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Bottling Up the Boche

The War Story of the United States Navy

By GEORGE S. WHEAT

THE recent division of Uncle Sam's great armada into two powerful forces, the Atlantic and Pacific fleets, has centered public attention on the Navy in a striking fashion. Those who read with pride of the deeds of the doughboy at the beginning of the war suddenly recall that there were fighting men of the sea about that time and wonder what they were doing. And later, when the American soldier at Château-Thierry, Belleau Wood, Cantigny, Soissons, Montdidier and in the Argonne was writing history, where was the gob, and what was he doing, they are asking.

Before the doughboy could be brigaded with the French and British to learn the new arts of trench warfare, he had to be transported to the Allied trenches. The gob did that. More and more doughboys, and still more doughboys, were taken over there before Château-Thierry was suitable as a title for a chapter in American history. The gob took them. He continued to take them to replace the gaps so that the Battle of the Argonne and the St. Mihiel push could finish the war. Then, too, the gob fed them and supplied them with ammunition and things to wear, and he helped munition and feed the Allied troops and Allied peoples as well. Of course, any one would know these things, if he stopped to think even for an instant—these general, abstract facts. But how the work was done, by what means and in what circumstances, therein lies the real story. How American destroyers captured a German submarine in the act of firing a torpedo at a convoy; how a wounded American destroyer with rudder gone and steaming in a circle managed to fight off a second submarine; these are tales that have yet to be told in detail. Some people feel that the American Navy has not received its meed of merit in the public mind. They don't want it thought that because the German High Seas fleet didn't come out, because there was no major naval engagement, the sailor with the bit of gold chevron on his sleeve didn't meet the Hun face to face and hand to hand. Here are some of the incidents which prove him to be a first-class, two-fisted, deep-sea, salty, fighting man, worthy of the sturdiest traditions of the sea:

"WELCOME to the American colors," the little British destroyer Mary Rose signaled.

"Thank you. We are glad of your company," the U. S. S. destroyer Wadsworth answered.

It was the first time in more than a hundred years that American naval war craft were in European waters on a fighting mission, and the time was just two days less than a month after the United States declared war on autocracy. The place was just outside of Queenstown, the harbor of which lay in a grey mist a few points to starboard of the destroyers Porter, Davis, Conyngham, McDougal, Wainwright and Wadsworth, comprising the first destroyer flotilla to sail abroad. It had steamed from Boston on the morning of April 24, in great secrecy. The Mary Rose had been designated as the "advance reception committee" of the British Admiralty and she guided the destroyers into the harbor.

"When will you be ready to go to work?" asked Admiral Sir Lewis Bayly, Commander-in-Chief of the Coasts of Ireland. Later the Admiral admitted that he expected an answer of, "a week or ten days to get in shape." Therefore, fancy his amazement when Commander Joseph K. Taussig, Jr., replied:

"We are ready now, sir!"

The reply was typical of the American navy during its every operation in the war, which included patrol duty along the Irish, French and American coasts, transport service, mine sweeping, mine laying, convoy work, aviation patrol at home and abroad, communications, intelligence and liaison. Added to this long list comes, last but not least, the American fleet, our line of first defense, which reached even to the British Grand Fleet with a battle squadron. These operations extended from the Murman coast of Russia and the North Sea to the Mediterranean and the Adriatic; from Canadian to South American waters; from our Pacific coast to Vladivostok.

When the first American destroyers reached Europe, things were looking black. One hundred and fifty-two British merchant ships had been sunk by German submarines during the seven days previous. Obviously, this situation could not continue for long, else Von Tirpitz's promise to starve England would be made
of France. Given the job, the navy had found the ships and four groups of them, sailing six hours apart, slowly meandered past the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, through the Narrows and then out to sea. Rear Admiral Albert Gleaves, commanding the Cruiser and Transport Force, on his flagship, the cruiser Seattle, was in command. Just outside the harbor the first of the now widely known "lifeboat drills" began, and army men were instructed in that most interesting of occupations, "lookout duty." It was known that submarines were in the path of the convoy which began to zigzag the moment it left the nets. All went well until ten o'clock on the night of June 22, when the first group was attacked. A lookout on the Seattle shouted, "Peri-

seven survivors of the crew and thirteen of the Naval Armed Guard and brought them into port.

When they first got into French territorial waters, a great many of these sea adventurers recalled that it was here that the American navy was born. Here it was that John Paul Jones, on the U. S. S. Ranger, flying the Stars and Stripes, received for the United States Navy the first salute from a foreign power. Admiral LeMotte of the French Navy fired a salute of fifteen guns to the emblem of the newborn nation.

The Corsair and Aphrodite, owing to their greater speed, were the first to arrive in Brest. How strange it all seemed as they wended their way into the inner harbor! The green hills of Brittany on either side, the quaint old castle overlooking the harbor in which once lived the dukes of that name, the shores where the English Black Prince landed in medieval times.

JUNE 14, 1917, is the next red letter day in naval history, for it marked the sailing of the first convoy with American troops en route to the battle fields of France. After some few hours of instruction from British officers our destroyers at once "got on the job." They worked and worked hard.

IT didn't take a nautical Solomon to tell American military and naval officers that the coast of France as well as Ireland must be cleared of the pirates if we were to get an army across and then maintain it with stores and ammunition. Therefore, it was determined to establish patrol squadrons along the French coast. On June 4, 1917, the first "U. S. Patrol Squadron Acting in European Waters" set sail under command of Rear Admiral W. B. Fletcher from the New York Navy Yard. Its mission was set forth as "to operate against submarines and to protect shipping adjacent to the coast of France." This little squadron consisted of converted yachts—those toys of rich men built to cruise around Newport and the coast of Maine when the seas are swept by summer winds and when there is music and dancing, laughter and happiness over the face of the earth.

How stern they looked on the morning of June 4, 1917! Wearing a coat of "battleship gray," with guns mounted fore and aft and with luxurious fittings torn out and common bunks for common seamen installed, each set sail on a mission foreign to its nature but necessary to its existence!

The voyage over was far from uneventful. Rough weather during the first part and submarines during the latter gave the crews the first taste of what was to be a stomach full of modern war at sea. The day before entering Brest, July 2, 1917, the Nova sighted a periscope. "General Quarters" was sounded and the entire little fleet made ready for battle, but the submarine submerged. A few hours later, presumably the same submarine torpedoed the merchant ship Orleans and the Sultana picked up thirty-

This is not a sinking ship; it is the U. S. S. Delaware in a rolling sea

The U-Boat was blown out of the water. An actual photograph
Thus started the work of the American Navy at sea. So began the seemingly endless days and nights of waiting, watching and traveling in submarine infested seas. Traveling? The average number of miles steamed per month by various craft in the war zone was tabulated recently. The adding machine itself might well have been staggered. The destroyers averaged 275,000 miles; miscellaneous patrol craft, 120,000; minesweepers, 10,000; mine layers, 10,000; battleships and submarines, 90,000; submarine chasers, 121,000. Remember, this is "miles per month."

With the beginnings heretofore mentioned the navy's work grew even as did that of the A. E. F. New destroyers were sent over. The brave little yachts were superseded in convoy work for troops and placed on duty convoying coastal ships, such as colliers, from Cardiff to Brest, St. Nazaire and Bordeaux, and incidentally they kept up their record of "miles per month," took their chances with the best of them, and when the real history of the navy's work is written theirs will be a glowing chapter.

"Miles per month." What a gloomy, statistical way of putting it, when "miles per month" really means catching submarines, sinking them, being sunk, days and nights adrift on winter seas, and acts of self sacrifice and unselfishness unequalled in any annals of valor!

Everyone will remember the alarming report that the destroyer Jacob Jones was missing. Later, word came that she had been sunk by a German submarine and all her crew were missing. Further details told of the arrival at the Scilly Isles of Commander Bagley, her skipper, in an open boat and then no more details of the tragedy were given out beyond the casualties.

Late in the afternoon of December 6, 1917, Lieutenant Kalk, officer of the deck on the Jacob Jones, sighted a torpedo. 

Though Commander Bagley and the lieutenant maneuvered the ship promptly, there was insufficient time to clear her of the torpedo and she was struck. Realizing that the ship would sink, all efforts were bent towards launching rafts and lifeboats. Most of the men who were not killed by the explosion set about this work. They had to hurry. The Jacob Jones was rapidly sinking into the cold waters of the North Sea. Some of the boats and rafts were damaged in launching, others by the explosion of the torpedo. Men jumped into the icy waters, and among them was Commander Bagley. He and a seaman were picked up by a motor launch, with its motor hopelessly damaged. They gave almost all their food to the men on the rafts and set out to row to the Scilly Isles for help. All navigating instruments went down with the destroyer, so the commander and his navigator, Lieutenant Norman Scott, steered by the stars and peeps of the sun and arrived at St. Mary's the next day about one o'clock in the afternoon.

Meantime, those left behind huddled on the wet rafts and baled the half-sinking boats. One of the boats had too many men in it and Lieutenant Kalk, the only officer on board, promptly dived over the side and swam in the icy water to a half-submerged raft. This, added to previous exposure, was too much for him and he died during the night. "He was game to the last," his men said. By midnight the temperature was almost at zero and Charles Charlesworth, a boatswain's mate, removed parts of his own clothing in a gallant endeavor to keep warm men nearer death than himself. Philip J. Burger, a seaman, Chief Electrician Kelley, Gibson, a boatswain's mate, and Meier, a water-tender in the engine room, were in the cold waters off and on several hours rescuing men too weak to hold on to the rafts. The steamship Catalina and H. M. S. Camelot picked up the survivors at 8.30 A. M. on the morning of December 7, so when Commander Bagley arrived at St. Mary's he discovered his ship had been amended. One of the new destroyers has been christened the Kalk.

Then there is the story of the Cassin, struck by a torpedo while patrolling off the Irish coast about twenty miles south of Mine Head, and of Osmond K. Ingram, one of her gunner's mates, who gave his life to save his ship and his comrades. There is a destroyer named for him also, and this is how he died:

When the lookout cried, "Torpedo," Ingram saw the wake and knew that it would strike just beneath the "ashcans"—that terror of the submarine—the depth bombs. Realizing the torpedoes exploded one or more of them the Cassin's chances were small, he ran astern and was trying to strip the charges and throw them overboard when the torpedo struck. There was a terrible explosion and then another and still another. The torpedo detonated and so did two of the depth charges and Ingram was blown to bits. The official report reads, "Thus Ingram sacrificed his life in performing a duty which he believed would save his ship and the lives of the officers and men on board."

Continuing, the report says: "Nine members of the crew received wounds. After the ship was hit, the executive officer and engineer officer inspected the damaged parts. It was found that the engine and fire rooms and after magazine were intact, and that the engines could be worked, but the ship could not be steered, the rudder having been blown off, the entire stern blown to starboard. The ship continued to turn to starboard in a circle. In an effort to put the ship on a course by means of her engines, some-
The Souvenir King

By JOHN A. LEVEL

The second article of the series, "Captured by Jerry," as told by an American prisoner of war.

Many a doughboy revised Patrick Henry's famous saying of "Give me liberty or give me death" to "Give me souvenirs or give me death." But to be taken prisoner while toting the well-stocked and widely-admired kit was more than likely to mean "happy hunting ground." The two things that Jerry most detested were a hand grenade and the finding of a German watch, or pistol, or some valuable souvenir on an Allied prisoner. When they searched me they found a hateful grenade between the gas mask and blouse and a big Jerry watch in a pocket. The only thing that saved me was a Jerry officer who could speak good English and knew something about Kansas City, because he started asking me about the burg while there was transpiring a heated discussion among several Germans as to the best way to administer the final jazz. During the conversation he walked me toward the rear for forty or fifty yards and then pointed to a near-by shack used as a dressing station. I hustled right along toward this place and at every step reckoned some Jerry would pull a keystone by dropping a couple into my immediate rear. But I got to the building where there were more friendly enemies.

Back in the big German prison camp at Dulmen, among Allied prisoners, I found the Yanks—I found the same spirit, that of getting something to take home. But it was a mild disease among the Tommies and Froppies compared to the doughboy. The Jerries said the English fought for England, the French for France and the Yanks for souvenirs.

I met Tommies in the hospital who had brought the souvenirs right through the mill with them, despite the fact that their clothes were searched when they were first taken prisoners and again on reaching the camp. One Tommy was caught with a German compass and was sent to solitary confinement, despite the fact that he had no idea of using it as a means of escape. But a compass or map found on a prisoner always meant solitary or the mines.

After the armistice the craze hit the big prison. As soon as I was out of bed I started the ball rolling by going to the hospital gate and trying to make a dicker with a German guard, but he only awarded me with a machine-gun bullet, which I dropped in the sand as soon as once out of his reach. I tried another Jerry in another corner of the lot and traded some hardtack and a piece of soap for a Jerry cloth cigarette case with an iron cross woven into it. I told the Jerry to bring souvenirs, to get them from his companions or the town and to ask for the American when he came to the hospital yard.

The patients in the ward then made me the official souvenir getter and the English called me "Sam, the souvenir king." Thereafter, when I went out, it was with pocket bulging with articles from the English and French packets, sent in to them by the Red Cross, which the bedridden patients had given me to peddle. One enterprising German took a train to Dusseldorf and returned with nearly a hundred long curved pipes, knives of all descriptions, rings, iron crosses, to buy the overcoat, but I was a little afraid to sell until leaving camp, as the sergeant always gave me the once over when passing to see if I still had the coat and was as proud of it as I ought to be, unless the circumstances did not suit me. But as I knew it was a regularly issued coat I stopped the supply of beef and canned goods after handing out three or four tins. Every time this sergeant got a tin of "willie" he held a banquet at headquarters. The non-com was soon smuggling out clothes for the Tommies, at a can of "willie" per garment. This relieved the pressure on me, but I was still in Dutch.

One day I took him a can of sardines, the while I asked him for a pass for myself and a Tommy into the town of Dulmen. Loaded down with articles to sell, I left the camp early one morning.

All the Allied prisoners in the main part of the prison, known as the "block," were still being held were allowed to roam about the country side will and they were selling and trading every conceivable thing to the Germans along the road. I have seen a Frenchman parley long and with much vehemence with an old German lady over a spool of thread. We went on into the town to sell our stuff, believing that the prices would be better. Dulmen was in gala attire, flags were hanging along the streets and arches had been built at the entrances to the town. The arches were covered with branches and flowers and huge signs of "Willkommen" for the German soldiers. Transports and long lines of infantry were present, all groaning and every wagon was decorated, while all the soldiers wore wreath around their hats and flowers in their clothes. It was like a victorious army returning down the Appian way. Pretty girls ran into the street and handed hot cups of coffee to the Heinies on the vehicles and threw flowers at the moving infantry. It looked like "Deutschland über alles!"

We were allowed into the stores or saloons and purchased goods at the regular prices, and every article in the drygoods stores had a marked price. The civilians in the town frolicked at the "taps" and every wagon was decorated, while all the soldiers wore wreath around their hats and flowers in their clothes. It was like a victorious army returning down the Appian way. Pretty girls ran into the street and handed hot cups of coffee to the Heinies on the vehicles and threw flowers at the moving infantry. It looked like "Deutschland über alles!"

One Tommy had given me a can of carrots on which he had cut off the label and I sold this in a store for several marks, although the garden in the back was fit for the company of the food producers. It got the attention of several Tommies and I was able to cut off the labels on the canned vegetables and sell them for meat. Some of the Jerrys got wise to this and would inquire "Vas idd say?" and shake the cans to see if they (Continued on Page 23)
Dismissed!

DERE MABLE,

I been out of the army 15 mins.

I feel like your tungs does when you lose a tooth. You keep lookin' for something that isn't there any more. Its been so long since I had to make up my mind about anything that I expect to spend most of the next few mornings in bed tryin' to decide when I ought to get up. I'm goin' to stay in town tonight an' catch a train for Philopolis tomorrow. Joe Loomis, what lives here, wants to show me the big city. He says it'll take a good half day to see the whole thing right. I ought to be home to dinner tomorrow night. You'd better not count on doin' anything for the next few days. They'll be the busiest you ever spent.

I went out to see my Uncle Charlie that lives in the superb the other night. He had a little dinner for me. There was some wimin there that didn't seem to know any more about the war than a lot of generals I've run a cross. One of them was wearin' a set of extra chins an' a pair of eyeglasses with a handle on em. She sez one of the most interestin' things in the war was what to do with the returnin' soldiers. She sez it amimit to decide. I sez how the returnin' soldiers could probably work it out for themselves. Most of them would do what they'd always done providin' it didn't have sargent's and horses in it.

She seemed to think that was an awful good point. She sez if I couldn't have read much or I wouldn't feel that way. A lot of people that knew had told her that the soldiers was comin' back changed. I agreed with her there. Their own mothers wouldn't know most of em in the uniforms they handed us when we left.

She sez no that wasn't what she meant. After the blood shed an' what not they'd seen they was goin' to demand all sorts of things. Then when they found they couldn't get em they'd turn Bullshevikky. She sez lots of em had seen so much excitement they'd never be willin' to work again. I told her that wouldn't be no change for some of them that I'd known.

I AST her if she had a son in the army. She sez "Yes." When I ast her if she thought he was goin' to be a Bullshevikky she sez of course not but that was its own right. Startin' there I began to get sore. I told her if everybody quittin' worryin' about what the returnin' soldier was goin' to do was worryin' more about what the fello that never went was doin' they'd get a lot farther.

As for growin' long hair an' throwin' burns at people just because we'd been in France a year I couldn't see what that had to do with it. Any more than a trip to Niagara Falls would make a fello want to grow side whiskers an' be a butler. I got so interested listenin' to myself I let seconds go by on the ice cream.

By E. STREETER

I told them all that all we fellos wanted was to get a Mister in front of our names an' a house number after it as quick as we could. Uncle Charlie sez thered be other things besides house numbers after our names as soon as we got home. He thought that was a great job. I didn't pay no atenshun tho. What we wanted, I sez, was to make up for lost time. The only way we was different was that we've seen things work. We knew that 4th of July speeches don't always come true. We don't believe the pictures in the recruiter posters any more. We know that a lot of great men aint as great as they say they are.

I sez if they was lookin' for a change they'd find it in the fello that only used to read the sportin' page two years ago. Hed probably read the front page now. It never used to make much difference to me who they elected. I couldn't see how free tariff was goin' to save me any money. An' I I knew the open door in China was never going to give me a stiff neck in Philopolis. Most of the fellos felt the same way. Most of us used to vote the way old man Smither down at the drug store talked. After a fello gets pulled around thru the mud for a couple of years tho, he apt to sit up an' figure out what its all about. An' thers a lot of fellos that's left pieces of them over in France. Their not goin' to see em left there for nothin.

Uncle Charlie ast how we was goin' to help it when things wasn't runnin' right. I told him I guessed we'd find some way around it even if a lot of old ladies didn't try to save us. We seemed to act all right in the Oregon Forest. I guess they didn't need to start worryin' about us cause we'd quitakin' our pants belo the knees.

I WAS thinkin' about what Uncle Charlie said the next day tho. Then a fello told me about the American Legion. Angus was aginst it right away. He sez like as not it would cost us money. Then he was scared it was some scheme backed by the grape jews trust to get Bryan in as president. The fello that told me tho had just been out at a big nashuni con'tention. He was all for it. He sez they was goin' to get everybody in that had been in the army. If they do theres about as much chance of slippin' anything over that bunch as there used to be for the cook to put over a bad stew on the mess line.

A Letter from Bill to DERE MABLE

Well Mable I didn't mean to spend a whole letter talkin' about these things. Only a lot of those fellos make me sick. Any fello that wore army underclothe (if you'll excuse my menshinin' them) wasn't in the war for his own comfort. All I want to do is get back to Philopolis before the eny bug boy grows whiskers in bussin' the place.

I'm in good condition what with my army life and canamens and it will take a lot of parties before I'm down to ordinary level and can take things as they come instead of goin' after them. It aint red Im goin' to paint the old town, its somethin' that'll make red look as pal as a pair of kaki britches after they've been washed a coupla times. Tell the storekeepers to bord up their windos and the eat shops to lay in emergency rations because the camels are comin' yoho yoho and Im the chief camel.

Now that thers only a little more than a day between me and you and the old home it seems like as thosethin must be goin' to happen to spell things. It most usually has in the last couple years, altho I aint a pessimist. But you remember how nice we was gettin' on when the war started and they found it would keep on always unless they ast me to end it, and I had to go. An all during the war, every time some officer got his eye on mine was just out to push me to a higher grade, the Boshes would get their eyes on him and promote him entirely, to a much higher grade.

I'm just menshinin' those things because I like what I'm scared of now, that things will go on happenin' so I won't get home. The President is like to ast me personally will I go and fight the Afanganists, which most likely is fighting somewhere tho I aint ever heard of them. If him and Congress was to ast me on their knees would I please retness I would say firm and dignified no thank you gents. I got work to do home, in spite of what the dame with the three necks sed to me at Uncle Charlies.

So, Mable, I guess you needn't be scared about my bein a Bullshevikky. What worries me more is the number of doctors that has been examinin me in the last few days. I feel sure there must be something the matter or they'd have found trouble somewhere. As soon as I get back Im goin' to have old Doc Hawkins look me over. I never saw anybody he couldn't find something wrong with. He must know an awful lot about medicin.

Give my love to everybody includin' the dog an' the hired girl. Take everything breakabel out of the house and hawl in the servus flag.

Cause Im on my way home as ever hastily.

Bill.
The Pirates of '19

The creeping barrage of verbal criticism is being followed at this hour by the belated infantry attack of concerted government action against the entrenched profiteers. Up to the present moment not a single important objective has been taken. A few supply dumps have been captured in the eastern and middle western sectors but the common enemy appears to be holding fast in the works he constructed while the attention of the country was centered upon a foreign front. He battles hard, apparently being well supplied with the poison gas of subsidized press and supported by a platoon or more of sympathetic and apathetic legislators.

Yet the outlook for his ultimate sharp defeat is bright. America has set its face at last to the job of extirpating the most vicious brood that Mars was sire to. And be certain that whatever reserves, whatever leadership, the conflict may demand as it wages it course, those elements will be supplied by an outraged people. Profiteering, the twentieth century recurrence of medieval piracy, must end.

The Legion's Speedometer

THREE thousand posts scattered through every state and territory in America. A membership of approximately 300,000. That summarizes the present growth of the American Legion. (More than 1800 of those posts are formally chartered. The others are on the map—and the number is multiplying with each passing day.) Beyond the work of sheer organization is that of cooperation among service men of the Legion. Posts are active in helping returning soldiers secure employment, assisting them with their allotments, their final pay, and are performing every manner of service in their behalf. This important phase of the work is becoming better organized daily and the spirit of mutual helpfulness is taking definite form along concrete lines. The completed organization of 4,800,000 men and women in this one cohesive, mutually helpful, individually and collectively American force is no longer remote.

Militant—Not Military

For the benefit of several who have made inquiry it may be well to reiterate that The American Legion is neither military nor semi-military in character. It has no rank, no caste, no obligation of any sort for military duty and no military policy. It is the after-the-war organization of all who were in service during the war. Its voice in all matters is the majority voice of its members, its will their will. It is designed to serve, through union, the best interests of those who were in service, and above that the best interests of America.

"Let's Stick Together"

THAT is the slogan which you will see on The American Legion posters in every section of the country. It was selected because it epitomizes the story of the Legion.

Sticking together means a number of things, all of them wholesome and vital in the sense that The American Legion applies the phrase. It means co-operation and help among Legion members, one for another, in the readjustment now going on; a constructive helping hand wherever and whenever the helping hand can be applied. It means a community of interests among the men and women who in service had the most trying common experience in the history of mankind. A community of interest which can be depended upon to be less selfish than patriotic; that will put country first in the future as it has in the past. It means a leavening that insures the stability of democracy and country.

Sticking together means just those things, and The American Legion means sticking together. Let's stick together!

Mutual Helpfulness

MUCH concrete good is being accomplished by posts which are conducting re-employment campaigns through their members. Lists are secured of unemployed members and men eligible to membership. Each employed member of the post then undertakes to find a suitable job for an unemployed comrade. He canvasses every possible opening at his own and adjoining places of employment. In this way hundreds of men are being placed in jobs. The same principle, applied by every Legion member, ought to go a long way toward supplementing the work of the various organized re-employment mediums in solving the whole problem of employment. Every member of the Legion is urged to join in this simple campaign of mutual helpfulness.
Peaceful Scenes—The Summer Boarders
Farms for Soldiers—Deferred
Twenty-two Bills and No Agreement in Congress

THOUSANDS of Canadian veterans have already become settlers on Dominion public land.

In the United States the question of farms for soldiers has not even been seriously debated on the floors of Congress.

A bill to accomplish Secretary Lane’s reclamation plan has been reported to the House, but there is strong opposition to it even in the Public Lands Committee. This bill would sell reclamation community tracts to both men and women who wore the uniform in the Great War—but it is far from becoming a law.

Canada had her policy at work within two years after going to war. It may be three years after we entered the lists, however, before we are ready for the same business. Even if Congress enacts this bill at once it will be two or three years before any doughboys who turn ploughboys, or yeomanettes who turn farmerettes, can plant their first crops.

There is a fair explanation, of course, for the unfavorable contrast between the action in Canada and that of the United States. Canada still had her fair Albertans to give away just as we once had our Nebraskas. But we have no domains left from which to mark off 320 tillable acres free for each soldier as in the Dominion; and we will have to consume two or three years reclaiming or buying up lands already tillable.

The bill already “reported out”—the Mondell measure—which now has the most favor in Congress and carries the Lane plan, would not, however, give lands to anybody. For an equipped farmer the soldier would pay about $1,200 down, and every cent of the rest on easy terms over 40 years. This bill has the lead now, but Congressmen are divided along three lines on what policy to pursue in the whole matter of farms for veterans.

The three lines reveal roughly three groups:

One group would make the Soldier Settlement Act essentially and exclusively a land-reclamation and farm community project, exclusively for service men and service women of this war. Secretary of the Interior Lane is the most prominent figure in this group, which is authoritatively represented in the Mondell Bill.

The second group holds to the farm home idea, but would tie onto the reclamation project a provision for financing single farms anywhere found; attach a rider for the general public exploitation of those natural resources still remaining in Government owned land, and would open the benefit of all projects to all citizens, with a preference for the soldier of any war or for the soldier widow. This embodies the ideas of the Secretary of Labor and is found in the Kelly Bill.

The third group would give no attention to reclamation, but create a vast government machinery for running a national building and loan corporation for lending government money to the soldiers of any war and to their widows, and for both town and rural homes.

Into these three groups fall most of the twenty House and two Senate bills which have been introduced in this Sixty-sixth Congress. Most of them—nine of the House bills—follow the ideas of Secretary Lane. The authors of these nine separate bills are: Mondell, of Wyoming; Johnson, of Mississippi; Raker, of California; Byrnes, of South Carolina; Blanton, of Texas; Taylor, of Colorado; Knutson, of Minnesota; Tillman, of Arkansas; Hernandez, of New Mexico.

The bills from Kelly, of Pennsylvania, and Ferris, of Oklahoma, would allow “infiltration” of soldier settlers upon widely scattered farms government.
financed; but the Lane idea is to keep the settlers together in communities for close supervision and instruction in farming as well as for sociability. The Kelly Bill is alone in its provision for government development of natural resources. It would organize a United States construction service as a means of taking up the slack of non-employment, would run government logging camps, government mines and government water-power plants—this all on any lands which the public owns. But the Mondell-Lane group feels this is getting too far away from the idea of ready-making farm homes for veterans.

There are only two bills in that third group which seeks both town and rural homes. This "wide open" idea for $4,000 loans to all soldiers of any war is carried in bills by Morgan, of Oklahoma, and Evans, of Montana; and one of two bills by Hastings, of Oklahoma, would open public lands for soldiers without fee and restriction, or grant loans for building homes. There are other bills for other purposes—the Ferris resolution to give preference to soldiers under the Homestead Act; one by Christopherson to clear homestead patents for soldiers of six months' service; where entries were made before the war; two bills by the late Idaho, to promote reclamations open to all citizens, but with preference for soldiers; a bill by Randall, of California, for a California irrigation project open to all citizens, but with preferential rights for the soldiers of any war.

Three of the House bills, those of Ferris, Raker and Taylor, would turn over surplus war supplies and material—powder, tractors, trucks—for reclamation work. "Already," said Mr. Taylor, "we have 25,000,000 pounds of T. N. T. stored at Wingate, New Mexico, for blasting work. It's worth forty cents a pound and will cost the Reclamation Service four cents. We saved this from destruction. The Secretary of War had ordered three times that much T. N. T. thrown into the Atlantic ocean, but we prevailed upon him to turn it over to the Secretary of the Interior."

This tells the scope of the so-called soldier land bills. The one having the strongest position in Congress today is "Mondell's. It is the only one that has been reported out by the House Public Lands Committee. In that body it was endorsed by seventeen of the twenty-one members. The other four, representing a by-partisan minority, have roundly denounced the Mondell measure as too narrow in its benefits to accomplish what its title announces it to be—an aid for returned soldiers. But this minority is not yet united on any other measure. Meanwhile, the Mondell-Lane plan is gaining headway. The sponsor of this bill, Representative Frank W. Mondell, of Wyoming—who lived in a fifty-dollar sod house in Nebraska while earning one of his first farms—is the Republican floor leader, and that helps some. Representative N. J. Sinnott, of The Dalles, Oregon, is chairman of the Lands committee and a main supporter of the bill.

Secretary Lane has been writing letters to soldiers in trenches and in camp for a year to find out what they think of helping to reclaim land and then buying one of the community farms on long-term payments. He has received just 112,085 answers from the doughboys who write back—"Why, yes, we'd like a chance, or a crank at your farm tractor; let's have your terms."

Right there—drawing the terms—is where Congressmen are having their troubles. The broad principle of farms for veterans under government assistance has been endorsed under Secretary Lane's leadership by lodges, churches, regiments and individuals, but the terms and conditions are still a subject of dispute. Mondell remained in Washington between the Sixty-fifth and Sixty-sixth Congresses to work on the terms. Director Davis, of the Reclamation Service, and Elwood Mead, the farm settlement expert, two men who know as much about their special line as any men in America, have aided Mondell in drawing this bill.

While there are various plans for attaching the soldier to the soil and to homes, there is one point of similarity in all—there is no intent to make a gift to anybody. One thing is certain about the terms in all of them: It will be a plain business proposition. The soldier will be a purchaser and a borrower. "This is not a bounty, a pension or a gratuity," says Mondell. "We are not holding out the hope that the government will be giving some favored soldiers farms. We have outlined a plan under which the earnest and industrious man may secure a farm and secure it on his own effort if he is ordinarily fortunate."

In full this is the way the terms stand in the Mondell bill and they are similarly drawn in the Kelly Bill: The soldier will go to the project and work from one to three years on a wage of $3 or $4 a day, helping to reclaim the domain; or he can come to the project when it is ready to farm. In any event, when the tract is divided into farms the soldier must step forth with a $300 deposit on a $6,000 place, five per cent, down. When he is ready to build his house, barn and

(Continued on Page 28)
The September Drive

Cranking Up for a Million Legion Members

UNDER the leadership of temporary officials in national and state branch headquarters, The American Legion as the vehicle for veterans of the Great War has traveled an encouraging distance along the road which was charted by the delegates from St. Louis召开于四个月前。Now with the coming of September, the month of intensive membership drives in all the states, the clutch must be thrown into high and kept there for the remainder of the journey which will terminate on November 11, American Legion Day, in front of the convention hall in Minneapolis.

Of course the foregoing statement does not mean that The American Legion is to be parked right after its first national convention representing all the former soldiers, sailors, and marines, now home from France and out of the service. It is not, but it is also true that the work of organizing new branches will continue. But that is another story. All officers, organizers, and members who wear The American Legion button should attempt to look beyond Minneapolis. They have a job right at hand—the boosting of the national membership to 1,000,000 by September 30.

A big number, that million? Seven digits and everything. Yes, but consider how easily and quickly it might be attained if each of the 350,000 ex-service women and all branches of The American Legion, through more than 3,000 local posts should go out and get three new members. More than a million man-power would be locked up with the Legion 'bus in a few weeks and the only responsibility left for the steering committee would be to watch the speed limitations on all roads leading into Minneapolis.

Membership is the watch-word for September and "Let's Stick Together" is the slogan.

ONE of the best ways to make sure that you are heading in the right direction is to pause a minute, turn around, and take a sight down the path already covered. From the very beginnings at St. Louis, the founders of The American Legion took account of transition in their plans—they mapped out a program for the Temporary National Executive Committee which had five clearly defined steps leading up to the first national convention. Furthermore they put a time limit on each step. By June 21 a National Headquarters was to be fully organized and in active operation. It was done. By July 31 an active branch of the Legion in each state. There were forty-eight such branches in operation by that date. By August 31 the Legion pioneers hoped to have an active local post in each county and Congressional district. This article is written on August 18 and returns from the state branches are not complete. At the close of business on August 16, however, the records of the State Organization Division at National Headquarters showed that 2,041 local posts had either been chartered or officially reported in process of organization. At this same rate of progress, an estimate of more than 3,000 posts with more than 350,000 members by September 1 is reasonable showing that the third step in the fundamental plan is well along towards realization.

The fourth step is the enrollment of a million members by September 30.

Here is where the membership drive comes in. By a drive we mean a one hundred per cent. national enthusiasm for The American Legion kindled spontaneously and fanned into a warm glow in every local post in every community in the country. By a drive we mean calling attention to The American Legion through words, printed and spoken, especially spoken from the lips of men who have seen the Legion at work and who believe in it with all their hearts and souls—through service rendered to discharged soldiers, sailors and marines who offer a possibility to render them real brotherly service embodying a one hundred per cent. "buddhism," through and by every means and method that 350,000 Legion pioneers can invent un-

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**Watch The Legion Grow**

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While a large percentage of the remainder of the 4,800,000 who were in uniform grab a fountain pen, sign the blank, and say: "There must be something in this organization—it must be O.K. because anyone that is not on the level could never have rounded up such a gang of boosters."

By a drive we mean an intensive, all-inclusive plan of appeal which, through the division of cities, towns, and districts into areas, precincts, blocks, neighborhoods or any other workable sub-divisions, assures that everyone ex-service man or woman be approached by personal interview and asked to join The American Legion. Some cities have already tried this plan—it works. There is no reason why it cannot be made a success in any community where there are a few members of The Legion who are so keen for their organization that they have no peace of mind until they get their comrades in with them.

The September Drive means work for all these veterans who became members prior to August 31st. No other folks can put the job through. It has been our experience at National Headquarters that nine out of every ten national service men want to join as soon as they know the story of The Legion. They actually hustle to get aboard as soon as they know where the 'bus is traveling.

Tell them the story of some of the big things which the American Legion is doing in a big way. Tell them that Marshal Foch of France, supreme commander of all the Allied armies, has been invited through the French Ambassador to the United States to attend the Minneapolis convention, bringing a message of good will to all the Yank veterans from their pals who are getting back to normal in France, England, Belgium and Italy. Tell them that although no formal reply has been received from the Allied Generalissimo himself at this writing, Ambassador Jusserand has assured the Legion that he will use his best offices to bring about this international event so earnestly desired and that it has been reported in the Paris offices of American newspapers that Foch will come unless the military situation along the Rhine makes his absence from Europe unlikely.

Tell them wherever you talk American Legion to a prospective member, talk as though you mean all that you say. All service men know that there is something about the way a fellow shakes hands and something about the light in his eyes which is more convincing than all the words he says. Veterans in the Allied countries remember the Yank for his pep. And oceans of good American pep are needed for the September drive of the American Legion. A year ago in September the Yanks started a different drive.

Crank her up, cut out the muffler and let's go!
Wrestling
By Ned Brown

Who is the champion heavyweight wrestler of the world? Ask that question today of almost any man fairly well informed on general sports, and you can start an argument. As a matter of fact, the world's champion in this sporadic sport doesn't really know whether he's the champion or not. That is Earl Caddock, naturally of Iowa, more recently of the American Expeditionary Forces abroad. And although he is the king-pin of them all, Caddock is probably the smallest, in point of stature and weight, of all the numerous claimants of the title.

Joe Stecher, the Nebraskan, Wladek Zbyszko, the Pole, Ed. "Strangler" Lewis, of Kentucky, the trium-virate of the wrestling game, not to mention Marcin Plestina, the rank outsider who made pyrotechnical publicity efforts to "break in"—all claim the title. Caddock does no claiming. In fact, if reports are to be credited, Caddock has renounced the championship. The young Iowan quietly eased his way into the limelight of the sport by defeating Stecher, Zbyszko, Lewis and any others who thought they were entitled to consider-ation for the championship. A war service drafted into the army, refrained from claiming exemp-tion, and as quietly eased his way out of the limelight. After he had served abroad in the army, reports reached here that Caddock had announced his definite retirement from wrestling.

The scramble for the championship among Zbyszko, Lewis and Stecher went merrily on, the title bobbing about but never resting with any one of them. Zbyszko claimed to hold it, Stecher declared he had a couple of legs on it, while Lewis affirmed that he had a headlock on it.

Then along came Plestina with a corps of press agents to demand recognition. The wrestlers three ceased their soccer games with the championship long enough to look askance at Mr. Plestina. He asked him, "Where dy' get that stuff?" and then faded to the outlying districts where sporadically a match between a combina-tion of two of them would erupt. Strangely enough, wrestling, although one of the healthiest and most strenuous of all the major sports, is the one most in disrepute. The reason for this lies not in the sport itself, nor even in the handling or promoting of it, but in the minds of the blase fan.

Albeit it is the easiest sport in which to "fake," by the same token it is the hardest in which to detect a fake. For that reason the aforementioned blase fan, knowing in his heart that he cannot tell whether a match is a fake or not, decides that all wrestling matches are fakes, brands them as such, and lets it go at that.

In the less blase districts, wrestling is the most popular of all the sports.

Abroad, before the war, it was the most widely popular of all sports. Strange that America, the land which has supplied the greatest number of world's champions in the game, should show so comparatively slight interest in it. However, with the imminent return of Caddock to competition, this interest in the sport is bound to revive.

A Profitable Pastime

Everyone connected with baseball predicted that 1919 would be a big year for the game, but no one imagined that it would be the season that it has been. It was a cinch that people would turn from the grimness of war to the gaiety of amusements, but few imagined that crowds would pack the baseball parks until the fences bulged. But this is exactly what has happened. For actual value, the great ruby isn't in it with the baseball diamond.

More than 130,000 rabid rooters clicked the turnstiles at the New York Polo Grounds in four playing days recently, and maybe that clicking wasn't music to the owners' ears. You could pack the Yale bowl seventeen times over with owners to listen to a concert such as that. In the winning cities the receipts never have been so heavy, but, heavy as they are, the weakest visiting club treasur-er never has complained of the weight of the share he carried away with him.

With baseball moving with the speed of the fastest runner in a retreat the managers are frantically seeking to strengthen their teams for next season. The Boston Braves have copped the New England league. Connie Mack has enough youngsters in line to form a minor league of his own. All the scouts are ducking in and out of the bushes and the halls, in and sweeping the prairies and back lots with their hawk-like glances in search of promising recruits. Players that once brought only their weight in ivory now are valued at a little more than their weight in gold.

The only thing which worries the owner of a winning club, at the present time, is his incom-e tax. The difference between owning a winner and a cellar champion is something like the difference between owning a large yacht and a small rowboat. The desire for leading clubs is therefore brisk. The prices now paid for players once would have bought franchises, parks and teams. If any bandit wishes to grab a guy that will bring a real ransom he'd do well for him-self and family by kidnapping Ty Cobb. And even a good-looking recruit would bring enough to make his captor socially and financially prominent.

Although the races in both major leagues are pretty well settled there is still a chance for the contenders to over-haul the leaders. It is not any very rosy chance, but it can be done. Anyhow, there is enough uncertainty left to keep the interest up and the vacant pop bottles flying.

About the best-looking youngster that has broken in this season is Frisch, of the New York Giants. This Fordham boy has all the actions of a great infielder.
They Winged Their Way Through Skies of Steel

When the history of the war comes to be written, that section which deals with aviation should be divided into two parts—flying men and flying birds. For the pigeons winged through the rolling barrage of high-explosive shells, they braved bursting shrapnel and gas and made their way through the rat-tat-tat of machine and anti-aircraft guns just as did the men who flew in things of steel and wood and gasoline. The feathered aviator played his part in almost as big and certainly in as brave a way as the man, and in hundreds of instances he died in the same splendid manner.

There is the story of Cher Ami, the pigeon which saved the "Lost Battalion" in the Argonne. And the pigeons of Verdun. "They shall not pass," the Frenchmen said; and, as though understanding it, these birds saved Verdun from the hordes of the German Crown Prince. Then there is Le Cirq, the pigeon which captured a German submarine and all its crew, and Babette, a milk-white pullet, which was camouflaged as a crow, that the German Prince's "shot-gun squad" might not harm her, flew to French headquarters with a message from a secret observer within the German lines and enabled Allied guns to stop a surprise German attack on the Meuse. In numberless cases, pigeons saved hydroaeroplanes damaged at sea. They were the "wireless of the tanks." And today they are the pride of all bird lovers everywhere.

Pigeons are not new to war. It is on record that the Romans and Greeks used them and that Hannibal carried a cote crossing the Alps in order to send word back to Carthage of his progress. Coming down to modern times, it was a pigeon which first announced to an anxious London the victory at Waterloo!

At the time of the Mexican crisis an attempt was made to add a pigeon section to the Signal Corps of our army, but it was not until we actually entered the European conflict that the matter was taken seriously in Washington and an efficient pigeon section established. Then pigeon fanciers, attached to the army, scoured the country for good homing birds to be sent to France.

In common with everything else connected with the A. E. F., haste was necessary in organizing the pigeon companies, but it was done, and the birds of the U. S. Army flew fast, straight and true and were a credit to the country from which they came. As a basis for organizing the pigeon service, our army had hundreds of instances in its possession showing how the pigeons with the French, British, Russians and Italians had rendered substantial service always and invaluable service hundreds of times. Not infrequently, the barrages which the Germans put over would entirely destroy all means of communication between advance troops and general headquarters, and that was when the feathered aviator did his bit. It was under such conditions that pigeons carried messages at the first battle of the Marne, at the Yser in Flanders, and aided the British in the capture of...
Neuve Chapelle. Pigeons died with the British Tommy at the second battle of Ypres when the Germans in their advance towards the Yser Canal used poison gas for the first time, after which gas-proof baskets and cotes were provided for them.

The birds at the front were kept in movable lofts or cotes built on wheels, so that they could follow an advancing army. They were kept from eight to ten miles from the trenches and trainers said the birds would get used to a new location and know it as “home” in about a week or ten days. They had to be coached as to where the loft was situated and this was done by careful instruction and patience. First, the bird would be released a few hundred feet away and permitted to fly back to the loft. Then the distance would be increased to several thousand feet and later to three or four miles. Each loft contained about seventy-five birds. A bird was taught to enter the loft immediately upon its arrival. None was permitted to loiter on top of the loft because such action would tend to delay the message it might be carrying. The entrances were so arranged that when the pigeon returned it would ring a bell.

Pigeons were used in all branches of the service. Because more men were in the infantry, more birds were supplied to that branch of the service than to any other. One man in each company, usually a lover of birds, was designated as pigeon carrier. He carried the pigeons in a basket slung over his back. This basket had attached to it a gas protector or cover which rendered the birds in it immune to a gas attack. The birds were changed at regular intervals and none was allowed to remain in a trench more than four or five days. They were always released and made to fly back to the loft.

PIGEON messages were written on fine tissue paper and folded into a small leather wad. This wad was inserted in the aluminum holder seared into the leg, so that it could not come off unless the leg did. The messages usually were written in code.

As a rule, the bird rises straight aloft, pauses an instant to get its sense of direction, and then flies toward “home.” The birds became accustomed to barrage fire and flew through it seemingly unmindful. After the German army assigned expert trap shooters with shot guns to the duty of killing them, they learned not to pause when they spiraled aloft, because it was then that most of them were killed.

When the Seventy-seventh Division went through the Argonne Forest, the 308th Infantry made a rapid and splendid advance. A battalion of that regiment, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Whittlesey, got farther ahead than the remainder of the command. The Germans cut him off and there he and his troops were, entirely surrounded by superior forces, practically without provisions or water. The Germans demanded surrender. “Never,” Colonel Whittlesey replied, and the next German “talk” was in the shape of high explosive shells.

With no other method of communication, the pigeons were called on. One bird after another was released with a message asking for reinforcement, and as each spiraled aloft to get his bearing he was shot down. Finally, the last bird was taken from the basket. It was Cher Ami. Again the message for help was penciled and placed in the little aluminum container and up went Cher Ami. A fusilade of bullets was shot at the bird and, to the dismay of the beleagured Americans, the bird paused an instant, feathers began to fall and to the nerve-strained eyes of some of the onlookers the bird appeared to be falling. But not Cher Ami. With the “punch leg” dangling and a bullet wound in her breast bone she flew on and on.

HERE Captain Carney takes up the story: “We had been informed of the loss of Whittlesey’s battalion,” he said, “and were told that none knew where it was. Presumably, the entire command had been wiped out. A crowd of the men were sitting around discussing it when we heard the bell in the cote tinkled. Tell-tale stains were on the entrance to the cote and we knew a wounded bird had come in. There, inside, we saw Cher Ami. She was in a state of complete exhaustion. From her dangling leg we took the message and despatched it in great haste to headquarters. It told the location of the ‘Lost Battalion’ and it wasn’t very long before it was rescued.”

Another famous pigeon now in this country is “President Wilson.” One of his legs was shot away at Causais as he carried a message asking help. Despite his wound, he got to his cote and the outfit from which he flew was saved. “President Wilson” was too good a soldier, too
reliable a bird, to be invalided home just because of the wound in his leg and after it healed he went again to the front. He was assigned to the tanks and when the "Treat 'Em Rough" boys got busy at St. Mihiel, immediately after he was released from the gun turret, he flew straight for American headquarters. As a result of his message, our artillery laid a barrage on the machine-gun nests before our infantry advanced, and thus this pigeon undoubtedly saved the lives of scores of our doughboys. Another one-legged veteran of the American bird forces was Big Tom, who also had his breast bone carved by a German rifle bullet. Poilu and Spike were two famous friends of Cher Ami, who also distinguished themselves not once, but a score of times, by deeds of daring and danger.

Le CIRQ was a French bird which was born and reared in Normandy. During the great war "his bit" was patrol duty. That is, he was in a basket strapped on the back of a beach patrolman—one of those sturdy French peasants, who, familiar with every nook and cranny of his part of the shore line, kept constant lookout and made thorough search for any secret submarine bases that the Germans may have attempted to establish. Once, just before sundown, the peasant sighted in a little bay the periscope of a submarine. It rose to the surface and its officers and crew came on deck. The patrolman wrote a hasty message and slipped it in the aluminum basket on Le CIRQ's leg and the bird was released. Straight he flew to his "home"—a nearby naval station—and in half an hour an American destroyer and a British gunboat captured the submarine.

All naval patrol boats and aircraft carried pigeons. Once a British patrol boat was torpedoed and shelled by a German U-boat. One of the first shots passed the wireless out of order. The skipper wrote a hasty message giving his position and tied it to a pigeon's leg. The bird was released just as the gunboat sank and the captain and crew jumped into the water. While clinging to the wreckage, they saw the bartender fire a shotgun gun fire a volley at the bird. Feathers flew and the bird began to fall, but suddenly the feathered avian paused and then started rapidly towards what the skipper knew was the coast line. It arrived at a naval station twenty miles away and a destroyer rescued the men in whose behalf it made such a splendid flight. This bird's tail feathers had been shot away and its wing slightly injured.

At 7:45 A.M. a British seaplane sent by two pigeons the following message: "Am down off Hartlepool, rough seas." Both pigeons died about ten o'clock. Half an hour later the aviator was rescued. In other words, just one hour and fifteen minutes after the birds were released he and his crew were saved. Another story showing the gallantry of a bird is being told today around Ramsgate, in England. A flying boat encountered a sudden storm and was blown into the sea. A pigeon was released, but seemingly could make no headway in the teeth of the wind. The bird disappeared and the skipper and crew of the hydroplane saw nothing ahead of them but death. A sentry patrolling the beach saw a bird fall seemingly out of the clouds. He picked it up and saw the message attached to its leg. Taking the dead bird to the nearest naval station, he delivered it to the authorities. Several hours later the crew of the wrecked plane was rescued.

Our own navy was quick to recognize the value of these birds and assigned Ensign J. J. McAtee to the task of training them. From his cote Red Cloud is said to have come. Red Cloud flew 55 miles in ten hours and twenty minutes, breaking the world's record. Peerless Chief was another Navy pigeon which distinguished himself by saving a fallen hydroplane.

German spies frequently used pigeons to get their information back to the German intelligence stations, and one of the carriers in the vicinity of Verdun. The birds were mostly dyed black and appeared to be crows.

Almost everyone knows the story of the fighting pigeon which was taken sixteen times by the Germans and retaken seventeen times by the French. Once the brave little French garrison was being shelled to pieces by a German battery. Wireless and telephones to the rear were shattered. The garrison commander knew the location of the battery which was doing the damage, and if only he could get word back to the French artillery!

He sent up his last pigeon. Like the others, the bird was shot down immediately. Then the garrison waited—waited for death. The commandant waited with his glasses longingly towards the French part of France—the French lines. He turned pale. He could scarcely believe his eyes. Across a terrain of bursting shrapnel, where high-explosive shells detonated so rapidly and so thickly that they formed an impenetrable wall of fantasy ghostly devil waltzers; there, where nothing should live, something was living! A black-looking object was moving. It would dart across the open fields, disappear into a shell hole and then reappear. It came nearer and nearer. The whole garrison gazed upon it in a sort of unbelieving horror. The thing was bewitched, else how could it live and move in such a place. As it drew nearer the glasses showed it to be something or other on his back. Breathlessly, the little handful of French poilus watched and prayed, and, when the animal dashed into the redoubt, they saw that he carried a small basket. In it were two pigeons!

The commander wrote his message twice, telling the location of the German guns, and despatched both pigeons at once. Like tiny white geysers they rose straight upwards, poised an instant and flew. Shells screamed at them, bush shot from choke bore shot-guns whizzed thousands of tiny bullets at them; a gas shell whistled by them, but failed to explode at the proper time. Again the little garrison prayed and again the god of battles decreed that the dumb friends of man should prevail over the battle din which man had made! Again the living traversed a space where no thing could live, mere specks of dust, and yet by some nidique or other the artillery headquarters. The great German batteries were silenced and again Verdun was saved. Pigeons performed the same service numberless times at Verdun, and a score of the birds now wear the ribbon of the Croix de Guerre.

The use of pigeons in the war was not without its amusing side. Some of the birds were "regular comedians," members of the pigeon companies reported. For instance, there was "Old Satchelback." He was one of the laziest birds in the A. E. F. and seldom was used as carrier (Continued on Page 30)
Six Miles Up in the Air

A Battle with the Spirit of the North Wind

By R. William Riis

Six miles in the air and your gasoline all gone—if the airplane you were piloting were in that dilemma it would be a red letter day in your life, provided you got down safely. Yet to the man who has actually been there it is nothing unusual. He has done it before and intends to do it again.

On July 30, 1919, Roland Rohlfs, chief test pilot of the Curtiss Engineering Corporation, drove his plane to the height of 30,700 feet, thereby establishing a new official world’s record. Had his gasoline held out he believes he could have beaten Adjutant Casale’s unofficial height of 33,176 feet. It is simple in the telling, but accomplishing it was quite otherwise. The story of his flight reads like the sagas of Vikings of a bygone day, only it is replete with the dangers of the higher air, dangers with which men of other ages have been totally unfamiliar.

A sunny, blue sky, flecked with a few feathery cloudlets, seemed to offer an excellent opportunity for Rohlfs to make his long-planned flight. Early in the afternoon, his chosen machine, a Curtiss Wasp triplane, originally designed as a two-place machine-gun fighter, was wheeled well out to the center of Roosevelt Field, where it was surrounded by a group of Rohlfs’ friends and by officials. Rohlfs, swathed in layers of clothes till he looked like a mammoth cocoon, climbed stiffly into the tiny cockpit and fastened the straps securely about his waist.

“All clear?” he asked.

“Clear,” replied the mechanics who were turning the propeller.

With a final touch to his helmets he threw on the full four-hundred horsepower of the twelve cylinders. The explosions of the motor rose to an ear-splitting roar as the airplane gathered speed along the field. In twenty feet the wheels began to leave the ground, the little plane rose gracefully, surely, steadily and turned in a great arc along the edge of the field. Up, up, it circled, becoming smaller and smaller, till the eyes of the watchers on the ground had to strain to follow it. Now it dived into a little cloud, which seemed to vanish at the touch of the whirling propeller. At fifteen thousand feet it was an almost invisible speck, swinging between the horns of a young crescent moon that hung in the western sky.

“He’ll hook himself if he isn’t careful,” remarked one of the watchers. The next instant the drifting speck vanished, and the watchers walked back to the hangar to await the outcome.

Meanwhile, Rohlfs kept his controls heading up, always up. As he rose, the north wind, which on the ground had been a pleasant thirty-mile breeze, increased steadily in velocity till it became a sixty-mile gale. As he passed the 20,000-foot level, still climbing, the wind reached an eighty-mile rate, while the thermometer, under the touch of the blast, showed a rapidly falling mercury. Beneath him a matchless panorama opened out, with Long Island lying, a narrow strip of land, between the flashing ocean and the sound. On up, always up.

Then came the first hint of trouble. The pilot became aware that the engine, which had been running smoothly and powerfully, was not giving the full number of revolutions per minute that it was capable of. Something was wrong with the gasoline supply, or with the new kind of gasoline he was using. He was forced to take to the hand pump to give the laboring cylinders a full supply. That helped, and he went on up. Twenty-five thousand, twenty-seven thousand, twenty-eight thousand feet, the barograph recorded his steady rise.

Now the Spirit that lives in the North Wind determined that this adventurous little speck of humanity should trespass no farther. For countless ages the winds had played alone and unchallenged through the vast reaches of space, and here was a mere man daring them in their home, driving his tiny ship on frail cotton wings across their pathless heights. He must be stopped. With a rush of speed, the wind roared down upon him, bit savagely through his layers of wool and fur, and fastened wintry fangs on his body. Worse, it laid icy fingers on his engine and chilled the very fire that was carrying him upward. Down went the mercury, passing twenty below zero, twenty-one below, twenty-two below, with no signs of stopping. The gale was howling at ninety miles an hour through the screeching stays, and the engine began to hesitate uncertainly. Something must be done, and quickly.

REACHING out over the cowl, Rohlfs tried to cut the rubber pipe which carried water to the engine, thinking that if he could stop the functioning of the cooling mechanism the motor would throw off the grasp of the cold. But his thick
The unlucky Tommy in Russia was telling his troubles to a sympathetic friend.

"No leave, no letters, no blinking Blighty, no luck at all!"

"Never mind; you'll soon be dead!"

"Yes," said the unlucky one, "and if I was dead now, and on my way to Heaven, I'll bet I'd be brought down by anti-aircraft!"

"Say, Algy," said the impertinent bar-loafer to the young blood who had just ordered a whiskey and soda, "I'll bet you twopence I can drink all the whiskey out of that goggle without touching the soda."

"Can you, by Gad," asked Algy, expecting an unusual exhibition of skill, "I'll take you."

Emitting a deep sigh of relief, the horrid little example gazed for a moment at the sizzling drink and then with one gulp drained the glass.

"Lost my bet, by Jove," he exclaimed, as he departed through the swinging doors.—Tit-Bits.

"If a man left you a hundred pounds, would you pray for him?" said a lawyer to his client. "No, I should pray for another like him."

A young fellow, who was off on a jaunt out West, fell into hard luck and had to pawn one of his suits. Just before starting for home he managed to get it out again. When he reached home his mother, while unpacking his trunk, came across the coat with the pawnbroker's tag on it.

"John," she inquired, "what is this tag on your coat?"

John, not wishing to have his mother know of his temporary embarrassment, said:

"Oh, I was at a dance and checked my coat."

Soon she came across the trousers with the same kind of a tag on them.

"John," she demanded, "what kind of a dance was that?"

First call had blown and the company had fallen in for inspection. Shanks, a tall, awkward rookie, one of the latest members of the company, came stumbling from the barracks and slid into his usual place in the rear rank.

"Shanks," said the first sergeant, calling him out of ranks, "you are late again. How do you account for your legs being laced on the inside of your legs?"

Shanks looked first at the sergeant and then at his legs. "Why," he stammered, "I put my legs crossed."

Mistress (to new servant): "We have breakfast about eight o'clock."

New Servant: "Well, if I ain't down don't you wait for me."

Soldiers are no longer permitted to wear wrist watches. The general staff believes they are able to keep time with their feets.

City Man: "Is that a real diamond you have there?"

Rube: "Ef it ain't, I been stung for a dollar and a quarter."

Captain, angrily: "Button up that coat."

Married recruit, absentely: "Yes, my dear."

A sergeant-major who was constantly finding fault was sitting in his barracks one day when he glanced out of the window. He saw a private in full uniform walking past, carrying a bucket.

"Where are you going?" hailed the sergeant-major.

"To fetch some water," replied the private.

"What!" yelled the sergeant-major.

"In those trousers?"

"No, sir," came the answer, "in this bucket."

"Wot do they mean, Jimmy, when they say money talks?"

"I dunno, unless it's the wonderful way it says good-bye to yer."—London Tattler.

"Cohn, I've lost my pocketbook."

"Have you looked by your pockets?"

"Sure, all but der left-hand hip pocket."

"Well, vy don't you look in dot?"

"Because if it ain't dere I'll drop dead!"

A sergeant was so much given to using bad language on the parade-ground that some of the men complained and the C. O. interviewed him, and told him not to let it happen again.

The following morning the sergeant was in charge of a very ragged squad, and after keeping silence for a considerable time, he eventually burst out with: "Bless you, my pretty dears; you know what I mean."—Tit-Bits.

"Are you the captain of your soul?"

"Sort of a second lieutenant," ventured Mr. Henpeck dubiously.—Manchester Evening Gazette.

The Pastor—"So God has sent you two more little brothers, Dolly?"

Dolly (brightly)—"Yes, and he knows where the money's coming from. I heard daddy say so."—Tit-Bits.

"What's this stuff?"

"Mock-turtle soup, sah."

"Well, tell that chef of yours he has carried his mockery too far."—Detroit Free Press.

An awkward rookie was walking sentry. A martinet, expecting him to make some error, crossed his post. "Sure enough, the rogue challenged," said the Corporal, "Who goes there?" while at right-shoulder arms.

"Bonehead!" snapped the martinet, ignoring the challenge.

"Pass, bonehead, and all's well," returned the rookie, resuming his march.
Thorough investigation of the alleged abuses in military prisons of the A. E. F., prompt punishment for the individuals responsible for these alleged wrongs, regardless of rank, and legislation to prevent their recurrence are demanded in resolutions unanimously adopted by the National Executive Committee of The American Legion.

The actual demobilization of the American army, insofar as the combatant troops are concerned, will be practically completed by the last of October, Secretary of War Baker has announced.

German interests claim to have acquired large grants of land in Mexico, Argentina and Paraguay, which will be colonized with German emigrants, financed by a semi-official corporation, and pledged to work for the Fatherland above personal interests. The corporation will pay the emigrants' passage, buy them farms and machinery and even set them up in a manufacturing business, provided they will sell their products only to Germany.

The Great Northern, swiftest of transports, has finished her last trip from France as a troop carrier under the Navy, by landing at Hoboken a record number of soldiers' brides, 229, and seventeen children of soldiers. Among the brides were a few German born, the first to arrive here.

Although no official announcement has been made, it is certain now, according to the New York Sun, that Marshal Foch will accept the invitation he has received to come to the United States, and will attend the convention of The American Legion at Minneapolis in November.

One hundred and sixty miles of motion picture negatives and more than 47,000 still photographs of army activities were produced during the war, Secretary Baker has informed Congress, in urging legislation authorizing the War Department to sell duplicates of the negatives.

Recent corrections in the list of missing American soldiers have reduced the number to only 127 names, as compared with 264,000 for France and 121,000 for England. To July 1 the army had reported 149,433 cases of disabled soldiers to the War Risk Insurance Bureau. The final total is estimated at close to 200,000.

All men who have been awarded the Medal of Honor or the Distinguished Service Cross, regardless of rank, will be elected to honorary membership for life in the Infantry Association.

The German military machine dies hard. While War Minister Noske is pushing the organization of 500,000 home guards and the Prussian government is trying to establish a big armed constabulary, the government will urge the Allies not to insist on the peace treaty terms reducing the regular army to 200,000 men this year and 100,000 next year.

The report of the commandant of the A. E. F. art training center at Bellevue, France, shows that the personnel of the student body represented twenty-four grades of enlisted men, and of officers from the rank of second lieutenant to major. The greatest number of students at any given time was 268.

The entire crew of the German submarine Bremen, which disappeared three years ago, has arrived at Bremen. According to a German newspaper, Great Britain kept the men prisoners and completely shut them off from the outside world to keep the whereabouts of the vessel a secret.

Analysis of the final casualty report received from the Central Records office in France shows that the European war was the most sanguinary in history. Battle deaths among American enlisted men averaged eight per 1,000, among emergency officers eleven per 1,000, and among regular army officers fourteen per 1,000. Of every 1,000 officers landing in France 330 were killed or wounded. Battle deaths were thirty-seven per 1,000 for graduates of West Point and eighteen for non-graduates.

The War Department will sell to the public 2,000,000 surplus all-wool, cotton-and-wool and cotton-wool army blankets through Post Office and municipal channels. The price to individual purchasers for new wool blankets will be $6 each.

Gold ingots to the value of $5,000,000 have been recovered by salvagers from the wreck of the former White Star Dominion liner Laurentic, which struck a mine off the north coast of Ireland while acting as a British auxiliary cruiser.

The Saxon Crown jewels, including a pearl necklace valued at $195,000, were dropped in two packages from an airplane near Malmoe and taken in charge by the police. The packages also contained gold heirlooms and securities worth hundreds of thousands of pounds, making it the biggest customs haul on record. Two Germans picked up the package and claimed the valuables as their own. They were arrested and taken to Stockholm.

Demobilization of the French army is proceeding steadily, and when it is completed the organization will be the same as in 1914 before the outbreak of the war. It will include the twenty-one corps of 1914 and two corps created during the war.
Among the Legion's Local Posts

The Arkansas State Executive Committee of the Legion is well on the way to fulfill the National Executive Committee's program of a post in every county before the end of August. The state convention will be held in October.

"It will be impossible for anyone to speak traitorously in California if the American Legion keeps up its fight for pure Americanism," said Governor Stephens, of California, addressing a newly organized post at Norman Hill Center.

Legion members of Bridgeport, Conn., have undertaken to raise the sum of $12,500 to purchase the McElroy homestead for their headquarters.

Florida claims to have organized more posts than any other state in the union in proportion to number of men in the service. The state now has more than forty posts.

The Augusta, Georgia Post has been named in honor of former Captain Louis L. Battey, who was killed in the fierce fighting in the Argonne, September, 1918.

The Newark, N. J., Post has formed a permanent committee to look after re-employment of former service men. An intensive membership campaign will be conducted throughout the state during this month.

In an effort to supplement Government and other agencies in placing former service men in permanent jobs, Emmet O'Neal, state employment officer of the Legion, has sent out questionnaires to leading employers of Louisville, Kentucky, asking their co-operation.

Bangor has been chosen as the place for holding the state convention of the Legion in Maine. The convention will be held in September.

The Legion has grown in Maryland beyond the expectations of the State Executive Committee. The committee set as its goal the modest figure of 1,000 members before the state convention in September. The membership already has passed the 2,500 mark.

A St. Paul man, a former soldier, has donated $1,000 to the state body to assist in forming posts in Minnesota.

Oregon posts will hold their state convention September 17, 18. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., will attend.

When all service men have returned, it is estimated by Legion officers that the Legion will have a membership of 35,000 to 40,000 in Montana. Montana first undertook to organize the veterans under the name of the World War Veterans of Montana. Later, at a convention in Malta, the organization entered the American Legion en masse.

Three wards in Minneapolis, the Eleventh, Twelfth and Sixth, have united to form one of the largest posts in that city.

Hugh Carlisle Post, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, celebrated the success of its membership drive with a banquet and dance. Over 400 new members were added to the Legion.

The Minnesota state convention will probably be held in St. Paul, September 3 and 4.

A new post has been formed in the Academy—or, Germany, but Massachusetts. It has been named the H. Wallace Woodward Post.

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The American Legion Weekly will consider short story manuscripts of from two thousand to five thousand words. The particular need is high-grade popular fiction—clean, sane stories of business, adventure, action, and occasionally a love story if that theme is not predominant. Humorous fiction is particularly welcome. War stories are not taboo, but the war has been over for some time and it is assumed that readers are now more interested in problems of civil life. Since many readers of the Weekly are ex-service men, it is believed that they will be interested in short stories that deal with problems of civil life as they affect men recently returned from military life. Good verse is also needed. Manuscripts will be passed upon within a week, and will be paid for on acceptance.

Membership in the Legion in Rhode Island is increasing so rapidly that the state expects to have over 10,000 veterans in the state before the national convention in Minneapolis, November 11.

The South Dakota state convention adopted a resolution urging that the proposed state soldiers' memorial be in the nature of a museum for war trophies and depository of records of ex-service men.

Wilkins Post No. 1, of Laconia, N. H., is planning a celebration of its own in connection with the New Hampshire state convention at Weirs, August 26-28. Gordon-Bissell Post No. 4 will hold its first celebration on Labor Day. There are now thirty-six posts in New Hampshire.

The state commander of the Legion in Texas announces that there has been no difficulty in finding work for returning soldiers. The state convention will be held in Dallas, October 10 and 11, during the State Fair.
The Souvenir King

(Continued from Page 8)

mmande, Francais, Amercianer, Englander, alles kamerad." We saw that all the officers were Germans. Since the war was over they were relieving a few of the Allies of surplus change, which many of the prisoners flaunted proudly in the German shops. It was not so easy to back out of the trap, because we were in a small back room and with little chance to make a break if the "good fellows" got too friendly with our kale. The Tommy came to the rescue by throwing a fake fit and when he "came to" we alleved up the crooked street minus considerable change, but not to another part of the town, bought souvenirs and hurried out of the village. The Germans worked among the prisoners in disguise and the saloon was evidently their meeting place. We gave it a wide berth on future visits to Bulmen.

O NCE back in the ward we dumped the souvenirs on a bunk and everybody was happy over the deals transacted. Among other things we purchased razors, and thus relieved ourselves of the trying ordeal of being shaved weekly by an English blacksmith who had landed a "cushy" job by telling the authorities he was a barber. This Tommy shaved us in bed and between the dressing and the shaves we much preferred the former. I was considered the chief tradesman, because Europeans have an idea that all Americans are rich, and money and that their chief enjoyment in life is putting over big deals. The Germans had me spotted as salesman for the ward and were on my trail continuously.

As the last of the English wounded were leaving for home, the Red Cross gave each several parcels; we had more than we could eat and began to handle up the souvenirs. One Tommy had fifteen razors hidden away in the lining of his clothes. Helmets, pistols and dozens of other German articles were concealed in the packs and clothing of the prisoners. A Tommy with only the stump of one leg poked a spiked helmet over it, making an immense bundle with bandages, but got away with it. Some Tommies not wounded wrapped German belts around their legs and tied them up with bandages, limping along as if they had been left cripples for life. Some who were caught with valuable German war material, when we were searched before crossing into Holland, were held up for several days, but were eventually turned loose. At Rotterdam we took the British hospital boat Panama and someone named it the "Souvenir Special." Many of the wounded were whirled away swapping souvenirs. Those who went broke in poker games offered up the precious remembrances, and remarks like these arose from the gaming tables: "Raise you an iron cross," "going up a spiked helmet," "top it half a loaf of Jerry punk!"

In a Yank hospital in England entertaining Tommies who had returned wounded and were out of the army peddled "made in England" souvenirs to the Yanks. One Tommy had several small crucifixes and he would sell one in each ward, claiming he had found it in a little back town along the Western front. When the doughboys started back on the boats the gobs had plenty of coin and grabbed up the stuff, and I suppose the gobs in turn unloaded on the unsuspecting civilians in America for a big price. Many a crowd gathered on the wharf in front of some store looking through a window at a pile of Jerry junk that "never saw action."

There was at least one Aussie in Flanders who turned away in disgust after taking a peep at a Jerry souvenir belt which a Tommy had taken from a German. There was about the time the Yanks were getting into the fray.

He couldn't dope out what the "Gott mit uns" was and finally confessed his ignorance and asked the Tommy.

The Tommy told him it was German for "God is with us," and the Aussie said, "Hell, we got the Yanks with us," and walked away.

contained solids or liquids. Different shaped cans contained different varieties of food—an oblong can of vegetables was always offered by Tommy as sardines.

EVERYONE along the streets hailed us with "Have you anything to sell?" or "Have you any soap or meat?"

The French always started with a big top price and then gradually came down. The Russians, too, were clever salesmen, but the Tommies would ask a price and walk on if it was refused. For a mark a good pocket knife could be purchased or a toothbrush or toothpaste, and many articles that would cost more in America. For ten pfennigs a little spark lighter could be bought. Everything but food, clothing and leather goods sold cheaply. Toilet soap was twenty-five marks a bar and women's and men's clothes from one hundred to four hundred marks a suit.

There were no grocery stores whatever, or butcher shops; all articles sold in these places in peace times were apparently bought direct from the factories or farms. A little packet of tea was good for ten marks.

Stores where articles were kept at cheap prices were flooded with Allied soldiers, all trying to get some little toy to take home. In one place we met a non-com, dressed like a Russian, who appeared to be a very friendly fellow and spoke fair English. He and the fraulein clerk were great pals and he seemed anxious to help us dispose of the articles we had and to get us cash for them, instead of trading. When we sold out, the two of us had about two hundred marks and the Russian (really a German) suggested we go in to a saloon and have a little "schnapps," which we did. In the little back room of a saloon we found two or three German officers, a French officer, a Roumanian, to all appearances an officer, and two Russian officers. We soon realized that one was born every minute, for we were doing all the buying. The Russian got very happy after he had introduced us to his companions. "Ach," he said, "Alle-
Lt.-Col. Roosevelt in a series of articles now appearing daily in the New York Herald tells his boyhood recollections of his father and the lessons to be learned from the WORLD WAR — Every Soldier, Sailor and Marine of the A. E. F. Should read these articles in the New York Herald EVERY DAY

BOTTING UP THE BOCHE
(Continued from Page 7)
thing was carried away which put the starboard engine out of commission. ** Immediately after the ship was torpedoed the radio was out of condition.

Suppose another submarine had bobbed up and caught the Cassin in this fix, with only one engine, with her stern blown away, her after guns gone, leaking badly and going slowly in a circle when she tried to make headway? This is precisely what did happen.

"Periscope port beam," a lookout cried. But that didn't please men of Ingram's ilk.

"Open fire, gun No. 2," came the peremptory command from the bridge.

"Rat, tat, rat, tat!" spoke gun No. 2. Fifteen hundred yards away there were splashes. Two of them struck very near the conning tower of the rising submersible.

"Submarine submerged and was not seen again. Two shots struck very close to submarine," the report reads in dry, matter-of-fact, navy parlance. Later it goes into detail. The miracle lay in which the twenty-odd men in the three wrecked after-compartments escaped with only minor injuries is most striking in the case of F. W. Kruse, fireman, first class. He was asleep in his bunk on the port side, only a few feet forward of the torpedo's path, and not a sound woke his slumber. Four frames, eighty-four inches of side, were disrupted immediately alongside his body. He made his way through each of the three compartments, climbed the ladder to the main deck in a dazed state, and did not fully regain his faculties until he had gone forward as far as No. 4 stack. His duty was in No. 2 fire-room, towards which it is believed some subconscious instinct was urging him.

Eight hundred and fifty pounds of TNT is estimated to have exploded in and upon the Cassin's fantail; this including both depth bombs and the charges of the torpedo.

But it was very, very seldom that the U-boat got the destroyer. Most often it was the other way and whenever a "kill" was officially granted to a destroyer, a star was painted on her forward stack. Perhaps the stars on the Fanning and Nicholson shimmer with greater luster than all the others, for they were not only responsible for the sinking of a U-boat, but actually captured the entire crew as well. That the boat itself was not made prisoner was due to the usual treachery of the German seaman who scuttled her with one hand while he held the other over his head in token of surrender, figuratively speaking.

While escorting a convoy, Coxswain Loomis of the Fanning, with unusual vision, sighted a periscope more than a mile away. It showed only a few seconds and then submerged. Fritz had to do this in order to get himself into position to fire a torpedo effectively and the chances were he would show his periscope a second time to make sure he was in the right location to attack. Lieutenant A. S. Carpenter, commanding the Fanning, and Lieutenant G. H. Fort, the executive officer, knew this and kept a sharp look-out. At the peep of the periscope the second time the Fanning headed dead ahead for it and dropped a depth bomb. The destroyer Nicholson also closed in and dropped another charge. The conning tower of the U-boat then appeared about two hundred yards off the surface between the Fanning and the convoy. The Nicholson's guns pounded her with three rapid-fire shots and the submarine's bow came rapidly to the surface. The Fanning then headed for the pirate, opening fire with her forward guns. After the third shot the German crew ran on deck and held up their hands in token of surrender, and this in just eighteen minutes after the periscope first was sighted. Keeping her batteries trained on the submarine, the Fanning approached the craft. A line was thrown to the submarine but missed and before the crew could be lowered into the small boats the U-boat was sinking by the head. She had been scuttled by her own crew. As she went down the Germans leaped into the water.

The American sailors quickly forgot the treachery of the prisoners who had escaped and the minutes before had been ready to fire a deadly torpedo, and lowered boats. A chief pharmacist of the navy, Elzer Harwell, and Coxswain Francis G. Conner, formerly in the Naval Militia, jumped overboard and saved a German sailor who was floating on his back. They told him to get into the small boats which reached him. He died later from exposure. Ten other Germans were so weak from the contact with the icy water that lines had to be placed under their armpits and they had to be hoisted on board the Fanning.

Once on deck those who stood were lined up, not to be shot at, nor told to walk the plank, but to be served with hot coffee and dry, warm clothing. How different from the treatment accorded the sailors of the Belgian Prince by a U-boat commander. After lifebelts and lifeboats had been destroyed they, too, were lined on the deck of the submarine, then it sank beneath them and they drowned.

When the Fanning arrived in port the prisoners gave three rousing cheers for Lieutenant Carpenter and their captors! Incidentally, the Hun who died of exposure was buried at sea with full military honors.

"Are we really humanitarians or just plain nuts?" one of the seamen asked after telling of their kindness to the Germans.

"S"EE if you can see my wife's picture anywhere? I had it in my blouse." These were the last ever uttered by Lieutenant Clarence C. Thomsen, U. S. N., the first officer lost in the war. He commanded the armed guard on the steamship Vacuum, sunk by a U-pirate. There was no warning whatever of the torpedo's approach. It struck amidships. Lieutenant Thomas and the after-gun's man, Capt. E. W. O'Brien, were thrown to the deck and two minutes later the stern plunged, throwing the naval officer and his crew into the water. April is bitterly cold in the North Sea and four of the crew were drowned outright or died almost instantly from exposure. Lieutenant Thomas was drawn

(Continued on Page 29)
Letters from Readers

Constructive Criticism
To the Editor: Your editorial on "Abuse of Soldiers" in the August 8 issue of the WEEKLY is very good. What is needed more than anything else in the Army and Navy is constructive criticism which will make the Army and Navy a better place for those who wish to serve the government.

If more constructive criticism took the place of all the unnecessary military discipline (if it can be called that), the "Hardboilers" would have to go and there would be more of the co-operative discipline so badly needed in every branch of our government.

Brooklyn, N. Y. FLOYD I. SILK.

This is a department to which readers are invited to offer opinions, suggestions and information on topics of public interest. They are also invited to express their opinion of the AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY itself. If it isn't satisfactory say so — and offer some constructive criticism. Only by knowing the desires of our readers can the weekly fulfill its mission of representing them. Only signed communications will be considered, but the name will be omitted on request. Brevity is essential.

An Answer To "A. E. F."
To the Editor: I have read your interesting magazine of the August 8 issue with great pleasure. In reply to "A. E. F. Private," I will say that, far from it being sacrilegious for sightseers and tourists to view the scenes of our great American victories, nothing will be more potent in inspiring those who see them to a greater love and appreciation of America. I, too, have fought, hiked and fallen out in the same district that "A. E. F. Private" mentions. Let Americans see what difficulties the Yanks had to overcome and we need not fear that those able to travel will return anti-American in their ideals. And let us give our support to the proposition by which we will acquire an American battlefield in France for a new national park, commemorating the Somme, Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Argonne so that, like the Canadians with their memorial at Vimy Ridge, we may flaunt in the faces of those who are only too apt to forget the memories of true North American valor.

Houghton, Mich. FRED M. BLAIR.

Congratulates Legion
To the Editor: I have just received copies of the AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, and want to congratulate you upon your (Continued on Page 26)

The Great Task of Construction

With the coming of peace the Bell System faced an enormous construction program. Conditions arising from war resulted in the wiping out of the reserve equipment normally maintained, and necessary to give prompt connection to new subscribers. The release of industry and accumulated growth of population now makes telephone demands almost overwhelming.

Telephone construction, including buildings, switchboards, conduits, cables and toll lines, must, from its inherent nature, be undertaken in large units. A metropolitan switchboard, with its tens of thousands of parts, may require from two to three years to construct and install.

Only great extension can meet the present excess burden of traffic and provide for future requirements. Extension which cares for immediate demand, only, is uneconomical and calls for continuous work of such a character as to be frequently detrimental to the service.

During the war the Bell System devoted all its margin to the needs of the Government. The great task of getting back to normal pre-war excellence of operation requires the reestablishment of an economic operating margin capable of taking care of a larger growth than has ever before confronted the Bell System.

Construction is being pushed to the limit of men and materials; while every effort is being made to provide the best, present service.
LETTERS FROM READERS
(Continued from Page 25)
efforts in producing such a splendid publication.

I am chairman of the Organization Committee of the American Legion in Bakersfield, and look forward to the completion of a membership which will include every man who has been in the service in this vicinity. We also will make it a part of our business to see that every member of the Legion subscribes for the AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

New York City. T. W. M.

The New Voice

To the Editor: Enclosed you will find an editorial from the Ogden Examiner on your magazine.

“Publication of the Stars and Stripes during the war period, as the authorized newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces, was a unique situation in journalism, yet its end was even more unique, for it concluded its great success of the war period with the conclusion of the A. E. F., which it so ably served.

“Not exactly as its successor, but as the new representative of the men who were with the American forces across the seas, or mobilized to go if necessary, has come the AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

It, too, is truly the publication of the men who carried through America’s part in the war.”

Ogden, Utah. R. M. B.

Amend Immigration Laws

To the Editor: In justice to those good American citizens of foreign birth who joined the colors and “paid their rent” for the privilege of being Americans, I think our immigration laws should be amended so that any alien who has resided in this country for a period of five years and has made no attempt to become a citizen of our country be politely but firmly told to go back to the country from whence he came.

Any alien who was very willing to have a share in our country’s prosperity and benefits by the high wages, privileges, etc., enjoyed by our workers, and is among the first to create disorders, riots and break our laws during strikes, but who claimed foreign citizenship when asked to join the colors, should be sent back to his own country. It is up to the American Legion to see to this.

Yonkers, N. Y. Dr. I. Linder.

Respect for the Flag

To the Editor: Several days ago I witnessed a parade in Pittsburgh.

I took particular notice that, as the colors passed the spectators, not one man in fifty lifted his hat, and I know there were more ex-service men in that crowd than the above percentage would indicate.

I think every former service man wants just as much to show respect for our flag as when we were in the service, but simply becomes forgetful. If every member of the Legion made it a point always to pay this respect to our flag, it would not be long before all men would voluntarily lift their hats.

AN EX-SERVICE MAN,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
clothes hindered him, and he was unsuccessful. While the plane still climbed slowly, he devised another plan.

Slowly and laboriously he began to cut strips from the cushion, on which he was sitting. His goggles and helmets interfered with his sight, and the two pairs of thick gloves impeded his hands, yet he worked away till he had several pieces of cloth ready. Then came the trial.

Dropping the controls he climbed forward to the engine and tucked a strip of the cushion across the face of the radiator, so as to shut out the cold. Laughing with glee, the wind tore away the cloth and whirled it into space. Again he tried, and again the merciless wind snatched away his handiwork. A third time, while the plane flew with no guiding hand on the controls, he attempted to block the foe, but to no avail.

Struggling back to his seat as hastily as possible, he strove desperately to think of some other method. The purple ink of the barograph was trailing along the 30,700-foot line, while the mercury, under the Arctic attack of the hundred-mile hurricane, was cowering down at twenty-five below. His feet were numb with the cold which was creeping over him. Was this paltry height to be the ceiling of his flight? Far beneath him lay the world. Southward and eastward the wide Atlantic reflected the sky's deep blue, with Montauk Point, one hundred and ten miles away, stretching slim fingers into the sea. North and westward rolled the hills of New England and the Appalachian ranges, looking low and flat from his altitude.

It all seemed so still and tranquil and sunny, it must be easy to go up a mile or two higher.

But a new element had to be considered now. He had been nearly half an hour at this altitude and his oxygen would not last much longer. In that rarified atmosphere he could not survive long without it. In addition the wind was steadily bearing him out to sea, and his gasoline was nearly gone. There was nothing for it but to descend.

It necessitated a quick descent, which was exactly what he wished to avoid, because of the dangerous effects on the human system of any sudden changes in atmospheric pressure. However, it had to be done, so it was done. Down he sped, while the earth seemed leaping up to meet him. Down, still down, in sweeping spirals, making skillful allowance for drift, he dropped down out of the strongest wind and the bitterest cold into quieter and more friendly regions. Down, and always down, till with a last spiral he brought the triplane gently to earth, slowed its rush across the field, and stopped. Overwhelmed by the sudden quiet, he dropped his head into his hands.

In the group which rushed across the field to him was his wife.

"How high?" she cried.

"Thirty thousand, that's all," he answered.

Then did his wife show the spirit of the eagle's mate.

"Oh, what a shame!" she exclaimed.
FARMS FOR SOLDIERS—DEFERRED

(Continued from Page 13)

fences he must pay about $400, or one-fourth, toward the improvements in order to get a $1,500 loan from the government. When he is ready to buy his team of mules or tractor or what-not, he must come forward with about $500, or between thirty and forty per cent, in order to get a loan of $1,200 from the government. The farm, as a going plant worth $9,000, will require an investment by the soldier of about $1,200 down and the rest at four per cent over forty years' time. The government would not deal with any soldier who already owned a farm.

"I began as a pioneer on a homestead in northwestern Iowa," said Mondell, arguing that these terms will give a man a real start. "I have seen homesteaders in every Western state and territory, hundreds and thousands in one-room sod houses. We are not expecting these men to start life that way. We do not want them to."

The opponents of the Mondell bill array these charges against it: That the half billion dollar appropriation authorized would finance only 80,000 soldiers; that it does not give the man an individual choice of farms anywhere; that the soldier will have to foot the whole bill for reclamation and administration, in the costs of the farms, and pay back every cent he borrows; that the land would cost as much as present farms in arable regions; that it interests only the farmer boy.

Against this, Mondell argues as follows:

Fifty-five per cent. of the soldiers who have written to Secretary Lane of their interest in the scheme now live in cities; that the government cannot see its way clear to undertake a vaster farm financing project at this time; that experience shows a greater success and economy in keeping the settlers in communities; that the bill would reclaim land in practically every state; and that the reclamation project would let the purchaser in on the ground floor, permitting him to get a farm at actual cost to the government, giving the soldier the benefit of the "unearned increment" later.

The "unearned increment" opportunity is really the liveliest thing the government has to offer the soldier in this proposition, outside of a government-guided chance to be independent on his own bit of land.

In building the projects on the community plan, it is not intended to follow the French plan, with the houses clustered into a town, but rather with a "community center" in the middle of a tract four miles square and every man's house on his own farm.

"And we don't have to go West for this benefit, either," says the man of the familiar sod house. "Within twenty-five miles of Boston there is a tract of land being considered for one of these projects where farms of the early Pilgrim Fathers have been abandoned and which are susceptible of development at a reasonable cost for fertilization, clearing and levelling."
BOTTING UP THE BOCHE
(Continued from Page 24)
aboard a partly submerged lifeboat where eleven of his crew of fifteen had sought safety. One by one they began to die of exposure. Their clothing froze to their bodies, icicles hung from their caps. Eight of them, including Thomas, died before the half wrecked lifeboat was picked up the next day. The remaining three have been permanently crippled by rheumatism, it is said.

Armed guard duty was particularly hazardous, especially in the forepart of the war, before regular sea patrols by cruisers and destroyers could be established. For four hours the armed guard of the steamer H. J. Luckenbach battled with a German submarine.

"Two hundred degrees. Suspicious ship," the lookout sung out. The Luckenbach changed her course to avoid the "suspicious ship," and the latter also shifted her rudder so as to cross the Luckenbach's bow. Thereupon, the Luckenbach opened fire and sent out an S. O. S.

A destroyer answered her distress call. "How quickly can you get here?" the Luckenbach asked.

"Two hours," came the discouraging answer.

"Too late, look for boats," the steamship said.

"Don't surrender," came back the message as the swift destroyer got under way.

While this wireless conversation was going on, the ship's guns and those of the submarine were "talking" with fearful rapidity. One submarine shot struck the Luckenbach squarely forward and set her on fire after wounding four of the gun crew. One gunner's mate was struck four times. Another was going up a forward ladder carrying ammunition when a German gas shell exploded, blinding him with its fumes. Then a projectile crashed into the engine room wounding two engineers. The gun crew was returning the submarine's fire and so effectively that the U-boat didn't dare approach any closer. After several hundred shots had been fired, the lookouts in the crow's-nest sent out a joyful call:

"Smoke on the horizon, 250 degrees."

They saw the approaching destroyer before the submarine did because of better visibility in the foretop. The submarine's fire was growing deadly. The after gun of the Luckenbach was put out of action and several of the gun crew badly wounded. Then a shot put the Luckenbach's engines out of commission.

But the destroyer was arriving. She fired one shot at the submarine before the latter saw her. The U-boat dived immediately, without waiting to house her deck guns. The destroyer dropped a barrage of depth charges and stood by while the Luckenbach made necessary repairs. Then she proceeded in convoy of her rescuer and reached her port in safety.

"It was nothing," her skipper said when asked about the engagement. Then he smiled and said, "We were only two miles from land. Of course, I mean two miles straight down."

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52 WILLIAM STREET
NEW YORK
THEIR WINGED FLIGHT THROUGH SKIES OF STEEL

(Continued from Page 18)

of messages, but he was so "genial" that he was invaluable in getting frightened birds into a loft. Sometimes when a bird had made its first flight under shell fire, it would return to the loft in a highly nervous condition. This would be manifested by the pigeon constantly circling about the loft and refusing to alight. Not to alight at once meant delay, and delay meant the lives of hundreds of soldiers very often. In such a case "Old Satchel-back" would be released. He would fly high in the air and then circle around the distraught bird, leading it down to the coke.

A story is related that "Old Satchel-back" once was returning across a shell-torn area with a message. He got tired and alighted on a road which engineers were repairing. Quite calmly he waited until the road was repaired and then walked majestically past, thus avoiding the trouble of walking on the rough fields on either side.

Another pigeon story which made the entire Allied forces laugh was due to the commander of a contingent of troops from one of the smaller Allied countries, who did not realize the uses to which pigeons were put in war. On his arrival in a certain sector, a French commander sent him a cote of seventy-five birds. The next day the Frenchman received the following amazing note:

"Many thanks for the birds. The mess thoroughly enjoyed pigeon pie last evening and with it drank to the health of your excellency and to our great common cause."

One of the last acts of a pigeon in the great war was to bring a message which stirred the hearts of all the men in the Allied Armies at the front. It came from a French battalion which, like Whittlesey's, had been surrounded by the Germans. The message read:

"The Germans are upon us. We are lost, but have done good work. Have artillery open on our positions."

The S-3, America's largest submarine, finished her recent trial run in first-class condition. The boat is 231 feet long and carries 38,000 gallons of oil, which makes its cruising radius 10,000 miles. On her trial run the S-3 submerged to a depth of 210 feet. Her speed under water is about thirteen knots and on the surface eighteen knots an hour.

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NEXT WEEK

The American Legion Weekly
will begin publication of the

OFFICIAL PAINTINGS
OF THE WAR

Painted at the front by America's best illustrators, among them Harvey Dunn, Wallace Morgan, Harry Townsend, Ernest Peixotto, George Harding and W. J. Aylward. These men were sent to France by the War Department and their work is part of the official records of the war.

The pictures show tanks in action; mopping up parties at their dangerous work; observation balloons falling in flames; aero-planes in combat; lines of wounded and prisoners; the desolation of No Man's Land. The subjects are accurate, graphic and of unusual interest.

The paintings have been loaned to the American Legion Weekly by the War Department as the best medium through which to show how America's fighting men looked and behaved in action.

If you are not a subscriber, ask your newsdealer at once to reserve a copy of the American Legion Weekly
Men of the American Legion Are Eligible to Membership

Members of the American Legion are invited to join forces with the 10,000 officers and enlisted men of the permanent services who are now members of this Association. These ten thousand service men and their families have bound themselves together for the purpose of reducing their cost of living—and they are doing it.

This reduction in their expenditures is made a certainty through the medium of membership savings bank checks paid to them by the Association for every purchase they make from stores with whom affiliations have been formed. These savings range from 5% to 15%. There are at present 550 such firms. Among them being:

Saks & Co.
Arnold, Constable & Co.
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A. G. Spalding & Bros.
(also all branches)

Albany, N. Y. . . . . . . . . . . Furman & Leonard
Boston, Mass. . . . . . . . . . . Shepard, Norwell & Co.
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Louisville, Ky. . . . . . . . . . . Stewart Dry Goods Co.
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Newark, N. J. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Hahn & Co.
Newport News, Va. . . . . . . . . . . . Meyer Bros.

Petersburg, Va. . . . . . . . . . . . . . A. Rosenstock & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa. . . . . . . . . . Joseph Horne Co.

Providence, R. I. . . . . . . . . . . . The Shepard Co.
Richmond, Va. . . . . . . . . . . . . . J. B. Mosley & Co.

Savannah, Ga. . . . . . . . . . . . . . Leopold Adler
Seattle, Wash. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . MacDougall & Southwick
St. Louis, Mo. . . . . . . . . . . . . Boyd's
St. Paul, Minn. . . . . . . . . . . . . . The Golden Rule Department Store
Tacoma, Wash. . . . . . . . . . . . . . Peoples' Store Co.

The above represents only a few of the Cities and Stores on our list.

New stores are being added constantly. Members are furnished directories, giving the name, kind of business and address of every store.

Many American Legion men who are also members of this Association have urged us to call the existence of this organization to the attention of the American Legion as a whole. Thus this announcement.

The method of obtaining membership savings is very simple. Send a cash slip or receipted bill when you buy. Write your name across the face of the voucher and send to the Association Office. Within a few hours a membership savings check will be on its way back to you.

A LIFE MEMBERSHIP IS BUT $5.00. This also entitles the member's dependents to the Association's privileges. There are absolutely no other dues or assessments.

Use the application printed below. It will save writing a letter. Fill it in and mail it—Now. A certificate of membership will go forward to you at once, and you can start right in saving money.

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CUT OUT THIS APPLICATION

Association of Army and Navy Stores, Inc.
505 Fifth Avenue, near 42d Street, New York City

Enclosed herewith my check for $5.00 for Life Membership in the Association of Army and Navy Stores, Inc., as per your announcement in the American Legion Weekly. Please send me list of stores where I can purchase at a membership saving, also Certificate of Membership.

NAME: ____________________________

FORMER OR PRESENT MILITARY RANK: ____________________________ BRANCH OF SERVICE: ____________________________

ADDRESS: ____________________________