It REALLY HAPPENED
HEADLINERS in this issue

GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL
The story of a great soldier and statesman, who still continues to give his all for America!

JEFFERSON DAVIS
Peerless leader of the Confederacy—worthy foeman in the Great War between the States!

THE HELICOPTER
As new as tomorrow, this great invention points the way to wards an unbelievable future!

WALTER RALEIGH
England’s most gallant gentleman—and one of history’s most fabulous figures!

BESS MYRON
A new, different kind of “Miss America”—who puts democracy first!

THE ROOSEVELTS
Teddy—and Teddy, Jr! Like father, like son! An inspiring chapter in a great series!

BOOM!
How a dauntless war-hero met combat—and earned his spurs!

ANN JACOBSON
The captivating tale of a man whom birds made famous!

EDITH Houghton
Ever hear of a girl baseball scout? Read this latest in our “Odd Jobs” list!
Making airplane models is a lot of fun! What's more, it's a good way to get started on a career of aviation!

Take Stanley Hiller, of Berkeley, California! He began when he was eight!

How's the new model, Stan?
Almost done! Just like the one in the book!

Before long, Stanley was building model planes according to his own ideas!

That's a funny-looking job, Stan!
Who cares what it looks like -- if it flies!

When he was 19... Stan came up with a plane that really flew!

It's easy to handle, sir... and it'll cruise at over 100 miles an hour!

Today, Stanley Hiller directs production on his own plane... the revolutionary new 'Hillercopter'!

We're ready to hit full production! We've got the plane of tomorrow here, Stan!

There's no telling where a good hobby will lead!
Late in 1945, President Truman asked him to go to China as special envoy... to patch up a civil war twenty years in the making!... Meet General George Catlett Marshall, in peace as in war America's most valuable military statesman!

General George C. Marshall
Soldier and Statesman

As a boy in Uniontown, Pa.--
Dad, I want to go to West Point!

Fine, son! Wait a couple of years--I'll see what I can do!

But party politics intervened!

I'm sorry, sir--but you're not of my political faith!

Very well, Congressman!—but George will still have his chance!

THE GEORGE C. MARSHALL FOUNDATION
So young Marshall went to Virginia Military Institute!

Marshall, we're appointing you top-ranking cadet! Any ideas about your future career?

Yes, sir--the Army!

He made All-Southern Tackle--

1908!--at the Army Staff College--

That's young George Marshall! First in his class--and with remarkable grades!

Marshall, eh? The Army will keep an eye on him!

Yes, I'm Lt. Marshall! What is it?

General Bell wants you to draw up defense plans for Manila--at once, sir!

Then-on Philippine field maneuvers--

--he scored again!

The best plan I have seen! George Marshall is our greatest military genius since Stonewall Jackson!

They want you to move 600,000 men--and their supplies--in two weeks, Marshall?

That's right--at night, and in complete secrecy!
The great Meuse-Argonne offensive -- and Marshall's able movement of troops and supplies helped turn the tide.

After the armistice -- a summons from General Pershing!

War's over, Colonel Marshall -- and I want you as my aide-de-camp!

Yes, sir!

Peacetime! -- Marshall's duties were routine -- until 1937 --

Congratulations on your trans-continental flight -- and welcome to America!

We Soviet flyers are honored, General Marshall!

The Russians were tired out!

Here's my pajamas -- sleep well!

Sir, that's real American hospitality!

Well -- I'm now acting chief of staff!

That's wonderful!

General Marshall speaking!

Hitler has invaded Poland, sir!

And in the summer of 1939 --

That day, FDR made him chief of staff!
Before Congress—

GENTLEMEN, WE MUST HAVE PEACETIME CONSCRIPTION! OTHERWISE WE WILL HAVE NO ARMY—AND NO SECURITY!

HE'S RIGHT!

A little stunned, the nation got ready.

ANY CHILDHOOD DISEASES? SPEAK UP, FELLA!

OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT UP!

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO NOW?

And at the White House—

December 7th, 1941—Pearl Harbor!

THE JAPS ARE IN INDO-CHINA! I DON'T LIKE IT ONE BIT!

SIR, IF YOU'RE THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING––

BARROOM!

Any word from Manila? Let me know immediately!

August, 1942—Guadalcanal!

Marshall's strategy told—again a ray of light appeared on America's dark horizon.

ARRRGGHH!
His aides were capable—Eisenhower, we're sending you to Europe to get ready for action!

I'll do my best, sir!

November 8, 1942—"Ike" struck at North Africa!

Send this to General Marshall—his campaign's working out!

Good! It's going fine so far!

ACH, Herr Hitler—the Allies have invaded, Sir!

Barroom!

Blam!

February, 1945—the Yalta conference!

And then—a very sad task!

Things look pretty good, General Marshall! My thanks!

What a great leader! How well his confidence has sustained me!

Marchal Stalin says the Nazis are on the run, Marshall!

For my part, they can't run fast enough!

— the funeral of FDR!
August: the Japs quit. That fall Marshall retired. But Truman had a request--
That's right, General! I want you to go to China as special envoy!
Happy landings, general!
I'm glad to be in China!

Undeclared Civil War was on!
Gentlemen, the communists and the national government must first sign a truce!
Both sides agreed!

But some commanders balked:
I really cannot control my troops!
Your people will do just what you tell them! Trouble is -- you haven't told them!

To pave the way for peace --
China is most honored by your presence!
I'll sit through a hundred banquets -- if they will help Chinese unity!

Back again at Washington --
Yes, China must have food -- and credits! I plan to return in a short time!

General Marshall continues to serve America!
Jefferson Davis
Statesman of the Confederacy

1861 -- that sullen year --

SAVE ME! SAVE ME!
MY MASTER WILL BEAT ME HALF TO DEATH!

INTO THIS SECRET CELLAR QUICK?

HURRY -- THEY'RE COMING!

I TOLD YOU -- NO SLAVE PASSED THIS WAY!

1861 -- that sullen year --

WHEN AMERICA DIED -- INTO NORTH AND SOUTH!

WE SOUTHERNERS WON'T STAND FOR YOUR YANKEE Nonsense, USA!

THE HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF CANNOT STAND! Lincoln proclaimed. But the South elected to break apart from the American Union... and chose U.S. Senator Jefferson Davis of Mississippi for its first... and only... president? Here is the story of his dramatic career!

SAVE ME! SAVE ME!

THEY'RE COMING!

I TOLD YOU -- NO SLAVE PASSED THIS WAY!
In the U.S. Senate --

I yield to the Senator from Mississippi! — with whom the North will never agree!

Be that as it may — the South has a right to leave the Union!

Too bad it had to come to this!

If they want a fight — they'll get it!

What kind of a man was Jefferson Davis? A West Pointer, army officer, and plantation owner, he had returned to duty in 1846 —

-- in the Mexican War! At Monterey --

For Texas -- and America!

BANG!

WHAM!

-- and at Buena Vista --?

Charge the hill! It's now — or never!

BOOM! WHAM!

Davis, that charge of yours saved the day!

Thanks, General Taylor!

-- he served honorably — and well!
The war over, Davis returned to his model Mississippi plantation. Sam, you've proved a big disappointment to Colonel Davis! Yassuh—and don't ah know it!

Sam, we all find you guilty of stealing from your brother! Penalty—Sunday labor for a month! I'm just a no-account scoundrel! My system of justice certainly works!

Davis went to the Senate!

Tell the North we don't like our rights tampered with! I will indeed, sir! Some day they'll have to compromise!

In 1853, he became Secretary of War—

He expanded the army—and made valuable railroad surveys—to aid his future foes!

At a cabinet meeting—

We have only one rolling mill in the South! --And we're heavily outnumbered! But we'll still win!

But Davis had one ace-in-the-hole—Gen. Robert E. Lee—

We have a fighting chance, President Davis! Perhaps we can actually whip the Yankees!
At Bull Run, the South's hopes soared!

Look at the Yankees run!

BANG!

Davis hoped for foreign aid—

Mr. Yancey, the English need our cotton! They've recognized our war status! But we need loans and supplies!

—which did not materialize!

So the South went to work—

We'll need every ship to run the northern blockade!

This one will be ready in a month!

Let's hope so, sir!

Making cannon—

She'll blast the Yankees skyhigh, Mr. Davis!

Supplying Army food—

Good quality, Mr. President—but not enough!

I'll have to appeal to our people again!

And printing paper money—

These bills are only promises to pay!

Yes, but we have to finance the war some way!
Things went well in the East! But in Mississippi, dissension arose!

That is poor strategy... and worse tactics!

I suppose you could do better?

Gentlemen -- please!

So Davis was forced to a decision...

Very well! We'll strike through Virginia -- and not reinforce our armies on the Mississippi!

--which turned out badly -- both at Gettysburg -- and at Vicksburg --

That's General Grant! How will things be now?

Not too bad! They say he's a tough soldier -- but no bully!

--where the South was cut in half!

Up North... folks were jubilant!

But in Richmond, Davis' capital...

Not enough men! Not enough supplies! All our early victories cancelled! What are we to do now?

Georgia fell to General Sherman...

President Davis... the Yankees have burned Atlanta!
The south unsuccessfully sought peace—in 1865!

I'VE JUST GIVEN THE NEGOTIATORS MY DECISION—! THE UNION MUST STAND AS A SINGLE NATION!

IS THIS THE END, SIR?

NEVER! THE SOUTH WILL FIGHT ON!

Only to be caught May 10th—

WELL, WELL—AT LAST WE'VE FOUND YOU, YOU TRAITOR!

SIR, I DEMAND ALL THE COURTESIES OF A PRISONER OF WAR!

HA, HA—THEY'LL HANG YOU YET, NEVER FEAR!

YOU ARE WRONG, MY FRIEND—AND A FOOL!

Two years later—Davis was freed—and lived to be 81—brave leader of a lost cause...

... THE LAST GREAT STRUGGLE OUT OF WHICH GREW UNION... AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!
The Air Age is here to stay! Tomorrow we may be calling, "Hey, Helicopter!" instead of "Taxi, taxi!" Let's take a glimpse at the sky- buggy of tomorrow... and its godfather, plane designer Igor Sikorsky.

A PARKING LOT'S A HANDY PLACE-- FOR SOME PEOPLE!

There's the boss! Mr. Sikorsky parks his little plane just like a car!

HE DOES THAT ALL THE TIME! HE'S COME A LONG WAY SINCE THE OLD DAYS!

THE OLD DAYS! THE YEAR 1908... THOMAS ALVA EDISON-- DEAN OF INVENTORS-- SPOKE A PROPHECY.

WHAT D'YOU THINK OF THE WRIGHT BROTHERS' NEW AIR MACHINE, TOM?

BELIEVE ME, THE AIR-PLANE WILL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING UNTIL IT CAN TRAVEL STRAIGHT UP AND DOWN!
Even then... Young Igor Sikorsky had begun his first experiments on the helicopter! In old Russia... 

Well, I've got the right idea... but why won't she get off the ground?

If at first you don't succeed...

This one flies... like a dead duck! I think I'll try something else... for a while...

Across the ocean! Non-stop!

Sikorsky tried something else! He came to America to become a famed engineer! For many years he turned out swift planes... trans-pots... clipper ships!

Fast! But not quite good enough!

Meanwhile--other men continued working on the helicopter! The French tried...

Eet looks like a weendmeel! A strange weendmeel!

I keep my feet on the ground! Ze monster weeleney-a-r-e work!

The Germans flew one inside an auditorium!

Ach! What a funny contraption!

But it flies! It's stayed up one hour and twenty minutes!
But Sikorsky hadn't been asleep! He was still working! The big test came in 1940--for the armed forces! On an airfield in Connecticut....

He shows the army what the "flying windmill" could do!

Up and down and around! Forward, backward! What next?

He's been up one hour thirty-two minutes! A new record!

Then--his ship went cross-country... to Dayton, Ohio!

There's old XR-4! Right over our heads!

Nice of him to stay with us! He can do 100 miles an hour!

Hey!! What's the matter now? He's stopped!

So did we! For the red light! He's waiting for us!

Hey, bub, how about some landing instructions?

XR-4 to tower! Request permission to land!

Yipes! Is he talking through the window or using the radio?

Coming in for a landing! Ceiling? Visibility?--Who cares?

Wow! What is that thing? A yo-yo on wheels?

Boy! The army and navy can sure use that!
The Army used the "flying windmill" for reconnaissance... for rescues!

Are we glad to see you! You'll never know!

Hop in, Bud! Be home in no time!

The Navy used it for anti-sub patrol! 1941-45... The helicopter won its spurs in grim warfare!

Helicopter to destroyer... hurry up! Sighted sub... here! It's getting hot around.

Boom! Boom!

In the world of tomorrow—just around the corner!

So long, honey. I'll be home early tonight!

You sure you have enough gas... and oil?... and don't drive too fast!

Could this be you, dear reader, "driving to work"?

Sixty miles in one hour today! Pretty good time!

Hello, Dick, how's your new helicopter?

It's the only way to travel!

The day's work done... there's no place like home!

Gosh... it's dark and foggy tonight! Wonder if I'm heading the right way? Let's see... Greenfield—36 miles... yep... that's right!

It's good to be home again!

Hi, Dad!

There's a great day coming pretty soon... and you can bet your boots that the helicopter will be a bright part of the shiny, new world of tomorrow!
Chapter two of our series of famous fathers and sons: The story of two men whose strong spirit conquered "trail" bodies—whose driving courage led them to fame and success—and a lasting place in the hearts of their countrymen!

Theodore Roosevelt was a heroic figure of a man! Hunter, historian, soldier, statesman...

Gosh! What a man! He must've been!

You're right, son! He was tops all around!

As a lad, "T.R." was sickly... nearsighted... frail!

Take it easy, Teddy, you'll wear yourself out!

But I've got to build myself up!
Teddy made his body strong! He boxed—He rode....

Come on! Let's speed it up! Race you to the first bend!

Aw, I'm tired! Let's go home and rest up awhile!

And he hunted! In school and in college, he developed a powerful physique!

It's been a good pay Ted! What are your plans for the future?

After Harvard? Law, I suppose or politics?

Young "T.R." learned how to live... and let live!

This is the life, dad! There's nothing like the great outdoors!

It's the simple, honest things in life that count, son!

Then—His New York Assembly District sent "T.R." to the State Legislature!

Gentlemen, there are crooks in our state government! Let's investigate... and throw the rascals out!

The chair recognizes Mr. Roosevelt!

What does the gentleman want? What are you looking for?

I'm looking for the facts, sir—no more, no less—let the chips fall where they may!

After the untimely death of his first wife, "T.R." went west to find spiritual consolation in the great open spaces....

Yippee! Let's go get 'em, Teddy!

Bang!

The rugged outdoors gave him renewed energy and spirit....

This is the life for me! The strenuous life!
Back East, again in politics... 'T.R.' continued his fiery career as Police Commissioner of New York City...

Good! We've no use for parasites who prey on the hard-earned wages of honest men!

That cleans up this mess of gamblers, commissioner!

As assistant secretary of the navy...

As American patriot-soldier in the Spanish-American War in Cuba...

The fleet looks in great shape, Mr. Roosevelt!

Bully! Bully! There's trouble brewing with Spain! We've got to be ready!

The enemy's dug in up the slope, Colonel Roosevelt! What are your orders?

Orders are to route them out! Charge!

Charge! Up San Juan Hill to heroic victory!

Pour it on 'em, men! Storm the breastworks!

Barrroom!

Pow!

The war won, 'T.R.' came home a popular hero and ran for governor of New York!
A: AS THE ELECTION RETURNS POURED IN...

Teddy's all right! He'll make a great governor! Friends, you can count on me for a square deal for every man, I'm for the people -- and against power and privilege!

S: SOME MEN FEARED THE "SQUARE DEAL!"

"T.R.'s" getting too independent, too strong! We'll elect him vice-president -- and bury him in the job! We've had enough trouble from that upstart!

B: BUT IN 1901 AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET KILLED PRESIDENT WILLIAM MCKINLEY --

I solemnly swear to uphold the constitution --

...and Theodore Roosevelt became America's 26th President... a self-made man -- a great leader!

THE ROOSEVELTS WERE A LIVELY WHITE HOUSE FAMILY!

Get down, dad! Here I come! All right, son! I'm ready for you! Let's go!

OFFICIAL DIGNITY WAS FORGOTTEN!

Can't this thing go any faster? We want to see dad in a hurry!

But everybody had a lot of fun!

Come on! How about a race? Last one around is a rotten egg!

Teddy Roosevelt Jr. was also sickly as a boy!

We're right with you, dad! Here we go!

Puff... puff... I get tired so easily!

You've got to stick it out, son! It's the only way! I know!

My, my! What will you boys think up next!
But father showed son the way to a healthy, rugged body!

That's it! You're getting better and stronger every day!

Thanks to your help, dad!

Later... T.R. taught his son how to ride and hunt...

Great shot, boy! Right between the eyes!

I had a good teacher, dad—The best!

And the simple ideals men live by!

My father taught me that the rugged, honest things in life are best! Always remember that, Teddy, and you won't go wrong!

Young Teddy remembered! In World War I... he joined the colors...

Keep coming, men! I'll take care of the sniper!

Young Roosevelt's sure a chip off the old block!

Was wounded twice... and decorated fifteen times!

For bravery above and beyond the call of duty!

Dad will be a proud man today!

Honored by the whole nation, ex-President Roosevelt died in 1919... leaving his son and the sake to carry on!

Young Roosevelt became Assistant Navy Secretary in 1924...

Honored by the whole nation, ex-President Roosevelt died in 1919... leaving his son and the sake to carry on!

Any statement on the election, Colonel Roosevelt?

Well, it's sure been some experience to run for governor against Al Smith!

Ballot boxes
HE SERVED AS GOVERNOR OF PUERTO RICO -- AND THE PHILIPPINES AS WELL!

Manila's a beautiful capital --- but I want to get out and see how the people live!

Believe me, Commissioner Roosevelt. We Filipinos appreciate all you have done for us!

World War II! Once again, the fight for a decent way of life was on!

Whew -- I'm tired! Rough day today!

We're not through yet, men! Let's go!

CRAK! WHAM!

Young Teddy was a gallant soldier ... a soldier's general!

Follow me, men! We've got 'em on the run!

The old man's a fighter! He's just like one of the boys!

July 12, 1944 ... on a Normandy battlefield ... among his men ... death stilled the fighting heart and fighting spirit of Theodore Roosevelt, junior!

Gallant father ... heroic son ... Bully, son, bully! I'm proud of you!

Thanks, Dad! And I'm proud of you, too!

All America honors their devoted services!

A new drama of father and son ... next issue!
TOY-TOWN, U.S.A.
by NAT SCHACHNER

The Inspiring True Story of a war Veteran
Who Dreamed of帮助ing His Fellow Man—and Found a Way to Do It!

This is the story of a dream that is coming true. Now, many people have dreams—but only a few are given the chance to put them into action. Charles I. Ruderman is one of those lucky few.

Up to the beginning of 1946 Ruderman conducted a successful automobile agency and machine plant in the little Adirondack town of Gouverneur, N.Y. He was happily married and had four pretty daughters. What more could a man want who had been so badly wounded in World War I that it took many years before he was able to walk again?

But Charlie Ruderman saw the new veterans of World War II coming home. He saw many of them badly hurt, crippled, even as he had been way back in 1918. He remembered how hard he had to struggle to make a living in the old days when he was out of the hospital and his wounded spine still bothered him. How would these recent disabled veterans get along? Who would help them become self-respecting, self-supporting citizens in society?

The Ghost Town

Then, one day in January, 1946, when he was driving home along a mountain road with his wife, the idea came to him all in a flash. This is how it happened... 

Charlie Ruderman stopped the car suddenly by the side of the hilly road, and got out.

His wife called after him in surprise. "What's the matter, Charlie? Why did you stop?"

But Charlie was staring down the Adirondack hillside toward a tiny town that nestled along the banks of the Racquette River. There was a factory, a cluster of white houses, a few stores and some churches—the usual type of mill town that one finds in the North Woods of New York State. And all around it stretched the beautiful Adirondack forest.

There was something strange about the town, though. No smoke issued from the factory chimneys. No people walked along the winding dirt road. No small boys fished the gleaming river or played games in the open fields.

"That's Piercefield, Louise," said Charlie, pointing.

"Yes, I know. It's deserted, a ghost town—ever since the paper mill people decided to quit. But we've got to get home for dinner, Charlie."

Memories of Boyhood

"I used to fish down there when I was a boy," said Charlie dreamily. "And hunt in the backwoods, too. That was before I got hurt."

His wife looked anxious. "Does your back bother you again?" she asked.

"A little," Charlie sighed. "I didn't have much time to be a child, Louise. When the First World War came along I was only fifteen, but I managed to sneak into the army. Told the recruiting sergeant I was eighteen. Then that shell exploded and ripped my spine." Charlie massaged his back thoughtfully. "For years I was laid up in veterans' hospitals, getting operated on, lying without movement in plaster casts and braces. I can't hunt any more, or lift heavy weights, the way I used to, Louise."

"You're done all right, Charlie, without lifting things."

"I was lucky, Louise. But I've been thinking a lot about the other fellows—the boys that got hurt in this war, and can't get around much. What'll they do to make a living after they're out of the hospital?"

"I feel awful sorry for them, Charlie. But what have they got to do with Piercefield?"

A Sudden Inspiration

He turned around, with his back still a little hunched from that shell-torn spine. His wife had never seen his face lit up like that before.

"I just got an idea, Louise! Why not buy this whole deserted town—lock, stock and barrel—and turn it over to disabled vets? They can
move into the houses, and raise families. They can open little businesses in the stores and make a living. Don’t you see ‘em, Louise?” He was enthusiastic now. “Breathing the air of the woods, their children growing up strong and healthy, getting back their self-respect, using that old factory to—te—to—I got it! Fellows that are crippled can make toys. Toys for the children of America. Beautiful toys that youngsters will love. The lumber’s all around here, and I can buy the machinery.”

"It’s a fine idea, Charlie, but the paper company that owns the town wants a hundred thousand dollars for it. We just haven’t got it.”

"They’ll take less when they hear what I want it for. The Company’s office is in New York. Louise, I’m going to New York by the night train!”

Everybody Welcome

The Company did take less. They liked Charlie’s idea. But it took every penny Charlie Ruderman had saved from his own business.

"The houses are pretty much run down, Mr. Ruderman,” said the Company representative.

"I’ll fix them up, even if I have to borrow the money. I want these wounded vets to have decent places to live. I’m glad, though, the churches are in good shape.”

The Company man looked at him curiously. "You’re Jewish, aren’t you, Mr. Ruderman?”

"Sure I am. My folks came from Russia, too. What about it?”

"Well, those churches are Catholic and Protestant. There’s no synagogue—”

Charlie said quietly, "I’m welcoming everybody to this town, sir. I’m not asking whether they’re Catholic, Protestant or Jewish. They’ll be Americans—fellows who fought for this country and got badly hurt doing it. And I want them to worship God the way they want to; so I’ll fix up the churches for them, and I’ll build a synagogue, too, if any vet comes along who wants one.”

The Company man shook hands with Charlie. "You’re okay, Mr. Ruderman. Here’s the deed. You own yourself a town—complete. Good luck!”

"I don’t own it,” corrected Charlie. "The people who are going to live there will own it.”

But the reporters from the newspapers were skeptical. They couldn’t understand how anyone would spend his last dime to give a town away free.

One of them put it bluntly. "Look here, Mr Ruderman. What’s your racket?”

"Racket?" echoed Charlie, puzzled.

"That’s what I said. What do you expect to make out of this?”

Charlie grinned. "The feeling that I’ve helped give some who’ve thought enough of democracy to fight for it, a chance to live and bring up families. What’s your racket, Mr Reporter?”

The reporter apologized. This fellow, Charlie Ruderman, was a swell egg. "Wish there were more like you around,” he said.

The letters began to pour in. They came from every part of the country. Crippled veterans who heard of Charlie’s wonderful scheme and wanted to settle in Piercefield.

"Listen to these, Louise,” cried Charlie. "Here’s a lad laid up in Halloran General Hospital. He can’t get out, but he wants me to save a place for a buddy of his. Another chap is dreaming of a grocery store. And a shoe store.” He blinked suddenly at the next letter. “And this poor fellow has both legs off. He says he’ll make toys—the best toys you ever saw.”

Louise wiped away her own tears. "Poor fellows! Charlie, you’re doing a wonderful thing. I’ll be willing to save and scrimp the rest of my life to put this idea across.”

Americans All

"And listen to their names,” said Charlie. "Ed Rizika, John O’Donnell, Irving Cohen, Walter Zajkowski, Jesse Allport, Ben Levy, Joseph Tomoe! Isn’t that America for you? Poles, Irish, Russians, English, Italians! Catholics, Protestants, Jews! All American veterans; fellows who gave their best for the democratic way of life. Fellows who want to live together in peace, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, just as they were in war.”

"And making beautiful toys for children to play with. What finer occupation can they have?”

Charlie Ruderman lifted his glass. "Let’s drink a toast, Louise—a toast to Toytown, U. S. A.—the town of the free and the home of the brave!”

The dream is coming true, for work on the project is going on apace. And this project is only one of many, planned both by government and private agencies, and backed by public-spirited citizens—projects which will ensure our veterans a square deal, in a truly American way. Charlie Ruderman’s dream is the dream of all America—the dream of a future brighter than the past, a future dedicated to democracy and freedom of opportunity!"
One day in the spring of 1861... the army's eighth Wisconsin Regiment swore in a new recruit!... And so began the story of the most remarkable bird in U.S. history!

Soon after... the regiment marched back to camp with flags flying!
SAY! LOOK AT OUR NEW MAN—RIGHT AT THE HEAD OF THE PARADE!

THAT EAGLE'S A BORN SOLDIER!

WOW! LOOK! THE BIRD OF LIBERTY!

EAGLE OF FREEDOM... FOREVER!

From that time on... the Eighth Regiment was dubbed the "Eagle Regiment!"

LET'S CALL HIM 'OLD ABE'!

HE'LL BE OUR GOOD LUCK TOKEN! OUR MASCOT!

"Old Abe" was both mascot and soldier!

LOOK AT ABE! HE SNAPS TO JUST LIKE ANY ONE OF US!

'TEN-' SHUN!"
"Old Abe" fought the war between the States, side by side with his buddies!

Boom!

Let's go, Yanks! Crack that line!

Crak!

Bang!

We can't fail! Abe's leading the charge!

After the war... he was still one of the boys.

It's good to see the boys back, and the lucky eagle, too!

That "Old Bird" was wounded three times! He's got real grit.

Welcome!

Folks, Abe has done his part... the rest is up to you!

He's right! I'm with you, Abe!

Showman P.T. Barnum offered fabulous sums for "Old Abe."

I'll pay $20,000 for Abe, if I can get him!

Sorry! Abe's not for sale at any price!

A sculptor modeled "Old Abe" in bronze. A renowned artist painted his portrait.

His fame spread all over the world. The most illustrious eagle in American history!
In the annals of adventure, no other figure looms more romantically... or more tragically... than this great Elizabethan admiral, whose exploits both on land and on sea are the stuff of which heroes are truly made.

--- Sir Walter Raleigh

As a boy in England... and there he was — the cruel Black Ron himself! I myself split him in two with my trusty sword... Edad! When I grow up I'll live a life of adventure too!
HA, HA! POETRY'S NOT FOR YOU, WALTER! BETTER STICK TO LATIN AND GREEK!

SILENCE, YOU KNAVE! YOU'LL DUEL WITH ME FOR THAT!

THOU, AS LOVELY AS A FLOWER, SOON SHALL SHARE MY WEDDING BOWER.

THERE! THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO RESPECT ME!

OWWW! I GIVE UP!

IN 1578, HIS HALF-BROTHER, SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT, COMMANDED A PIRatical FORAY AGAINST THE SPANIARDS, AND WALTER RALEIGH WENT ALONG AS CAPTAIN OF THE "FALCON".

ON THE "FALCON'S" POOP DECK-- WE'LL GIVE THE SPANISH A BROADSIDE--AND THEN CLOSE IN, BEFORE THEY'VE RECOVERED!

EXCELLENT TACTICS, RALEIGH!

ATTACK! NO QUARTER WAS GIVEN--OR ASKED!

DIE LIKE A DOG, THEN! YOUR SHIP AND ALL ITS WEALTH ARE NOW ENGLAND'S!

YAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

BOOM!

BANG!

CRACK!
Late in 1581, Raleigh, by now a captain of foot soldiers in Queen Elizabeth's struggle against the Irish, was sent home with dispatches to the court! Here at last was his golden chance to win royal favor!

One damp and cloudy day...

Oh! I shall get my feet and gown wet!

Why—'tis Queen Elizabeth herself!

Allow me, your majesty!

A handsome fellow! I must know him better!

You're welcome, young man!

If you would grant a single boon, sir... to fling myself before thy feet

So Walter Raleigh scratches verses with a diamond on window panes! He must attend me at court!

Soon a court favorite, Raleigh got along famously with the queen because of his ready wit and charming manners!... In 1584...

I now dub thee knight! Arise—SIR WALTER RALEIGH!

At last... and my career has hardly begun!
In April that same year, under Queen Elizabeth’s 'Patent' or permit, which gave him full rights over newly found lands, Sir Walter sent an expedition to the New World.

Raleigh named a vast tract 'Virginia' and made plans to colonize it.

Under Sir Richard Grenville, Raleigh's first settlers landed on Roanoke Island, North Carolina. In 1585, soon there was trouble...

White man take fish, kill game—no pay! Indian fight back soon!

And so, the next year, Sir Francis Drake paid a visit... and took all the colonists none!

Too bad we couldn't stick it out, Sir Francis! Ah, yes! Raleigh will be hit hard at the news!

In London, three years later...

The Virginia territory is now yours, gentlemen! May you succeed where I failed!

Thanks to the colony's tobacco—we should prosper well, Sir Walter!
Meanwhile—All had not gone well at court!

So you think, Essex, that Raleigh is not a reliable servant?

Dear Queen, you speak words all your friends are saying!

But your majesty—

Enough, Raleigh! Trouble me not!

Aha! He'll rival me no more!

Then—in 1592, while at sea to raid Spanish ships—

Alack! I have forebodings of unhappy news!

A message! A message from the Queen—for Sir Walter Raleigh!

To Sir Walter Raleigh

Return at once to England. How dare you court Elizabeth, Throgmorton, my maid-in-waiting, without my consent?

Elizabeth

Sir Walter had a way with him!

But I could not tell the Queen's so jealous—I must get out of this somehow!

That Raleigh's a shrewd one! Let's see—"I admire, but one woman. My dear Queen—and who else in all the world but you"—why, the flatterer!

She pardoned me, after all! Yet, shall I ever return to favor?
In 1595, Raleigh sought gold in South America. His quest was a cruel failure. Afterwards, he took part in the capture of Cadiz, Spain. He was wounded and forgiven by the Queen! But then...

After thirteen long years in the Tower of London, Raleigh was released.

You are free, Sir Walter—free to sail again to South America!

Help! I—I—die!

Free? Ha—but if I fail to find gold for King James, my head is forfeit!

Raleigh was extremely bitter!

But we could not avoid the fight, Sir Walter!

Fool, knave! You've cost me my son—and my life. King James promised the Spanish there would be no trouble!

Back to England—and death!

Thus died Sir Walter Raleigh... a brave and dashing courtier who lived life to the hilt... with no regrets!
Using her title sincerely and seriously to promote good will and fellowship among Americans—glamorous, talented Bess Myerson of the Bronx is present-day proof that beauty and brains do mix.

Early 1945—a Hunter College Senior...

"...you've been selected in Miss America Preliminaries..."

But I never entered any contest!
Atlantic City... Miss America Talent Test...

Gershwin's "Summertime"... Beautiful Music!

Beautiful Musician, too!

I submitted your picture, Bess! You've a good chance!

Me? Never!

Age: 21
Height: 5'10"
Education: B.A. in music, Hunter College, June 46
Talents: Plays piano and flute.

I just sing and tap dance... she's playing Grieg's Piano Concerto!

I've won... without "inside pull"! It was fair and democratic... really American!

Which Hollywood offers are you accepting?

None!

A week later... at home...

Modelling fees...

Not interested! I'm continuing my music... and entertaining at military hospitals!
They fought together...now they're getting well together...Americans, really united!

Early 1946...
The Youthbuilder Group has a great program...showing how democracy works!

We need volunteers to tour high schools with that message!

As Miss America...perhaps I could help!

Definitely! They'd listen to you!

I've seen democracy work...in the beauty contest and among our veterans!

Chicago High School

Slick chick...with smart talk!

Miss America, interviewed by Boston High School editors!

How can we help democracy work?

By weeding out hatred!

Chicago, Boston, New York, and points south, west, and north...travels Miss America of 1945...representing all America...with her plea for tolerance and understanding!

Beauty is more than skin-deep! You cannot be beautiful and hate!
They Won Their Spurs... Corporal Douglas T. Jacobson

Only nineteen years old... this amazing marine corps fighter proved a one-man blitz on Iwo Jima! A bazooka expert, he cut like an avenging sword through Jap defense lines... so that his platoon might advance... and conquer!

As a Long Island Lifeguard--

Relax, will you? You're giving me a hard time!

Help! Save me--!

As a draftsman for his father--

That's the idea, Douglas! Always do your work thoroughly!

Okay, dad!

--Young Jacobson had plenty on the ball!
1943 -- HE JOINED THE MARINES --
C'MON, C'MON -- YOU'LL BE OLD MEN BEFORE YA HIT THE TOP!
HE'S TELLING ME -- I OH, MY ACHING BACK!

AND AT A U.S.O. DANCE --
MY -- HOW YOU YANKIE BOYS HANDLE YOUR FEET! WHERE'D YOU ALL LEARN THOSE FANCY STEPS?
UP AT PORT WASHINGTON, LONG ISLAND -- MY HOME TOWN!

-- AND UNDERWENT BASIC TRAINING!

THEN -- OVERSEAS --
DON'T EAT UP ALL THE STEAKS!

GOOD LUCK, FELLA! BRING BACK SOME JAP SOUVENIRS!

-- TO SAIPAN -- TINIAN -- AND FINALLY, IWO JIMA!

WOW! THERE GOES THAT ACK-ACK GUN!

ATTABOY, KID! YOU GOT THE WHOLE GUN CREW!

BUT JAP FIRE HALTED THE MARINES!

THOSE LITTLE APES HAVE OUR RANGE!

YEAH -- THEY'VE SURE GOT US PINNED DOWN!

ZZZZZinggg!
JACOBSON KNOCKED OUT TWO MACHINE GUN POSITIONS--

WAAAGH!
HERES A DOSE OF BAZOOKA MEDICINE--IT'S RAT POISON!

BLAM!

--AND THEN, GETTING WARMED UP--
FIVE DEAD JAPS! YOU KNOCKED OUT THE WHOLE PILLBOX!

WHAM!

--SO HIS PLATOON COULD ADVANCE--

TACKLED A JAP TANK!

THIS IS MY BUSY DAY!

BARRROOM!

DURING A REST PERIOD--
MY REPORT SHOWS YOU DESTROYED SIXTEEN ENEMY POSITIONS--AND KILLED SEVENTY-FIVE JAPS! IS THAT RIGHT?

WELL, SIR--I GUESS I GOT KINDA MAD!

OCTOBER, 1945--JACOBSON WAS HONORED BY PRESIDENT TRUMAN--

CONGRATULATIONS SON! GOOD WORK!

THANK YOU, SIR!

--WITH THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR!

"OF COURSE JERRY, IT'S A BIRD PARK—WHEN YOU THINK OF BIRDS, THINK OF AUDUBON!"

"I BET IT TOOK LOTS OF PRACTICE TO DRAW THAT WELL! YOU CAN SEE EACH FEATHER!"

"BY JOHN J. AUDUBON, SAY THAT'S THE SAME NAME AS AUDUBON PARK IN OUR CITY!"

"BUT HE'D SPENT HIS WHOLE LIFE TIME DRAWING BIRDS, JERRY! I THINK HE WAS YOUR AGE WHEN HE STARTED!"
About 150 years ago, a small boy in France was captured by a love that would dominate him all his life.

Oh! I suppose I'll wait all morning before he gets in that position again!

At home, in a room that looked like a strange bird's nest itself...

I've drawn every bird in the neighborhood now, Mama!

Some day you will see your father's estate in America! There you will find birds in abundance!

In 1803, carefree, young Audubon arrived in Pennsylvania—heir to his sea-captain father's farm.

Long enough to learn English well, I hope... and also to classify your native birds!

I'm happy to have a new neighbor, Mr. Audubon! Will you be here long?

There is one for my collection, you see, I do not shoot the bird itself!

But the impact kills it, eh? You seem to be an expert, sir!

His neighbor, Bakewell, brought his daughter to see Audubon's collection...

Would you like to see how it looks in flight? These wires through him make it simple!

Why, it looks just like it's alive!

Not long afterward, Lucy Bakewell and Audubon married—a lucky choice, and he needed all the luck he could get.

For in 1812, misfortune had already begun!

Don't be downcast, John! Think of all you can do—Teach French or fencing or even run a store!

Bad news, Lucy! The bankrupt French are taking my estate! There's no way to hold it!
On Kentucky, Audubon thought he had found Paradise.

A store to earn our bread -- and new birds in the woods -- oh, I'm happy, Lucy!

And I! Go to your birds' dinner'll be ready when you return!

Aiieee! Sacrebleu! A wildcat!

He forgot time, and sleep and hunger in his quest for truth!

But the store was failing! Audubon had not a cent to spare when a young Scot called on him one day...

How delicate they are! And every variety has its own special ways of moving! I must capture them all on paper!

A subscription to my book is $200, Sir! These are some of my drawings!

How interesting! -- I draw birds, too! Perhaps you would like to see mine!

It was Alexander Wilson, whose fame would be dim compared to Audubon's!

I'm happy to find another student as eager as I! It is a fascinating hobby, is it not, Mr. Wilson?

Yes, Mr. Audubon! And I see why you will not want a subscription to my book!

You ask me to pay $1000 for a book of birds? No, indeed!

But there are so many life-size drawings! That is why it is expensive, Sir!
Soon the great volumes of "Birds of America" were rolling from the presses, to be treasured by households throughout Europe.

Through feted in wealthy homes, Audubon already longed for his American woods.

I can't thank you enough for helping me with the English text, Mr. MacGillivray!

It is still your prose with all its enthusiasm that will capture your readers!

I found your drawings too beautiful to hide in a book! I must see one in my room!

I hope it helps you to love all birds as I do!

Thereafter Audubon sold all he drew or wrote of birds, and with renewed confidence he continued his work...

---Delving into the remotest corners of the United States in search of new birds! For finally, America, too, had come to honor his genius!

---Did you ever tell you about Smith Brothers?

Are you a square?

Are you a droop in a group—a pest at a party—a drool in school? Get hep! Swell tasting Smith Brothers cough drops relieve coughs three ways—

1. Ease tickle
2. Soothe membranes
3. Loosen phlegm

Coughing is offensive!

Get a package today—only 5¢
ODD JOBS

EDITH HOUTHON

Big League Baseball Scout

These days we've got women taxi drivers... women riveters... women welders! What's next... women umpires? Women baseball scouts? Well, why not? Here's Edith Houghton... 'Ivory Hunter' for baseball's Philadelphia Phillies!

Big game at the ball field around the corner... the beginning of the baseball ladder.

Hit it! Hit it! -- it's a clean single!

Nice hit! Lots of power!

There's a big league baseball scout on the field! A baseball scout in a fur coat!

He's stealing second!

Safe!

That boy's a smooth ball player! Maybe I'll sign him!

Edith Houghton knows how to pick 'em! She's learned how from experience!
Edith began playing baseball herself at the age of eight!
Hey—that kid's too little! She hasn't got a chance!
This'll be easy! She's not big enough!

She was "big enough" and plenty good!
Wow! What a swat! She's a little bundle of dynamite!
That's showing 'em, Edith!

Five years later the club traveled to the Far East!
On behalf of Japanese baseball, I welcome the Philadelphia Bobbies to Japan!

The Bobbies squared off against all-male Japanese college teams!
Looks like a good hit! Can custom!

They won most of their games!
Run! Run! It's a one-baser—a two-baser! Hey—she got it!

Great catch, Edith!
Keep working, girls! Gotta get in shape! Big game coming up!

Back from Japan, Edith became player-manager of another girls' club...The Roverettes!
Yes! It's hot! The old kitchen was never like this!
Big Game! In New York's Madison Square Garden...

Last inning! Roverettes lead! These girls play for keeps!

Hold 'em, Roverettes! You can win!

Classy brand of baseball... and a clean victory!

Double play! That sews up the game! Good going, Roverettes!

That's the stuff! Girls! The championship's ours!

Then... this season... Edith hit the big leagues... as a talent scout!

I've got plenty of spare time! Let me dig up some ballplayers for the Phillies!

She's a keen judge of young baseball ivory! A shrewd scout!

Another hit for Jake Josephs! That boy's hot!

The kids a natural! He'll go places!

The Phillies are playing better ball this year than ever before!

Young Josephs has the makings of a fine ball-hawk, Edith!

That's what I thought! That's why I sent him up!

Maybe some other teams ought to hire girl baseball scouts! How about that?
Boys and Girls CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE

DAISY'S RED RYDER CARBBINE
HEY FELLOWS!
This real live man's gun is back! Get this lightning-loading, fast-shooting 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order, plus $1.50 extra.

FALCON CAMERA with Carrying Case
16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus $1.00 extra.

COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET
A famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments, and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order of American seeds, plus $1.50 extra.

WRIST WATCH
A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order of American seeds, plus $1.50 extra.

SWEETHEART DOLL
"Peggy Sweetheart" is the doll you'd love to own. Pretty and pretty in her sweethearthown. Sell only one order of American seeds.

DRESSER SET
FULL SIZE Comb, Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order of American seeds.

PEN & PENCIL SET
A really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Sell one order.

FALCON Camera

STURDY AXE, with Leather Sheath. Attaches to belt.

"Nothing else like it." Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given complete with two batteries, for selling one order of seeds.

SWEETHEART DOLL

SWIVEL HEAD FLASHLIGHT

"Nothing else like it." Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given complete with two batteries, for selling one order of seeds.

A big, husky HUNTING KIT
With Leather Sheath.

ROY ROGERS GUN WITH HOLSTER SET AND 12 FOOT ROPE LARIAT

BOYS! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell one order of seeds.

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY
Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY—send coupon today for Big Prize Book and seeds. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., DEPT. 406, LANCASTER, PA.
Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is

Name ____________________________
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