

Now You Know Us, Mr. C.

IT TURNS out that Prime Minister Winston Churchill amassed quite some collection of gifts on his recent visit to the United States.

Americans from the Golden Gate to the cedar woods of Maine sent Mr. Churchill, among other things, 5,000 cigars, an autographed picture of Jack Dempsey, some catnip for the Churchill cat, a field hat once worn by Prince Otto von Bismarck, a set of Indian arrowheads, a turkey wishbone shaped like the V in Victory, a portrait of President Roosevelt picked out on a typewriter, a copy of the Book of Mormon, a flock of corn cob pipes, a copy of George Washington's will, a foot-long rubber thumb symbolic of "thumbs up," a book on the women pioneers of the United States, and a Canadian dime with Mr. Churchill's "blood, sweat and tears" speech engraved on it in microscopic letters.

Well, in case Mr. Churchill was slightly bewildered by all this, that's the way Americans do these things. When we like some distinguished visitor, we turn the national pocket inside out for him; and what comes out of that capacious orifice is nobody's business but our own. The results in the case of a really top-flight visitor are sometimes astounding to anybody who doesn't know Americans intimately.

If we hadn't liked Mr. Churchill immensely, from the moment he arrived here, none of us would have sent him anything. The size and variety of this shower of gifts are the best measure of the terrific hit he made with all kinds and conditions of Americans.

Collier's

February 21, 1942: p. 62

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