

To Mrs. Henry Pfeiffer

we affectionately dedicate

this book.

(11)

PFEIFFER CHAPEL

It's a place of warmth
From the winter's snow
It's a place of tenderness where all
may go.

You pass this place from day to day
And one peep in and you'll want to stay.
Because it's a place of Holy Peace—
A place of beauty that will never cease.
It's a place where music sweet fills
the air

And silent prayers are sanctified.
Yes, it is the Pfeiffer Chapel.

The VETERAN
RETURNS *to his*
FAMILY

Nineteenth Annual
HOME-MAKING
INSTITUTE

MARCH 18-23, 1945

BENNETT COLLEGE
GREENSBORO, N. C.

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Three-Fold Welcome

It is doubtful if any more convincing testimony of the recognition which has come to the annual home-making institute at Bennett college could be secured than the readiness of nationally known figures to utilize it as a medium of influence and expression.

It is high tribute to the college, the community and the institute that the week's program, beginning Sunday and representing the 18th annual event of its kind, brings to Greensboro and North Carolina audiences such leaders as Dr. Katherine F. Lennroot, chief of the children's bureau of the department of labor, Col. Campbell Johnson, executive assistant to the director of selective service, and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. To these three must be added lesser, although well-known, figures who will round out discussion of the institute's theme, "The Veteran Returns to His Family."

Much of the credit for the success of the institute must go to its direction and management, who have kept it abreast of the rapidly changing times and assured to successive sessions the necessary quality of pertinence. As for the present institute, Dr. David D. Jones, president of Bennett, gives the keynote and emphasizes the awareness of a responsibility which knows no bounds of race or geography: "Already thousands of men and women are returning to their homes from the armed services and are being absorbed into the pattern of civilian life. These men and women who have served their country at home and abroad—many under extreme hardships—demand sympathy and understanding from those of us who must receive them again. The problems arising as they take their places among us deserve serious attention. . . . This year the returning veteran poses a timely question of what we shall do, and the attitudes and actions we can take, in order to facilitate his adjustment. It is with this background of thinking that we decided on the theme, 'The Veteran Returns to His Family.'"

As an organ of public service and a medium of public expression deeply interested in and concerned over these problems, the Daily News welcomes the institute, the distinguished visitors whom it brings and the contribution which is being made to the thought-streams of the community.

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RETURNS *to his*
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Nineteenth Annual
HOME-MAKING
INSTITUTE

MARCH 18-23, 1945



BENNETT COLLEGE
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

"He who did well in war
just earns the right to begin
doing well in peace."

-Robert Browning

**BENNETT COLLEGE AWAITS VISIT
OF THE NATION'S FIRST LADY**

Greensboro — Plans are all complete to handle a record-breaking attendance during the nineteenth annual Home-Making Institute which opens at Bennett College Sunday, March 18 and to welcome the imposing list of speakers which includes Dr. Katherine F. Lenroot, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Art Carter, Rev. W. Tyce Nelson, and Col. Campbell Johnson, it was announced this week by President David D. Jones.

The entire program has been arranged so that problems in force personnel can be studied. The theme will be, "The Veteran Returns to His Family."

The theme this year carries on the tradition of attacking some problem which is of immediate concern to the welfare of the family and home. The planning committee of local community leaders and Bennett staff members arrived at their topic with an awareness of its immediacy.

of the topic.
Dr. Lenroot, who is director of the Children's Bureau, speaks Sunday, March 18, at 4 p. m. for the vesper service which formally opens the institute. Monday at 10 a. m. a playlet prepared for the institute by the Bennett Little Theatre Guild will be presented. Monday night the institute goes to Collins Grove Community in Guilford County with a special program. Mrs. Roosevelt speaks Tuesday night at 8 p. m. She will be introduced by Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, president of the National Council of Negro Women. At 3 p. m. Mrs. Roosevelt will greet several thousand public school children from the portico of Annie Merner Pfeiffer Chapel.

HOME-MAKING INSTITUTE

1927-1945



Already thousands of men and women are returning to their homes from the armed services and are being absorbed into the pattern of civilian life. These men and women who have served their country at home and abroad—many under extreme hardships—demand sympathy and understanding from those of us who must receive them again. The problems arising as they take their places among us deserve serious attention.

For eighteen years the Bennett College Home-making Institute has—for one week in the year—given concerted attention to questions involving the home and the welfare of the family. This year the returning veteran poses a timely question of what we shall do, and the attitudes and actions we can take, in order to facilitate his readjustment. It is with this background of thinking that we decided on the theme, "The Veteran Returns to His Family."

We know full well the magnitude of such an undertaking and do not expect to reach solutions for all the problems which are involved. We do hope, however, that out of the exchange of ideas and the group thinking on the subject, to arrive at some understandings, which may relieve the situation and create a keener awareness of the job before us.

In this spirit we greet those who will participate in the Nineteenth Annual Home - Making Institute.

DAVID D. JONES, President...
BENNETT COLLEGE

~ "The Veteran Returns to His Family" ~

Program



VESPERS

SUNDAY, MARCH 18, 1945

4 P. M.

ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL

Speaker

DR. KATHERINE F. LENROOT, Chief
Children's Bureau, Department of Labor
Washington, D. C.



MONDAY, MARCH 19, 1945

ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL

10 A. M.

Playlet

Bennett College Students

~ "Service Men Now, Civilians Tomorrow" ~

"He who did well in war
just earns the right to begin
doing well in peace."

-Robert Browning

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Monday March 19, 1945

COLLINS GROVE COMMUNITY

8 P. M.

MR. JOSEPH RALEIGH, Presiding

MUSIC—Opening Song Congregation
INVOCATION Rev. Sidney Jeffers
MUSIC—Selection Church Choir
PLAYLET Bennett College Students
BRIEF DISCUSSION Rev. W. Tyce Nelson
JEANES RURAL CHURCH COUNSELOR
MUSIC Church Choir
QUESTION PERIOD Miss Flossie Parker
REMARKS Rev. O. E. Tatum
President David D. Jones
MUSIC—Closing Song Congregation
BENEDICTION Rev. Sidney Jeffers

"Is Being Back All That Matters?"

Tuesday March 20, 1945

BENNETT COLLEGE
ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL
3 P. M.

Greetings to Greensboro school children
MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL
8 P. M.
PRESIDENT DAVID D. JONES, Presiding

HYMN
INVOCATION
MUSIC
WORDS OF WELCOME
On behalf of City of Greensboro Mayor W. H. Sullivan
INTRODUCTION OF SPEAKER
Mrs. Mary McCleod Bethune
PRESIDENT NATIONAL COUNCIL OF NEGRO WOMEN
ADDRESS MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
MUSIC
BENEDICTION

(Please present admission cards for this event)

"Laying A Foundation To Support Tomorrow's Peace"

"He who did well in war
must earn the right to begin
living well in peace."

-Robert Browning

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NATION'S FIRST LADY

Plans are all of the topic.
to handle a record-
of the Children's Bureau, speaks
Sunday, March 18, at 4 p. m.
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lege Sunday, March
Monday at 10 a. m. a playlet pre-
welcome the im-
of speakers which
Bennett Little Theatre Guild
Katherine F. Len-
Eleanor Roosevelt, will be presented. Monday night
Rev. W. Tyce Nel-
the institute goes to Collins
Campbell Johnson, Grove Community in Guilford
united this week by County with a special program.
David D. Jones.

Mrs. Roosevelt speaks Tues-
day night at 8 p. m. She will
be introduced by Mrs. Mary Mc-
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Bennett staff mem-
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THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1945

ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL
10 A. M.

QUESTION PERIOD

Resource Persons to Be Announced

Music

STAFF SERGEANT HENRY L. GRANT
A. A. F.—O. R. D. Greensboro, N. C.

8 P. M.

MOUNT TABOR COMMUNITY

MR. ARTHUR CRUMP, Presiding

MUSIC—Opening Song Congregation
INVOCATION
MUSIC—Selection Church Choir
PLAYLET Bennett College Students
ADDRESS Art Carter
WAR CORRESPONDENT AFRO-AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS
REMARKS Rev. R. C. Sharpe
President David D. Jones
MUSIC—Closing Song Congregation
BENEDICTION

"Adjustment Now Will Save Maladjustment Later"

FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1945

BENNETT COLLEGE

ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL
10 A. M.

Address

ART CARTER
War Correspondent—Afro-American Newspapers
Baltimore, Maryland

8 P. M.

ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL
Closing Session

HYMN

INVOCATION

MUSIC College Choir

INTRODUCTION OF SPEAKER

ADDRESS Col. Campbell Johnson
EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT TO THE DIRECTOR OF SELECTIVE SERVICE

MUSIC College Choir

BENEDICTION

"Prepare To-Day For His Tomorrow"

"He who did well in war
just earns the right to begin
doing well in peace."

-Robert Browning

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BENNETT COLLEGE

*Nineteenth Annual
Home Making Institute*

Sunday, March 18, 4:00 P.M.

ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL

PRESIDING, DAVID D. JONES
President of the College

•
... Program ...

ORGAN PRELUDE Orrin Clayton Suthern, II
PROCESSIONAL HYMN: *God of Grace and God of Glory* No. 279
SCRIPTURE READING Miss Rosa Everett, '45
..... *Member, Planning Committee*
MUSIC: *By the Waters of Babylon* James
..... THE COLLEGE CHOIR
PRAYER Miss Miriam McTeer, '47
..... *Member, Planning Committee*
MUSIC: *My Way's Cloudy* Burleigh
..... MISS ORIAL BANKS, '46, Soloist
..... THE COLLEGE CHOIR
OFFERTORY: *O, Divine Redeemer* Gounod
..... MISS JANET WHITE, '46
OFFERTORY PRAYER
ANNOUNCEMENTS Miss Barbara A. Ware
..... *Chairman, Planning Committee*
HYMN: *O Happy Home* No. 427
..... AUDIENCE STANDING
INTRODUCTION OF SPEAKER Dr. Ellen Winston
..... *Raleigh, North Carolina*
..... *State Commissioner of Welfare*
ADDRESS Dr. Katherine Lenroot
..... *Washington, D. C.*
..... *Chief, Children's Bureau*
..... *U. S. Department of Labor*
RECESSIONAL HYMN: *America, the Beautiful* No. 491
BENEDICTION Mr. R. D. Crockett
..... *Member, Planning Committee*
THREEFOLD AMEN
ORGAN POSTLUDE Mr. Suthern



Dr. Ellen Winston, State Commissioner of Welfare,
Raleigh, North Carolina; Pres. Jones, Dr. Katherine
Linroot, Chief, Children's Bureau, U. S. Dept.
of Labor, Washington, D. C. and Miss Barbara A.
Ware, Chairman of Planning Committee of the Home-
Making Institute.

City Prepares To Welcome First Lady This Morning

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt arrives here this morning for a two-day visit in Greensboro and will address the 19th annual Homemaking institute at Bennett college tonight at 8 o'clock at Annie Merner Pfeiffer chapel.

On Wednesday morning the first lady will conduct a press conference at Woman's college, speak at the weekly convocation there and be honored at a luncheon and reception. At 2:30 p. m. she will appear at Greensboro college where she will speak for about 30 minutes to students, faculty and friends of the college at Odell auditorium.

On Wednesday at 10 a. m., Mrs. Roosevelt, accompanied by Chancellor W. C. Jackson and Mrs. Julius W. Cone, whose house guest she will be during her visit here, will appear at ORD and speak at the Big Top.

Speaks To Children

Mrs. Roosevelt will make her first appearance here at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon when she

speaks to public school children of Greensboro from the portico of Annie Merner Pfeiffer chapel. In the event the weather does not permit the outdoor program she will speak inside the chapel.

Dr. W. C. Jackson, chancellor of Woman's college and president of the Bennett college board of trustees, will introduce Mrs. Roosevelt at the afternoon session. A welcome message on behalf of the city of Greensboro will be delivered by Mayor W. H. Sullivan, while Roberta Favors, of Greensboro, senior at the college and president of the student senate, will give a welcome message for the Bennett college community.

Dr. Bethune Ill

Dr. Mary McLeod Bethune, who was to introduce Mrs. Roosevelt at tonight's meeting is ill in Washington and unable to be present. No announcement has been made as to who will present Mrs. Roosevelt in the absence of Dr. Bethune. Tonight's meeting will be pre-

sided over by Dr. David D. Jones, president, assisted by R. D. Crockett, director of religious activities, and the college choir will present a musical program.

Last night the institute session was held in Collins Grove community near Guilford college where an original play, "Home for Good," written for the institute, was presented by the Little Theater guild. The play was written by A. B. Williams, instructor in dramatics, Naomi Flowe, English instructor, and Doris Newland and Renet Echols, students at Bennett college.

During a question period which followed the following persons participated: Dossie Parker, who conducted the forum; C. W. Fairley, scout executive; Rev. W. Tyler Nelson, Jeanes rural church counselor at A. and T. college; Evanelle Thomason, of the American Red Cross, and Margaret M. May, of the American Red Cross at the ORD. Rev. Sidney Jeffons pronounced the invocation and benediction.

Mrs. Roosevelt Speaks At Bennett Today; At W. C. And G. C. Tomorrow

BENNETT SPEAKER



Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, first lady of the land, will be among the large number of prominent speakers to appear at the nineteenth Home-Making Institute which will be held at Bennett College next week. Mrs. Roosevelt is scheduled to speak to a large group of school children at three o'clock Tuesday evening and to the institute at 8:00 P. M.

Mrs. Roosevelt Plans Visit Of Two Days In Greensboro

Schedule Will Include Addresses At Bennett And Woman's College

During Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's visit to Greensboro on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 20-21, she will appear at the 19th annual Homemaking institute at Bennett college and at special meetings at Woman's college which will include a reception, press meeting and luncheon.

Mrs. Roosevelt will speak at 8 o'clock Tuesday night at Bennett college, being introduced by Mary McLeod Bethune, president of the National Council for Negro Women and founder of Bethune-Cookman college, Daytona Beach, Fla. According to Dr. David D. Jones, president of the college, public school children of the city will be addressed Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock by Mrs. Roosevelt from the portico of Annie Merner Pfeiffer chapel. Arrangements for the students to attend have been completed by Ben L. Smith, superintendent of city schools.

MRS. ROOSEVELT TOURS CAMPUS

Mrs. Roosevelt looks at exhibition of the Merner Collection in Thomas F. Holgate Library with President Jones. In the background can be seen Mrs. Cone who conducted the tour, and Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Roosevelt's secretary who accompanied her.

The First Lady talks to student library assistant in the library.



MRS. GATE CITY

PAGE TWO

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JEWISH WOMEN OF NEW YORK OPERATE GOODWILL PROJECT

There is a house up in the east Bronx, New York, which thousands of Negro boys and girls think of as a kind of "second home." It is Council House, a community center operated by the New York section of the Council of Jewish Women, where youngsters go every day to have fun together under the guidance of teachers and social workers.

The story of Council House had its beginning in 1929, when the Council of Jewish Women recognized that a community center was needed to serve the underprivileged Jewish people of the east Bronx. A large modern building was erected to provide extensive social, recreational and educational facilities, and a constructive program was developed to keep children off the

are (C) pictur shows

Unveiling Of Photo Of Captain Campbell At Greensboro USO

Servicemen of this war will pause in their regular entertainment at the East Market Street USO Club to give honor to veterans of World War I. This is especially fitting since we have the outstanding Negro soldier of that war living here in Greensboro in the person of Captain Robert Lee Campbell, U. S. A., (retired). "Captain" Campbell, as he is still fondly called, holds the Purple Heart and the Distinguished Service Cross. He is present serving as Assistant Dean of Men at A and T College.

The unveiling of Captain Campbell's picture, taken when he held the rank of Lieutenant, will provide one of the highlights of this veterans program.

Another highlight will be the

With Ammunition In Tanks Exhausted Men Use Machine Guns On The Germans

With The 35th Infantry Division In Germany — When 30-caliber ammunition inside their tanks was exhausted, men of a Negro tank battalion task force, which staged a miniature "Bastogne" in Sevelen, March 4, came out from behind their steel protection and used 50-caliber flak machine guns in the open on top. They severely mauled Nazi parachute units in sav-

The battalion was part of "Task Force Byrne" named after Colonel Bernard Byrne, of Bradenton, Florida.

"These colored tankers really have given a good account of themselves and our doughboys say they can fight with them anytime," Byrne said. "They stay right up with the doughboys and foot soldiers like that."

place in the hearts of the of the battle-hardened Division who had fought 1 Saint Lo to Venlo and beyond by the battle it put up here the spearhead fighting it did get here.

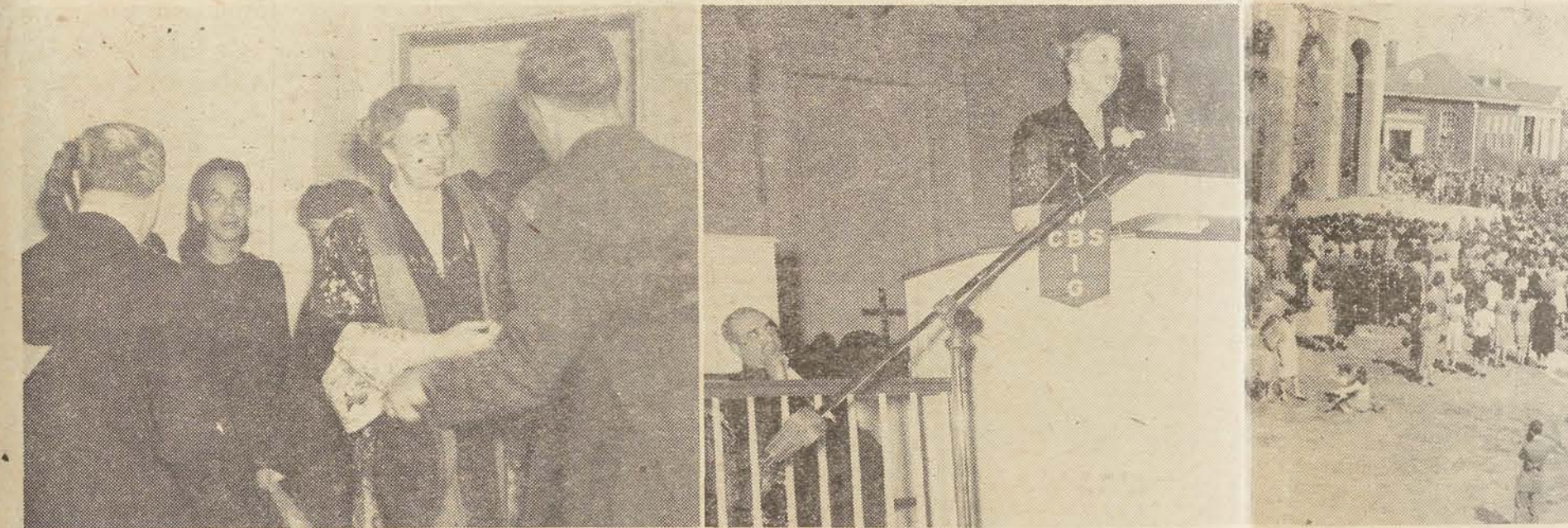
The tank battalion's "togne" started when G. J. Durandt, of Barksdale Co. Bossier City, Shreveport, led a small tank force in a attack on Sevelen.

"We came across the bridge and into the town in the day he said. "We had a couple bazookas fired at us on the in but it was not until we to the town when all hell broke loose. Bazookas and shells came in from the sides. There have been a bazooka shell exploded minute all night."

In the midst of the melee

MRS. FDR CHARMS

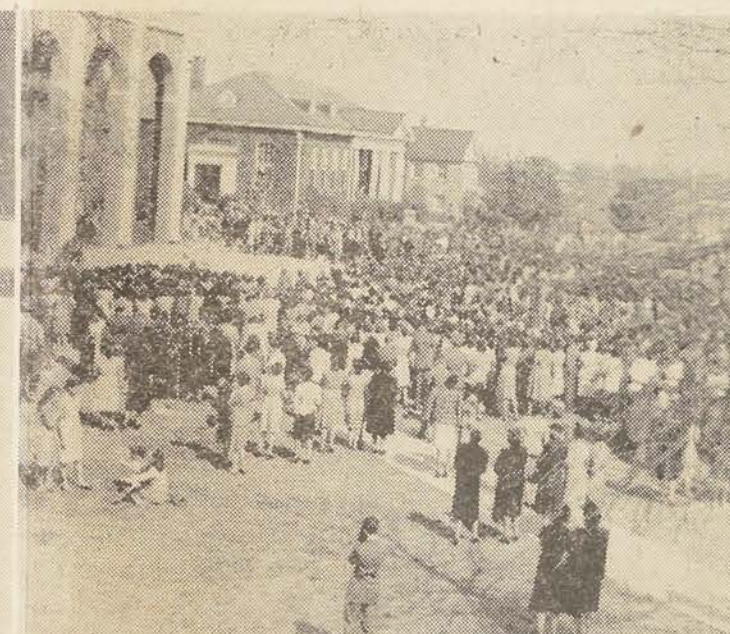
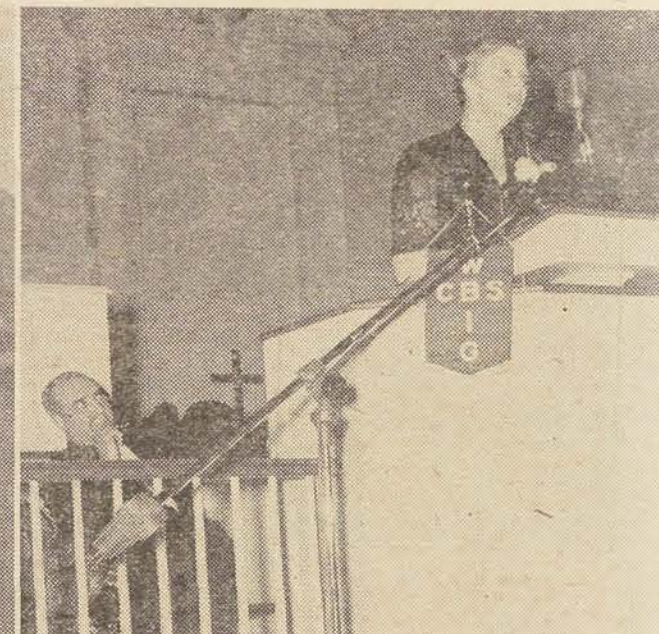
IMPORTANT SCENES OF FIRST LADY'S VISIT TO HOMEMAKING INSTITUTION



The above photos taken during the visit of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's to the campus of Bennett College last Tuesday shows the First Lady greeting friends are (back to camera) Pres. David D. Jones, Miss Roberta Favors senior and president of the student body who welcomed Mrs. Roosevelt in behalf of the students; picture shows Mrs. Roosevelt addressing the audience gathered to hear her in the beautiful Annie Merner Pfeiffer auditorium of Bennett. The third photo shows the v shows Mrs. Roosevelt in conversation with President Jones and and Mrs Jones.

MRS. FDR CHARMS

IMPORTANT SCENES OF FIRST LADY'S VISIT TO HOMEMAKING INSTITUTE HELD AT BENNETT COLLEGE



The above photos taken during the visit of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's to the campus of Bennett College last Tuesday shows the First Lady greeting friends after her address Tuesday evening. Those in the first picture, reading from left to right are (back to camera) Pres. David D. Jones, Miss Roberta Favors senior and president of the student body who welcomed Mrs. Roosevelt in behalf of the students; the Commanding Officer of the Overseas Replacement Depot of Greensboro. The second picture shows Mrs. Roosevelt addressing the audience gathered to hear her in the beautiful Annie Merner Pfeiffer auditorium of Bennett. The third photo shows the vast group of school children listening to the First lady in the afternoon. The fourth photo shows Mrs. Roosevelt in conversation with President Jones and and Mrs Jones.

—James Photo



GIRL SCOUTS PRESENT FLOWERS TO MRS. ROOSEVELT

Francina Ayers, center, at Dudley high school, member of Girl Scout troop No. 48, and Marjorie Nance, right, Bennett college freshman and president of Girl Scout troop No. 22, are shown here presenting Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who is honorary president of Girl Scouts of America, a basket of yellow snapdragons and purple iris on behalf of negro Girl Scouts of Greensboro. The presentation was made on the portico of Annie Merner Pfeiffer chapel at Bennett where the first lady addressed about 3,000 city school children yesterday afternoon.



FIRST LADY SPEAKS TO CHILDREN

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is pictured here speaking to some 3,000 city school children of Greensboro yesterday afternoon at Annie Merner Pfeiffer chapel at Bennett college. In the background are Dr. W. C. Jackson, left, chancellor of Woman's college and president of the board of trustees of Bennett college, who introduced Mrs. Roosevelt yesterday, and Peggy Toadley, right, member of the Bennett college faculty.

Peacetime Responsibilities Outlined By Mrs. Roosevelt

Knowledge Of Government's Plan Necessary; More Addresses Today

By MARGARET RUSSELL, Daily News Staff Writer

"The American public has a great deal to learn about veterans and one of the first things we must do in order to help the returning servicemen is to know what the government has planned for them," Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt declared last night in an address at the 19th annual Homemaking institute at Bennett college.

Mrs. Roosevelt, who spoke before a capacity crowd at Annie Merner Pfeiffer chapel at the college, centered her talk around the institute theme, "The Veteran Returns to His Family." The first lady asserted that the American public must think now about the returning veterans, expressing the belief that family and community acquaintance with the GI bill of rights will be of great help to returning servicemen.

At 10 a. m. today she will appear at the Big Top at the ORD and later will conduct a press conference at Woman's college, where she will speak at the weekly convocation and be entertained at a luncheon and reception. At 2:45 p. m. Mrs. Roosevelt will speak at Odell auditorium to students, faculty and friends of Greensboro college.

Must Know Rights

"Many people are unfamiliar with government benefits offered to veterans of other wars," she stated,

"and now it has become necessary to know what the GI bill of rights guarantees the returning soldiers. But the community must help the veterans because it is impossible for the veterans' administration to help him where he really will need help the most," Mrs. Roosevelt stated.

"If a veteran is going to succeed he needs somebody in the line of work in which he is interested to give him advice because failure is going to hurt him more than if he had not tried," Mrs. Roosevelt declared. She urged families of veterans to use imagination to make the men feel that they want to know what their sons or husbands went through on the battle fronts, adding that "it is harder to forget something if you have to keep it to yourself."

Children Told Peace Duties

(Continued From Page 1)

duced by Dr. David D. Jones, president of Bennett college, emphasized community aid to the returning veteran in helping him become re-adjusted. "We must realize that the boys are now mature men," she stated, "and must be dealt with as mature persons. They have had experiences which have made them conscious of their ability to accept responsibility and perform duties."

In speaking of postwar plans for the community Mrs. Roosevelt suggested that every community should organize a committee composed of educators, professional and business men in the community and work together to help veterans find positions suitable for them and jobs in which they will be happy and satisfied. "An organized community can make the most of government offers and at the same time give the best they have to the boys who come home," the speaker asserted.

"We at home have to face the world of the future. The United States is the greatest production nation ever known and better off than any nation in the world," Mrs. Roosevelt said, stating that whether we like it or not we have to have vision and ingenuity to make our country the kind of place where all men will have work and make respectable livings."

Job For Home Front

In concluding her talk she stated that "leaders in government cannot do the job of maintaining economy. It has to be done by the people at home so the boys coming back will have jobs to which to return, she declared. "We must realize the full scope of our duty and have the courage to face the fact that this problem is the biggest thing of any nation."

Preceding Mrs. Roosevelt's address Mayor W. H. Sullivan welcomed her to Greensboro on behalf of the city and Roberta Favors, president of the Bennett college student senate, extended welcome from the Bennett community.

Music for the program was presented by the Bennett college choir which sang two selections and a series of organ preludes were presented by Clayton Suthern, II. Invocation was spoken by R. D. Crockett, director of religious activities at the college.

Mrs. Roosevelt wore a black crepe dress inserted with black lace and her only jewelry was a triple strand of pearls and a Girl Scout pin. Her corsage was of white Dutch iris. When she entered the auditorium the first lady was wearing a multi-colored Chinese wrap.

Speaks To Children

Yesterday afternoon the first lady spoke before approximately 3,000 city school children from the portico of Annie Merner Pfeiffer chapel in her first appearance at Bennett college.

Mrs. Roosevelt, who was introduced by Dr. W. C. Jackson, chancellor of Woman's college and president of the Bennett college board of trustees, spoke to the children on the future for them after peace is declared, stating that "your soldiers, both white and colored, are all over the world, fighting your enemy and saving you from having to go through cruel things children in other parts of the world are now encountering."

Cites Responsibility

"The children of America are going to have the responsibility of making this country lead the world for things that are good," she stated, adding that "to establish a lasting peace is the reason our soldiers are now fighting—so you won't have to go to war later and fight."

The first lady, who spoke to the children as if she were telling them a fairy tale, impressed upon them that "patience, understanding and

Accompanying Mrs. Roosevelt were her personal secretary, Miss Malvina Thompson. They were met at the station by Dr. Jackson, Dean Harriet Elliott, of Woman's college, Dr. Jones, Mrs. Julius W. Cone, with whom Mrs. Roosevelt will stay during her visit here, and a number of college representatives.



When Mrs. Roosevelt finished
speaking to the public school children
these children followed her to the
home of President and Mrs. Jones.

The
VETERAN RETURNS
To His FAMILY

Nineteenth Annual
HOME-MAKING INSTITUTE

Address By
MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT



BENNETT COLLEGE
ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL

Tuesday, March 20, 1945
8:00 P.M.

... Program ...

PRESIDING, DAVID D. JONES
President of the College

ORGAN PRELUDES "Prelude and Fugue in G Major" . . . Bach
"Ave Maris Stella" Bedell
"The Squirrel" Weaver
"In Summer" Stebbins

ORRIN CLAYTON SUTHERN, II, Organist

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

(Audience will remain standing
until after the invocation.)

INVOCATION Mr. R. D. Crockett
*Director, Religious Activities
Bennett College*

MUSIC: "Listen to the Lambs" Dett
"Go Down, Moses" Burleigh
THE COLLEGE CHOIR

WELCOME—ON BEHALF OF THE CITY OF GREENSBORO
The Honorable William H. Sullivan, Mayor

WELCOME—ON BEHALF OF THE BENNETT COLLEGE COMMUNITY
Miss Roberta Favors, '45
President of the Student Senate

ADDRESS Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Washington, D. C.

MUSIC: "Lift Every Voice and Sing" Johnson

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING

Lift every voice and sing, 'till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise high as the list'ning skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun
Let us march on 'till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod, bitter the chast'ning rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet with a steady beat, have not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered.
We have come treading a path through the blood of the slaughtered.
Out of the gloomy past, 'till now we stand at last
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,
Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;
Thou who hast by Thy might led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God where we met Thee,
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee;
Shadowed beneath Thy hand, may we forever stand,
True to our God, true to our native land.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"WE ARE INTERESTED IN OTHERS WHEN THEY ARE INTERESTED IN US." - SYRUS

Spoken by Miss Roberta Favors on the Nineteenth

Home-Making Institute

Class of 1945

For the Bennett College Community

Uppermost in the minds and the hearts of the girls at Bennett is the desire that people everywhere will know what our college community is and what it does. So that, whenever there is an opportunity to meet those whom we have not met before, we can not help but receive them with great sincerity and with a deep sense of satisfaction. It is with that same sincerity and an overwhelming feeling of pride that we welcome into our midst, one who has by her very presence manifested an interest in us, and an interest in our efforts to strengthen the bond between our college and the community.

To Mrs. Roosevelt, I say, as every Bennett girl would say, as every member of the community would say, we greatly appreciate this demonstration of your faith in our work. Your visit to the Bennett College Community is an honor--it is an inspiration. It signifies that at this time, it is "our day" and one which we shall never forget.



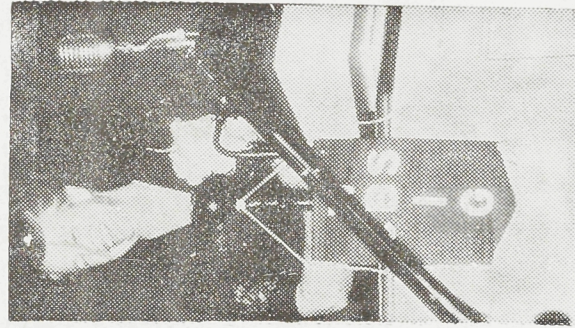
"...and now, may I present
the First Lady of the Land,
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt."

* * * * *

"...We must educate our-
selves as civilians as to
what our obligations are
to these men returning..."

MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT CAMPUS INSTITUTE SPEAKER

Delivers Speech During Home-Making Institute



MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

America's First Lady, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, our guest of honor to the 19th Home Making Institute, which opened Sunday, March 18, and closed Friday, March 23, spent a busy day on our campus Tuesday and closed her visit that night with a heart-filling address on "The Veteran Returns to His Family," the theme of the institute.

Referring to the institute theme in her address, Mrs. Roosevelt urged her listeners to learn first of all what the Government has planned for the returning soldier. Once the veteran is returned, we must stretch our imagination to help him forget what he has been through. Make him believe we want to know about it and he is the

Arriving on the campus in the early afternoon, Mrs. Roosevelt immediately went on a tour of the campus, which ended in the parlor of Annie Memier

Hall, where she sipped tea with the faculty and invited guests of the college.

And just as though Nature planned it all—bright sunny day, a cloudless sky, green grass and beautiful spring flowers blooming everywhere—promptly at 3:30 p.m. and amid this colorful spectacle the First Lady spoke from the portico of the Annie Memier Prefecture chapel to more than 3,000 children from the city schools, a host of service men from the neighboring Overseas Replacement Depot, and others, all gathered in the quadrangle before the chapel for the occasion. A dramatic note was sounded when Mrs. Roosevelt after her speech, summoned every man in uniform to come forward. She then greeted each one of them personally with a hearty handshake and a motherly word of encouragement.

In closing her address on Tuesday night, Mrs. Roosevelt admonished her listeners to have vision that the world is and can be "One World" in the future. She added further that our economy can have a better chance only if other parts of the world have a better chance.

She stated further that leadership must come from us. This does not mean, she warned, that one follows a leader or a few leaders, because leaders and Government cannot do this job alone. Every community must have done its job here at home so well that the returning veterans will find on their return a job begun which they can help to finish.

Roberta Favos, President of the Student Senate, in extending welcome to the First Lady on behalf of the Bennett College community furnishes the words to your Banner reporter to end this story—Mrs. Roosevelt's visit was "Our Day", a day we shall never forget.



"Lift every voice and sing, 'till earth
and heaven ring...."

Mayor Sullivan, who welcomed Mrs. Roosevelt
on behalf of the City of Greensboro, the First
Lady and Pres. David D. Jones, who presided,
join in singing the Negro National Anthem.

First Lady Proves Most Charming Speaker At Bennett Homemaking

By Staff Correspondent

Greensboro — The first lady of the land, Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, headlined Bennett College's 19th annual Homemaking Institute here Tuesday with addresses during the afternoon and night sessions of the institute's third day of week-long activities.

Speaking to Greensboro's school children from the portico of the Annie Merner Pfeiffer Chapel at 3:30 in the afternoon, Mrs. Roosevelt pointed to the unparalleled opportunities awaiting today's youth "to take this country lead in the things that are good for the whole world."

"You children who are growing up now are going to have the opportunity and the chance to do many very important things in the future," she said, and added that American children will have opportunities that children in many other lands will not have.

"White soldiers and colored soldiers have fought your enemies and saved you from going through what other children in other lands have gone through," Mrs. Roosevelt declared. She went on to emphasize that knowledge of the great debt of American children to this country's fighting men should serve as inspiration for today's youth to establish a just and lasting peace after the war.

Just as she emphasized the responsibilities of the nation's children during her speech Tuesday afternoon on the portico of the chapel, so did Mrs. Roosevelt emphasize the obligations and responsibilities of the country's civilians to returning veterans in her concluding message Tuesday night. She spoke this time to a packed audi-

ence in Pfeiffer Chapel.

Following President Jones' welcome message, he introduced Dr. W. C. Jackson, administrative dean of the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, Greensboro, and chairman of the Bennett Trustee Board. Dr. Jackson presented Mrs. Roosevelt to the afternoon audience.

Flowers were presented to the First Lady by representatives of Greensboro's Girl Scouts and from the staff of local Station WBIG. Frances Ayers and Marjorie Nance, the latter a Bennett freshman, presented the flowers in behalf of the Scouts.

Following the radio interview, Mrs. Roosevelt especially requested opportunity to speak to several of the Negro and white servicemen who sat on the cement walk off the portico in front of her.

Photographers' bulbs flashed throughout the First Lady's visits. Representatives from daily papers in Greensboro and Winston-Salem, radio reporters and members of the Negro press, including three CAROLINA TIMES representatives, shared a press table provided by the Bennett College Public Relations Director at the night session.

The CAROLINA TIMES' representatives includes the woman's page editor, a special correspondent, and a staff photographer.

The President's wife arrived in Greensboro around 10:20 Tuesday morning by train and was met by President and Mrs. Mrs. David D. Jones of Bennett College and a party that included A. A. Morrissey, public relations director.

The nation's number one war mother has traveled to many of the world's major battlefronts, stressed the importance of preparing psychologically and practically for the men's return.

"We must educate ourselves as civilians as to what our obligations are to these men now returning at the rate of 12,000 weekly," Mrs. Roosevelt said, pointing out that many times this number will soon be coming back from overseas.

"We should familiarize ourselves with the Veterans Administration's resources, the GI Bill of Rights and other resources that will aid our soldiers in their adjustment," she said.

"A desire for peace on the parts of leaders of government alone is not enough."

Men everywhere "have to have patience, understanding and real goodwill in their hearts for the rest of the world," Mrs. Roosevelt reiterated.

Miss Roberta Favors, senior and president of the Bennett College Student Senate, welcomed the First Lady Tuesday night in behalf of the student community and Mayor W. S. Sullivan, welcomed her in behalf of the citizens of Greensboro.

The institute started Sunday afternoon with an address by Dr. Katherine F. Lenroot, chief of the Children's Bureau, Department of Labor, Washington. A playlet in Pfeiffer chapel Monday, and a visit to the Collins Grove Community on Tuesday were early week features of the institute.

A discussion of phases of rural church life and community cooperation was conducted by the Rev. W. Tycer Nelson, Jeanes Rural Church Counselor at Collins Grove in Tuesday morning's feature event.

On Thursday the Institute met at the Mt. Tabor Community where Art Carter, war correspondent for the Afro-American newspapers of Baltimore spoke. Carter was scheduled for a final address at 10 o'clock Friday morning in Pfeiffer Chapel.

Miss Barbara A. Ware was chairman of the Planning Committee for the Institute. She was assisted by members from the college and Greensboro community.

WHAT WAS YOUR IMPRESSION WHEN YOU SAW
MRS. ROOSEVELT FOR THE FIRST TIME?

...how tall yet how graceful!

...she was just as I expected her to be;
her gracious and friendly manner seemed
to encompass all those around her.

My Day

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Greensboro, N. C., Wednesday.—I reached New York City Monday afternoon, and in the evening I went to speak at the Rev. Charles Young Trigg's church at 129th Street and Seventh Avenue. It was a community inter-denominational meeting in celebration of Brotherhood Week. Dr. Robert W. Searles of the Greater New York Federation of Churches also spoke, and a united choir from many churches sang very beautifully.

We made the 10 o'clock train for Greensboro, and arrived yesterday morning, unfortunately too late to go to Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown's school at Sedalia, in which my mother-in-law was interested. I had a chance to go to the home of my hostess, Mrs. Julius Cone, before Dr. and Mrs. David D. Jones of Bennett College took us to the Agricultural and Technical College, where some thousand young colored people are getting a very good education in home economics, farming, horticulture, engineering and other fields.

After a very delightful lunch at Mrs. Cone's, we were at Bennett College at 2 o'clock, and had an opportunity to see a number of the campus buildings and to meet some of the faculty and students at tea. Finally we went out to find school children from the colored public schools gathered on the campus with a few of their elders. I talked to them, and later was interviewed on the local radio station by one of the women broadcasters.

Spring has come and is in full bloom down here. Every flowering shrub and tree is out, and the garden of this delightful home, as well as everywhere we have been today, reminds you that spring will be with us even in the North before long. It is so warm that I have been wondering why I thought it necessary to wear a coat, and by the time we came home at half past four I was quite ready for a nice, peaceful hour or two before dinner and the evening speech at Bennett College.

Bennett College is having a week's institute on "The Returning Serviceman," and Miss Katherine Lenroot has already spoken to them. As we drove in this afternoon two high school boys were waiting, camera in hand. They reminded me of the professional photographers, because they took at least six photographs and then asked me to wait until they changed to a color film. Insatiable, just as the professional ones.

I have read a magazine article which deals with all the peoples living on all the small islands in the Pacific which we find now under our control. If we retain the responsibility for any of them, we will have the added problem of establishing new standards of living in that area, where human rights have never been given much attention. Here we are confronted with the whole question of how people who are not yet ready to look after their own affairs, without some assistance from the outside, are going to be handled in the postwar period. There undoubtedly will be much interest on this point in the San Francisco Conference.

...and to think I shook her hand.

The First Lady of the Land
a first lady of charm. and truly

...and it was truly "our day".

SPEAKER



Rev. W. Tyner Nelson, Jeanes Rural Church Counselor at Collins Grove Virginia who conducted a discussion on phases of rural church life at the Institute at Bennett College last week. Rev. Nelson is a former pastor of the Twine Memorial Presbyterian Church of Durham.

Bennett College

NINETEENTH ANNUAL HOME-MAKING INSTITUTE

Annie Merner Pfeiffer Chapel
Thursday, March 22, 1945, at 10 a.m.

Presiding: Miss Barbara Ware

Program

Music:

"Where'er You Walk" Handel
"Aufenthalt" (My Abode) Schubert
"Rastlose" (Restless Love) Schubert
Staff Sergeant Henry L. Grant
A. A. F. -- O. R. D., Greensboro, N. C.

Brief Discussion Reverend W. Tyner Nelson
Jeanes Rural Church Counselor

Question Period Mr. B. A. Hall
County Agent

Music:

"They Have Led My Lord Away" Air by Clarence Wilson
"The Last Hour" Kramer
"Long Ago in Alcala" Messenger
Staff Sergeant Henry L. Grant

program of playlet presented
by Bennett College students in the
Collins Grove and Mount Tabor Com-
munities.

The Bennett College Little Theater Guild

presents

"H O M E F o r G O O D "

a playlet in one-act

Written For

The Home-Making Institute
March, 1945

by

Doris Newland
Renette Echols
Naomi Flowe
A. Beulah Williams

Program of playlet presented
by Bennett College students in
Collins Grove and Mount Tabor
communities.

The Prologue

A scene which could occur at a railroad
station in any small town.

Place: The living room of the Malloy home.

Scene I - A few minutes before
"Al" arrives at home

Scene II - Next evening

Scene III - One Sunday morning,
a month later

Scene IV - Two evenings later

"HOME For GOOD"

Cast of Characters

Cpl. John Hilton Romus Kornegay
Returned from France

Sgt. Allen Malloy Frank Cuthbertson
Returned from South Pacific

Nancy Malloy Naomi Thomas
Al's sister

Mrs. Martha Malloy Janet White
Al's Mother

Nell Malloy Gloria Dix
Al's wife

Ted Malloy Columbus Stanley
Al's Father

Betty Hilton Constance Collier
John's wife

BENNETT COLLEGE

Nineteenth Annual

HOME-MAKING INSTITUTE

CLOSING SESSION

FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1945
8 P.M.

ANNIE MERNER PFEIFFER CHAPEL

PRESIDING, DAVID D. JONES
President of the College

. . . Program . . .

HYMN: "God the Omnipotent!" No. 505

INVOCATION By The Reverend John J. Greene
Former Chaplain, American Legion Post

MUSIC: "Sing Unto God" Handel
THE COLLEGE CHOIR

INTRODUCTION By Dean Warmoth T. Gibbs
*2nd Lt., 367th Infantry,
92nd Division, World War I*

ADDRESS Col. Campbell Johnson
*Executive Assistant to the Director of
Selective Service, United States Army*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

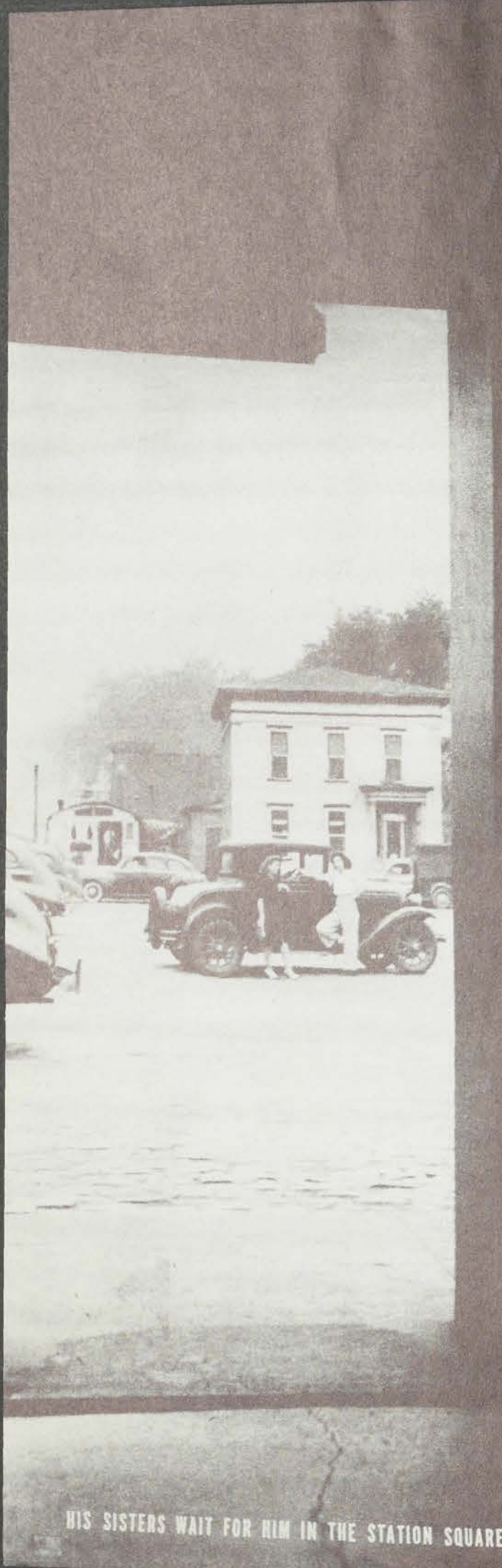
MUSIC: "The Lamb" Dett
THE COLLEGE CHOIR

BENEDICTION

JOE IS HOME NOW



AT FIRST HE SITS AROUND THE HOUSE AND THINKS



HIS SISTERS WAIT FOR HIM IN THE STATION SQUARE

JOE IS HOME NOW

A discharged soldier, having fought overseas, finds that he still has to fight to make his way in civilian life

by JOHN HERSEY

After repeated warnings, the American public has prepared itself for the shock of invasion casualties. But so far the American people have given little thought to human reconversion—the process of turning those casualties back into normal civilians. Already more than 1,250,000 soldiers have been discharged into civilian life. This is the story of a discharged soldier.

Like the best-selling novel *A Bell for Adano* by the same author, this story is in fiction form but is based on fact. It is distilled from the actual experiences of 43 different discharged soldiers. Joe Souczak does and says things which actually were done and said by various of those men. Only such changes of dialog and situation have been made as would give the story a consistent thread and the discharged man a consistent character. The pictures with the story are of real people and places, but are more figurative than literal illustration of the text which does not specifically deal with them.

There is no typical discharged soldier, but Joe Souczak's experiences may be taken as fairly representative. To get this real significance, multiply him by millions and remember that he has come home early—during a manpower shortage. Human reconversion will obviously rank with economic reconversion as the greatest of U. S. problems in the months and years to come.

The boy with one arm stood in the Rochester station and looked around. He was on his way to Ontario, N. Y. and he was full of going home. He glanced up at the iron clock—5:15, it said. Above the clock he saw the service flag showing that the railroad had sent 25,602 men to the war. Jeppers, the boy thought, more than a division.

A middle-aged civilian came up to him and said: "You're in the 1st Division. I seen your shoulder patch."

Joe Souczak said: "Yeah."

"Where'd you get hurt?"

"Africa."

"God, I got hurt myself."

"Yeah?"

"I was in the 1st in the other war. Company H, 18th Regiment."

"No kidding, I was in G Company of the 18th. Neighbors, huh?"

"God," the older man said, "where you headed?"

"Home," Joe said. "I got 30 days' leave. They're going to discharge me later, only they given me 30 days first. I'm going to hit this town before I catch the train on home. I don't know how my mother will take it. About the arm. I'm going to hit the town first, you know, get a little happy for my mother's sake."

"God, what are we waiting for?"

They went to the Seneca Grille. Joe ordered whisky with beer for a chaser. He found out the civilian came from Auburn and was in the FBI. The FBI man had a Purple Heart ribbon with him and some small articles he picked up off Germans in the last war. Joe said he was sorry, but he had checked his souvenirs in his barracks bag at the station. The FBI man asked: "How you feel about getting home?"

Joe said: "I'm almost as scared as I'm happy. I don't know how it's going to be."

They had several, then went across the street to Odenbach's. The FBI man kept telling about his experiences; he told about chasing Pancho Villa in Mexico before the last war. He called Joe "my old regiment pal."

The FBI man said: "I'm going to ride out home with you. Least a guy can do for an old regiment pal. Maybe I can help out with your old lady."

Joe had had enough drinks to think that was a fine idea. They bought a quart of whisky to take along, then went to the station late at night. Joe called up home and arranged for his sisters to meet him. Then the pair caught the last train for Ontario. After pulling on the bottle for a while the FBI man fell asleep.

Joe moved across the aisle and started talking with a girl. It turned out that she worked in a Rochester camera factory. Joe said: "Among my souvenirs I got this French camera. I wonder could you look at it and inspect it all the way through and find out does any American film go in it?"

She looked it over and said: "A 320 would fit it perfect." She promised to put in a priority and send Joe some film. After they got more friendly, she said: "Sometime you're in Rochester come down my house for Sunday dinner and all that."

Reprinted from LIFE, July 3, 1944



RIDING UP THE MAIN STREET IS ALL THE WELCOME THE RETURNING SOLDIER WANTS

Joe said: "Thanks just the same, only I'm interested in getting home and I got a girl there. Anyhow I had a girl. I don't know if a one-arm fellow gets to keep his girl."

"Oh, sure," the girl said.

Joe said: "I don't look so good to see her tomorrow. I'm kind of disgusted on the point of view my clothes don't fit me, I don't have any others, they're used uniforms they hand out to us at the hospital."

"You'll do all right," the girl said.

When the train was nearly due, Joe wrote a note and pinned it on the lapel of the FBI man's coat, using the Purple Heart ribbon to pin it on with. The note said: "Figure I'll make out all right with my mom. Thanks for everything regiment pal, Joe."

* * *

Joe left the FBI man sleeping and got off the train. His sisters Anna and Mickey were waiting for him in the old car. Joe was very excited and he said: "Well, after so long a journey I'm almost home, I only got nine miles to go. How's the car run? It still running? Those girls you taught driving lessons to ruin it? Can we get any gas?"

Anna said: "We waited a long time for this. You're gone a long time from home. We've been praying every day you'd come home. You did, Joe."

Mickey said: "We hated to hear about the arm."

They all started out with a crying jag and wound up laughing.

They drove out to Ontario and as they crossed the tracks into town, Mickey said: "I'm sorry we don't have the brass band out for you."

Joe said: "Let the band go to hell; I don't need the band. Riding up Genesee Street, that's all the welcome I ever wanted. This is my home-coming, the streets are out to greet me." And he said not very loudly: "Hello, streets."

The first stop was home, naturally, 143 Front Street. By this time it was nearly 4 a. m. and Joe was rather drunk. He had only meant to have a couple so as to be cheery when he first saw his mother, but now he was pretty far gone.

He walked up to the front door and banged on it. His father shouted from bed upstairs: "Who is it?"

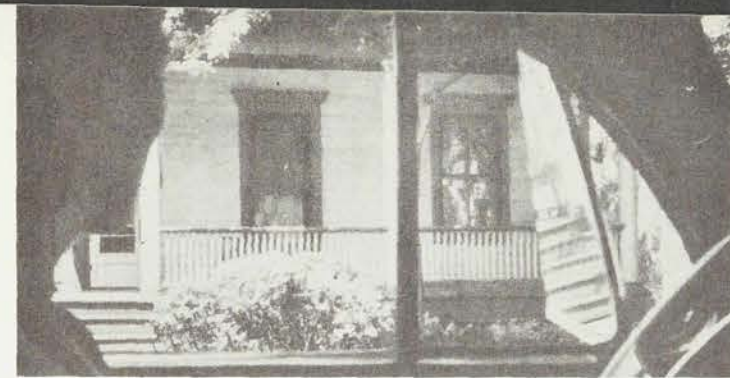
Joe Souczak shouted: "Does Joe Souczak live here?"

His father shouted: "He ain't home yet."

Joe shouted: "Who you think this is, dad, it's me."

Anna asked: "What you want?"

HE GOES OUT WITH HIS GIRL FRIEND TO HAVE A FEW DRINKS, EAT STEAKS, AND DANCE



HIS FIRST PLAN IS TO SPEND A GOOD MONTH'S "VACATION" IN HIS PARENTS' HOUSE

Right away Joe's father and mother came downstairs together in their night things. The two kid brothers, Anthony and Sam, came crashing down after.

Joe's mother went straight to him and took him. All she said at first was: "My boy."

She held him and moved her hands up and down his back. She said: "You're all one piece, I'm so glad they didn't molest your face at any point, you're very thin, my Joey." She did not speak of the arm.

Joe's father stood by smiling and said to Anna: "Looks like mother took first choice at embracing the boy."

Finally Joe's mother let go. She smelled the alcohol on his breath and started crying. She was against drinking.

Joe's father had prayed for him

Joe's father stepped up and said: "Son, a good many days I wished Our Lord that if you could only come back, Our Lord could take me then, only I wanted to see you just one time." Joe's father was 53, he was a railroad worker, he had his wish now.

Joe could not think of anything except to reach out the bottle to his father and say: "Take a drink." His father took the bottle and drank. That only made the mother cry harder.

Joe broke out to a temper in spite of himself and said to his mother savagely: "What's the sense of crying, for God's sake, I'm home now, ain't I?"

His father said: "Come in the house, son."

They turned on the lights and sat in the living room formally.

The father said: "How was it in this war, son?"

Joe said: "I don't know but it's rougher than the last."

Joe's young brother Anthony said: "How many Germans you kill, Joe?"

Joe said: "Nobody who is a soldier answers that, Tony. You don't like to talk about it, mostly you don't even know, the range is big."

Anthony went over and touched Joe's empty left sleeve and said: "What happened, Joe?"

Joe said: "I remember it was nighttime, doing a patrol action, well, that's when I got hit. It was a rifle bullet."

"Sniper, son?"

"That I couldn't say, maybe it could've been a sniper. They took me to the 38th Evac, that's a hospital. They took the arm in Algiers. . . . Could I have something to eat?"

Anna asked: "What you want?"

"Could I have some eggs, plenty of eggs anyhow? Then they started bringing me home, see." Joe looked at his mother crying, and talked fast, feeling bad because he had spoken sharply to her.

"I stood in Gibraltar couple days. I took an English boat, what was it, the *Jervis*. I went to near Bristol, I stood there till I had three more operations. From there I left in June, it was on a Canadian boat, the *Nova Scotia*, that was the second trip she took, she went to Halifax. I stood a while at Fort Devens in Lowell General, then it was Walter Reed. Now I come home."

They sat talking till it got light. Joe asked about different things that had happened at home, who was married and so on. No one volunteered any information about Mary Ellard, his girl. Joe's voice was shaky and his one hand trembled. At one point someone said maybe Joe was tired, but he said: "Let sleep go to hell, sleep is a luxury."

When it was day Mrs. Souczak stopped crying and went to the telephone. She dialed a number and said: "Joe is home now," and hung up. She dialed many numbers and all she would say was: "Joe is home now." Then she would hang up.

Pretty soon the people she had called started coming: uncles, cousins, Mrs. Souczak's neighbors, friends of the family. Mr. Shaughnessy, president of the Ontario Knitting Mills where Joe worked before the war, came. He said never to worry about a job, just worry about getting well. "The factory is there waiting for you, Joe," he said. "Come over this afternoon and see us."

Joe agreed to go at 2 o'clock. At each knock at the door, Joe jumped up and went to see who it was. It was about 10 o'clock before Mary Ellard came.

Joe reached out his hand. She couldn't seem to say anything. Joe had decided to be cold toward her, for defensive reasons. He just said: "Hello, Mary," and led her right into the living room. They couldn't kiss because of all the company.

Everyone talked busily, but Mary just sat there looking at Joe. He pretended not to see her. After a while she stood up and said: "My brother, he's in from the Pacific only he has to go back this afternoon, his leave's up. Three o'clock. I better go see him."

Joe went out onto the porch with her.

Mary said: "Our first meeting wasn't too personal together, Joe."

Joe said coldly: "It couldn't be. Didn't you see all those people?"

Mary said: "I'm so excited, I been biting my fingernail right off."

Joe said: "I'll be seeing you," and he went back

THE DISCHARGED SERVICEMAN'S TINY GOLD BUTTON IS HIS BADGE OF HAVING FOUGHT





HE TAKES BACK HIS OLD JOB ALTHOUGH HE WOULD MUCH PREFER A NEW LINE OF WORK

in the house. He was trembling all over. He ran upstairs and looked at himself in the mirror; the sleeve was quite neat in his pocket, but his face looked sickly and the uniform was too big.

At about 2 o'clock Joe reached the factory. He went up on the second floor, where he found the whole mill waiting for him in a large room. Mr. Shaughnessy said: "We've shut off the wheels of progress for 30 minutes, we want you to make us a little speech."

Joe stood up and said: "I'm glad to be back and I can say that I'm very lucky to be back. I remember a good many times when Mr. Shaughnessy used to talk to us on production, that if we didn't produce the soldiers wouldn't have anything. That is so because I went three months without underwear over there. There wasn't any. It was pretty wicked up there in those mountains."

Then Mr. Shaughnessy and Joe presented each other with gifts. The factory gave Joe a 21-jewel Lord Elgin wrist watch, plus \$161 purse. Joe gave Mr. Shaughnessy a green French pocketbook. "On here," Joe said, "is the inscription in silver thread made by the Ayrabs, it says ORAN. I carried this through all the battles, even the worst ones. I had you in mind, Mr. Shaughnessy."

Afterward Joe went out and shook hands around the town. Everyone wanted to shake his one hand, and he felt like quite a hero. He stopped in at the barbershop and was very glad to see Charley the barber again, his old friend. When he got home late in the afternoon his mother asked him what he had been doing and he said: "People been patting me on the back and offering me lifetime jobs."

After a couple more days of callers at 143 Front Street, a crowd of fellows came after Joe and said: "Let's hit the road and do some hell-raising. Let's have a doings amongst ourselves."

So the boys began going out. The first night they planned to make all the rounds, but the first place was as far as they got. Joe had such a good time that he persuaded the crowd to repeat, night after night.

One day toward the end of his leave Joe went in to see Charley the barber, who was twice Joe's age. Joe had always come to Charley for advice and sometimes Charley gave advice without being asked. Charley said: "You're raising too much hell."

Joe said: "It's fun, I earned some fun."

Charley said: "People beginning to talk."

Joe said: "Let people go to hell, they didn't fight."

Charley said: "Why don't you see Mary?"



HIS PRIDE MAKES HIM LEAVE HIS HOME AND TAKE AN EMPTY ROOM WITH AN IRON BED

Now Joe tumbled out the words that had been rolling around inside him all through his leave: "Hell, I'm no use to myself with the one arm. What use would I be to any girl?"

Charley said: "I'll be glad when you're discharged. What you need is the right job and the right girl."

Joe did not have the courage, though he had plenty of desire, to see Mary before his leave was finished. He kept telling himself he would be home for good soon, that would be the time to see her. The film for his French camera came from the Rochester girl a couple of days before his leave was up, and he kidded himself that he would go collect that Sunday lunch.

Joe was ready for a rest

When he reported back to Walter Reed the doctor said: "You look better. Want 30 days more?"

Joe said: "No thanks. My friend told me, he said: 'Joe, I seen you 27 days and I seen you drunk 27 days. I could use 30 days to rest, doctor.'"

After a few days they brought an artificial arm and strapped it on. From the first Joe disliked it. He told the nurse: "It hurts my—the upper part of my arm that's left." He never could learn to say stump. But they taught him to use the arm.

In January his honorable discharge came. This time Joe got a uniform that fit better and he thought he looked pretty well as he started out on the train. He had left off his fake arm, because he liked the empty sleeve in his pocket. The arm was in his suitcase. He had on his ribbons—African Theater, Purple Heart, Before Pearl Harbor. On the way a second lieutenant came over to Joe's seat. You could see the lieutenant had just won his bars and was full of authority. He apparently did not notice Joe's empty sleeve.

"Private," the lieutenant said, "what do you think you're doing, wearing all those ribbons? Do you think you're some kind of a lousy hero?"

Joe stood up and controlled himself. "Sir," he said, "I served 18 months foreign duty, I given my left arm, they told me I earned these ribbons."

The lieutenant, horribly embarrassed, stared at Joe's limp sleeve and said: "I'm awful sorry, fellow, I didn't realize." Trying to make it all right, he said: "What's that end ribbon for?"

Joe said in the politest tones: "Sir, I think if you want to go around and make remarks about people's ribbons you ought to know what the ribbons stand for."

Joe sat down. When the lieutenant went away the man sitting next to Joe said: "Lousy shavetail."

Joe's father and mother looked at each other, and his mother said: "We had to spend it when



AFTER MANY FALSE STARTS HE IS ABLE TO GET INTO BAKING BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF

Joe expressed the enlisted man's universal complaint. "They've made this into a two-man army," he said. "They've made it an officer's army and an enlisted man's army. The two of them eat in different pots, bathe in different pots and pee in different pots. Now the looney don't want me wearing my ribbons. Aw, let him go to hell, I'm out of uniform in a few days anyway."

But when he first got home, Joe found that it was not at all easy to get out of uniform. He was authorized to wear the uniform for 90 days. He felt better in uniform. The khaki sleeve in the khaki pocket was very neat. His stump felt a lot better in a uniform sleeve.

For a long time Joe just lay around the house. He told his parents he figured he'd earned a month's vacation, and that when the month was up he would choose one of these high-paying defense jobs. "In the meantime," he said, "don't bother me, I'm all geared up ahead of everyone else around me, I'm looking for a slowdown."

But the more Joe tried to rest, the more restless he got. He got feeling disgusted with himself. He began to think he was not worth anything and never would be again. He tried walking out in the town, but he felt like a beaten dog; he would not speak to a civilian.

He tried working around the house but whatever he did, he ended in a rage. His father had been a frequent fisherman once, and Joe got out some of his tackle one day. But trying to oil the reel and feed the line through the little leader holes on the rod with one hand got him more and more nervous, and he wound up putting his fist through his closer door. That was the way it went.

About 10 days went by before he took Mary out, and then he got two other fellows to take their wives along as cover-up for his embarrassment and uneasiness. They went to Charter's and ate steaks and tried to talk above the juke-box noise. Mary was pathetically eager to please Joe, but on the way home he said: "I don't want you to be nice to me just because you're sorry for me."

Mary said: "It doesn't matter, Joe, I'm just glad to see you."

But Joe said: "I don't want nobody sorry for me. Nobody." And when they got home Joe shook hands coolly and drove right off, leaving Mary crying.

The vacation was not panning out. One day he found he was getting low on cash, and at lunch he asked his family: "Where's my allotment money I sent you? In the bank?"

Joe's father and mother looked at each other, and his mother said: "We had to spend it when



ONE OF THE REASONS HE IS UNHAPPY IS BECAUSE ALL OF HIS BUDDIES ARE OVERSEAS

your father was in the hospital having his hernia."

Joe said: "You spent it. All I can say is it's quite disheartening to think you can't trust the ones you ought to trust most. Jeepers, you spent my lifeblood savings." He got up from the table and left the house in disgust.

He went down to the barbershop. There were no customers. Charley the barber said: "How's it go, Joe?"

Joe said: "Like hell. In the money department I'm worried, Charley. The family spent my allotment money. Looks like I worn my welcome out with my folks. I'll get the hell out, I guess."

"That doesn't sound right, Joe."

"Well, you don't wear your welcome out with your folks, they're dear to you I guess, but you wear your welcome out with yourself. I feel funny as heck, it makes me nervous and twitchy around their house, you get thinking too much when you sit down."

"You better get a job."

"Maybe you got something there. Seems like the more I stand fast and wait, the more nervous I get. I tell you, Charley, you put yourself on a pedestal when you first come home, you figure you're a kind of hero, you feel proud of yourself, you've accomplished something, you feel good about fighting for your country. But after about two weeks you know you're just another fellow only you haven't got your left arm below the elbow."

"You better get a job," Charley said. "And I know just the one, if we could only work it. You know Seraviglia's Bakery? Well the old man died a couple months ago and the shop's idle. You'd make a good baker, Joe."

Joe said: "With one arm?" Charley said: "Why not?"

He decided to try a war job. Out in the field he had heard all about the high wages in defense industries. Now it was his turn for some of the gravy. No more Onteoga Knitting for him.

He went first to the Principo Company—small makers of safety razors before the war, aircraft self-starters now. He was introduced to a Mr. Fenner in the personnel department.

Fenner said: "We'd be glad to take you on, Mr. Souczak, any day you can start."

Joe said: "What do I get?"

Fenner said: "We'll start you at 73¢ an hour, that'll come to about \$48.50 if you work a good week."

Joe said: "That don't sound like a lot of tin to me. I read in *Stars & Stripes* over the other side about these \$150 a week positions in defense plants. I don't go for that \$48.50."

Fenner said: "That's our starting rate, Mr. Souczak."

In the following days Joe tried three other small war shops and got the same story at each. Then one afternoon he came home and found a telegram waiting for him. It was from Mr. Shaughnessy of Onteoga Knitting. It said: HEAR YOU ARE LOOKING FOR JOB. REPORT TOMORROW MORNING FOR PHOTOGRAPH AND INTERVIEW PLANT NEWSPAPER AND GO TO WORK EIGHTY CENTS HOUR PLUS FIVE CENTS EXTRA FOR NIGHT WORK. REGARDS.

Joe knew he would take his old job back but he did not bother to show up the next morning, nor for four mornings after it. "Let the damn job wait for me," he said, as if it were an imposition to ask him to go to work.

On the fifth morning he strapped his artificial arm on for the first time in two weeks and reported at the plant. All the people there were very kind to him. The personnel manager said: "We start most at 65¢ an hour and 5¢ extra for night work. We're going to make an exception in your case and start you at 80 and 5."

Joe said: "I don't want any personal favors."

The personnel man said: "It's not because of your handicap, Mr. Souczak. After all you're one of our old hands around here." He gave Joe an advance on his first week's wages.

Joe could not handle his previous job at the yarn-winder with one arm, so they put him on oiling and cleaning the machines.

At the end of the first day's work Joe was very tired but also happier than he had been for a long time. The advance payment felt nice and crisp in his pocket. He joked at supper and his family were glad to see him perked up.

The job seemed to go well and day by day Joe felt more and more like himself. He went to work in khaki pants and shirt, with an old basketball sweater on top. After a few days he left off his artificial arm. The men in the plant fixed up a special harness for him to carry the oil can and waste around with, so he could leave off the arm.

Another date with Mary

He felt like going out with Mary again, and he did. They went the rounds and ended up at The Siding. It was like old times for a change. They laughed all night.

On the way home Joe stopped the car. He said: "I don't know what to say, Mary, I'm kind of stumbling in my words."

She said: "That's all right, Joe." Then she added: "In case you've been wondering, it doesn't matter to me."

He knew that she meant about the arm. And his tongue was free and he was able to say: "I'm not much use to a girl, I only got one hand."

She said: "Love comes from the heart, not from the hand, Joe."

"Yeah," Joe said, "that's right, I never thought of that."

She said: "Everything's the same."

Joe put his arm around her and kissed her. After a while he said: "I don't want to rush into anything."

Mary said: "You haven't been in any rush so far. I been waiting so long for this."

"Hugging you with the one arm is kind of strange," Joe said, "but the kissing is just the same as it ever was."

She said again: "Everything's the same."

Joe said: "Yeah."

After that it was one good day after another. The days just flew.

Joe got all his appetites back. He couldn't seem to get caught up on food. He was always buying an ice-cream cone on the way home from work or stopping for a hamburger late at night. He found he wanted to do many of the old things, and found he could do them. He joined the plant bowling team. He went roller skating. He even went swimming in an indoor pool and found he could pull himself along lying on his right side in the water.

One night he walked with Mary down to Seraviglia's Bakery. They put their faces against the plate glass and looked in. They saw the mixer, a long table, some racks, a roll-top desk and in the back, the big oven.

"Looks nice, don't it, Joe?" Mary said.

"Yeah," Joe said, "but not for a one-arm man."

Three weeks after he went to work he heard about a badge for honorably discharged soldiers—a little gold-plated plastic button with an eagle on it, for the lapel buttonhole. He went over to Camp Prestley with his discharge certificate and got one. That helped with getting out of uniform and for a while he wore khaki pants and shirt and a civilian coat with the badge on it. No one knew what the badge meant but he was glad to explain.

Then he bought a whole new set of civilian clothes. He blew a lot of money on the outfit: a suit for \$42, topcoat for \$50, shoes for \$10.50 and a hat for \$10. The things were just made to his taste. Everybody made remarks about his showing

up in civilian clothes. His brother Tony said he looked like a preacher. Charley the barber said he looked like an undertaker. Mary said: "You look like Joey." Joe passed off the remarks with a joke which was only half a joke: "I got me a spruce outfit in case opportunity comes my way."

One night when he was out at Charter's with Mary and the gang he was introduced to a boy who was just about to be drafted. Whoever brought the boy up said: "Joe's an old veteran here. You better get some low-down."

Joe laughed and said to the boy: "When you're over there, don't believe nothing of what you hear and half of what you see, and you'll be okay."

The boy said: "They told me you was sore about the whole thing. They told me you was sorry you went."

Joe might have answered bitterly in his first 10 days at home, but now he said: "Who told you that? To me, it was a privilege to fight for my country. I didn't go in for sergeant's stripes and dough to save up, as well as a pension. It was and it always will be a privilege, the biggest privilege and honor a man will ever get."

"I guess it is," the boy who was about to be drafted said.

"I figure you and I and every other American, we got a lovely home, haven't we, we got a nice girl or maybe a wife, we got our mother and dad, we got complete freedom to shoot our mouth off, haven't we?"

"Yeah," the boy said.

"There always comes a time, the same as if you're out with a crowd on a party, it's the same thing, there comes a time when you got to pay the check, and in the world of today, in the things we've had in the past, I don't think the check's too high even if it comes to giving your life for your country. That's the way I'm always telling 'em at the plant, they're always squawking about how they have to do so much, that's what I tell 'em."

Joe had fun that night at Charter's, and he had fun many nights with Mary. And Sundays especially were fine as springtime came on.

Joe and Mary discovered the countryside together. They would drive out in the Souczak car and then leave it and walk across the farmlands. They would take off their shoes and socks and wade in streams, and Mary would pick bunches of violets, snowdrops and arbutus. They would lie on their backs in the grass and play cloud games and funny-name games. And Joe would point at a blossoming tree and say: "What's that? I forget the name of that one." Mary would say: "That's the shad tree, Joey. That's the one the farmers say: 'When the shad blows, bullheads will bite and time to plant corn.'"

They went fishing a couple of times, and Mary was very good about hooking the bait and taking the bullheads off the barb. And sometimes they kissed until it was hard to stop. Those were very happy days.

But then one night they went to the movies. The picture was *Bombardier*, and everything was fine until a bomb came down on a Japanese, the Japanese was running toward the camera, the bomb went off, the concussion exploded a big oil drum, blew the Japanese to Jap-hell. Joe felt the blows and the pain all through his body and his heart began pounding. He said: "Excuse me," to Mary and got up abruptly and left. She followed him out as quickly as she could but he had already hurried home.

Joe felt sick and upset all that night, and from the next day on things seemed to go badly. Joe began to be touchy all the time. People bothered him.

A veteran of the first war came into the barber-shop one day when Joe was talking with Charley, and began shooting his face off. He said: "It's going to happen the same thing in this war that it did the last—after the war England will take all the gravy."



As spring comes on, the discharged soldier explores the countryside with his girl. They walk across farmlands together, take off their shoes and socks and wade in streams, and lie on their backs in the grass imagining things in the clouds. He depends on her to keep him on the track.

The town barber, who is old enough to be the discharged man's father, is his best friend. The barber gives him advice both when it is asked for and sometimes when it is not. It is he who thinks that once the one-armed man finds the right girl and right job, everything will be fine.



Joe got angry and said: "We are American citizens, we give a square deal and we get back a square deal, save criticisms till after." The veteran said: "I think it's rather stupid sending lend-lease to Russia. Russia will declare war on us, she'll be looking for us in the future."

Joe was very angry. "Those Russians can fight," he said. "Let 'em win this war first. There's no way whatsoever that she has any intentions to declare war."

Very soon afterward he was riding out to the plant on a bus and an elderly woman sat down next to him and said: "You poor boy." Joe's face got red. She asked: "Where did you get maimed like that?"

Joe said: "Tunisia." The sympathetic lady said: "Dear me." Then she added with genuine interest: "Are those little Japs as bad as people say?"

Joe lost his temper wildly. "Dammit, lady," he said, "they don't have Japs in Africa."

She was alarmed at his outburst, and she said: "My goodness, son."

Joe said: "I'm sorry, lady, but you people get me all nerved up. A person has gambled with their life, it's wrong soldiers should have to listen to such ignorance."

Each day Joe seemed to get more and more out of control. Someone made a perfectly innocent remark in the drugstore about rationing, and Joe turned and said: "We should all have our food cut in two by 50% and we'd still be in luxury compared with those occupied countries, hell, they was eating grape leaves over there." And when a girl at the mill, thinking she was kidding Joe, called him a privileged character, he said loudly: "I don't ask for any privileges. I can take care of myself."

A fight in the Depot Lunch

But the worst blow-up was his fight. The fight took place in the Depot Lunch. Joe stopped in there for a drink one night with Charley. Charley was sitting on Joe's left at one of the tables against the wall. A sergeant from Camp Prestley came in and sat on Joe's right, where he could not see Joe's left arm. The sergeant had two privates with him. All three were half cut on beer.

The sergeant said: "Too many healthy-looking guys around here in civilian clothes. They ought to be in uniform." Joe pretended not to hear.

When the sergeant spoke again it was obvious he was trying to bait Joe and Charley. He said: "Must be 4F."

Joe said very quietly: "Take it easy there." The sergeant turned and grabbed Joe's right arm and began to shove. He said: "Get into uniform, 4F."

Joe said sharply: "Quit bulldozing me around." The sergeant said: "Trying to dodge the draft?"

Joe said: "Listen, you USO Ranger, you're talking to an old trooper here."

The sergeant didn't get the point. He went on: "4F." Joe said: "Listen, I had more bad time in this Army than you had good time in it."

The sergeant was too drunk or too stupid to understand. He still had not seen Joe's left arm. He stood up. Joe stood up and was in a tearing red mood. He clenched his right fist and his stump felt queer because he wanted to clench his left fist too. The stump made some little left jabs and then the right arm came around in a haymaker.

Charley ran around the table and picked the sergeant up off the floor and said: "Stand up and shut up. Don't say a thing or else you'll get thrown out of here."

But the other two soldiers jumped on Joe and Charley, and the sergeant came back in. Then several others, thinking this an ordinary soldier-civilian brawl, jumped in too. Joe stood in the middle of it all, swinging hard with his one arm, trying to learn very quickly how to balance a one-armed blow with a little swing of the hips. Some of his blows landed, some missed. He took some around the chest. His stump hurt sharply.

One by one the brawlers noticed Joe's empty sleeve. One by one they pulled out of the fight, until there was no fight left. All the soldiers except the sergeant walked out of the place. The Depot Lunch got quiet. The sergeant went to the bar and drank alone.

After a while he walked soberly to Joe's table. He stretched out his hand. Joe shook it.

The sergeant said: "I made a bad mistake. I want to buy you a round of drinks."

Joe thought a moment and then said: "No, I want to buy you a round." Then he smiled and said: "Since I'm a 4F, I got a good job, I can afford a round and you can't."

In the next few days people kept asking Joe about the fight, and that upset him more than the fight itself. Finally he went to Charley and said: "Charley, why can't these people lay off? I thought I traded part of my body for a clean conscience, but they keep on bothering me. A bunch of these older folks, these barroom quartets or what-you-call-'em, they got the whole war situation solved on one glass of beer, they size it all up, they keep arguing with me. All I want to do is stay around myself and think it over."

Charley said: "Why argue with them?" Joe said: "You've broken a commandment, you've had the supreme thrill, you've killed somebody. It makes you restless, you get so you got to pick a fight."

He grew increasingly irritable. In the mill one day his foreman, who had some kind of inferiority complex about not having been to the war, told Joe he was spending too much time in the toilet.

Joe said: "I can't handle these little gadgets and gadgets. It makes my hand nervous. I have to have a smoke."

The foreman said something about not having to smoke all day, and Joe blew up and quit.

A couple of days later he moved out of his family's house into an unfurnished room. He said he didn't want to sponge any longer. He also said: "I don't like this neighborhood, too many trucks and buses, it's just like before an action, they're all going somewhere, you never know where but they're all going like hell. You can't sleep."

Joe's family loaned him an iron bed. He found it just as hard to sleep in the bare room as it had been at home. One night he would lie awake reliving his experiences, the next night he would do the same thing, only imagining himself more heroic than he had actually been: he would save his battalion, he would capture slews of Germans, he would end up walking the floor and smoking.

It was at this period that Joe joined both the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Disabled American Veterans. Joe took comfort from the meetings, where members talked over all the problems of returned soldiers.

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As spring comes on, the discharged soldiers across farmlands together, take off their backs in the grass imagining things in



Mary said: "God doesn't punish people, Joe. People punish themselves. You got to do something about this."

Joe said: "You're a good girl, Mary, and there's nothing to keep a man on the track excepting a good girl."

Mary said: "Would you be fed up if I gave you some advice?"

Joe said: "I've took so much advice and orders for two years, I'm still in the habit."

Mary said: "Don't try to earn a million dollars the first job you take."

Joe said: "I don't care if King Solomon himself advised you along those lines. Out in the field you've heard all these stories about the gravy train back home, you get so you believe them."

Mary said: "Don't try to be a bank president, Joe. Don't try to earn a thousand bucks a week. Be satisfied with what's coming to you."

Joe thought a little, then said: "I guess you're right, Mary, I got thousand-buck ambitions and forty-five-buck ability."

"It's all right to have ambitions," Mary said, "and maybe when you have a chain of bakery shops you'll get a thousand a week."

Joe said: "That bakery again."

Mary said: "I just thought of something, Joe. Why don't you go see Mr. Shaughnessy about the bakery?"

Joe said: "What would I say to him? What use he got for a guy who quit his mill?"

Mary said: "He likes you, Joe, maybe he could figure out some way for you to acquire the property."

After a couple days of getting up his courage, Joe did go to see Mr. Shaughnessy. He told Mr. Shaughnessy about the bakery, how nice it looked from the outside. He spoke of the mortgage. He asked: "What can a man do to beat a mortgage?"

Mr. Shaughnessy was noncommittal. He said he'd think it over, and asked Joe to leave his address. Joe couldn't figure out whether Mr. Shaughnessy was still sore at him for having left the knitting mill. Joe was discouraged by the conversation.

Mr. Shaughnessy had a surprise for Joe

Four days later a messenger from the knitting mill came to Joe's room and told Joe to report to Mr. Shaughnessy's office. When Joe got there Mr. Shaughnessy had a lawyer with him. He told Joe to come with them, and they went out to Mr. Shaughnessy's Packard and drove off. Joe didn't know what it was all about.

Mr. Shaughnessy pulled up in front of the bakery. He and the lawyer and Joe got out. Mr. Shaughnessy went up and unlocked the door and motioned the others in.

Joe said: "How come you got the key to the bakery?"

Mr. Shaughnessy said: "It's yours, Joe."

Joe said: "You wouldn't pull my leg, Mr. Shaughnessy."

Mr. Shaughnessy said: "We got together a small syndicate of men here in Onteaga who have confidence in you, Joe. We've bought out the mortgage on the bakery and we want you to run it."

Then the lawyer went into a long song and dance about common stock, 40% for Joe, 60% for "the syndicate," a lot of stuff Joe didn't understand. All he could think about was that he wanted to tell Mary. He hurried off to tell her as soon as he could get away.

Mr. Shaughnessy had arranged to send Joe to a bakery in Binghamton to learn the trade. Joe spent three weeks there as an apprentice and then came back to be his own boss.

In those first days Joe Souczak was a proud baker. He worked like a slave. He loved the smell of the dough in the proofing box as the bread came up, and his one hand, growing strong now, soon became expert at knocking the gas off and rounding the loaves. He kept his oven at exactly 400°, he pinched off his loaves and scaled them at exactly 18 ounces. He reached the peel into the deep oven and scooped out the loaves like an old hand. He ruined some loaves, but they had told him in Binghamton that the only way to learn is to have a few bad batches. One day he left the salt out, and what his teachers said was true: "Bread without salt tastes like dirt." After that he always measured the salt into the dough mixer first of all the ingredients. Salt, then flour, then water, then yeast and enriching tablets in lukewarm water. The mixing, the rising, the rounding, the scaling, the proofing, the slitting, the baking, the cooling—it was all a daily rite, and Joe in his white baker's robe felt like some high-and-mighty priest of bread.

Mary came in every morning and helped for a while. She was just as proud as Joe. Joe could see her pride, and he knew it was about time to speak his mind to her. He still was not sure of his right to ask for her, but he was positive of the need and he certainly had the urge.

One night he borrowed the family car and took Mary to Charter's. They had a fine meal and quite a few drinks. Joe was not particular

about drinks; he would toss off anything that passed under the table. The evening was fast and happy, and on the way home Joe got into the car.

"I'm on the up-and-up," he said. "We taken in \$64 by Mary. He always said 'we' when he talked with Mary about the bakery."

"That's wonderful, Joe."

"Of course," Joe said, "we're not going to have as much in our pocket while we're building up our stocks of ingredients as we would have."

"That doesn't matter, Joe."

"I got a pension coming," Joe said. "A 60% disability pension, \$60 a month, plus \$35 because I lost the arm. I'm getting my mustered-out pay: I'm expecting a check for \$300 any day now. Army. I'm doing fine."

Mary said: "You're doing very good, Joe."

Joe said: "You understand, I won't ever be rich. I'm a poor-hearted, I could never get rich."

Mary said: "Who wants to be rich?"

He said: "I don't know how it is with you."

Mary said: "It's the same as it always was, Joe."

Joe paused. He pulled out a cigaret and said: "I'm grateful for this smoking. I got started heavy on that invasion over the years. I paused again."

Mary hurried in: "I want to marry you in spite of the fact that I like your strong right arm."

Joe was quiet for a long time. He just sat there. He was crying. Finally he said: "How's June? June okay?"

She said: "June would be good, Joe. June would be very good."

For a couple of days Joe was wildly happy. He had overheard Charley had said he needed: the right job and the right girl. For a thing, he thought, was going to be hunky-dory. But then he found out that his serenity was neither permanent nor automatic.

It rained on the third day after he and Mary got engaged. On the way to the bakery, walking through the rain, Joe saw a poster in a store window. It was a lurid picture of death on a battlefield, with a young man pointing an accusing finger at another. The young man looked like one of Joe's friends in Company B who had been killed. The poster shocked Joe. He felt a little dazed. He went to the bakery. Joe forgot to put flour on the cloths in the proofing box, so when the bread came up it was all sticky with cloth. The dampness crept into his stump and it began to ache. His head did too.

Mary came into the bakery at about noon and found Joe sitting at the roll-top desk with his hand over his eyes. She said: "What's the matter, Joe?"

He looked up and said: "I thought everything was going to be better now that I was my own boss and I got you."

Mary said: "The only person who can help Joe Souczak is Joe Souczak."

Joe said: "Mary, I don't want to be a wreck, nobody wants to be a wreck from this war."

Mary said: "You're no wreck, you're going good, Joe, look at this bakery."

Joe said: "You're the only thing that keeps me going any more at all."

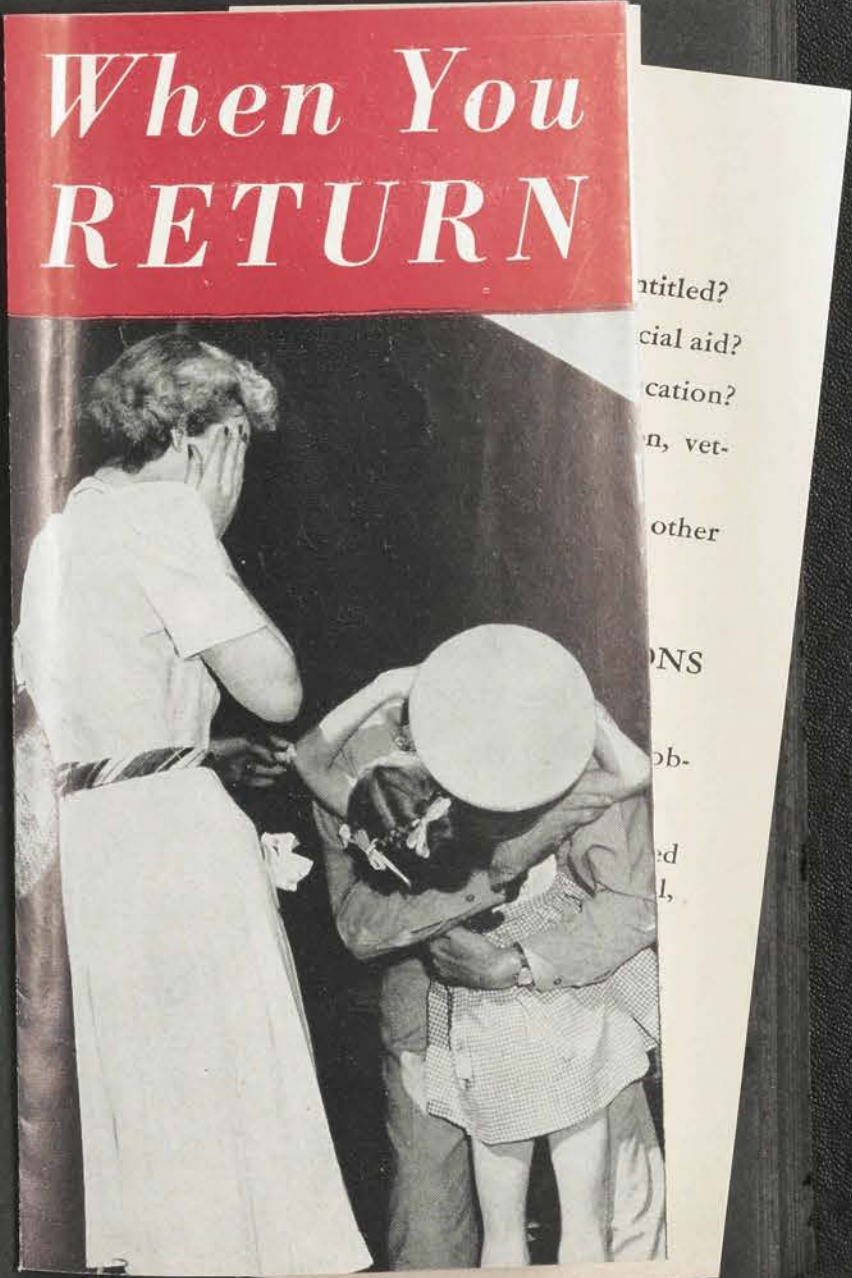
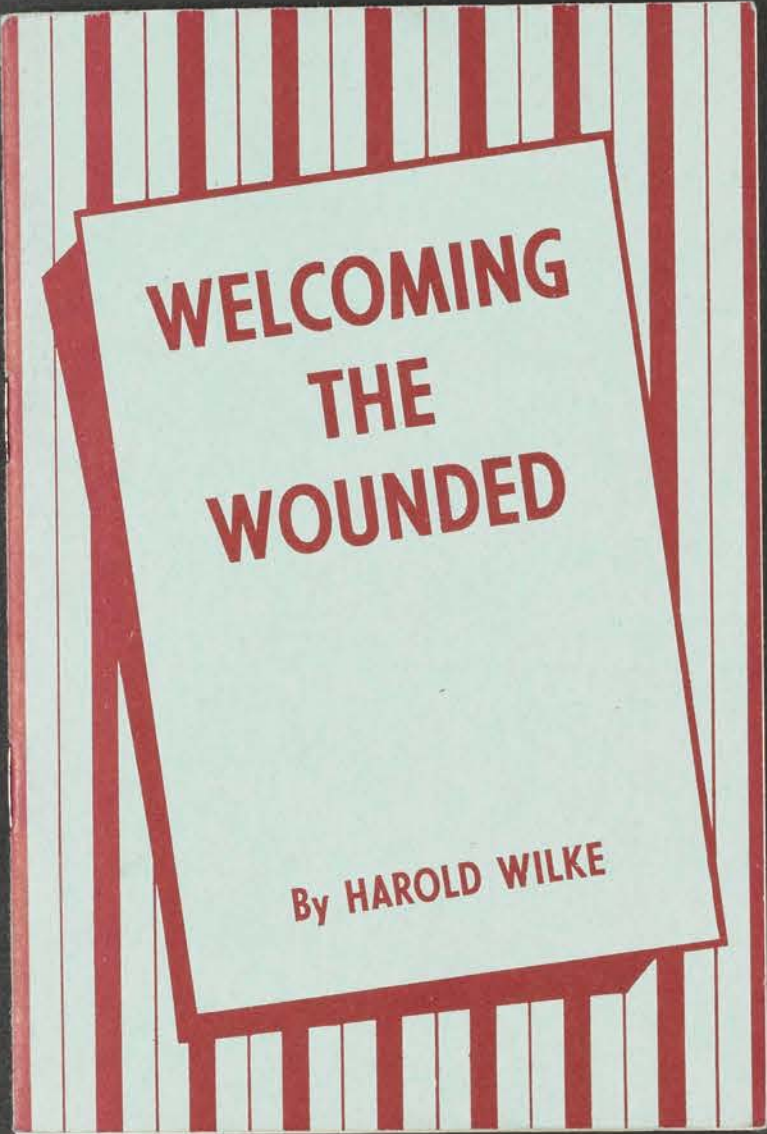
Then he thought about the war again. He frowned and said: "I got to concentrate on my business, therefore concentrating on you and I'd rather forget a lot of these past incidents. That's the way I'd like to do if I could only do it. If I could only."

Joe leaned forward and put his hand back over his face. "I could only," he said.

Mary said: "You can't do it overnight, Joe, you can't do everything all at once. It takes a little time to get happy."



As a baker, the discharged one-armed man spoils a few loaves at first, but later, skilful, bakes rich, round loaves. His girl tells him: "I like your strong right arm."



Welcoming the Wounded

by
HAROLD WILKE



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WELCOMING THE WOUNDED
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HAROLD WILKE

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About the Author

HAROLD WILKE is a minister of the Evangelical and Reformed Church. Having served successfully as a pastor in Columbia, Missouri, Mr. Wilke has spent the past several months in full-time ministry in military hospitals. His special qualifications to write on welcoming the wounded will be apparent to the reader of this pamphlet.

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Welcoming the Wounded

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A MAN who said he had left his right hand and wrist in France during World War I spoke to me the other day from his hospital bed. We talked more about the amputation than about the pneumonia he had at present. I asked about the attractive woman who had just left the room as I came in. "Were you married before you went overseas?"

"No," he answered. "I married her afterward."

Then I told him I was very much interested in the handicapped because they bear some relationship to the casualties of this war, and asked whether he minded if I talked with him about it.

"Go right ahead," he smiled back.

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"How did your wife feel about this?" I wanted to know.

"Well, my wife just said: 'You go ahead and butter your own bread; you can do it yourself.' So I did. She probably figured that if she started to do that she'd have to keep right on, and she didn't want to have to do it all the time."

"She got to the nub of it, didn't she?" I said, suggesting that his wife understood very well the basic problem—that to help him would make him dependent and finally child-like, whereas she wanted to be married to what was left of a man, not a helpless child.

"That's exactly right," he said. "That's what I mean."

Here was a wise young girl and a wise young man. His loss had not impaired his personality, thanks to their joint efforts. Actually, the man looked years younger than his real age.

Meeting today's wounded

Are the young women of this new war period as wise as the wife of this man? Will families and communities act so as to bring about a normal psychological balance in the wounded man?

Take you, for instance. How will *you* greet

your wounded relative or friend? What will be your relations with him? After doctors and nurses and therapists and psychiatrists and chaplains have done their part, your opportunity comes. If you do it well, the havoc caused to this man by shrapnel or shell will be overcome; if you don't, then you will have carried further the destruction started by the enemy bullet. The bullet impaired only the body; you may impair the personality. Your words and actions in meeting a war-wounded man, even one with whom you come into merely casual contact, will greatly affect the health and growth of his personality. And there is the key word: "personality." You will want to help him keep it and help him make it grow.

So when you greet your wounded friend or relative for the first time, why not use your intelligence and imagination? Greet him as your friend, who was away and has now returned. Remember that, at bottom, he is the same person he was when he left. To be sure, he has been sobered by the war and his part in it—indeed more than sobered; he is ready to be embittered by what happens to him, now that his part in the war is over. Letting horror spread over your features and get in your voice because of his crutches or empty sleeves

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or sightless eyes will make him realize that you think of him, not as a personality, but as a cripple. You will make the same mistake if you meet him with a strained jollity or over-effusiveness. *Greet the man, not the wound.*

He is a person

This man is first of all a person. He may be a hero, he may be wounded; but essentially he is a man. This is simply to say that the personality of the man is important. Respect for personality is the standard by which you should judge all your attitudes and actions. Now, most people really want to respect the physically handicapped person, to meet him as a whole man; but when the actual meeting comes, they forget or are overcome by the shock of his disfigurement. And many are overcome, not because of sorrow, but because they suddenly see before them the embodiment of a secret fear. That is, they now see in reality something they have long feared in fantasy. As a result, they react to their own hidden fear, instead of to the man standing in front of them. If you are one of those people who react to their own instability when they see a wounded man, then you must take yourself in hand before the meeting.

I myself have had plenty of experience with

this. Having no arms, all my conscious life I have been watching people react to me as an armless person. When I am introduced to a stranger, he automatically puts out his hand, then is confused, until I say: "I don't shake hands. You'll have to put your greetings into your voice or your eyes." That settles the confusion for most people. But others unfortunately are so upset within themselves, have so little hold upon themselves, so little poise, that an incident like this will cause them to lose what small control they have; and they become extremely embarrassed.

On one occasion the wife of an important professional man was introduced to me, found herself unable to shake hands, and fled crying from the room. She did this because she herself was insecure. Knowing that, I was not hurt or deeply upset. But many soldiers will not understand why this happens and will take it personally. If you are yourself healthy in your emotional life, you will want to assume that these returned service men are also healthy in their minds. If you think of them otherwise, they may also begin to think of themselves as "different." They may even come to think of themselves as "abnormal." Therefore, again, *greet the man, not the wound.*

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Recognizing the importance of the man's personality means that, in each instance, you will ask yourself the question: "How will this affect his personality, his part, as he sees it, in the society of man and the Kingdom of God?"

He learns new ways

This principle holds as the long period of rehabilitation begins for the disabled soldier. If his disability is physical rather than mental, there is the involved process of learning to use new arms and legs, and learning their limitations; or, if necessary, learning how to get along without limbs or particular faculties such as eyesight or hearing. In many cases, physical help will be necessary; but the giving of physical help must be done very sparingly, as the wise wife in the first illustration understood. Always ask yourself the question: "Is it possible for him to do this for himself?"

Remember that deep down the handicapped person would like to do it for himself, to keep or regain his independence. You know, and he knows, that the oftener physical assistance is offered, the more his mind will become accustomed to the idea that his body needs physical aid. After some months this will create

a block toward further self-sufficiency. Then, after he has become a liability, his emotions may tell him further that he is no longer useful. Such a state of mind means that the process of destruction that shrapnel or bullet started is now on its road to completion. Not only is the body maimed, but the personality too.

Let the man do it himself; urge him to do it himself. There are many things, which seem almost miraculous to others, that handicapped people can do for themselves as they walk the long road of attaining physical and emotional independence. It is our job to afford them the opportunity to find that way.

A part of the automobile industry gave me such an opportunity some years ago in the new oil drive, which made shifting gears largely unnecessary in some models. I needed a car in my ministry and bought one, driving it as I had long before occasionally handled the "model T." And I confess that it always delighted me to see the amazement on the faces of Kansas or Wisconsin filling-station operators as the lone occupant of a car with a Missouri license handed over the money (and later, coupons) with his toes, then slammed the door and drove off down the highway!

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He will emphasize special abilities

In the life of the wounded or handicapped man, there are those areas of accomplishment and achievement that remain valid despite his handicap. In fact, the discerning friend, by assuming that there are many such areas not directly affected by his disability, will help him to place the disability or abnormality in its proper place, in proper perspective, as just one part of a whole situation. If he can sing or write or play an instrument, or do any of the countless things most disabled people still can do, then he wants that talent recognized. This is natural to all of us—indeed, aren't we all handicapped or disabled in some way or another that causes us to push to the fore our special accomplishments?

Many times it happens that unthinking people will ask questions about me of someone else, while standing right in front of me. Thus, in a restaurant, a waiter may ask my companion: "Should I cut his meat for him?"—the unthinking presupposition being that "since he has no arms, he probably has no mind or sensitivities either." But more often the unconscious presupposition is: "If I were disabled that way, I wouldn't amount to anything, since I'm not too much of a person

now." Thus do you show in your dealings with others something of your own secret inner life. Often the same people who talk about their children in their presence are the same ones who are so insensitive to the feelings of a disabled person. If you must have your curiosity satisfied right now, ask your questions of the person himself—not of someone who happens to be with him!

If you are closely related to the wounded man, yours is the priceless privilege of exploring with him the new techniques needed for adjustment and the new ways of expressing his personality. Just as marriage elicits new and creative powers, so the process of overcoming a handicap draws out hitherto unsuspected possibilities. He can be a whole new man! He may, of course, need some formal re-education or retraining for certain positions, and that the nation will give him. But the nation cannot give him the desire to raise himself, to express himself in new and creative ways. That desire must come from within, and you can be instrumental in awakening that desire.

He can still solve problems

The principle of recognizing him as a person applies again in your aid to the emotional

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life of the disabled soldier. The best way is to show him that you honestly accept his disability. In the case of a psychoneurosis, you will show him that you recognize the genuineness of his mental upset. In the case of physical disability, you will show him that you honestly face the limitations imposed by the handicap and the challenge that it represents. If you do this, he will have the battle half won. Help him not to repress his disability or hide it, or try to overcome it by overdisplay of the wound. He has a right to his Purple Heart ribbon, but don't let him hide behind it as a substitute for genuine and creative living. And, since living is essentially the solving of problems, we will not let the disabled man get out of that part of life. He must not simply withdraw into a shell or put up his wound as a barrier, so that all problems are either repressed or shoved aside. Failure to deal with problems means lack of growth. Withdrawal from the problems of life takes away the opportunities and challenges and creativity that life can offer. Dodge and repress problems, and you condemn yourself to decay!

Now, most ordinary humans are forced to meet the problems of life. Hence, it is a false sense of pity that moves people to create shields for wounded men. This was illustrated

for me recently when, after eating dinner in a restaurant we had often patronized and where we were known, I asked: "May I give you a check for the amount of the dinner?" The proprietor accepted the check, but made it quite clear that he was doing so, not because of my credit rating (which was good), but because he thought I deserved special consideration: "I wouldn't do this for anybody else!" I went out in a cold sweat, vowing never again to be caught with a checkbook instead of ready cash and realizing once again how hard on people's souls is the acceptance of "special consideration," which takes from a man the burden and the privilege of problem-solving, and so denies him the growing and creative aspect of true living.

He will get a job

"Buy an apple, mister? Pencils, lady?" The street-corner hawker is in the uniform of his country. It happened after the last war; will it happen again? Remember, having veterans sell apples was not a specific Government goal; it was a last resort. We—they—were pushed into it because no genuine answer was available. Forewarned, are we forearmed?

Today we know that the principle of per-

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sonality recognition was being violated, but that it must be held inviolate now in our economic help for the men who are returning. It is a determinant in employment opportunities for these men. It acts as a limitation upon the pension; for no matter how much a grateful Government may desire to help these men who gave of themselves for their country, showing gratitude through a pension will not create a self-sufficient and whole person. There must be pensions; but there must be more: useful and creative jobs.

So the principle acts as a determinant in the kind of employment the disabled man gets. The job must not be "made work," like that of the prison houses of a previous generation, where the inmates moved rock piles from one point to another and back again; it must be socially useful work. A useful job is a buttress and a foundation for emotional health. Since many people think that socially useful work comes only in private industry, then private industry must open its doors to these disabled men. Whether we shall require private industry to do it, as Germany did after the last war, or whether we shall urge them to do so is a problem for our Government to decide.

Placing disabled men in segregated work

areas, such as Goodwill Industries, should be considered only as a last resort, it seems to me, even though these industries are doing a much needed job. Segregation is essentially anti-American; and all too often it simply accentuates the person's thinking of himself as "different from others." Separation forces upon a man his abnormality. A normal job is necessary to keep his personality normal. This means that useful community work may be even more important than certain kinds of private work. Helping to recreate our highway system or building new hospitals and schools for our nation is socially much more useful and meaningful for the disabled soldier than is a job in a private industry that produces shoddy material for a gullible market. Therefore, community responsibility involves removing as much as possible of the stigma that now all too often attaches to community and government-sponsored work. Community work done as part of national recovery and the good life for more and more people will be morale-building for the wounded soldier. Thus many workers in the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives, though lacking an arm or foot or eye, are nevertheless enthusiastically doing their part for the creation of a free China.

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What happens when you forget?

Now you know something about applying the principle of holding the personality uppermost. When you forget the principle, or when you lack the tact and imagination to put it in practice, incidents like this will happen: across the aisle from me on the bus sat a nice-looking old lady, whose eyes kept coming back to where I was holding a book in my foot while reading. She finally figured out that I really had no arms and was not just being sportive. So she was brimming with curiosity. Finally, as I looked up, she leaned across the aisle and said: "Excuse me, but are you one of our poor dear boys wounded in the war? I want you to know how proud and sorry I am."

Now this well-meaning lady was making three psychological mistakes, although she would have been horrified to know it. She had perfectly good and kind intentions, and was no doubt a loving person; but all too many of us think that "good intentions" cover up our lack of intelligence and tact. Having lost my arms through one of those curious genetic accidents at birth, I have had time enough to learn to absorb the emotional shock of such a question. But if I had been wounded

and had not yet gained sufficient perspective on myself, such a question could have hurt me deeply. For no soldier, especially a wounded one, wants to be called a "poor boy." The second mistake came from not realizing that soldiers are generally of the age group that will welcome the phrase "dear boy" from girls of their own age, but from almost no one else. And finally, no soldier wants pity. For he knows, deep down, that pity corrodes the soul and rots the personality.

None of my friends in the service would appreciate this kind of reaction. They don't want to occasion sorrow or pity in other people. None of them wants a personality that makes others say, "Poor dear!" any more than a face that would stop a clock. They not only want to be whole and independent—a self-identity—but they want others to recognize them as such. And it's their right.

As I meet with wounded and handicapped people, I find real mental health among those who are required to do their part in family enterprise, those who hold or are training themselves for socially useful jobs, and those who regard their handicap primarily as a challenge. These same principles and ideas must go into our total thinking toward disabled soldiers, and likewise become a part of

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their own thinking and living, in order that we—and they—will always recognize the whole person, not just the deformed part. *We* will greet the man, not the wound. *They* will act as whole persons, understanding and overcoming a partial handicap.

And so we will apply sound religious psychology in our relations with the disabled, giving no demonstration of pity, but continual aid toward self-help. We will open up job opportunities in our economic order that lead to decent security; we will recognize the real suffering in psychoneurosis; we will give assistance in emotional readjustment. This so-called "emotional help" is really a deeply spiritual activity, for it keeps a man's personality whole, enabling him to make a useful and meaningful place for himself in society.

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WELCOMING THE WOUNDED

By HAROLD WILKE

AS A VETERAN YOU'LL WANT TO KNOW:



- What does the GI Bill of Rights mean to me personally?
- Well or disabled, to what other government benefits am I entitled?
- Who will help me, my family, with personal problems and financial aid?
- Who can tell me about vocational training, jobs, or a college education?
- Who can tell me about insurance, medical care, hospitalization, veterans' homes?
- Who can help me make application for a disability pension or other benefits?

YOUR RED CROSS CHAPTER CAN ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS



- If you want claims and benefits explained, or help with personal problems, or help in filing claims, go to your Home Service worker.
- If you need specialized services, she puts you in touch with specialized agencies—for example, for medical, psychiatric, vocational, legal, and employment services.
- With Red Cross chapters in every town, with each chapter as close to the other as the nearest telephone, Home Service workers offer a chain of service wherever you go.

RED CROSS EXPERIENCE WITH MEN AND WOMEN IN SERVICE LEADS TO A CONTINUING RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE RED CROSS AND THE VETERAN

WELCOMING THE WOUNDED

By HAROLD WILKE

BOB ANGELL, veteran of Saipan, was discharged from service because of stomach ulcers. Hoping that he was well and would remain well, he went back to his home in Tennessee without filing his claim for a disability pension.

Under the terms of the GI Bill of Rights, Bob was able to go back to college at government expense. But after three months the symptoms of his previous condition returned. Bob had to give up. Arranging to return to school when possible, he went home—and to his Red Cross chapter.

The Home Service worker helped him prepare his papers for a disability pension, and Bob gave power of attorney to the Red Cross so that it could fully present his claim. Pending its settlement the Home Service worker helped him arrange for admission to the nearest veterans' hospital for diagnosis and treatment.



PETE LAWSON returned to his family in Texas with a medical discharge for those tendons destroyed in his shoulder at Salerno. When he went back to his old job as mechanic, he couldn't do his work. Whenever he stretched or lifted or pulled, he winced with pain.

Disheartened, he went to his Red Cross to learn more about job retraining for veterans and about the pension for which he had refused to file when discharged.

The Home Service worker explained and helped Pete file a claim for a disability pension; on the basis of his medical record the Veterans Administration could determine his vocational handicap and need for training to overcome it. While he trained for a job suited to his limitations, he would receive increased pension. But how to get along during that period when his claim was pending? Pete asked for and was given Red Cross financial assistance.

DON GAMBRILL, lately of France, had just settled down to his old job in the cashier's cage at the bank when he caught pneumonia. His doctor urged hospitalization.

Don's wife called the Red Cross. Don couldn't afford a private hospital. Could he go to a veterans' hospital for an illness not service connected? The answer to her question depended on the bed space available. Home Service called the nearest veterans' hospital; it could admit him. The Home Service worker got busy. She went to Gambrell's home and helped him prepare an application for admission. Then she had a certified copy of his discharge certificate made to go with the application. Next, she called Gambrell's physician and asked that he give the hospital medical details and state the need for an ambulance.

Such service helped Don to secure the free medical care which he needed and to which, as a veteran, he was entitled.



FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE FOR THE VETERAN

WHAT IT IS

Home Service gives financial assistance to disabled veterans, men or women, and to their dependents, while claims for government benefits are pending or delayed. Such assistance is given according to need.

WHAT IT ISN'T

Home Service does not give financial assistance to able-bodied veterans or to their dependents. (All other services are available to the able-bodied.)

If you are in doubt about your eligibility for Red Cross financial help, take your questions to your Red Cross chapter.

