'll read you the 'E Pluribus Unum' part of the poem."

What's your name, Buddy? Who are you?

Well, I'm an engineer, musician, street cleaner, carpenter, teacher; also farmer, office clerk, mechanic, factory worker, bartender, truck driver, seamstress, miner, ditch digger—All of them.

I am the *et cetera* and the 'and so forth' that does the work.

Are you an American?

Am I an American? I'm just an Irish, Negro, Jewish, Italian, French and English, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Polish, Scotch, Hungarian, Litvak, Swedish, French-Canadian, Greek and Turk and Czech and double Czech American.

And that ain't all! I was baptized Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist, Lutheran, Atheist, Roman Catholic, Orthodox Jewish, Presbyterian, Seventh Day Adventist, Mormon, Quaker, Christian Scientist and lots more.

Who ARE you?

Americal

"Willikens!" said Johnny. "That's a nice poem. And you say that that's what 'E Pluribus Unum' on my coins means?"

"Yes, partly," said Dad. "It means

* "Ballad for Americans," text by John Latouche, music by Earl Robinson. Copyright 1940, Robbins Music Corporation. Used by special permission of copyright proprietor.

the things we have been talking about for the last couple of weeks. It means that it takes a lot of different 'Yogi' Schneiders to make up your gang, Johnny. It means an American named Smith whose people came from Ireland; an American named Waksman who was born in Russia; an American named Bunche and another named Robinson and still another named Bethune whose ancestors were slaves; an American named La Guardia whose ancestors came from Italy; an American named Russell who was born in Canada; not to forget an American named Roosevelt whose ancestors were Dutch and French and German and Scottish and I don't remember what else."

"Those three little Latin words certainly mean a lot, don't they?" Johnny said.

"When I was a little boy," said Dad, "Grandpa used to give me a penny a week as an allowance, and my brothers and I would get some coal ashes and rub our pennies. Pretty soon our pennies would be as bright and new-looking as they were the day they came from the mint. We used to call that 'Rubbing the Unum,'

because we polished the motto as we polished the coin.

"I didn't know then, as a little boy, exactly what the motto meant, but I knew it was important. I feel today—more than ever before in all our lives—that it is important to remember that people from all over the world came here to obtain liberty—religious liberty, political liberty, social liberty—all types of freedom.

"Our country grew out of the ambitions and dreams and work of those people. They won us our freedom and, by working for the good of all, they created our American way of life. They helped us to forget differences of color, race, and creed in the common fight against poverty, crime, disease, and the greed of selfish men in government and business.

"We must be on our guard always to protect and preserve our liberties and to make our life together cleaner, finer, and more friendly. For, in so doing, we make our country worthy of its wealth and power."

"E Pluribus Unum!" said Johnny. "It sounds like a challenge."

"It's the greatest challenge in history," said Dad.

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