

READING - RECTOR

ADDRESS OFFICIAL COMMUNICATIONS TO
THE SECRETARY OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D. C.



In reply refer to
OA

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

Handwritten signature/initials

Rebikoff



September 24, 1947

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Your letter of September 21 enclosing a letter and affidavit form relative to the immigration visa of Eugenie Rebikoff was received today. I have forwarded your letter and the enclosures to the Chief of the Visa Division, Department of State, who has undertaken to look into the case and see what can be done.

The Consul to whom the application is made has responsibility for determining the sufficiency of the financial guarantee made by the sponsors of the applicant. However, the Department of State can (and will in this case) ask for a report on what the facts are and can also, if it seems desirable, ask for a reconsideration.

Your decision not to sign the affidavit is of course completely justified.

Assuming there is real need here it may be that a charitable organization can be interested in the case. However, it would seem best to make no suggestion along this line until the report from the Consul has been secured.

Sincerely yours,

James P. Hendrick

James P. Hendrick
Acting Associate Chief, Division of
International Organization Affairs

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
Hyde Park,
New York.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION
WASHINGTON, D. C.
JUL 10 1942

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

IN REPLY TO 40202 20



MEMO FOR MRS ROOSEVELT

I understand that there have been cases in which a husband signs the affidavit asking for a visa for a member of his war bride's family, then sends a private letter to the government saying "Please don't let the old lady in. I married a wife, not a mother-in-law."

J.P.H.

WB - Mr. Harve J. L'Heureux

September 24, 1947

QA - James Hendrick

Letter from Mrs. Roosevelt with Enclosures.

The attached letter from Mrs. Roosevelt and enclosures are forwarded in accordance with our telephone conversation. It is understood that you will communicate directly with Mrs. Roosevelt in this matter after securing the report from the Council. It would be appreciated if you could send the undersigned an information copy of your letter.

Attached:

Letter from Mrs. Roosevelt and
enclosures: (Letter from Tatjana Firestein of
2129 East 23rd Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.;
dated September 15, 1947; picture of
Mrs. Firestein and mother; unsigned
affidavit and guarantee giving age of
Mrs. Rabbhoff - SF- address: 50 Rue
Jacob, Paris(VIe) France.)

@McJHendrick: dm

RECREATION
SERVICES,
INC.

fl
Woman's Work Is Never Done
(Suggestions for Senior Hostesses)



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SECOND OF A SERIES

Published by

RECREATION SERVICES, INC.

Operating Agency for the

ARMED SERVICES HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE

Washington, D. C.

Woman's Work Is Never Done

Suggestions for Senior Hostesses

PICTURES BY ERICKSON FROM "CROSS ROADS TO WAR",
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Mindful of Others

MRS. HENRY GRATTAN DOYLE, *Chairman,*
Armed Services Hospitality Committee

Mindful of others:—that is the whole story of a successful senior hostess. This book will tell you many important things to help you in your volunteer work with service personnel. A careful reading of it is essential. But when you analyze it all, the successful senior hostess is a kind, thoughtful, intuitive woman, dedicated to her patriotic duty of helping our service personnel.

Mindful of others means putting your mind to work on others, forgetting yourself. You may like to talk, (and why not?), but talking may be just what a particular service man wants none of at that particular time. So give him the blessing of silence and keep your cheerful chit-chat bottled up till you find another service man who likes it.

Mindful of others means positive actions too. It means thinking of the little helpful acts that add to the comfort of service men here in our city. As a hostess in your home you provide the comfortable chair, the good light, the entertaining magazines, the convenient ash tray. As a senior hostess you are careful that the service man has your same thoughtful attention to the little things he needs.

Mindful of others obviously means care in security matters, the importance of which cannot be too heavily emphasized. This book will tell you that.

Mindful of others is a trait of character that makes a volunteer in the first place. Constant thinking of others makes the better volunteer. Over a period of time it brings its own reward, an enriched living because we are thinking of others, not ourselves. And then you are a successful senior hostess!

All of this is not too much to ask of you busy people—because the busy people are always the ones who have time to do more. Somehow you will find time to add this to the work you always have before you.

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Compiled and Edited by
MRS. WILLIAM M. GALVIN, *Executive Secretary*
ARMED SERVICES HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE
Washington, D. C.

"This Be None of I"

Five people you would not want to have working with you in a service club:—

We all know these people—and they may be the life of the bridge party—but nobody wants to work with them in a service club. (The names are strictly invented.)

Miss Twitchett—can't sit still—has to lift up the head of that boy sleeping on the couch in order to pull out that comic book, straighten out the pages—and return it to its place—clattering on her high heels every step. She has her own ideas about rearranging all the furniture in the lounge and some day she is going to do it.

Miss Personal—looks upon these three hours as an extra fine time to train her hair and perfect her manicure. She loves to try on other ladies' hats and especially their fur pieces. She keeps up a lively running patter about fashions and skin creams. You get the impression that a boy asking a question is interrupting.

Miss Self Pity—she really is the worst. Of course she can't help it that her voice is so penetrating—but you can hear her in every corner of the lounge:—

"I can't stand walking on these hard floors! Gracious! The glare from these windows is merciless! I should really think when we GIVE OUR TIME we ought to get better conditions!

"Such *little* paper cups—and they won't let us have coffee in here! I declare I have to get up so early to get here on time! I miss my mid-morning coffee."

(All of this of course makes a wonderful impression on any combat man returned from overseas—would this be hospitality?)

Mrs. Fixit—can never let well enough alone. She *must* interrupt the conversation these two boys are enjoying to point

out that the television set is just around the corner. That done—she shortly tells the boys watching television that there are picture puzzles in the other room. She means well—but she can't help rearranging people. Perhaps to her the lounge is a chessboard.

Mrs. Mother Everybody—has a special supply of tears for every service man with a seabag or a duffel bag. She makes known to all of them that her heart aches for any lad going so far from home. She knows how their mothers must grieve and worry, because she is a mother herself, with grown children.

"I pity you all", she says, weeping. "My heart is big enough for that. I never did believe in war, and if I had my way you could all go back home and live the way you like, yes—and eat the things you like, the way your mothers fix them."

Each of Us Has a Job to Do

By LIEUTENANT COLONEL ALDER M. JENKINS, USAF

(Col. Jenkins presented this speech at a volunteer training course in June 1951 for the Armed Services Hospitality Committee)

In September 1949 there was an atomic explosion over the soil of Soviet Russia. That explosion thundered throughout the world, and in one violent and dreadful moment it knocked out from under us the strongest prop on which our hope for peace rested—the sole possession of the atomic bomb.

That event spelled the end of our unique position in the world. It meant that our monopoly of this weapon had vanished, and with it the security of our homeland. No longer could we rely on time—the months or years we formerly had—to mobilize and train for defense. No longer could we, secure from attack, prepare to move to the battleground thousands of miles away.

As a result of that fateful explosion two years ago, the battleground in future will be not only Europe and Asia but America as well. Our cities, towns and villages; our men, women and children; our homes, schools and churches; our factories, railroads and granaries—these will be the battleground of World War III, the targets of the enemy's attacks with the dreaded atomic bomb.

These, I realize, are solemn words; but if ever there was a time for facing the future with honesty, realism and courage, that time is now. All Americans, young and old, will share the glory of victory or the degradation of defeat in a future war. Hence all Americans, young and old, should be fully aware of the danger that hangs over them like a shroud. Whether we live as free men or die as slaves is a decision that

only we can make. And each passing day gives us one day less in which to make that momentous and irrevocable decision.

One dark and solemn truth cannot be avoided, however hard we might look elsewhere for lightness and gaiety. America is in greater danger today than ever before in the 175 years of its glorious history. It is a grim and growing danger that confronts us; a danger that threatens our freedom, our economy, our institutions, our whole democratic way of life. It is a danger that has made of our times a grave period of crisis.

This nation is now plunging into the supreme test of its ability to endure as it was conceived. The threat to it is real and powerful. The source of that threat, as you know, is Communism. We have, of course, for years faced the threat of Communism. But for years it was the threat of a Communism content to proceed as far as possible towards its goal of taking over the world by insidious and subversive means.

This threat however, has been intensified by two events into something much deadlier and more immediate. The first of these events I spoke of a moment ago. The other happened more than a year ago in Korea. There Communism ripped off its ugly mask, and under it we found something more lethal than merely a rival ideology. By its unprovoked attack on the republic of Korea, Communism stood revealed for what it is—a heartless, power-thirsty aggressor supported in its lust for world domination by a ruthless and mighty military machine.

In view of this attack, there remains no room for doubt that Communism has the intent of taking over the world, by bloodshed if necessary, whenever the time is considered ripe. But the Communists know that to rule the world they must crush out freedom. And to do this they must first attack and defeat that nation which today is the strongest defender of freedom in the world—the United States.

There's but one way to meet this grave threat to our freedom. From the days of Genghis Khan down to the present, aggressors have ignored appeals to their humanity. They have none. The aggressor is swayed by one form of logic, and

by only one. That is force. It must, however, be force which is ready to be applied against him. And to be truly persuasive, it must be force which he knows can and will be applied against him directly and disastrously.

We therefore are now, and for some months have been, in the process of building up our strength. We are developing that force, that only form of logic, which the Communist mind can understand.

We are undertaking this tremendous build-up of military manpower not because we think war will come or war must come. We are increasing our strength because we believe that by so doing we can keep the Soviet Union from attacking us. But if war is forced upon us by the Communists, our armed forces must be large enough and strong enough to win that war. And we must win the war against Communism—whether or not on the field of battle—if we are to preserve for our children and grandchildren the values which made our nation great.

I have spoken of war, and in so doing I have spoken of something we bitterly hate. To us Americans war is an ugly, brutal and sordid thing. We believe war is evil. Yet we fight wars and we die in wars. We put on uniforms, leave our homes and families, and spend years of our lives—or cut them short—doing what we loathe and detest. Why? Because we like the long separation from our loved ones or the regimentation of service life? No. Because we like the rigors and dangers of combat or the other physical hardships we have to endure? No. The reason is in the second reference I made a moment ago.

I spoke of values, and in so doing I spoke of something we dearly cherish. Nowhere in the world are people as well off as we in America are. Nowhere do they have as much as we have of the things that make life easy, happy and comfortable. Our homes, food and clothing are better. We have motor cars, washing machines, refrigerators, television sets, and thousands of other means of adding to our enjoyment of life. We have the finest schools, the biggest crops, the largest fac-

ories, the longest railroads, the best of everything men can produce with their hands and brains. These are but a few of the material things which we Americans have more of than anyone else in the world. These are some of the values we would preserve.

Some, yes, but by no means all. For to say that Americans fight and die to safeguard their material possessions is to mock their motives and debase their intentions. We have things which we treasure much more highly than motor cars and washing machines. We have things of the spirit on which we place the highest of moral values—freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from want, freedom from fear.

Those who died in battle knew that with the rights and privileges of a democracy go certain inescapable obligations; and that foremost among these is the obligation of free men to protect their rights and privileges, to fight against those who would take them away, to give their lives if necessary so that their children and all the generations to come might enjoy the benefits and blessings of freedom.

That is why more than 852 thousand Americans, believing that the evil of tyranny is greater by far than the evil of war, died on battlefields from 1775 to 1945. That is why over 13 thousand young Americans have died during the past fifteen months in Korea while fighting in the cause of freedom. That is why the men in your family went to the war that Hitler forced upon us. That is why they would fight again should Stalin make the same fatal blunder. That is why their sons would fight. That is why your menfolk must serve during the grave period of crisis. And that is why you are here.

You are here because you wish to serve. You are here because you do not share the appalling indifference of many to the danger that hangs over our heads like the sword of Damocles. You are here because of your belief in what far too many seem to doubt—that the sword hangs by a single hair, a hair that rubs thinner every day, a hair that may snap the next hour, the next day, the next week, the next month. You are here because you want to help those who are serving in

uniform. You are here because you sense their need for the help which you can give them. You are here, in short, because you realize that the present international situation affects not only those in service but every living American, that each of us has a job to do, and that all of us must do our jobs to the best of our ability.

I've talked to many of these young service men at army camps and air force bases. I've listened as they've spoken with sadness of their nostalgia for home, their longing for all that was part of the past. They've spoken with candor of the present—their loneliness and bitterness, confusion and doubt, anxiety and fear. They've spoken with enthusiasm of their plans for the future, their innermost hopes and fondest dreams.

They come naturally by their nostalgia and longing. They've been taken as boys from their homes, parents, relatives, friends, schools, churches, clubs. And they've been expected within a few weeks to take their places as men.

They've found a camp no substitute for a home, nor an army mess for a dining room. They're moved from one post to another, and eventually they get the feeling that they don't belong to any community, that they're not wanted in any society, that they've nothing or no one to turn to for understanding and help, recreation and cheer.

They come naturally by their confusion and doubt. They are of a generation that has not known what it's like to live in a stable world. Born in the worst years of the depression, starting school at the time of Munich, seeing their fathers and older brothers go off to war, hearing all through their high school years the rattling of the Soviet sword, graduating about the time of the communist invasion of South Korea—theirs could truly be called a "lost generation."

They come naturally by their anxiety and fear. They are told that we're in a limited war. Yet these boys know that a wound received at Wonsan can be just as painful or fatal as any inflicted at Iwo Jima. They are told that the bombs might

fall any time, or the tension of preparing and waiting might last for 10 or 20 years. They read of the public's apathy to the civil defense program. They see Americans indulging in pleasures and comforts as though they were utterly unaware that their countrymen are fighting and dying to perpetuate these pleasures and comforts.

And they come naturally by their plans for the future. For the right to plan and hope and dream is the birthright of every American. It's the spark that has kept our fires burning, the magic that has stirred our blood. It's the foundation on which our country rests, the strength on which our survival depends. Nothing will keep these young men from planning a future for themselves, because they know that they are part of the plan for insuring the future of America. Nothing will keep them from hoping and dreaming, because they know that they will overcome their nostalgia and longing, clear up their confusion and doubt, and conquer their anxiety and fear. Of that you may be sure.

You may also be sure that in doing so, however, they will need all the help you can give them. They will confide to you, as they have to me, their thoughts and feelings about the past, the present and the future. They will speak of their loneliness in the hope that you will understand. They will speak of their home in the hope that you will share their recollections. They will speak of their doubts in the hope that you will give them assurance. They will speak of their fears in the hope that you will give them courage.

So you see the job for which you volunteered is bigger than many of you might have thought. The opportunity to serve—and serve well—is greater than many of you might have imagined.

You will recall, I'm sure, the last line of Milton's sonnet *On His Blindness*: "They also serve who only stand and wait." Well, I feel somehow that Milton would not mind if I closed my address with that line.

If You Read It in a Newspaper

It was early in 1944. The substitute volunteer was new at her job—and it fascinated her. She watched the men in the lounge—noted their uniforms—their insignia—their luggage. She saw 20 French sailors taking a train to Norfolk. She saw at least 40 tall paratroopers swaggering through the station—their leather boots perfection itself. She saw troops traveling under orders, officer-escorted. Lots of them. She saw Marine recruits in all sorts of odds and ends of civilian clothes, headed for boot camp at Parris Island. She couldn't pretend to count the sailors in dress blues—each with his seabag packed to capacity.

"This is a wonderful place," the volunteer said to her co-worker. "You can see so much. I can't wait till this shift is over. I surely will amaze the girls at Betsy's luncheon today when I tell them all about these troops coming and going. Do you suppose those French sailors have been on leave? Their ship must be in Norfolk. They took the Norfolk train!"

"My dear," said the supervisor, "I'm afraid that possibly you don't understand how much damage you can do to our national security if you discuss any movement of troops whatever. You can't help seeing the things you describe but it is absolutely essential that you do not talk about them after you leave here. The enemy agents are anywhere—and people who just like to talk are everywhere. The enemy is schooled to collect bits of information, to forward them up the line—where the bits are assembled much like a jig saw puzzle. The result can be the torpedoing of a troop ship bound overseas. You could hardly want to have that on your conscience!"

During World War II, volunteers in all the agencies which were coordinated by the War Hospitality Committee in Washington were given careful and repeated reminders on military security. "Don't talk about troop movements, ship movements, or war materiel." We used the slogans of the

military departments over and over. In one center, the volunteer badges bore the phrase: "The enemy is listening". This cautioned the soldier facing the volunteer desk as well as the volunteer.

We were warned particularly to watch any operations where officers were present because scraps of their conversation might make special sense to an enemy agent. The officials also told us our constant insistence on military security was an inspiration to the entire country. We were proud of this when the War Hospitality Committee was discharged in 1947, mission accomplished.

This was when the men were coming "back home for keeps".

Only it didn't work out that way. The Korean war and the tense international situation have made it necessary for us to call upon the men and women who served so well in World War II, and to renew our efforts to make Washington a hospitable leave town, but still a place where the necessity for military security is understood. Colonel Jenkins has told us that our rapid rearmament is to prevent a third world war—which could so easily be fought on American soil. With so much at stake, no volunteer wants to be responsible for the leakage of any information whatever of a military nature.

Volunteers who are selected to serve in Washington service clubs or lounges will be carefully screened and will be expected to know how to talk to our guests, the service men and women, without digging up information of a military nature.

Men on leave often want to talk; sometimes about their training. "I'm in special weapons" the lad said. "Gee—if you knew what I know!" Officers of the Military District of Washington have addressed our Junior hostesses, warning them of the impulses that lead some of these men to brag about what they are doing, in spite of repeated cautions. They have asked

the girls to change the subject, or to show the men a new dance step. While you do not need to do exactly that—you have, however, poise and resources within yourself to know how to keep conversation within strict bounds.

"Yeah" the sailor said, "I'm on my way home on furlough. I've been off Greenland for four months. You wouldn't believe the number of ships we have off Greenland. Nobody would believe it."

"You're going home?" the senior volunteer said. "And where is Home? Oh—in Charlottesville? That beautiful place! You are lucky to live there. Thomas Jefferson did a lot for Charlottesville, don't you think so?"—Score one for the volunteer.

The officers of the Military District of Washington have also told us that if—no matter how cleverly you try to handle the situation—a man insists upon violating security, it is best to report the matter to the nearest security officer or to the Armed Forces police. There is too much at stake to let this man go on endangering American lives. *The director of the service club in which you work will give you special instructions on this.*

One other comment from the Military District of Washington. "If you read it in a newspaper, or magazine—or hear it on the radio—or if it is on a TV program, you can repeat it, because it is public information. If someone tells it to you—first hand—or if it is something you see (in the Union Station Lounge for example)—it is not public information—and is not for you to repeat."

* To quote from General Marshall;—during World War II he said, "We Americans have always been used to talking without looking over our shoulders wondering who's listening. We're pretty jealous of freedom of speech. So keeping quiet about bits of information that may seem unimportant. learning to force ourselves to stop and think before we talk is going to be quite a job for us. But when you

think of what could happen if you don't. it shouldn't be too hard. And all of us in the services—and our lives and success—are depending on you. to think before you talk."

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("Cross Roads to War")



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This Is a True Story . . .

An amputee from Walter Reed General Hospital was trying his new leg on F Street one bright spring afternoon. He felt very proud.

"I never thought it could happen," he said, (to himself)—"I'm going to make it after all. I feel wonderful."

"I beg your pardon, Ma'am," he said, turning to speak to an old lady who had put her hand on his arm and now stood there "patting" him.

"You poor thing," she said—"Whatever happened to you? I see you have been wounded twice. You have a purple heart with cluster. What happened? I feel so sorry for you."

"Well," said the sergeant. "I lost a leg. and I hurt my knee."

"Which happened first?" the old lady fluttered about him.

"Ma'am—I've never yet heard that Uncle Sam had to send amputees into the front line. thank you kindly." The boy balanced himself carefully as he had been taught, and went on down F Street. The sun seemed to him not quite so bright. "Are they"—he said to himself—"not going to give us a chance to forget?"

Those of us who offer to work in service clubs do so because of a wish to help—to give a lift to the service men and women who will use the clubs. We believe that a well run hospitality program can make a homesick man feel at home—and that it can boost morale for everyone. We would not consciously sign ourselves up to do a volunteer job of *helping* only to find out that we have been engaged in *tearing down*.

The Armed Services Hospitality Committee has been in consultation with military experts for over 10 years. They have

urged us to make the following points for the guidance of volunteers in service clubs:—

1. You should know what to expect when you work in a service club—and you should be able to keep your emotions under control no matter what you see. You will see young men shipping out—and men returned from combat, possibly from prison camps. Some of these may introduce you to more profanity than you have ever heard. Some of them may jump and shout at the sound of a slamming door. Others may sit in utter silence—and they may actively resent your well-meaning intrusion into their silence. Some of the very young ones, just out of boot training, who are shipping out are barely able to keep from showing how scared they are. Their “shipping orders” are in their wallets.

This young woman with the baby in a nursery basket is here to meet the body of her soldier husband for Arlington burial. These are only a few of the people you will meet in service clubs where transients are present. The centers which are planned especially for recreation for men from nearby camps will be a bit different—nevertheless, your emotional responsibility is the same—especially since the wounded in the service hospitals are increasingly on our streets, and in our clubs.

2. About the convalescents from the hospital:—They have to find out how they are going to get along with the average civilian here before they believe they can go back to their hometowns without having everyone turn to stare on the street as they go by. This is an important part of their recovery. This is where you can be of great help.

You volunteers”—one of them once said—“are just as essential to us as our weapons were in battle. These clubs are a *bridge to civilian life*.”

Therefore, if you show curiosity—or pity—or too much emotion of any kind, you must remember that you may

so rebuff the convalescents that they will perhaps go back to the hospital and not want any leave at all for a long time, because it is too hard to take. In the hospitals, crutches and stumps are no news to anyone.

The best military medical advice urges us to “*treat these men as if nothing had happened—as if nothing at all met the eye which differentiated them from anyone else*”. It has been done this way and can be done again. It *must* be done so that the very young convalescents from the Korean War can take a further step in their rehabilitation in our hospitable centers. If they like the first step, they will come back for more—and will be on their way.

3. You are going to run into all sorts of conversational situations. Many of these men will want to talk. They will perhaps shower you with tales—some true, some not—of their experiences. You will have to learn to listen and at the same time to be an expert in judging when a new element might be introduced into the conversation, especially if it seems to you to be getting out of hand.

The soldier who gives you his life's story is no more unusual than the one who sits in gloomy silence. It may possibly be that it is taking all of this man's endurance just to sit in a room with so many strangers. He is incapable at this point of grinning at you, or of returning your well-intentioned greeting. He certainly will not indulge in small talk with you. It is best to leave him alone. Certainly you will have done your duty if you call your supervisor's attention to him, (without his knowledge, it goes without saying). The supervisor's experience will be needed to prevent psychological damage here.

Ribbons—Before we leave the question of conversation, let us urge you never to initiate any conversation whatever about campaign ribbons.

If a man wants to tell you how he won the Asiatic rib-

bon, he will do it whether you ask or not, but do not pry into his private life just because he is required to wear campaign ribbons. If you do, you may get some answers you are not expecting. It seems superfluous to say that the Purple Heart is never conversational material. You have no way whatever of knowing what happened to this man's buddy the day his wounds won him the Purple Heart.

4. Most of the men who come into a service club, and from whatever area, are perfectly normal men in good physical condition. They eat well and can sleep anywhere. Many of them "have never had it so good". They are not bothered by psychoses. They want a place to sleep, a place to clean up. They want to check luggage, get buttons and new decorations sewed on. They want to go to a dance, to meet some girls, have some fun. All they want from you is a friendly, impersonal, but an informed answer. If they are slow in getting out their questions—be patient. You have plenty of time. That's why you are working here. They need to take their time for they have been under orders for weeks and sometimes months. It feels good just to lounge in that soft chair without hearing orders on the squawk box.

5. *Insignia*—One other note on conversation:—if you accept the responsibility for a volunteer shift in a service club, you really should make a point of recognizing military insignia. You do not want to find yourself unable to decide whether a Marine is a sergeant or a private or a captain. You should of course be able to recognize a major general when you see him. If it comes to that, no one craves recognition more than a pfc. If you are on the alert, you will soon be able to tell a navy yeoman from an electronics technicians' mate, 3/c, a chief petty officer from a warrant officer. We recommend that you familiarize yourself with the insignia of all services, officers and enlisted.

To sum up—what we are really asking you to do is to

treat these men as you might like to be treated in a similar situation—if you can imagine yourself in such a situation.

Don't show them your emotions. Don't pity them—don't "Mother" them—or don't baby them. Respect their reserve as you do their necessity at times to talk, if they do talk. Treat them as you would want women in other service clubs to treat your own sons—or your husbands. They will not thank you to fuss over them.

Since your object in being in a service club is to uphold morale, you will not let an outpouring of sympathy undermine the morale so carefully built up by the services. A man with weakened morale cannot be trusted in a combat situation. He can make such a situation fatal for himself and his buddies if he goes to pieces.

It is your responsibility and your patriotic opportunity to see that every service man finds in you a steadying reassurance—and a gracious hospitality that has in it no shade of sentimentality. Let us make Washington a safe place for morale.



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Post-script - - -

From this point all additional training of senior volunteers will be taken care of in the club or center where they are to work. Here they will receive instructions on their hours of duty, (schedules, cancellations, substitutes). They will be told the routine for checking in—and will receive information on the various responsible tasks in the particular center where they will work. If they are to be lounge aides, receptionists, luggage checkers, canteen or sewing attendants they will find special instructions awaiting them.

They will also learn that information about recreational and lodging facilities in the city and about sightseeing is in most centers the responsibility of the Volunteer Information Service which gives its workers a highly specialized training for this service.

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Armed Services Hospitality Committee

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