USO AND YOU

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Prepared for the

USO Committee on Volunteer Service

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UNITED SERVICE ORGANIZATIONS, INC.

MEMBER AGENCIES

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC COMMUNITY SERVICE

THE NATIONAL JEWISH WELFARE BOARD

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

THE SALVATION ARMY

THE NATIONAL TRAVELERS AID ASSOCIATION

USO AND YOU

WHAT DID *YOU* DO?

". . . and then came the great war, darling, and every good American worked hard to help win it."

"How did they help, Mother?"

"Well, the young men, like your Dad, went away to be soldiers and sailors, and fight the enemy. . . . And the others worked in war plants and shipyards, and on farms, and . . ."

"Didn't the ladies do any work, Mother?"

"Indeed they did. Some of them held down hard jobs in war plants, too. Some of them were nurses, or Red Cross workers, and of course lots and lots of them joined the WAC or the WAVES or the . . ."

"I know. Betsy O'Connor's mother was a WAVE. Betsy says her mama won the war. She had a pretty uniform, too."

"Which she couldn't squeeze into now with a shoehorn!"

"Why didn't you have a uniform, Mother?"

"Why, I *did* have a uniform. I had an arm band and some-

times a kitchen apron. I was really *Somebody*, my pet. I was a Volunteer in the USO!"

"What's a USO?"

"Why, the USO was a great organization made up of people who got together to serve the soldiers and sailors and the war workers."

"How?"

"It opened up clubs for them where they could have fun and be happy. Sometimes when they were stationed out in the desert or out on lonesome beaches it took the club to them, on wheels. The USO was friendly and helpful to all the boys and girls, whether they were white or brown skinned, or Congregationalists or Catholics or Jewish or . . ."

"Oh, you mean the USO was a church—like a Sunday school?"

"Well, not exactly! Still, I think the spirit of the churches was there. I think it put special meaning into everything we did."

"But what did *you* do, Mother?"

"Me? Oh, I did a little of everything. I was just one of a million volunteers."

"A million ladies like you?"

"Oh no, there were men, too, bless them! Your own Uncle Stanton was a very important USO Volunteer. He was chairman of the committee of men and women who managed our USO club. And you know that nice, jolly Mr. Robbins down the street? Well, he was one of the best front door 'greeters'. . . . And you know Mr. Harper, our church organist? He would come in and play the piano wonderfully for the boys. Oh we couldn't have got along without men in the USO."

"But the USO is all gone now?"

"Well, the lounges and the clubs-on-wheels and the snack bars are gone, and the soldiers and sailors are back in regular clothes, like Daddy. But there's something of USO left—something that we volunteers caught on to and *hung* on to . . . a kind of friendly feeling for each other, a smoother way of working together. Why, I notice it on committees all the time. I——"

"Mother, can I go out and get an ice cream cone?"

"What! You mean that you're bored by the USO? Just when I was showing off my war medals, too. You wretched child!"

"But, *can* I?"

"Yes, you may. But listen here, when that Betsy O'Connor brags about her mama's uniform, you tell her that your mama had one, too. Maybe it was just an arm band, or a kitchen apron, or a name tag on the chest, but it was a badge of honor. Run along, darling, but don't you ever forget. In the Great War, Mama was right THERE!"

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

LET'S forget that little flight into the postwar world. The war isn't yet won. Mama hasn't time to boast about her war record—she's busy *making* it. So is Aunt Rachel, and Cousin Sue and Uncle George. Nobody will ask you yet what you *did* in the USO, but a number of people are likely to ask you every day, "What are you *doing* in USO?"

The story goes that a passer-by once asked that question — "What are you doing?" of three laborers who were working on a great stone

edifice. "Can't you see? I'm cutting stone," muttered the first man. "Can't you see? I'm mixing mortar," grunted the second. The third man looked up. "I'm building a cathedral," he smiled.

If at any given moment you should ask USO Volunteers, "What are you doing?" you'd get some oddly assorted answers: "I'm pouring coffee"—"I'm mending a sailor's pants"—"I'm chaperoning a flock of Junior Hostesses"—"I'm making dance posters"—"I'm on my way to make a speech at the Rotary Club"—"I'm helping plan an Easter service." Some might even say with a touch of impatience "Can't talk now, too busy—tell you later." If one woman should say "I'm helping in a new and amazing experiment in human relations", the other volunteers might drop dead of astonishment.

But that is exactly what USO Volunteers *are* doing. That's the "cathedral" that they are helping build every day, out of the humble and sturdy materials of human service that are at hand. It's too bad about the woodchopper who never saw the forest for the trees, or the stonecutter who never saw the cathedral for the stones. It's a shame about the ship riveter who pounds white-hot rivets day after day, and never gets the thrill of seeing the great ship slide down the ways into the water. It's depressing to think of the welder, who welds the great shining wings into a plane, yet never lifts his eyes to see the wings soar to high heaven. And what a shame it would be for any USO Volunteer to "spend the duration" emptying ashtrays, checking G.I. overcoats and filling cookie jars in the name of the United Service Organizations, Inc., without lifting her eyes, and her spirit, to the power and the glory of United Service.

Don't let that happen to you!

SALUTE TO VOLUNTEERS

IF you're a USO Volunteer, you can step proudly. You march with a proud company of nearly a million women and men who chose this civilian way to serve the armed forces. A volunteer, says Webster, is "one who offers himself for any service of his own free will. A garden that grows spontaneously from self-sown seed. Opposed to conscript."

You are in the USO not because anybody said "you must," but because your own heart said "I want to." We can understand why, in wartime the government says to a man "You must fight"; but can you imagine any power on earth saying to a USO hostess, "You *must* be friendly," "you *must* smile," "you *must* dance"? No—whatever fancy flowers or humble vegetables you contribute to the USO Victory Garden will indeed "grow spontaneously from self-sown seed".

IT'S ALL YOURS!

ARE you ever thanked for your services? Of course you are! A serviceman says to you, "Thanks for a mighty swell party" and you glow with pride, though you probably answer, "Don't thank me—it's the USO, and it's all yours." The USO feels like saying to its million volunteers, "Thanks for the USO—and it's all yours." It *is* yours, too—not just the lounge where you make people welcome, or the snack bar where you spread the sandwiches, or the committee table where you sit with other volunteers and work and worry and think and plan. No, the whole USO, from A to Z, from Anniston, Alabama, where the National USO opened the first club, right up to the fighting Zone. Without its volunteers the USO wouldn't have got past "A".

February, 1941, the USO was just a faint whisper of hope. Now it is the cheerful, lusty voice of America's civilians, singing out to its servicemen and servicewomen all over the world "We're *with* you!"

That's no idle phrase, either—"We're with you!" It is the literal truth. And to be "with" a mobile Army and Navy of 10,000,000 in a world war, has taken some tall traveling!

To be "with" the armed forces in this country, the USO, at the request of the Army and Navy, has gone into 48 states and more than a thousand communities, big and little, near army camps and navy posts from the pines of Maine to the palms of California, from the bayous of Louisiana to the salt deserts of Utah. It has gone into teeming, milling railroad and bus stations to fence off quiet corners where travel-worn "troops-in-transit" can clean up, enjoy a snack, catch a nap, read a magazine, and write postcards to the people back home. It has gone into critical war production areas, where day-shift, swing-shift and graveyard-shift sweat to turn out the weapons for the arsenal of democracy. In these areas, where migratory workers pour in with their families, where housing is bad, strain and stress terrific, and recreation almost nil, the USO (and the government) has recognized the fact that blue jeans and slacks are "uniforms" too, and that their wearers rate the best the USO can give them.

To be "with" the armed forces, the USO has taken its snub-nosed little trucks — mobile clubs, equipped with radios, records, games,

magazines and soft drinks—to lonesome spots you never hear much about: to wildernesses where small details of men guard vital bridges and dams; to beaches where the Coast Guardsmen trudge back and forth, keeping vigil; to small islands and promontories where a few sharp eyes sweep the sea and sky, and a few sharp ears listen in order to protect the many. These mobile clubs have also "followed the boys" on maneuvers where on a sun-baked desert they practice desert warfare and where in a Mississippi swamp they learn jungle strategy.

The USO goes beyond Continental United States. When American boys land on American bases in the Western Hemisphere, from Alaska to Hawaii, from Newfoundland to Brazil, they usually find the USO has landed there too! Whether the weather calls for Arctic underwear or tropical shorts, the USO climate is always a friendly one!

Acting under orders of the War and Navy Departments, the Overseas Services of the USO are confined to the Western Hemisphere, but the USO-Camp Shows cover the earth. At home and abroad they make up the largest "live talent circuit" in theatrical history; they are unique. Camp Shows relieve the grim tension of fighting, and the sometimes even grimmer tension of just waiting. Laughter sounds good after the sound of artillery, and Camp Shows have brought that sound right up to the firing line in Africa, Sicily, Italy, India, China, the Near and Middle East, Australia, and the British Isles. Stars of stage, screen, radio, opera and concert, veteran vaudevillians, symphony orchestras and name bands have been proud to be "good troupers" for the troops. They'll tell you they never played to audiences half so good!

THE HARMONY OF DIFFERENCE

ANYBODY might well be proud to be even a small part of such a big organization as USO. But is bigness enough? Is there something else about USO that you can be proud to be a part of? If there is, what is it?

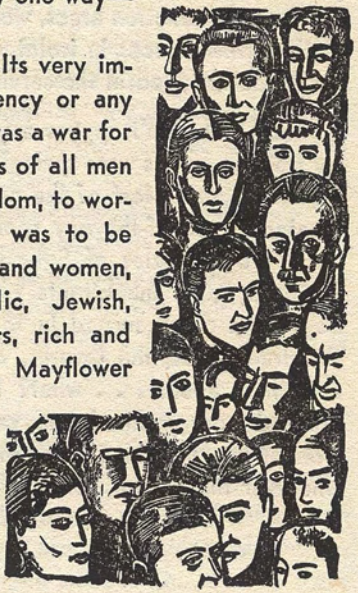
We would hesitate to tell you, a practical, sensible volunteer, that you are part of a "noble experiment". But the fact remains that it *is* one of the most amazing experiments that human beings have ever undertaken; and it can be just as noble as human beings will let it be.

It is an experiment in harmony between human beings—not the harmony of thinking alike and acting alike, but the harmony of thinking differently, acting differently, yet having at heart a true agreement. Look around your own club—don't you see an odd assortment of people? There are the military and the civilian, the young and the old, the stylish and the stodgy, possessing all known varieties of religion, nationality, schooling, politics, jobs, clothes and hair-do's! You might think they had nothing in common except their common clay, and income tax. But they have something else—a deep, sincere and patriotic desire to give these men and girls in uniform the very best the town affords, in the very best way they know how. The "way" is not always a flowery path; it may lead through mud, tears and aspirin. But the result is . . . your USO club, a place of harmony that the boys say is swell! Multiply your club by 2,000. Add the Overseas Units, the Mobile Clubs, the Troops-in-Transit Lounges, the War Production Centers and the Camp Shows.

It would be easier to harmonize with people if you didn't have to cooperate with them! "Cooperation" which means "working together" is one of those vague words very much

overspoken and underpracticed. Without cooperation the USO would never have been born; without it, it would not endure for the duration. It makes the USO a "working agreement" between the government and people; between military and civilian groups; between national organizations and local groups; between three different religious faiths; between nationalities and races; between volunteer and professional workers. The USO is cooperation in action.

USO was a "Pre-Pearl-Harbor" baby. Its birth certificate is dated February 4, 1941, and there never was a child quite like it! In the last war there was the War Work Council, made up of seven agencies, some of them the same that are now in USO. The seven cooperated with each other in many ways but they united in only one way—to raise money.



This war was different. Its very immensity made any one agency or any six, look insignificant. This was a war for everybody . . . for the rights of all men to live in peace and in freedom, to worship and to work. And it was to be fought by everybody, men and women, white and brown, Catholic, Jewish, Protestant and free thinkers, rich and poor, farmer and laborer, Mayflower Americans and those who had come by much later boats. To think in small terms was to think in silly terms. No agency could talk about "my" clubrooms,

"my" lounges, "my" program, "my" volunteers. It couldn't be "My" anything! It had to be "Our" everything. It had to be US Organized!

Leaders of the national organizations came together, agreed to agree, and offered their united services to the United States Government. The government accepted their services, and charged them with the responsibility of providing recreation for the leisure hours of men in uniform. The assignment read as follows: "to undertake services of a recreational, welfare, and spiritual nature to the armed forces adjacent to camps in those parts of the world which the Army and Navy would designate." Later on both the government and the USO recognized that industrial workers in war production areas, women in uniform and members of the armed forces in isolated stations and on maneuvers should be included in the services of USO.

The USO didn't appear any too soon! All over the country training camps were springing up and recruits were pouring into them. Most of the camps were, naturally enough, located in out-of-the-way spots, usually near small towns. Lurid are the tales of Saturday nights in these towns of 1,000 to 5,000 inhabitants when two and three thousand boys from camp surged in to jam the little movie house, the drug stores, the taverns, or to sit glumly on the curbs and think about . . . what? No wonder local hospitality creaked and groaned and sagged under the strain! No wonder they sent an SOS to the neighbors. USO Volunteers, wherever they lived, were the "neighbors".

THIS BELIEVING WORLD

WHY, out of all the thousands of fine, useful organizations in this country did these six form the nucleus of USO? And why stress the three religious faiths? If the servicemen and servicewomen wanted pleasant clubrooms and easy chairs and bright curtains, why didn't the interior decorators take over the job? If they wanted coffee and doughnuts why couldn't the bakers carry on? This sounds absurd, of course! But the wants of men are not absurd. Every man in uniform wants easy chairs, friendly faces, coffee, cokes, razor blades. He wants something to do and to enjoy. He also wants something to believe in. He wants causes to fight for as well as guns to fight with. He wants faith in these causes.

Most men are believing creatures. They have to be, or they couldn't endure this war. Any organization that aspires to serve them fully, must believe in something, too. The agencies that make up USO include people of the three great "beliefs" or faiths that are most widely shared by Americans—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. Most of these

agencies had experience in service during the last war, and afterwards. They had resources and leaders, and they had the confidence of the American people. They were prepared and they were willing to serve.

The three great faiths have many different beliefs, but they have some in common. In the simplest possible terms, these common "articles of faith" might be listed something like this: a belief in some power stronger than any human power; a belief in the value and dignity of every human being; a belief in certain standards of right and justice; and finally, a belief that those who do not believe any of these things should be respected in their independence.

This is religion—not the kind that divides men, but the kind that unites them. It is the foundation on which USO rests . . . a base so broad that all men of goodwill can stand on it comfortably. It is a highway of service wide enough for all people of goodwill to march along together. In choosing such a road the USO agencies said in effect, "Here is one way and it's the best we know. Let's travel it together."

In choosing that way, the USO probably went farther in the cause of freedom of religion than even the Constitution of the United States. The Constitution *said* it. The USO is *working* at it. It is one thing to say noble things about tolerance and brotherhood. It is quite another thing to work them out on committees and in budgets and at Saturday night parties. Such a thing has never before been attempted on such a large scale in our country.

That is why we said, "There never was such a child as USO." Some skeptics murmured "It'll never live to grow up." But it's alive, and thriving.

CIVILIAN LINKS

WHEN USO was launched, some people had doubts about the idea. They said that attractive clubrooms, motherly hostesses, and pretty dance partners would weaken men's fighting morale; would tend to make them soft at the very time when they should be getting harder and tougher.

Others granted that wholesome recreation makes, not breaks, the morale of men, and admitted that our boys should have it. But they said, "Let the Army and Navy provide it."

But the vast majority thought differently. This is a civilian army, they said in effect. These young Americans are not professional fighters. They're farmers and mechanics, teachers and tailors, salesmen and steamfitters, bookkeepers and bakers. They've put all that aside to learn a grimmer, more essential job. They have two ideas: first to do that job right; second to get back home and start living again. For the duration the Army and Navy have their bodies and their minds. But home still has a part of their hearts! And even the Army and the Navy don't want to put 10,000,000 hearts into military cold storage for the duration!

For the many hours that a man is on military duty, he will be told what to do. For the few hours he is off duty, isn't it

a good idea to let *him* decide what to do, where to go and how to have fun? Millions of men want most of all to keep in touch with the kind of people, the kind of interests that were part of their lives back home.

That kind of thinking has made the USO a strong and friendly link between the servicemen and the civilian community.

What is a community? It's the place where people live and work and put down their deepest roots. It is a place where children go to school and men go to the office and the plant, where women go to the PTA and church suppers. It's Main Street or Fifth Avenue or Blodgett's Crossing. It's the corner drug store, the Capitol Movie, and the A & P. It's the things in all other towns that remind you of your town; the people that remind you of your people.

Wherever Americans go in this war they carry along some important fighting equipment that does not take up space or add weight. It is the light, slight chain of remembered and treasured things.

USO Volunteers are the sturdiest links in that chain.

STAFF AND VOLUNTEERS — HUMAN OR SUPERHUMAN

HAVE your ears been burning? If they have, it is probably because of the complimentary things that people say about USO Volunteers. Listen:

"One of the great glories of the work that we are engaged in is that it is so largely volunteer."

Aren't you glad to be a glory?

"The significance of USO lies in the fact that it is one of the most important manifestations of voluntary effort and responsibility in our times."

Aren't you pleased to be a manifestation?

"The volunteer spirit is enormously important in maintaining our American civilization."

Aren't you proud to be a maintainer?

What these people are trying to say is that the USO couldn't possibly get along without volunteers.

In an average USO operation there are 500 volunteers and 1⅔ professional staff members. Although in large clubs the attendance figure soars to as many as 265,000 a month, the average club has an attendance of 10,000 servicemen and servicewomen a month. Imagine that wretched 1⅔ staff trying to be a "home away from home" to the whole 10,000!

Staff workers are bright people, on the whole. They have usually had training and experience in meeting the needs of the human race. They know (or at least they're learning) how to organize, plan and how to share with other people the responsibility of keeping things going. They oil

the machinery, repair or replace the parts, keep the wheels moving—and sometimes pick up the pieces.

Staff workers have the job of making it possible for all kinds of people in a community to serve the USO in a way that brings satisfaction to them, pleasure to the men and women in uniform, and pride to the community. Volunteers are the "all kinds of people".

Volunteers may and often do have some of the same abilities as staff members. They may be good organizers; they may have professional skills in recreation, music, crafts, business methods, or the fine art of getting along with people. They have one big asset that the staff has not. They belong to the community. They know by experience, about the town —its people, its traditions, its resources, and how to mobilize them into service for the USO.

As partners in such a challenging job as the USO, you might assume that staff and volunteers get along together like kittens in a basket, and usually they do. But occasionally, in some USO's (not yours) you hear remarks like this from staff members. "Volunteers are grand people, but you just

can't depend on them." Or you hear: "Volunteers are too high-handed. They want to run the USO, as they would run a woman's club. They act as though they owned the place."

Volunteers, you may be sure, can launch some very strong counter-attacks. They say (talking about the director): "She's too bossy" or "He never is willing to sit down and talk things over." Or "She expects too much of me. After all, I have a home to run—a family to feed—a job to carry on." Or, "She expects too little of me. After all, I came here to do some real war work, not just to type cards, or empty ashtrays!"

Yes, indeed, you volunteers could really tell people a few things. There was that time you gave up a family-reunion Thanksgiving dinner, to come down to the club and help carve fifty tiresome turkeys. There was that day of sleet and snow when you skidded in from the suburbs to attend a committee meeting only to discover that it had been postponed 'till next week. "Oh, how terrible—didn't Miss Binks phone you? Oh, can you ever forgive us?" (You can't, but you do!) There are plenty of moments when the director seems a good deal less than an inter-faith leader, or even a good executive. There are even moments when the boys sprawled in the lounge or hanging over the juke box seem a little less than heroes!

There are low moments. Low moments do come in any high undertaking. They probably come to men on transports and carriers and landing barges, too. They are not unknown to men on beachheads and pillboxes and foxholes. If *they* can pull out of them, perhaps you can too. And if *you* can, the USO can.

But to pull out of low moments you have to be a great

deal better and smarter person than you probably think you are. Both USO staff and volunteers are becoming such persons every day of their lives. You may hear a perfect chorus of "I can'ts": "I can't do this job"—"I can't straighten out this mess"—"I can't work with that rabbi—or that priest—or that minister." "I can't give all this time to committee meetings." "I can't make speeches." "I can't chat cheerfully with a blind soldier." But all over the country USO workers who say "I can't" are finding out that they really can. And a serviceman observing all the pleasant things that people *can* do *and are doing* together, seeing the friendliness, feeling the warmth of cooperation, sometimes may be moved to write the USO a letter like this:

"A soldier takes the USO for granted, as he does K.P. and reveille, and tough sergeants. He is grateful, of course, but he's not really aware of your service . . . But last night when I stood in line to get my Christmas present, and when I was dancing with your girls, I began to think of the tremendous amount of unselfish work that you are doing, and that you must have done in order for that party to have been such a success. And I was a little ashamed for not having realized up to now just how much we owe you."

Something like that has power to pull you out of a low moment. It is even better than being told that you're a "glory" or a "manifestation", or even a "maintainer" of American civilization!

WHAT ARE THESE "OPERATIONS"?

AT the entrance of your club there is a sign that says simply "USO". Inside there is probably another sign that also says "USO", under which is a list of the six Member Agencies, and an additional line stating that "This unit is operated by the NJWB and the YWCA" (or "by the NCCS and the YMCA", or by any other of the agencies or combinations thereof). It may be that a citizen of your town will say, "I can't get the hang of these agencies and their 'operations'! Tell me about them." If this happens we hope that you won't turn pale and murmur, "Wait a moment and I'll go find the director." We hope that you will be able to answer the question yourself.

The six agencies became cooperating members of the USO because they were experienced in war service, and because together they had great resources of leadership and spiritual motive power. The fact that each agency had a national structure and knew how to plan and carry on large-scale national programs made them especially valuable. The USO needed their combined national vision to see the country whole, to decide where USO's should be started, and to make sure that the necessary money was available.

NATIONAL DOLLARS

THE USO has from the first been nationally financed. For two years it conducted its own fund-raising campaigns, but since 1943 it has been a participant in the National War Fund. USO dollars are volunteers, too, each one a voluntary gift, with no strings attached. Contributors do not say: "I want my money to be spent for a USO in *my* town." They

say, in effect: "Here it is; spend it where it will do the most good." This means that funds collected in the great metropolis of X, may help to open a USO in Z, a little village of 300 people situated near a camp of 40,000 soldiers. And that is what we'd call generous of X, fortunate for Z and lucky indeed for the 40,000 soldiers!

NATIONAL PLANNING

USO operations do not spring up helter-skelter in X or Z or any other spot on the map. They are the result of nation-wide planning, guided by local and regional wisdom and judgment. When USO was started there were in many cities and towns YMCA's, YWCA's, Jewish Community Centers or other members of the USO family already at work, and ready to launch a USO program. In other places the USO started from scratch.

The need for a USO may be proposed by a local community, by a USO field staff, or by Army, Navy, or Government officials. An investigation is then made by USO Regional Staffs. Local leaders are consulted in determining what type of USO is needed. Regional and national committees, responsible for total USO planning, recommend which agency or agencies are to be assigned operating responsibility.

Thousands of servicemen and servicewomen don't know and don't care what agencies are at the helm of their favorite club. However, some *do* care. War brings many crises, and in times of crisis it is often important to a man to be able to associate with people of his own faith, who think and feel about things as he does. In USO every man has that privilege.

COMMUNITY-CONDUCTED OPERATIONS

SOME USO clubs are operated by groups of local leaders. Such clubs are known as "Community-Conducted Operations".

In the beginning most USO clubs were started in small communities that were near large concentrations of troops or in others where normal population had been doubled or trebled by an influx of war production workers. As the USO grew and developed, a number of large cities found that they, too, had large numbers of servicemen and servicewomen, and they wanted to express their hospitality in the USO way. In such cities, some large and some small, where there was this strong desire, backed by adequate resources, able local leaders established clubs without outside aid.

These Community-Conducted Operations are now officially a part of the national USO. They share in national counseling and advisory service, program suggestions and training courses, and they work through USO Committees and Councils which carry on the work in a way consistent with national policies and standards.

SIX AGENCIES = ONE USO

LET'S look a bit more closely at the Member Agencies of USO. It is important to remember certain fundamental things about them as you think of the part each plays in USO. One thing to remember is that they are all national agencies, which existed before the war and expect to continue after the peace. Only one, the National Catholic Community Service was created specifically for the war emergency, and it is a department of the old established National Catholic Welfare Council. The USO is only one aspect of the work of any agency. Each carries in addition, a full "normal" program of community services on a nationwide scale. This "normal" work will continue in peacetime, and so must be safeguarded during the war emergency. Therefore, while the agencies are pledged to cooperate with the USO program, the USO is also pledged to respect the basic principles and policies of the agencies.

A second point to remember is that Member Agencies operate in two ways: 1) as organizers and "stockholders" of USO; 2) as "doers" of USO work. Collectively they are responsible *for* USO. Individually, each is responsible *to* USO for the work it does in the name of USO.

When USO was founded, the duties of the Member Agencies were described in these words:

> "As far as possible Member Agencies will strive for a common program, subject to such variations as local resources and needs suggest. At the same time, each organization will seek to render its own distinctive type of service and to make its own distinctive contribution in terms of its philosophy and purpose and established clientele."

In easy English this would seem to mean that each agency is free to express its own personality, and its own genius, at the same time respecting the personality and genius of each other agency.

AGENCIES ARE LIKE PEOPLE

AGENCIES *are* peculiar, just like people! In fact, they have to be, because they are run by people. Agencies, like individuals, have their own ways of working, their own convictions, their own warm loyalties. They, like individuals, have a lot to learn about this business of cooperation. Working in the USO hasn't always been easy for them. They have had to sacrifice, to compromise, to seem to back up in order to go forward. They have done it pretty well, on the whole. They've kept their integrity, and let us hope, their sense of humor. When they feel agency "loyalty" surging in their bosoms, they have to remind themselves that people are loyal to an agency only as long as an agency continues to deserve loyalty. They have to remember that they are in USO because they have something of value to give and when they stop giving they stop being valuable. They are learning a lot, and the more they learn, the more valuable they become.

What are some of the characteristics of each agency? What special contribution does each bring to the USO? The following brief sketches of all six, we hope will give you enough of their past to explain their present — and their presence in USO.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

SERVICE to men in uniform is no new idea to the YMCA. It is a part of YMCA history which began when the uniforms were the blue and gray of the Civil War, at which time a special Christian Commission was set up to accompany military units and to render service and spiritual aid to the wounded and dying on battlefields.

The Army and Navy Department of the YMCA, which is responsible for the organization's USO work, was formed in 1898. Since then it has continuously offered a program of recreation, sports, social, educational and religious activities for men of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard. Although the YMCA is an expression of the Protestant faith, and has a close working relationship with the Protestant churches of America, the Army and Navy YMCA has always extended a sincere welcome to all men, regardless of creed.

The services of the YMCA in the first World War are too familiar to need re-telling here. After the war the Army and Navy Departments of the YMCA continued to operate 36 units in Continental United States, Panama, Hawaii, the

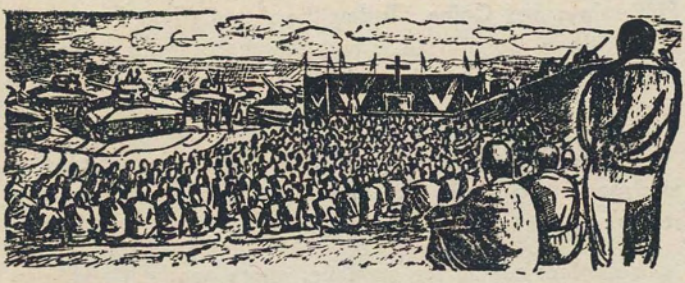
Philippines and China. Today the Association, through its International Committee, is found in nearly every country of the world and serves the fighting forces on many a battle front.

When the present war came, the YMCA in this country was ready to bring to the USO a wealth of experience and resources, among them the following:

Volunteer committee members whose goodwill and community knowledge have helped establish the USO in all parts of the country; trained professional staff from which the USO could draw skilled leaders; substantial building and equipment both here and overseas which could be used by the USO; sound working relationships with the War and Navy Departments of the government, which have added strength to many USO undertakings.

The YMCA believes that its essential genius has been the creation of a world-wide fellowship of men and boys, united by a common loyalty to Christian ideals, for the purpose of developing Christian personality and building a Christian society. After 100 years that genius is still burning.

YMCA



THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC COMMUNITY SERVICE

THE Catholic Church in time of war adapts her peacetime work in order to bring to her children, into whatever peril they may be called, the moral safeguards of their religion. In the belief that recreation is complete only when it is warmed by a spiritual force, the Church extends this concern into the leisure-time activities of men and women affected by war.

This solicitude resulted, during World War I, in the establishment of the National Catholic War Council by the American Catholic Bishops to provide religious and recreational services for members of the armed forces, and to cooperate with our government in the European reconstruction program. This work was carried out in World War I by two groups—the Committee on Special War Activities and the Knights of Columbus, the latter providing recreation centers for enlisted men in camps at home and abroad.

After the state of emergency was declared in 1940, the Bishops of the United States designated the National Catholic Community Service, a lineal descendent of the National

Catholic War Council, to join with the other national agencies in the formation of the USO.

While NCCS meets the general recreation and social needs of men and women of all faiths, it is particularly concerned with providing materials and aids that will be helpful to Catholics in the practice of their faith. A priest is assigned to each NCCS club to guide the religious program. Through its Women's Division, NCCS is concerned with military wives, with women in uniform and in war production, seeking to protect the sanctity of family life and the standards of Christian womanhood to which the dislocations of war ever prove a threat.

Since service to God and country are inherent in the philosophy of the National Catholic Community Service, the NCCS program aims not only to provide happy and constructive use of the leisure time of those whom it serves, but in a more personal and positive manner, seeks to achieve the preservation of moral integrity; the protection from hazards brought about by disordered wartime living; and the maintenance of spiritual values under the pressure of new and difficult emergency conditions.

THE NATIONAL JEWISH WELFARE BOARD

THE National Jewish Welfare Board was established in 1917 shortly after the United States entered the World War. It was a new organization, made up of the principal national Jewish religious, fraternal and cultural organizations to represent the entire Jewish community of America in service to the armed forces. Its services were carried on in "huts" in army camps, in nearby communities, at railway terminals, aboard transports, in combat areas overseas and in hospitals. A specific service was the recording, for historical purposes, of the participation of Jews in the war, including casualties and citations for valor.

After the war the NJWB turned its strength and social skills into useful peacetime patterns. It became in 1921 the national organization for Jewish Community Centers, YMHA's and similar organizations, which carry on their vital community service in all parts of the United States. It also has continued its welfare and religious activities for the military forces, both in Continental United States and in outlying possessions.

In this war the NJWB brings to USO its vast resources of volunteer and professional leadership and its experience and skills in human service. Like the other agencies it carries on a comprehensive "normal" program outside of USO through its own nationally affiliated member agencies. As an agency serving Jewish interests of members of the armed forces, its job includes the ecclesiastical endorsement of rabbis for the chaplaincy, the preparation and distribution of devotional literature through USO, holy-day and other religious observances, and home hospitality.

In a war such as this the very presence of the NJWB in the United Service Organizations, Inc., the enrichment it brings to the total program through its gifts of mind, heart, and personality, should be solid reassurance as to the strength and the virility of the democracy for which we fight.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

SINCE this is every woman's war as well as every man's war, it is altogether appropriate that there should be one agency in the USO with a feminine title. This does not mean that the YWCA serves women only, nor that it is the only USO agency in which women serve. It does mean that for nearly ninety years, during war and peace, at home and abroad, the Association has kept its attention focused primarily on the interests and problems of women and girls. Since many of these interests center about men, it follows that the YWCA viewpoint is not exclusively feminine!

The Association was founded by a small group of Christian women in London in 1855. Its first undertaking was to establish a rest home for nurses returning from the Crimean War. Born in an age when women were just emerging from the seclusion of home to take their places in the industrial and business world, and stimulated by a Christian conscience that was beginning to concern itself with social problems, the Association idea spread rapidly.

From the first the organization has been international in

its scope and its sympathies. Today, under its world charter it is carrying on work in some 53 countries, many of them in the war zones.

Although the YWCA took its early inspiration from the Protestant Christian tradition, it has long welcomed into its fellowship and activities people of all sects and creeds.

The YWCA considers that its chief contributions to the USO lie not only in its resources of buildings and leadership, professional and volunteer, but also in its specialized experience in interracial cooperation and co-educational activities, and in its long-established program with youth and adults. In the USO the YWCA serves the men and girls in uniform, as do the other agencies, but it also feels a special responsibility toward women and girls and families in defense areas. You will find the YWCA at work, alone or with other USO agencies, in many of the areas near war production plants, government housing projects or trailer towns, tackling the myriad problems that result from mass migration, overcrowded housing, family complications, and long hours of work at vital war jobs that offer little opportunity to relax from strain.

Women in uniform and wives and families of servicemen find the feminine touch in USO a gracious and friendly one. In this war as in the last the YWCA is playing an important and useful role.

THE SALVATION ARMY

THE Salvation Army occupies a warm spot in the hearts of American people, who admire and respect it for its sturdy faith and its direct and simple approach to human need.

It all began in the person of William Booth, who eighty years ago left his comfortable and conventional church routine to follow the Christian vision which led him into scenes of degradation in the London slums, to work among victims of the early industrial revolution in England.

From this beginning has grown an international organization now active in every part of the world, offering a variety of services that reads like a list of man's humanity to man; religious and educational programs, work with youth, family welfare, hospitals, homes for the friendless, prison visitation, missionary work, and services to the armed forces in every major war beginning with the Spanish American in 1898.

The Red Shield huts and the "Doughnut Girls" of the first World War have become traditional. And today our fighting men greet with a cheer a crude little Salvation Army

canteen in the New Guinea jungles, an old coffee wagon on the Mediterranean front line, or a Red Shield hostel in Australia.

Women have achieved a notable place in the Salvation Army. Mrs. William Booth was herself a pioneer woman executive and as a writer and speaker was the first of a famous family of women who won international fame. Through their influence, the Salvation Army early recognized the equal status of women in both religious and secular life.

To the USO the Salvation Army brings its accumulated experience, its trained workers, its indomitable spirit, its insight into the human heart and its practical service which reaches all people.

Girded with the same Christian faith that underlies all its efforts, and motivated by the same high spiritual purpose that has insured its past accomplishments, this group of uniformed workers carries on.

THE SALVATION ARMY

THE NATIONAL TRAVELERS AID ASSOCIATION

FROM the days of the Good Samaritan on down to the present, travelers have always run into trouble. Beset by thieves or befuddled by timetables; lost, frightened, weary or broke, they have always needed a friend. The familiar and welcome symbol of such friendly service is the TA lamp on a station desk.

In 1851 Bryan Mullanphy, Mayor of St. Louis, left one-third of his fortune for the aid of "emigrants going West". In the years that followed, many cities established a service generally known as Travelers Aid. The first modernly organized one was founded in New York City in 1907. In 1917, these societies organized the National Travelers Aid Association, to form a chain of service from coast to coast.

The first decade of its life saw the new organization busy adapting its services to the new travel patterns that automobiles and buses had brought to the American scene. Immigrants traveling hither and yon to new homes in a new country were an important concern, too. The second decade brought the depression, and the development of the great

Federal Transient Program. At this time the Travelers Aid began to center its attention on the use of social case work methods in serving the needs of "Problems on the March". Then in 1938-40 came a tide of refugees and evacuee children from Europe. And in 1941 came the war, with milling thousands of troops, war workers, and the wives and families of both, jamming the railway and bus stations. When the USO was organized there was no shadow of a doubt that Travelers Aid must be included.

Travelers Aid has brought to the USO its many years of experience in helping to untangle the problems of people who are in trouble away from home. In big cities and small towns, in stations and at the gates of army camps, TA workers are now serving those who turn to them for help, regardless of color, race, creed, or contents of pocketbook. Travelers Aid is on the job to answer—accurately—all the "where's, when's, why's and how's" of travelers. It is there to safeguard the journey of the old, young, ill or helpless, through its city-to-city chain of service. It's there to help find an answer for the personal problems that crop up when people are away from home, or that they bring along with them. Since traveling troops are also people on the move, USO gave to Travelers Aid the chief responsibility for the Troops-in-Transit Lounges.

MARY AND MARTHA

EVERY USO volunteer has a job—and another job . . . A "Martha" job and a "Mary" job. Martha, you may recall, was a practical soul, absorbed in the present, who bustled around doing practical chores. Mary was more of a dreamer. She listened, and thought, and pondered a great deal about the future. Fine women, Mary and Martha, the USO can use both of them, and most USO's *do*.

USO Martha never has to look far beyond her nose to find useful things to do. There are always tables to be wiped off, paper cups to be collected, party decorations to be made, committee meetings to attend. USO Mary ought to be looking a long way beyond her nose, turning many ideas over in her mind, pondering them in her heart.

THE FUTURE STARTS NOW

SOME of these thoughts may even be clustering around the familiar phrase "the postwar world." Some people seem to believe that the postwar world is going to break in on us suddenly, fresh and shining-faced, crying "Surprise, surprise!" USO Mary doubts this very much. She doesn't expect to hear its arrival announced over the radio or see it headlined in the newspapers. She doesn't expect to pull up the curtains one fine morning and exclaim "Bless my soul, it's the postwar world!" No, she rather feels that it is going to creep up on her gradually, quietly; in fact, that it has already started creeping. Mary doubts that it will be brand new and fresh and shining. It will be a "used" world, rebuilt, reconditioned, improved perhaps, but strangely familiar, she thinks. She sees signs of its coming right in her own USO club. For instance:

THE RETURNING SERVICEMEN

THE USO stands on a two-way street. Not long ago it seemed to be a one-way street with all the traffic marching away from civilian life, towards war. Now the traffic is going both ways. Ours is not an "army in training," now; it is an "army in combat". Combat means casualties. Casualties have been returning ever since Pearl Harbor, in a slow but steady stream. Men who have seen combat service in Africa, Sicily, Italy, France, the Aleutians, and the South Pacific are returning every day to the USA — and to the USO. Some of them are here for the "three R's — Rest, Recuperation and Return to duty." Their postwar world is still in the future.

For two groups the postwar world starts right here and now. These are the discharged men, many of them already back in civilian clothes and civilian jobs, or hoping soon to be, and the wounded, fighting their way back to health in army and navy hospitals. Not so long ago the USO cheered them as they marched away. It is still here to cheer them as they trudge the same road, coming back home.

WARM HEARTS AND COOL HEADS

WHAT is the USO responsibility toward these returning servicemen? As a volunteer you will want to be clear about the general policy. It is a policy not finished and "jelled", but changing, and adapting every day to the realities of life. It is not being evolved out of thin air, or a benevolent desire to "do good" to the returning servicemen. It is based on the experience that some USO's are having every day, and it is backed by the best judgment of military and civilian minds. It expresses, we think, both the impulses of warm hearts and the wisdom of cool heads.

As a USO Volunteer you will be right in accord with USO policy if you do these things:

Give returning servicemen a warm welcome. If they rated it when they went out, they rate it more than ever now. But don't overdo it! They may be heroes, but they don't expect to go through life wearing citations for valor on their tweed coats or denim overalls. The more genuinely heroic they are, the more eager they are to be treated like normal human beings, liked and respected for what they are. The best thing you can do for them is to make them feel that they are the same men they were before. The worst thing you can do is to treat them as though they were something different, set aside from the average run of men. Programs may be adjusted to their needs, but to single them out for special activities or privileges tends to have the effect of keeping them in a quiet pool, paddling around with water-wings, when they really ought to be getting right out into the main stream of civilian life, and swimming hard! They are still needed in the war effort and in civilian society. If they do not seem to be quite sure of that, reassure them.

Sometimes they do need reassurance. The wounds of this war are not all on men's bodies. They may be on their minds or their spirits. A man learning to walk on two new artificial legs, and stumbling a little, is making a gallant gesture that you can see and understand and applaud. A man who has two good legs, but who has lost confidence in himself, may be stumbling even more as he tries to tackle a new job, or start building a new life; but you won't see the stumbles, unless your inward eyes are very watchful.

Widen the welcome beyond the USO doors. As a volunteer you can do much to help your community accept returning servicemen normally and cordially. You have a chance to know the men firsthand, their attitudes, their needs, spoken and unspoken too. You have probably attended training courses that broaden your own knowledge. You have listened to advice from army and navy medical men, psychiatrists, special service officers, experts in therapy and rehabilitation. Share it with the people in your club, church, office, or around your dining-room table. Help people develop realistic and understanding attitudes about the needs of these returning men, and their responsibility for meeting them. Remember, this is war work, with important postwar values.

Know what the USO's job is—and what it is not. The USO itself is not and does not claim to be a rehabilitation agency. But it is and can increasingly become a useful aid and supplement to the services of rehabilitation agencies. USO has an easy and natural approach to the men. They come in because they like the place! They come in to tell their troubles. But the USO doesn't want to be just a listening ear. It wants to be a helping hand, too. The most helpful

USO hands may often be those of the *Information Service* which should certainly have at their finger tips accurate information from military authorities, the Red Cross, and national, state and local agencies about jobs, family problems, vocational training, continuance of education, veterans benefits, etc. If, as a USO Volunteer, you can pass this information to those who need it, you will be helping them take the first step in their adjustment to normal civilian life.

The USO should be a good "adjustor". Because you as a USO Volunteer are a friendly person, and easy to talk to, you may have all kinds of chances to become an amateur case worker. Take our advice and don't take the chance! Case work is a very special skill, and only the simple-minded will rush in where specially trained case workers should be treading. You don't know these men well enough to understand their problems—they probably don't understand them themselves. If you have a case worker in your club or your town, lean on her hard. If not, consult some wiser head than yours, among your civilian or military resources.

Be mindful of the military! The USO has been a partner of the Army and Navy since the start, and has no wish to dissolve the partnership. You can appreciate how valuable it is, especially if we are rendering services at or near an army or navy hospital. If the USO is wide-awake to opportunity, it will be in close contact with chaplains, rehabilitation and personnel officers, military psychiatrists, and other members of the medical staff and the Red Cross. Perhaps you have already discovered new ways the USO can be especially useful to the convalescent men, such as helping find rooms for their visiting relatives; caring for children while mothers visit hospitals; giving assistance and informa-

tion on how to get to camp; supplying Junior Hostesses for hospital parties and dances; starting daytime programs, arts and crafts hobby groups, music and games that the boys from the hospital can enjoy. If you have not felt the need to change and adapt the program in your club, perhaps you had better start feeling!

Don't handicap the handicapped! We know that our wounded men are receiving all that medical skill, surgery, and psychiatry can give them to overcome their physical handicaps, mend their broken bodies, and heal their wounds of mind and spirit. USO has a special gift of healing that not even doctors and surgeons can give. It lies in the fact that we receive them as *civilians*. Often the USO will be the first contact a wounded man has with just plain people, outside of hospitals. They will test out our reactions to their handicaps, and our reactions may make or break their self-confidence. They'll be wondering: How will they take the sight of me? Will they be shocked? Will they be sorry for me? Will they gush over me? If they do, I'll know I'm sunk. Maybe they'll treat me just like anybody else. I sure hope they do! If I get by here, maybe I can get by other places.

Meeting scarred or crippled men casually, chatting calmly, treating them just like anybody else, is the best service any USO volunteer can give them. To cry out, "Oh, you poor boy—how did it happen?", may be sympathetic, but it is not sensible. We heard of one volunteer who fled to the washroom in hysterics. "I held out my hand and he gave me his, and my dear, it was artificial! I dropped it and ran. It gave me 'the creeps'!" If you get "the creeps" easily, perhaps now is the time to creep back into private life yourself. This part of the postwar world is not for the creepy. It's for

the valiant, the self-controlled and the emotionally mature.

We like better the story of the other hostess. She saw a man standing somberly against the wall, watching the dancing, and felt moved to go up to him, "Would you like to dance? I'll introduce you to a good partner." "No thanks," he said, "I guess my dancing days are over." This — he tapped his right leg—"is phony."

"Is it?" said she admiringly, "Well, it looks like a very good leg to me. Why don't you try it out?"

"I'd like to, but I hate to ask a girl to—"

"Oh fiddlesticks," said she, "I know the very girl!"

She brought her up—the very best dancer in the club and perhaps the very nicest girl. She smiled—and off they went. When they came back he was mopping his brow and beaming. "I was lousy," he said frankly, "But I liked it."

"He was pretty awful at first, but he's catching on," said the Junior Hostess. "In fact, this boy will really go places."

"Thanks for the start," he said, with a grin.

What a chance USO Volunteers have to start people "going places".

THINGS TO HANG ON TO

AS a USO Volunteer you, too, will be returning to "civilian life" some day. That day may seem a long way off. We're getting so used to war! The things that seemed so strange at first—draft boards, uniforms, ration books, gas coupons, "V" mail, hours spent in volunteer service—all these now seem matter-of-fact parts of everyday life. They seem permanent, but we know that they're not. We hope that the experience of war has taught us something that will be of permanent value in our nation's life—a willingness to sacrifice, to cooperate, to unite, to serve together with uncommon devotion in a great common cause.

Skeptics say that lessons taught by war will not carry over into the peace. It reminds us of the two men who were arguing about immortality. One said, "If you'll give me an hour to talk, I can convince you that man is not immortal." So he talked for an hour, learnedly, and persuasively, while the first man listened. "Now," said the speaker, "haven't I convinced you?" "Yes, you have," said the listener, "You have convinced me that *you* are not immortal, but," he added quietly, *"I am."*

Perhaps the values of USO will *not* be "immortal" for some people. They *can* be for you. And you will not stand alone. Try to remember the values you, and hundreds of thousands of others are finding in USO, and hang on to them!

Remember your satisfactions in USO. It makes you feel good to be doing something on a grand scale, *with* other people, *for* other people, without pay and without self-interest, in the service of a great cause. There will be great causes to serve after the war—health, housing, child welfare,

youth, education, interracial relations, good citizenship, religious tolerance. Even when the great guns of war are silent, these causes will be under fire. They will always need the kind of defenders in your town that you can be.

Remember your habits of cooperation. Cooperation is getting to be a habit in most USO's. "Let's get the Men's Civic Club in on this"—"Be sure to check with the Special Services Officer"—"This problem affects the Negro people, too; let's be sure we have some of them on the committee" —"The priest knows everybody in that neighborhood—let's get his advice"—"We don't know enough to handle this problem — let's get in the Travelers Aid case worker" — "Maybe we could borrow some equipment from the YMCA —the YWCA—the Jewish Community Center." Maybe you could—of course you could! And in the postwar world you still can! Habits, good or bad, once formed, are hard to break. Hang on to the best of them!

Remember the men. Look at that fellow at the snack bar. A fine chap, easy to recognize as a defender of democracy, a member in good standing of the Brotherhood of Man. Look at him closely. You know him now, in his uniform. But when you meet him in the postwar world, when he is filling your gas tank, or selling you insurance, will you still recognize him? He won't be wearing a uniform then, but he will be the same man. Look at him sharply again, the man, not the uniform. Try to remember him.

Remember progress. The postwar world, they say, is going to be so progressive, so clever, so amazingly scientific that sometimes the very thought of living in it scares us. Medical science has made tremendous strides; transporta-

tion has become a modern miracle; your old car will be an amusing pile of junk; your old clothes will be costume pieces. How about your old ideas, your old prejudices? Will they be outmoded, too? How appalling is the thought of a postwar world where all the brilliance of men's minds has nothing to work on but test tubes and machinery! How awful if the glorious future burst on minds too small to comprehend it, spirits too inglorious to live in its glory!

Old prejudices die hard. Even now they are still very much alive. Every month a group of convalescent soldiers in a military hospital elected a "Mother of the Month" from among the mothers of the boys in their ward. One month, the choice was a Negro mother. The Negro USO club was proud and happy. They wanted to honor her by inviting her to visit the other two USO clubs nearby. One club director hesitated: "I don't know, I'm afraid that it wouldn't be quite the thing to do." But the second cried: "A Mother of the Month? How wonderful! Of course, bring her over. Our program is full, but we can always make a spot for something like this; the boys and girls will love it. Thanks for letting us in on it."

The Negro mother came; she said a few shy words into the "mike," and of course she was the hit of the evening! It makes us wonder which of those two clubs would look shabby and old-fashioned in the postwar world.

Remember the Little Things. Perhaps you are not doing anything very big in USO right now—just a lot of little things. Yet a soldier writes: "The USO does a little act of kindness to a serviceman, and the serviceman is a million servicemen, and the act is a million acts of kindness."

There will be little things to do in the postwar world, and big things, too. Which brings us right back where this booklet started!

"Listen, darling, when Betsy O'Connor starts to brag about her mama's uniform you tell her that your mama had one too. Maybe it was just an arm band, or a kitchen apron, or a name tag on the chest, but it was a Badge of Honor. Run along, darling, but don't you ever forget. In the Great War, Mama was *there*."