THE FINER THE OAK, THE FINER THE BARREL

and the finer the whiskey character

In the Ozark Mountains there stretches a special tract of highly-prized white oaks... trees taller, broader, far older than their neighbors. Trees more fully seasoned by Mother Nature and Father Time... and therefore drier, and possessing the ideal quality and quantity of resins and gums that are so friendly to whiskies slowly aging in the wood. It is from these towering oaks that the barrels for Schenley's delicious Mark of Merit whiskies are fashioned. And so... when you taste that delicate barrel-seasoned richness which distinguishes Schenley whiskies, you can thank the giant Ozark oaks for the generous part they have played.
COME UP WHERE THE BEST BEGINS

LIFT your sights—you who are dreaming of a glorious car for comrade this summer—aim high enough to get that sensational Buick SPECIAL—it's easily within your reach.

And when you wheel this big beauty up to your door, or head for the distant horizon—you and your family will thrill to enjoyment and comfort such as most motorists have never known.

This litho, mannerly, phenomenal performer is a true-bred Buick in every inch of engineering and every ounce of metal—that fact alone makes its modest price almost a miracle.

It has the marvelously efficient valve-in-head straight-eight engine that Buick alone, in any price class, gives you to love, honor and command. It has the unmistakable feel to it of a car that's built to last.

Yet it's a woman's ideal in the light sure way it handles in traffic, on highway or when she parks.

Your every ride in this road-steady Buick has the smoothness of a canoe on still waters. Your brakes are easy, sure, "Tiptoe" hydraulics that Buick perfected. You travel in style that's a standout wherever the fashionable gather—no one will ever guess to see your Buick how everlastingly thrifty it is to own.

Count up all its features—and it's hard to believe that the price tag is right. Yet there are the figures—in plain black and white—Buick Special, Series 40, $765 list at Flint, Michigan!

Two or three dollars a week more than the lowest-priced cars—and you're up where the best begins.

The terms are easy—the price is the lowest ever put upon a Buick—ask any Buick dealer for a demonstration—right now!
K

EEP this issue of the Monthly where you can reach for it anytime somebody tries to fire a few rounds of grape into the Legion. Show that somebody the record of what the Legion did during the 1936 flood-and-tornado season. Ask that somebody if he would have chosen any of the particular places mentioned in that story to get up on a floating soap-box and tell the world what was wrong with the ex-service man.

L

E

EGIONS

A W. Lester Stevens's cover portrays country that was pretty close to the New England flood belt—the hills of Western Massachusetts that lead up to the sublimity of the Berkshires. Mr. Stevens has a right to stick A. N. A. after his name, which means that he is an Associate National Academician—an honor that signifies as much to a painter as an All-American nomination does to a right halfback.

P

ROBABLY never again will an American Legion National Convention open with the singing of The Star-Spangled Banner" by Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink. "A Memorial Day Message" marks her second appearance in these pages. The first was in the issue for November, 1927: "Why I Love the United States." Her concluding sentiments were such as any of us might take to heart: "America—sane of judgment, loyal of heart, warm of sympathy, considerate to everyone—no wonder I loved her from the first! No nation ever merited the affection of a foreign-born citizen as does this one. So the United States won me, made a German-speaking citizen decide to learn the language, live the customs, change her allegiance. Never in my life have I chosen so well as the day I moved my family to this country."

M

ESSRS. Ellison and Brock, authors of "Keep Away From That Hook," know the rackets racket all the way from the galloping pea to the big-time eight-figure swindles. They are the authors of "The Run for Your Money," a fascinating account of slickerdom that jolts your faith in human nature.

E

QUALLY, Marquis James knows his Texas. His "The Raven: A Biography of Sam Houston," won the Pulitzer Prize in biography in 1930. More recently he has published "They Had Their Hour," a collection of vivid and authentic chronicles of American history all of which appeared originally in these pages.

N

EXT month, weather permitting, Elsie Janis will be re-introduced to her old A.E.F. buddies with a fact narrative out of her postwar experience that exhibits a different Elsie from the song bird of Is-sur-Tille and points east; Wyrthe Williams, internationally-known commentator, writes on "Time, Space, and the United States;" Ted Meredith of 880 fame discusses the tribulations of training an Olympics team (he's been toning up the Czeks).

T

ODAY'S best thought: Don't forget the Cleveland National Convention. The dates are September 21st to 24th. Easy to remember—it begins on the last day of summer, or, if you want to be reminiscent about it, five days before the eighteenth anniversary of the opening of the Battle of the Mcus-Armonne.


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The American Legion Monthly
NOW...as in 1918

the famous Trumpeter still stands for

STYLE LEADERSHIP and QUALITY

YOU remember the famous signs—one of which is reproduced below—that greeted the eyes of thousands of American soldiers as they were on their way to Brest, St. Nazaire, Bordeaux and Nantes to leave France for America! Regiments cheered when they saw them! What a pulsating story those signs told! America! Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes! Home!

And today—just as in 1918—the Hart Schaffner & Marx label and name stand for identically the same things! Style! Quality! Superior value! Now, with a swing toward better times again, American men are dressing up; and you'll be surprised...if you don't already know—how inexpensive it is to be well-dressed in Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes.

Smart style features this comfortable, easy-to-wear sport model. Available in gaberdines and a variety of sturdy, rich, summery fabrics. Unusually moderate in price. Stop in at your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer today and inspect these exceptional values!

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
Good Clothes Makers
Introducing the new 1937 Philco Foreign Tuning System

Built-in, Automatic and
"Only Philco has it!"

Europe...South America...Asia...not as an occasional thrill, but as reliable, enjoyable sources of radio entertainment and education. The 1937 Philco Foreign Tuning System brings in many more foreign stations...and we have made it easy for you to find them.

And remember—by automatically tuning the Philco High-Efficiency Aerial...the built-in Philco Foreign Tuning System more than doubles the foreign stations you can get and enjoy.
A MEMORIAL DAY MESSAGE

As Memorial Day draws near, I want to send a special word of greeting to my friends in The American Legion and to my buddies of the World War wherever they may be. I do this with a heart full of love for them and for their families who now depend upon them, share their responsibilities of domestic life, and inspire them to the highest in community life and citizenship.

I want to point out to these friends and comrades of mine that Memorial Day should now take on an increased and important significance. In this good but troubled year of 1926, Memorial Day must mean more to us than it has in recent years.

I do not need to point out to my boys, who called me Mother Schumann-Heink and whom I wish now I could gather to my heart, that the World War brought suffering to me, even as it did to so many countless mothers, to so many unnumbered relatives and friends of those in the service, on both sides. I had five sons in the war. Four served in the American forces and one, my eldest, as a navigation officer in German submarines. August, this oldest boy of mine, had lived in Germany all his life, and was on duty as first officer on the Hamburg-American passenger liner President Lincoln when the war broke out. He was content to follow the ways of peace, but his country brought him into war and placed him in the submarine service. Since the bitterness of the cruel conflict has now dissolved somewhat into feelings of understanding and sympathy one toward another, I feel safe in mentioning that August served with bravery and distinction. He received the unusual honor of being decorated with two Iron Crosses and also was given the highest Austrian decoration for a feat of mine-laying off the Italian coast. Then he gave his life—killed in action near the close of the war, lost with all his comrades on board.

Of my four boys in the service of the American forces, three were in the Navy. George, the youngest, and the only one born in the United States, saw foreign service on transport duty as fireman, making twelve trips across. Another son, Ferdinand, was in the Field Artillery at Camp Funston for a brief time and received a medical discharge.

Yes—I think I know what Memorial Day should mean.

Let me suggest three things for my friends who saw the service of training camps and battlefields, and for any who may be influenced by their wishes in the matter, to ponder over and consider:

First, I feel that Memorial Day itself should be given wider and more carefully planned observance. The day should never be considered a holiday for celebration purposes. Memorial services should be held by peoples of all beliefs and creeds. In other meetings, at other times during the day, patriotic, civic, and fraternal organizations should meet in solemn observance of honors for the nation's heroic dead. On this day, veterans who are confined to hospitals should be visited. All of our citizens generally should be impressed with the suffering these men and others who wore the uniform of their country had to endure, not only during the war but in the years following.

Second, Memorial Day should signify a time when we as a people appraise our plans for staying out of future wars. Through the press and every other medium of information, the attention of our citizens should be called to the fact that we are definitely erecting barriers against future conflicts. In sponsoring a program looking toward the taking of profits out of war, I feel that The American Legion is exactly right.

I believe very strongly that all of those resources and materials needed for war should be furnished to the Government at actual cost; that salaries and incomes should be so regulated that no one can make material gain from the human misery war brings. May we never again permit the sad profiteering of the last war.

Third, Memorial Day should call our minds and hearts to a better sympathy and understanding with the peoples of other nations. Ours is a common task with citizens of other lands, this building of an enduring structure of international amity. I believe it true that the common people the world over want war no more. They feel that civilization should now abandon war as a method of settling disputes.

Yet we cannot shut our eyes to realities. When the rights of the people of a nation are violated, it is natural and proper for those people to seek justice. There still lives the spirit of aggression.

So the problem is not an easy one. But it presents a challenge to American leadership. Examples of differences being settled without resort to war are multiplying year by year.

Perhaps the opinion of my humble self is worth nothing, but here is my suggestion for strengthening the principle of arbitration:

When differences arise between nations, let a board of strictly neutral countries consider all phases of the disagreement and weigh the claims of both sides. Let them consider how the matter might be settled with greatest possible justice to both. Such a board could decide upon proper indemnities and remunerations for losses sustained, and other matters involving property, jurisdictions and rights—those judgments to be solemnly announced to the world.

Should a nation then refuse to abide by such decisions, then all other nations should act in a body to bring proper pressure upon it with complete embargoes, stoppage of exports, and cancellation of credits. Military action would be the last resort.

Too idealistic? Perhaps so. Perhaps so long as there are greed, aggression and selfish personal or national interests to be served, this method, and other methods, will prove impotent. But I believe that inevitably the world draws toward peace. Those who gave their lives in past conflicts have not died in vain.

Let Memorial Day be sacred to the honor of their achievement—and the worthiness of our task.
PART ONE
Chapter One

IT WAS afternoon as John Breen entered Le Havre again. The same Le Havre. The same chalky cliffs rising mistily out of white water far to the right; the same brown and white sails of fishermen's boats bobbing slowly toward the Manche; the same rows of elegant white houses, wearing their gay tile roofs like new spring millinery.

Oil in the distance that same white road, bending backward and forward up the heights of Ingouville, staggering left and right as if it could not make up its mind, a road once pounded by a million pairs of American hobnails on their way to Rest Camp Number 2.

Yes, the same Le Havre. The same ships of many nations, the same gulls screaming greedily for a meal, the same rich smell of land after those quiet days at sea. The same Havre as in 1917, but not the same John Breen; although as he stood on the deck and watched the ship nose cautiously into the harbor, he looked no more like a detective than he had looked eighteen years before when he came rollicking into this same port on a troopship. And felt even less like one. A detective, he knew, must reason things out, and he was in no reasonable mood.

In fact, his employer, Mr. Manny Murtzer, just three weeks ago had called him the most unreasonable man in Hollywood. Here was Breen, at the top of his stride, with four smash-hit pictures under his belt, the best-paid camera man on any lot, walking out on his career.

"Regardless of what I pay?" Manny Murtzer had asked.

"Regardless of anything," John Breen had answered.

He was fed up on motion pictures, he tried to tell Murtzer, who didn't understand at all; fed up on Art for box office sake, on glamor, on female stars. Fed up on pretense, too, which he had learned to recognize in its every form through the lens of his camera. Was there any reason in the world why he shouldn't slam the studio gate behind him, hop the night plane at Burbank and the boat at New York?

No reason at all. And already he felt better. Immeasurably. His nerves were firmer, and he no longer was easily enraged at little things. If it had been impulse that brought him, then good for impulse.

He stood now with the collar of his ulster pulled up, his soft hat drawn down over his dark, sultry eyes, and peered across the misty harbor at the hills of France. Rain dropped without vigor out of a drab November sky, and hissed against the cold gray water. Men in wet smocks hurried along the glistening pier, traffic on the streets facing the harbor splashed through puddles, and farther away, beyond the steep roofs of the town, spread the rain-soaked hills of Normandy.
of you, are there?" he a damn. You tried once. Try again!

"Sunny France," a husky voice at his elbow said.
"Toujours," Breen answered. He didn't turn. It was Kernan, the driver he had hired in New York. One couldn't mistake the voice. "I rather like the rain," Breen said. "After the California sunshine..."

"Oh, yeh, I been there, too," the fat man beside him interrupted. "Sunny California. Liquid sunshine. You could get drowned in it."

"Why, I'm afraid you're a cynic, Kernan," Breen said.

A stranger, looking at Breen himself, might have guessed the same thing. He was an uncommonly tall man, and uncommonly lean. His lips were thin as paper and his face might have been a mask, for all the emotion it betrayed, except for his smoldering eyes. He looked older than his years, too, and the hair on his temples was almost white.

"You can't be fed up on travel already!" he said.

Kernan scowled. He scowled often, Breen had noticed in the few days at sea. Just a facial mannerism, perhaps; not indicative of character. It didn't matter, either way. He'd rather the man would scowl all day with his fat lips shut tight than yell the way Manny Murzter had. He didn't know much about Kernan yet; but he would find out. He always did, about everyone, and enjoyed it. Knowing people well was his favorite experiment. All he knew about this man now was that he served his present purpose, and that in his time he had been around.

He was about Breen's own age, a year or two from forty, one side or the other, and in spite of the scowl, his light, wide blue eyes were as disarmingly blank... empty might be the word... as his round, florid face. Breen had read his advertisement in the New York papers the day he arrived from the Coast.


Breen had not even listened particularly closely to his story before he hired him; hired him impulsively, for no particular reason, except that Kernan wanted very much to go, and Breen could use a driver.

"There's a dame wants to marry me," Kernan had confessed. "I got to get away in a hurry, so's to give her a chance to change her mind."

"By this time tomorrow," he said to Breen now, and his face brightened, "we'll be in sweet old Paris. Then leave 'er rain. I know a lot o' good dames in Paris."

Breen turned questioningly on him. He hadn't made known all his plans to Kernan yet. For one thing he hadn't told him that they were not going to Paris. At least not now.

"We're hitting the small towns first," he explained. "Villages, wayside inns, quiet places where you can hear yourself think. I want to take some pictures."

"You don't have to think in Paris," Kernan pointed out with unassailable logic, but Breen rejected the idea.

"That's where the film stars go. We might meet some of them."
"Well, that'd be swell," Kernan said.

Breen dropped the subject. He was managing this trip, not Kernan, and it was no use trying to make anybody else understand how he felt about... oh, any number of things. He might even get over it. Sometimes he glanced down along the dock.

A gendarme was tramping outward on its concrete floor, with an immense, fat dignity.

"What you grinning at, boss?" Kernan asked.

"The gendarme. I've known a lot like him. Forgot how important they could look."

"Don't look important to me," Kernan objected. "Look mean, like any cops."

Breen continued to watch the policeman on the dock. "You don't like cops?"

Kernan said emphatically. "I don't like 'em one hundred percent!"

"I was a cop once," Breen told him, adding, "not a very good one."

His driver snorted. "There ain't any good ones."

"I was worse than most," Breen admitted. "Lost my only case. Flopped it completely. It was here in France, too. Just after the war."

The boat was moving slowly toward the pier, and already the excited chatter of voices lifted to the deck. Other passengers were hurrying to disembark, but Breen lingered, watching the scene below him. He liked this coming back; even more than he had anticipated.

"You don't mean you was one of them dirty M. P.'s?" Kernan demanded, and Breen saw that instinctively he drew away.

Breen laughed. "Oh, much worse than that, Kernan. One of the D. C. I.—American secret police." He added quickly: "That was after the Armistice, though. Same time you say you were in the delousing service."

Kernan growled so fiercely this time that Breen turned to look at him. Was he about to lose his chauffeur at this late hour? That would be inconvenient, perhaps. He tried explaining: "It was a case of murder. Two murders, in fact. I arrested a fellow but had to let him go. Not enough evidence."

A steward hurried along the deck, bowing politely; their hand luggage was ready, they had better prepare to go ashore.

Neither Breen nor Kernan mentioned the police again that day. They found their shore legs in a little inn on the outskirts of the city, and the next morning, the rain having ceased, they climbed into Kernan's car, Breen with a camera in his lap; crossed the estuary of the Seine to Honfleur, and turned westward over the hills of Normandy. They would pause first at Pont l'Eveque, Breen decided, and then at Lisieux. In Lisieux, particularly, he remembered, there were some good old houses and streets. They'd make stunning pictures.

"Postman on a holiday," he admitted a little sheepishly to Kernan. "This kind of shooting's fun, though. Not like that in Hollywood."

"We all got our idea of fun," Kernan replied. "Me, I'd rather take a pitcher of Mae West..."

"Than of all the houses in the world, I suppose. Well, we disagree on several points. Police, pictures...?" Breen paused. He had not intended to bring up the subject of police again. One need not probe into sore spots. But having done so, he went on:

"We'll stop off for a day in the town where I proved myself the world's worst cop."

"A cop's head just as big as his feet," Kernan said. "What town's that?"

"Timon-sur-Huise, it's called. Small place, but picturesque. I'll get some good photographs."

It was three days later that Kernan halted his car at the top of a rise and Breen peered down expectantly into the deepening shadows in the valley of the river Huise. All afternoon they had traversed that range of rocky hills which separates the grapes of Touraine from the apples of Normandy. It is a wild and sparsely peopled land, with roads none too good, even today, and the local folk refer to its rugged hills, affectionately, as 'our little Alps.'

The village of Timon-sur-Huise lay below the height where the car paused and was half-concealed by the shadows of early evening.

He stepped out from the bushes, an old army automatic in his hand.

"Ain't much to look at," Kernan complained.

Breen did not argue it. In his mind, it was decidedly something to look at. It was the scene of his first sleuthing. How young he had been! He had worked hard, with an earnestness he rarely had possessed since, but in spite of that earnestness and everything else, he had failed on his big case.

"I was a sergeant on outpost," he disclosed to Kernan, "alone, too, which put it right up to me. There were lots of nice people in the place then, I discovered. I'd
A man sprawled, face downward, on the carpet. He was moving slowly forward, with small hitches of his legs like to see one or two of them again.

"Looks deader'n tinned salmon to me," Kernan said. "One hundred percent."

Shapes in the village cut with mysterious vagueness through the deep black shadows, with the river winding through it like a crumpled black velvet ribbon. On the high horizon to the west, a single streak of orange accentuated the blackness of the trees which stood out in feathery silhouette.

"Let's go on down," Breen suggested at last. He was conscious of enthusiasm in his voice. All right, why hide it? Why pretend? Hadn't he decided that he was through with pretense? Admit the truth, he was enthusiastic.

Timon-sur-Huisne, he explained to Kernan, might look like just another sleepy town, but it was really remarkable for some fine sixteenth century timbered houses and for two ancient stone bridges over the river, which . . . even back in 1017, before he was a camera man by trade . . . had caught his sense of photographtable. "If you know what I mean by that," he told Kernan. The castle, concealed in shadows now on the opposite hillside, was the seat of the counts of Ruban.

The villagers all worked in the automobile factory of the rich M. Geoffroi Pavie, and the fortunes of the citizens varied according to the market for cars.

"Wait . . . you can see Ruban's castle from here!" Breen exclaimed as the car reached the valley floor. "Over there, against the hill. See it? It's Norman, if you want to know. A perfect example. In good preservation, too."

Kernan grunted. He looked at the view. But what about it? There were all sorts of freaks in the world, he reflected. But he hadn't guessed when he hired himself out in New York to this smooth-acting guy that he'd turn out to be this kind of a crank. He'd seemed like a regular fellow, and now he talked Norman architecture . . . "a perfect example!"

"The counts of Ruban are an old, old line," Breen was saying. "This one . . . by George, I wonder if he's still alive! . . . he was a queer fellow. Hipped on the subject of family trees. Always talking about his ancestors. Had only one boy. A good looking kid. Captain in the French air forces. Killed while I was here."

"Flying?"

"Oh, no. Been better if he had. It was one of my two murders. Never found who killed him."

The light was failing rapidly (Continued on page 38)
Water, Wind and a

TWO members of the Staff of The American Legion Monthly, Philip Von Blon and Alexander Gardiner, herewith report on the fine achievements of Legion posts and Departments in the spring flood zone. The material on southern tornadoes has been supplied by A. B. Bernd of Macon, Georgia, and Department Adjutant Robert D. Morrow of Mississippi. This combination of disasters proved far and away to be the greatest natural emergency which has faced the Legion. Any attempt to recite the story of the Legion’s great effort in full detail would fill several years’ files of this magazine. Instead, the authors of this symposium here treated the historic crisis as if it were a series of Big Moments—which is what it was.

The Susquehanna goes Main Street at Sunbury, Pennsylvania. The $50,000 clubhouse of Milton Jarrett Norman Post (with tower, at left) was damaged so badly it must be rebuilt.

At the Legion relief depot in Columbus, Ohio, where truckloads of food and clothing received from posts throughout the State were routed to stricken Ohio River towns. Below, a Massachusetts post says thank you.

The evening of March 17th was to have been a gala evening in the $65,000 clubhouse of Johnstown (Pennsylvania) Post. On that day, St. Patrick’s Day the 500 members intended to gather for the opening of a new lounge on the first floor. In the large room stood scores of new tables and chairs of modernistic design—gleaming chromium-plated metal tubing and red leather upholstery. An oval bar, like an island in the center, reflected in polished mahogany the glow of many lamps.

It rained in the morning. Toward noon the pattering of raindrops on windows had become the steady drumming of a downpour. Word spread that the water was coming up rapidly in the Conemaugh and Stonycreek Rivers. Steep hills rise on both sides from Johnstown’s valley-floor level. On St. Patrick’s Day the mountains behind those hills were weighted with the unmelting snow of an unprecedented winter. Johnstown had had its great flood of 1889 in which 2,200 persons died. But, reflected Legionnaires as they shuffled tables and chairs, that couldn’t happen again. Might be some flood water in the streets though if it kept on raining.

Afternoon brought more than the ordinary flood to which Johnson-town is accustomed. When the water rose in Main Street, it kept coming up so fast that the Legionnaires who had carefully arranged chairs and tables turned to hastily to carry those chairs and tables to the large post meeting hall on the floor above. Days later, when the furniture was carried back to the lounge, there was a different decorative motif on its walls. When Pennsylvania Legionnaires come to Johnstown for their Department Convention, August 20th to 23d, they will see on those walls the high water mark of 1936’s flood—highest a flood had been in the city since 1889.

“The dam has broken!” This report reached the American Legion

Milton M. Cowan Post, No. 4
The American Legion
Haverhill, Massachusetts

The Officers and members of this Post as well as the citizens of Haverhill deeply appreciate your kind assistance and donations received during the trying days of the flood period. We can truly say that the words in the preamble to our Constitution, “To conserve and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness” was fully exemplified. Many thanks.

For the Commander,

Chairman, Relief Committee
To tornado-stricken Tupelo, Mississippi, rushed scores of Legion emergency units carrying medicines and bandages, food and clothing. Here is a corner of Tupelo Post's central relief depot where hundreds of storm victims were helped.

One Legion rescue boat of a thousand. This boat is at Wethersfield, Connecticut. The house, was built before 1700, but home was never like this in any earlier flood

Commander Charles J. Boyle of Johnstown Post was in the jewelry business for several days after the flood. His stock was in two boxes, one containing gold watches, the second rings and other valuable ornaments, all found in the clothing which Johnstown citizens donated for flood sufferers in response to the Legion's appeal. Donations were made so quickly that many givers failed to empty pockets of garments. At the Legion's clothing center the clothing was searched as it was classified before being given out. Commander Boyle succeeded in restoring most of the property to owners. After the first days of the emergency Johnstown Post, under an arrangement with the Red Cross, had sole charge of clothing distribution, while the Red Cross distributed food.

When District Commander Curtis Paessler made his way by boat to the home of Post Commander Charles Boyle, at the corner of Walnut and Lincoln Streets in one of Johnstown's low areas, he discovered on the porch a grim symbol of disaster. It was a coffin, a flood-scarred roughbox.

Wheeling Post went into action against the flood like an army thrown suddenly into a major battle. Post Commander M. W. Boley, a funeral director, became generalissimo. He appointed Edmund L. Jones, a lawyer and West Virginia Alternate National Executive Committeeman, and Roy Guess, Post Adjutant and head of a milk company, to command the regiment of Legion volunteers who responded to radio calls. Jones and Guess established their P.C. in Wheeling's police station on March 18th.

This Legion headquarters for more than a week was the heart and brain center of Wheeling's organized flood work. From it came and went messages by telephone, radio, motorcycle rider and boat detail. With rare thoughtfulness, Mr. Jones supervised the keeping of a minute-by-minute typewritten record of all the activities conducted from the Legion station. Stenographers
Hot coffee delivered. Truckload of sandwiches arrives. Ambulances wanted. Government launches show up. Directions for traffic on federal and state highways. Urgent call for first aid kits. And so on, page after page for five exciting days.

Hardest and most dangerous work of Wheeling Legionnaires was on Wheeling Island. The island is in the center of the river between Wheeling and Bridgeport, Ohio. Two bridges lead to Wheeling’s business district, one a suspension bridge dating back to Civil War days, which was the longest suspension bridge in the world at the time it was built. Tragedy followed the completion of a similar bridge on the same site a year before the present one was built. Improperly braced against the wind, it was blown over and many lives were lost. Engineers of seventy-five years ago did a good job on the present structure. It came bravely through the recent flood, although the Legion workers who used it as a base for their boat operations were fearful when a string of heavy pontoons swept beneath it and sheared away braces of the understructure.

There was a big moment in Legion police headquarters on the night of March 19th. The minute-by-minute log records it thus: 8:30 P.M. Report fall of Suspension Bridge. Major crowd of all men available sent to scene. 8:32 P.M. Report of fall of bridge false.

The home of the Reverend Byron Benchea, Chaplain of Wheeling Post, was on the upper tip of Wheeling Island, which narrows to a width of a quarter of a mile. This section was first to receive the pounding of the oncoming water. At the extreme tip of the island stood a large wooden tabernacle which for many months before the flood had been the scene of revival meetings. At the height of the flood, when the water was fifteen or twenty feet deep over all the island, the tabernacle floated from its foundations. Like a battering ram it was borne by the flood against the side of Chaplain Benchea’s house. His house and two neighboring houses were battered from their foundations and, with the tabernacle, converted into a single great mound of wreckage.

Everywhere along Wheeling Island the Legionnaire rescue crews steered their boats, taking householders from windows and
rooftops. Scores of lives were saved by the timely arrival of the rescuers. Prize story of the work on the island concerned a house overlooking the river channel to which boats proceeded after hearing loud cries for help. Holding their boat against the house side with difficulty because of the current, the Legionnaires called to those within urging haste. A full minute elapsed before a woman appeared at a window and calmly surveyed the struggling oarsmen.

"Would you mind coming back in about an hour?" she asked. "We're not quite ready."

There was an equally funny moment one night at the telephone switchboard in Legion police headquarters. Calls for help had been coming in every few moments. "Probably somebody else who wants a boat," thought Post Adjutant Guess as the phone bell rang at his elbow. "Hello!" said a voice. "Will you please tell me what time it is? My watch has stopped and I can't see it anyway."

Harrisburg Post, with 950 members, organized its emergency relief unit in February. Its baptismal mobilization came only a month later, and a half hour after the first call by phone and radio 130 Legionnaires were at post headquarters ready for duty. One rescue detail alone transported 351 persons to safety. Another group took care of thirty babies and their mothers. One Legionnaire carried out sixty rescues. The Legion first aid station was first started in a tent. When rising water forced its abandonment, members of Edith Cavell Post, all wartime nurses, opened a field hospital at post headquarters. Twenty-eight posts in other Pennsylvania communities sent truck convoys to Harrisburg Post.

Legionnaires Eugene Burton and Robert Totterdale of Martins Ferry (Ohio) Post found perilous adventure in rescue work on Wheeling Island, and, mixed with it, humor. With Legionnaires Lawrence Newland and Buck Morris of Bridgeport and three others they manned a powerful motor boat which took marooned residents from homes at the tip of the island immediately behind Wheeling Tabernacle. They were almost trapped when the Tabernacle was swept from its foundations and bore down upon them. To escape the collapsing building, careening in the flood, they had to shoot at top speed into the main channel of the river, menaced by a tangle of charged wires and debris. At another time, in pitch darkness, with a load of passengers, they almost capsized when they ran at fast speed onto the slanting roof of a derelict garage.

They tell of the man who forgot his rubber boots and wanted to go back after them, of the woman who insisted on taking a package with her (contents, a fur coat and a grip containing six bathing suits), of the 75-pound dog carried as a passenger upon his owner's insistence, of the woman who smuggled aboard a bird cage, wrapped in clothing.

Massive Grecian columns adorn the age-stained stone building at 116 South Third Street in Philadelphia, only a few blocks from Independence Hall. In 1795 it housed the Bank of the United States and later it was the center of the famed banking activities of Stephen Girard. Now it is the Headquarters of the Pennsylvania Department of The American Legion and of Pennsylvania County.

Within those walls many exciting moments in 141 years. Five wars, many financial panics, frenzied years of booms. No more exciting times than during the third week of March when Department Commander John B. McDade, Department Adjutant

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In Lowell, Massachusetts, the American Legion relief depot served flooded communities on a long stretch of the Merrimack.

Legionnaires were first on the job in tornado-swept Gainesville, Georgia. This is a post-storm view of the City Hall.

A fragment of Wheeling Post's log of its flood relief activities covering its work minute by minute for five exciting days.

Edward Linsky and National Executive Committeeman Vincent A. Carroll worked night and day, days on end, bringing to flood-stricken communities the organized effort.
THE adjusted compensation bonds will soon be in the hands of the World War veterans. What will become of that money after it has been paid over?

One thing is certain—organized racketeering will make a strong bid for it. Each veteran, the minute he gets his bonus money, becomes a live target for the most aggressive and ingenious array of swindles that ever set out for a share of a two-and-a-half-billion-dollar melon.

Just as gulls follow a ship, so racketeers follow the money. There are elaborate, cross-indexed sucker lists, some of them carrying 100,000 names, and there are the "bird-dogs," specialized practitioners whose sole occupation is tracking down and delivering people with ready cash. Every time an obituary notice appears, the name is clipped and survivors entered on the sucker lists—racketeers close on the trail of the possible legacy or insurance check. Every time sweeps or bank night winners are announced, down go their names. Such lists are evolved from auto license records, stockholders lists, any compilation of names that might represent cash. And now the racketeering industry has handed to it what is, on the basis of pure statistics, the biggest potential sucker list of all time—a list of 3,500,000 names.

The Federal Trade Commission tells us that the ten-year take of stock rackets alone was twenty-five billion dollars—proof enough that the easy-money profession, if unrestrained, is capable of wringing down the bonus appropriation at a gulp. The racketeers won't get all of it, of course, but they'll get part of it. It might be your part. To confuse the 1035 model swindles with such old-style transparencies as the gold-brick racket is to underrate them. Modern racketeering is so smooth you can't hear the wheels click, so plausible that some of our shrewdest business men fall for them every day.

This two and a half billion dollars, the most powerful magnet ever constructed to attract the confidence boys, will see all the old rackets trotted out, greased, oiled and thrown into high gear for the rush. New ones will be devised. It is an excellent time for veterans to familiarize themselves with some of the rackets most likely to be used as bonus bait. Most of these schemes are "within the law." Once hooked, you have no recourse, for your chiseler has either broken no laws, or he has taken precautions that you won't be able to prove he has.

You may have been wanting to take advantage of one of the many "business opportunities" which are constantly advertised, to buy a partnership in some profitable little business, work hard, and become independent of depressions and capricious bosses. Anyone with this desire in his mind is a ripe prospect for the "partnership racket," which claims thousands of victims every year.

This swindle demonstrates how court-wise crooks are able to operate flagrant rackets with scant danger of ever being caught on criminal charges. According to most laws governing partnerships, it is impossible for one partner to steal partnership funds, for these belong to either or both partners jointly. Therefore, if one partner decamps with the funds, he is legally not stealing, but merely taking what is his. The most the other partner can do, if he can catch the absconder at all, is sue him in a civil court and get a judgment—and a judgment against a fly-by-night crook is about as valuable as a third mortgage on an acre of ocean bottom. In the remote event that the victim can prove a scheme to defraud, and catch the criminal to prosecute him, the crook uses the sucker's money to defend himself. In either case, the money is gone.

And so the partnership racket flourishes, usually starting with a "business opportunity" ad such as this one, which appeared in an Ohio paper:

WANTED, Quick—Partner as local manager for theater. $50 week and half profits; $1000 investment; this theater part of chain of 30. Address—FB 28.

The man who ran this ad is an impressive, white-
haired gentleman who has been operating partnership racket since 1899. Like others of his stamp, he is no stay-at-home, and is as likely to turn up in Spokane as in Newark. He has worked profitably in Toronto, Columbus, New Orleans, Seattle, Memphis, San Antonio, Charleston, New York, Illinois and Iowa, and has served prison terms at way stations.

Another promoter, reported in Baltimore, advertised for a partner to invest $2,000 for a half interest in a proposed restaurant. While the answers were accumulating, he rented a store, bought fixtures on the installment plan, and had a proof prepared by a local newspaper of a large advertisement announcing the opening. These props were sufficient to convince prospective "partners" that they were investing in a going business. The promoter sold an even dozen "half interests" and netted, after dickering, nearly $82,000. When the opening day arrived he was far away, leaving his victims not only cleaned, but shoulerding a sorry tangle of unpaid debts.

Other promoters sell partners' tips for cash, and proceed to discourage their partners as to the future of the business. After two months of lugubrious propaganda, the new partner is pretty down-in-the-mouth about the whole proposition, and is willing to withdraw. The promoter buys back his interest with a promissory note which, of course, is worthless. The only redress is a civil suit, and this, as we have seen, is no redress at all. This technique is continuous—get a partner, take his cash, buy him out again with a worthless note; then get another partner and repeat indefinitely.

A versatile Boston promoter operated under 28 aliases in all, and once entered into partnerships with six careless Bostonians at the same time. A Chicago operator sold a partnership in the Jiff-O Chemical Corporation for $250, continued to advertise for partners, and clipped another for $750 on the same scheme. A Minneapols citizen paid $250 for an interest in a "going" real estate business, next day the business was "gone." A New England sharper, veteran of hundreds of partnership swindles, set himself up in the grand manner, with swank offices and impressive scenery to overwhelm his victims with the importance, prosperity and worldwide activity of his business. Postmarked envelopes and letterheads of well-known business companies were part of his sales kit.

So—if you've got that bonus money earmarked for a "business opportunity," check up on your new partner. Ask banks, attorneys, Chambers of Commerce, Better Business Bureaus, and references. Get the lowdown.

Suppose the new addition to your available funds means you're going to have some extra money to invest. It is in the general field of "investments" that the genius of the easy-money boys shines brightest.

When you think of investments, you think first of stocks, and here you encounter three perennial rackets that have flourished since well before the turn of the century—the ordinary bucket shops, which sell you stock they haven't got; the sell-and-switch houses, which sell you a well-known stock, then switch you to a phoney; and the tipster enterprises, which high-pressure you into buying phony stocks in the first place. Your protection against all these is absurdly simple: Don't be high-pressure. Reputable brokers sometimes suggest, but never insist. The minute your new-found stock salesman begins to phone you long-distance at midnight, pepper you with excited telegrams, and swamp you with market news and "hot tips," he gives himself away as a stockiteer, for these methods are not used by legitimate brokers. And when he talks of oil royalties and whiskey warehouse receipts (investments in aging whiskey), be doubly cautious, for these two fields have been racketized to death.

Since the advent of SEC, the going has been harder in the stock gyp field, and many once ingenious stock promoters have descended to the most elementary form of crime—theft. But it is elaborately embellished theft, known to the trade as "the switch," which is a new development in scientific gypping. Two cases recorded in Chicago this year will show how it works. Stockholders of Central Commonwealth Service Corporation, whose stock had greatly declined, were victimized by a group of swindlers who falsely represented that the concern was to be taken over by American Radiator. The victims were offered an opportunity to exchange their shares for American Radiator stock, but were required to pay the difference in market value of the two stocks, share for share. It sounded good to the suckers—swapping a non-paying white elephant for a live issue with an income. They fell. The swindlers collected in cash wherever they could, departed and were heard from no more. The same proposition was made to stockholders of the Public Service Holding Corporation. Pelsof claimed to represent the General Electric Company, these swindlers stated that they were authorized to exchange General Electric shares for those of the Holding Company on a share-for-share basis. The investor was allowed to deduct the original price of the Holding Company stock from the current price of GE shares, the swindler collected the balance and disappeared. So here again if you have some old stocks in your till that haven't paid dividends (Continued on page 52)
This year Texas cuts a birthday cake with a hundred candles on it. Every one is invited to go there and have a piece of cake and a good time generally. I have been asked to write something supposed to give prospective visitors some notion of what to expect of Texas.

They should expect a good deal. As a boy I used to wonder more about Texas than any other place on earth. My first conception of the universe consisted of the Cherokee Strip bounded by Kansas, Arkansas and Texas—the Strip being the part of Oklahoma Territory in which I had been brought up.

This idea of geography was gathered from conversations overheard in the "boys' house" on our farm, where the hired men slept, and at Frank Hodgden's grocery on E Street in Enid, the county seat. By rapt attention to these instructive discourses I learned to tell the difference between a Kansan, an Arkansawyer and a Texan. Gradually I formed my own opinion of the nature and shape of things and the manner of life in the remote lands from whence they had come.

Kansas was pictured as the home of droughts and grasshoppers, Arkansas as a place of razor-back hogs, hills and poor crops. I heard that a native of Arkansas could be distinguished by the fact that one leg was invariably longer than the other from plowing hillsides.

My own boyish inability to verify this definition was attributed, of course, to a deficiency in my powers of observation rather than to any flaw in the definition. This did not trouble me very much, because my thoughts were so busy with the riddle presented by Texas and the Texans.

For surely they were a race apart and their country different from any other. Texans came to us with no complaints against or apologies for the land of their nativity. Settlers from Kansas and Arkansas moved into the Strip to homestead claims and thus better their lots.

Neighboring Texans emigrated for the same purpose, but with this difference: They came to better our lots. This was reflected in their bearing, words and manner—the air and the flair with which they confronted every situation and every problem that might arise.

It was counted an important day in Enid when Temple Houston drove across the Salt Plains from Woodward to argue a case in the little court house that stood in the center of the dusty square.

I can see Houston yet, the center of an admiring circle, with his broad hat, his long hair and his trousers tucked into high-heeled boots. I remember the first time Temple Houston visited our home. I remember the Chesterfieldian courtesy of his greeting to my mother. I remember, too, his thoughtful notice of me, and that he spoke in a low, pleasant voice and seemed interested in everything I had to say. At this some of my awe, though none of my admiration, left me. This man I knew to be a son of a legendary creature named Sam Houston, the greatest of all Texans and therefore the greatest man who had ever lived.

Yet there were people who would make out to run down Texas and resent the large and spacious way Texans had of regarding the world in general. A sanguine toast was circulated, somewhat as follows:

- Here's to the grand old State of Texas,
- Where there are more rivers,
- And less water,
- More cows,
- And less milk,
- Where you can see farther,
- And see less,
- Than any place else in the Union.

You can stand on the T. P. Depot in Fort Worth
And see the International Bridge at El Paso:
There is nothing to obstruct the view.

Even in these critical lines the reader will detect a note of grandeur, a concession of majesty. This seems unavoidable. In any situation, however unpleasant, there always exists a happy alternative without stepping outside the boundaries of Texas. For instance, a man may stand in snow a foot deep on the plains of the Panhandle and warm himself with the reflection that at Point Isabel the oleanders are in bloom and fishermen casting their lines into the subtropical waters of the Gulf. Point Isabel and the Panhandle corner northwest of Amarillo are thousand miles apart by road, which is the distance one travels to get from Toronto, Canada, to Savannah, Georgia.

So upon closer acquaintance I have reached the conclusion that my early impressions of Texas were not so far off as a fellow might think.

What other State imparts such a feeling of empire?

Texas is a good deal larger than France. It has seacoast where summer is twelve months long, and snow-capped mountains nine thousand feet high. On the prairies the blue bonnets and Indian blanket form natural flower gardens that may be measured by the mile. Each year people cross the country to see them. Texas has desert and it has rice country where the rainfall averages an inch a week for the year. It has St. Helena Canyon where the Rio Grande passes through a gorge a third of a mile deep. It has the Staked Plains, (Continued on page 46)
GLAD to SEE YOU AGAIN!

By David S. Ingalls
President, The American Legion 1926 Convention Corporation of Cleveland

WRITING in Collier's on June 13, 1914, just sixteen days before a mad young Serbian student fired the shot that sent American youths to the firing line three years later, Julian Street, in one of his travel series, "Abroad At Home," offered a whimsical comment on the hospitality he found at Cleveland.

So eager were members of the Chamber of Commerce that he see everything, he wrote, they nearly wore him out rushing from place to place, and then, to be sure he would be on hand the next day, they locked him in his hotel room and put a guard on. He added: "If boosting is a western industry, Cleveland is not in Ohio, nor even a Pacific slope city, but an island in the Pacific."

CLEVELAND, the Legion's host in 1920, will welcome you back in September to help celebrate the glory of its remade greatness, to see the exposition of its hundred years of progress—and just because you're you courtesy, is always ready, smilingly, to confirm this further observation of Mr. Street:

"She can raise more bushels of statistics to the acre than other cities can quarts. And the more Cleveland statistics you hear, the more you become amazed that you cannot live there. It seems reckless not to do so."

But this is not meant to be a statistical story. Some figures will be rationed out, of course, to form a background, but in the main an attempt will be made to set forth a simple, unvarnished description of what Legion visitors may expect to see, in the hope that they may look forward to the enjoyment of enough entertainment and reminiscence as to make the trip to the busy community on the south shores of Lake Erie well worth the while.

This is one of Cleveland's momentous years, more significant, perhaps, than 1806, when it celebrated the 100th anniversary of its founding by Gen. Moses Cleaveland (correct) and a company of other surveyors from Connecticut. This year marks the centenary of Cleveland's incorporation as a city, and there is arising on the lake front, as you read this, a glittering, modernistic series of exposition buildings to house the exhibits that mark the tremendous progress made by the eight States bordering on the Great Lakes since the day, early in March, 100 years ago, when a little group of earnest gentlemen laid aside their signed articles of incorporation, leaned back in their chairs, and tried to visualize a time when their thriving town would become one of the queen cities of the West.

Throughout the summer and fall Cleveland will act as host to a ceaseless tide of visitors. Already this year it has entertained scores of conventions. In June comes that imposing quadrennial drama, the Republican National Convention. Later in the month the Great Lakes Exposition, with its acres of magnificent buildings, its informative displays and colorful gardens, and its extensive Midway, throws open its gates, to run until October 4th.

In September, The American Legion stages its spectacular party, with its hundreds of bands, its pageantry, its reunions, its parade, and its general air of good fellowship. Already there is noticeable

Of course Mr. Street was exaggerating when he was putting Cleveland in a bullyhoo class by itself but the fact remains that when members of The American Legion gather in Ohio's metropolis in September for their eighteenth annual convention they will be assured of as hearty a welcome as has ever been accorded them in any city in which they have met, not even excluding the grand greeting they received in Paris in 1927—and that, by all reports from those Legionnaires who went, was a tremendously gala affair.

Those Legionnaires who attended the 1920 convention in Cleveland will find, if they visit it again in September, a city greatly improved in many of its physical aspects, and one whose hospitality will be even warmer than sixteen years ago—if such a thing is, indeed, possible. For Cleveland, with its traditions of
It is a new Cleveland now, towers and halls and great open squares proclaiming the changes since you saw it in 1920. Above, an air view from the lake front showing (in circles) the locations of the Public Auditorium, where the convention sessions will be held, and the Terminal Building overlooking the Public Square.

Its diverse group of nationals are preparing to lay out communities similar to those in their native lands—a Street of Paris, a Street of Italy, a Street of Belgium—and each so closely approximating the original abroad that those Legion men and women who were overseas will be well able to imagine themselves back in the days when they wangled a pass out of the top sergeant and set forth in their O. D. best to give the town the once over, put a bottle of wine or a mug of beer under their belts and no doubt exchanged badinage with the smiling young women they encountered in the church square.

So rapidly does the ingenuity of the American advance that features will be found in these transplanted villages which were not even dreamed of in that classic of all recent expositions, the Century of Progress in Chicago only two short years ago.

Obviously, such huge developments that have taken place along the shores of the Great Lakes, and especially Cleveland, were not even remotely foreseen by General Cleaveland and his party of fifty men as he was rowed quietly into the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, which cuts the city in two, and made his way to a landing at a point where the high bluffs sloped precipitously to the beach. All he and his companions saw on that warm July 22, 1796, was dense forest stretching interminably eastward and westward along the shoreline, and perhaps a few roving Indians whom he doubtless watched warily to ascertain whether or not they had obeyed the dictates of their powerful New York chiefs, Red Jacket and Brant, who at Buffalo a month previous had sold their claims to territory east of the Cuyahoga for 500 pounds (New York currency in trade), two beef cattle and 100 gallons of whisky.

(Continued on page 34)
"All morning and not a bite - but, I reckon I can hold out as long as the "bait" does."

"Another half hour and I'll call it a day - ho hum!!"

Sound asleep - every dang one of 'em.

-Yeah! - and then what happened??

Well, it seems like they woke up thirsty - and first thing, you know they're all goin' over the side, slap-dash, for a drink of cold water!!

Hangovers, eh?? What was in that Jug, Buddy?
THE GHOST
of the OLD BUGLE

IN ITS issue for October 15, 1920, The American Legion Weekly worked itself into a good fluffy fether concerned "the greatest demonstration The American Legion has staged, the most imposing manifestation it has made of the character, strength and solidity of its ranks." The commentator undoubtedly meant solidarity—the solidity has come since. But whatever he meant, he was referring to "the impressive defile of 20,000 Legionnaires" through the streets of Cleveland on September 28, 1920—the "great spectacular feature" of the Legion's Second National Convention.

It was not, viewed in perspective, just another Legion parade. There were elements in it now forever impossible of duplication. For example, ninety-five percent of the marchers wore "the old uniforms of service." Just try that on your 1936 solidity.

And there were forty hands—think of it! One of them, all unintentionally, precipitated a rather nervous moment when it burst into something from "Tannhaeuser" right under former Ambassador Myron T. Herrick's nose. But Mr. Herrick, being a true diplomat, merely chuckled, and the crisis passed.

Thirty-one wearers of the Congressional Medal of Honor, won for valor above and beyond the call of duty during the World War, headed the parade. Their presence, plus the general excitement, proved too much for Leroy Williams, one of the three hundred thousand Clevelanders who lined the sidewalks. Mr. Williams, a sixty-five-year-old veteran of the War Between the States, had himself won the Congressional Medal of Honor at Cold Harbor. Suddenly he burst through the lines and joined step with a marching delegation. "Why, I just couldn't stay out," he reported later to the Weekly's correspondent. "Somehow it seemed to me as if all my old comrades who have gone before were marching there, and the ghost of the old bugle sounded in my heart."

IT IS now rather late in the day to correct an error made sixteen years ago, but Mr. Williams obviously was somewhat past sixty-five when he marched with the Legion at Cleveland. To have been then only sixty-five, he must have been born in 1855, and, as the nine-year-old hero of Cold Harbor, certainly would have merited not one but two Medals of Honor. In 1920 he was, one may safely assume, well on the further slope of seventy, and today, if he is still one of the thin line of the comrades of '61-'65 who linger on this side of the Great Divide, he is close to four-score and ten.

But from the point of view of the average Legionnaire who attended that "greatest demonstration" at Cleveland, sixty-five was practically the same thing as seventy-five or even ninety. All three were pivot marks in the advance of the years which there was no need to worry about, because from the point of view of 1920 they all looked alike anyway. Any one of them designated an old man, so why worry over hair-line distinctions?

Those tens of thousands of Legionnaires who journey to Cleveland this coming September for the Eighteenth (Dear, dear!) National Convention will view this age business from a new, a somewhat more acute angle. Sixty-five is now no longer in the dim distance, and from there to seventy-five is, happily, a long stretch. If the Legion visits Cleveland yet again after a comparable interval—in 1952, that is—there will be a considerable number of snowfaces of sixty-five and worse in its own marching ranks. There will be a number of them in its own marching ranks in 1936. They will be just about as common, probably, as Legionnaires under forty.

ALREADY the average Legion age—forty-three or so—must be well in advance of the average in any social, civic, or fraternal order with which logical comparisons can be made. True, the Elks, the Masons, the Knights of Columbus, Rotary and Kiwanis undoubtedly could show a heavier proportion of graybeards if this were a heard-growing era, but let it not be forgotten that on the other side of the average-age divide in those organizations is a large group of men who were wearing knickers or even rompers in 1918. There is no fountain of youth wherein the Legion may dip and bring up buckets of bright young eligibles who can remember as if it were yesterday the thrill of casting their first votes. Here is one factor which has not yet risen to annoy The American Legion Auxiliary or The Sons of The American Legion, both of which can confidently look forward to swelling their rosters with members who are yet unborn.

Well, the wear and tear of the years is inevitable, and the only thing to do is to accept it in that spirit. And something more. Now is the time for all good Legionnaires to take thought for the morrow—to consider ways and means, while the Legion is yet in the full glow of maturity, for establishing and maintaining the security of its old age.

Go to Cleveland this September and see how the Legion works. Go for the good time you will be bound to have. National conventions are actually getting more enjoyable as the years pass. If some of the hurrah-for-our-side spirit has been tamed, a mellowness has taken its place that is even more pleasant and easy to take. Go to hear the ghosts of old bugles blowing, to revive the memory of great days, to meet old friends again. Go, and give a thought to the glory of the past, the joy of the present, the necessity of making sound and adequate provision for the future.
SEVENTY honor students of Central Arizona high schools, who once shared the average American citizen's view that practical politics is a pretty messy field of human activity, made in March under the auspices of the Arizona Department of The American Legion a Gulliver's Travels pilgrimage to Phoenix, capital city of their State.

After meeting at the capitol the Governor and members of the House and Senate, they found themselves kings for a day. Student Arthur Jenkins found himself Governor. His fellow students had elected him in a spirited campaign. The fulltime Governor, B. B. Moeur, gave him his own big chair in the executive offices. The others found themselves Senators and Representatives, engaged in deliberations in the respective chambers at the capitol. They not only confronted but worked out solutions to a batch of legislative proposals calculated to give nightmares to grownups who regularly occupy the Senate and House seats. No attempt was made to sidestep controversial questions. The boy and girl legislators tackled problems of citizenship, education and finance which would give political shellshock to a Congressman seeking re-election.

It was all part of a program worked out by Dr. W. B. Townsend, Director of the Educational Activities of the Arizona Department, in conjunction with Dean J. R. Murdock of the Social Science Department of the Arizona State Teachers College, and in keeping with a resolution adopted by the St. Louis convention of The American Legion. As a test tube experiment in political affairs it worked marvelously, reports Dr. Townsend, himself an educator. It was moreover, he adds, proof of the Legion's ability in line with enlightened policy to help bewildered present-day youth get sound political bearings in a world torn by propaganda and confusion.

As evidence of Legion soundness in undertaking to reinforce democracy by practical education of youth in public problems, the Arizona experiment ranks with two other Legion innovations. Following the lead of the Department of Illinois, the Legion in a large number of States this summer will sponsor Boys' States, in which boys from scattered communities will assemble at camps and carry out the duties of public office. The Kansas Department originated an American Legion Schoolmasters' Club, composed of Legionnaire educators, teachers and others interested in youth. Arizona, California and many other States now have these clubs.

Such Legion activities, Dr. Townsend believes, tend to preserve public confidence in a period of uncertainty caused by recurrent controversies involving academic freedom, teachers' oath bills and propaganda by extremist groups opposed to our form of government. Unfortunate byproducts of popular misunder-
standing of the problems which the country faces are a tendency to distrust teachers as a group and a tendency by teachers to react un wholesomely to ill-inspired attacks made upon them. There is in many places the teacher's natural resentment of undeserved stigmas. Even more harmful is the effect of paralyzing classroom effort, when super-cautious teachers fear to permit their pupils to discuss phases of political and social problems freely lest any inadvertent thought uttered be misinterpreted, distorted or placed out of perspective.

"The Legion," writes Dr. Townsend, "wants the schools to develop citizens who will help maintain and improve a democratic form of government—not a static form but one suited to the needs of the times."

"At first it was thought that the only thing necessary was to keep students from discussing other forms of government. This was based on poor psychology. When a person is forbidden to discuss a topic, he does it just to show that he can. Repression fails to concede that a topic may be discussed for the purpose of gaining information, without a person taking one side or the other.

"The St. Louis convention resolution expressed a different point of view. It placed responsibility for constructive action on the school people themselves. Behind it is the feeling that our Government can stand comparison with any other. The final clause of the St. Louis resolution said: 'Resolved, that the schools and colleges be encouraged to improve both their curricula and methods of teaching, to the end that such studies be made more effective in developing better citizens.'"

"The Legion Schoolmasters’ Club of Arizona felt strongly that teachers should be encouraged to discuss controversial issues such as current forms of government (constitutional democracy, limited democracy, dictatorship, communism, etc.), municipal ownership of public utilities, a one-chamber legislature, state and federal support of schools, and local and state election systems. They felt that the best place for our future citizens to get unbiased information was in the public schools; that it would be much better for them to find out about communism in the school room than in a radical 'Youth Camp'."

Arizona school teachers looked with suspicion upon this program at first. Some feared they would lose their jobs if controversial issues were discussed in their classes. Others surmised the Legion was trying to use them to promote a fascist form of government. It was suggested that the Legion sponsor a "Junior Legislature," in which high school students should legislate on contemporary problems of state government, so that the school men might know the sort of program the Legion had in mind.

"To make sure that controversial questions would not be side-stepped but discussed," writes Dr. Townsend, "a list of problems was sent to each high school and teachers were urged to use it as the basis of the work to be done. The list included such problems as these:

"Shall the State Superintendent be elected or appointed?
"Shall a school for the mentally-handicapped be established?
"Shall large fortunes, excess profits and intangibles be more heavily taxed?
"Is a sales tax a fair plan?

"Shall Arizona have a one-house legislature?
"Should teachers have a pension system?
"Should old age pensions be increased?
"Should unemployment insurance be carried?"

The Legion, in submitting these topics, asked only one thing of the teachers—that they themselves not take sides on any issue and that they give all available information on each topic to the students. Teachers were told their local posts of the Legion would stand back of them as they tried to make their teaching functional.

In each school most-interested students studied the problems, prepared their own political platforms and appealed to fellow students as candidates for their support. In Florence a hot campaign was waged and the whole community got interested. After the school elections, the successful candidates were allowed to choose the legislative committees upon which they would serve, and they prepared bills to meet the wishes of their constituents.

Many educators and distinguished visitors were present when the Junior Legislature assembled for the opening session in the college auditorium at Tempe. After bills were introduced they were referred to one of four committees. A later session was held in the Senate and House chambers at the capitol. After a busy day in which joint sessions and conference committees were found necessary eight bills were passed and signed by youthful Governor Jenkins. These called for: A school for mentally-handicapped children; consolidation of all school districts in each county into one district; one board for all colleges in the State; sixty days' notice to teachers at end of school year concerning re-employment; increase of old age pensions; increased unemployment insurance; free text books for high schools, and an increase in the state levy for schools.

The Governor vetoed one bill—a sales tax measure—on the ground that a sales tax does not tax wealth.
An echo of the Gay Nineties in the 1935 horse show of Peabody Post at South Hamilton, Massachusetts. Below, Fred and Jean and Billie Rauscher on the sidelines. Jean wishes she had a Sons of The American Legion cap too where it is but shifts the burden to the group known as the middle class, which is already loaded with tax burdens.

"The primary result of the Junior Legislature experiment," concludes Dr. Townsend, "was the interest in public affairs communicated to students generally. Some of those boys and girls—pick of their schools today—some day will be sitting as duly elected members in those same seats which they held in play for a brief period during their plastic years."

**Yo Ho Ho and a Bottle of Brandy**

**WHEN** the fourth annual dinner of The Society of the Last Man of Forty Veterans was held in Philadelphia on April 6th, the suspicion got around that President Harry Tully was trying to kill off a lot of bon vivants quickly. So good was the chow, at $2.50 per issue. All members—forty originally, thirty-eight now—were selected from Voiture Locale No. 1 of the Forty and Eight, each chosen for convivial accomplishments. This on the word of one of them, Abian A. Wallgren, your cartoonist, no mean convivialist himself.

Wally writes that $1,000 will await the last man. With it a bottle of Napoleon Brandy, now put away in a safe deposit box. Toasts are drunk before each course of the dinner, and the business session is short. Voyageur Wallgren was elected trustee despite his protest that he didn't trust nobody, let alone for three years. He promised he would balance the society's budget.

**Tally Ho!**

**IT IS** a versatile Legion, all right, holding county fairs, home expositions, rodeos and auto races, operating flower gardens and motion picture theaters, running contests to promote the raising of better calves and better potatoes. And lest we forget about it, here comes H. A. Daley of Augustus Peabody Gardner Post of South Hamilton, Massachusetts, after several years' silence, to remind us of his post's annual horse show. The post's 1936 horse show will arrive in July on schedule just as it has arrived in eleven preceding Julys. It has become a great social event for a fashionable section of Massachusetts, and the post has been building up with the proceeds a fund which it hopes will maintain it years hence when its members have passed the hard-riding age.
Open once more under American Legion auspices, the celebrated Busch Gardens in Pasadena, California, with miles of walks bordered by rare plants and trees.

"Legionnaire Bayard Tuckerman, Jr., the head of our show, is also the president of the Eastern Racing Association and one of the foremost figures in Suffolk Downs, Massachusetts' new $2,500,000 pari-mutuel racing track," writes Mr. Daley. "He is nationally known as a gentleman jockey and is a Past Commander of the post.

"Mrs. Florence Dibble of Oldtown Hill Farm in Newbury provided a colorful note for the 1935 horse show when she drove over the road to our show in her four-in-hand coach—a sort of revival of the Gay Nineties. A footman, dressed in the traditional red costume, sounded his long horn as the equipage rolled through towns. With a picture of this coach I am sending another one taken on the sidelines during the show—Fred and Jean and Billie Rauscher, as they watched the coach and their father, Frederick S. Rauscher, in his official role of show announcer. Note the caps of Fred and Billie. The Sons' squadron sold the show programs."

Pasadena Wonderland

SOME time ago we checked up to see how often the sovereign State of California busted into this department with stories and photographs. The State of the Golden Gate has had a batting average about twice as high as any other commonwealth. Not our fault, though, for what can we do to keep the balance right when California posts insist on doing so many things and doing them pre-eminently. What can we do when Adjutant Albert Engval of Pasadena Post sends along another flock of pictures of the Busch Gardens with the good news that these celebrated gardens, closed since the death of Mrs. Lilly Busch, are once more open to the public under American Legion auspices.

Some years ago we published an extended article describing the gardens. Since then almost every out-of-town and out-of-State Legislaire visiting Pasadena has made it a point to see them. Like the Magnolia Gardens of Charleston, South Carolina, and the DuPont Gardens near Wilmington, Delaware, in which William W. Fahey Post of Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, holds a pageant each summer, the Pasadena gardens belong to all America. They contain rare varieties of trees and plants from distant parts of the world, which can be seen in no other place in the United States.

The estate is divided into sunken parks of fifteen acres, each with many miles of walk-bordering plants and trees.

Throngs attended the formal reopening of the gardens on September 28, 1935, and on last Armistice Sunday 10,000 persons attended an outdoor church service sponsored by Pasadena Post. The Easter party for the children of Pasadena, a custom established by Mrs. Busch, was restored this year in her memory.

Flieker, Stay 'Way From My Door

MONKEYS, ducks, guinea hens, pigs have all been circulated as unwelcome guests by posts to boost their membership quickly, but Loveland (Colorado) Post had the happy idea of dumping in front of the home of a man who had not paid up, a decrepit motor car bearing the legend "I Can't Move Until Your 1936 Dues Are Paid." There it stayed until the man paid up, whereupon a post detail coerced the auto wreck to another unpaid member's home, and so on. The wreck was pointed to as an example of what a few trips over the highway leading into Eades Park would do to a car. The post raised its membership to the highest mark in its history, got the highway improved and won from National Headquarters first prize for the most novel and successful post membership plan.

Roll Call

WESLEY STEVENS is a member of Edwin A. Peterson Post of Rockport, Massachusetts ... Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink is an Auxiliarie of Stevens Point, Wisconsin ... Karl Detzer is a member of Bowen Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan, and J. W. Schläikjer of Winner (South Dakota) Post ... Marquis James belongs to S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City, Albert Curtis to Louis Halphen Post of Legion, Texas, David S. Ingalls to Army and Navy Post of Cleveland, Ohio, Alexander Gardiner to George Alfred Smith Post of Fairfield, Connecticut, Philip Von Blon to Wyandot Post of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, A. B. Bernd to Joseph N. Nee Post of Macon, Georgia ... Robert D. Morrow is Adjutant of the Mississippi Legion Department ... Herbert Morton Stoops is a member of Jefferson Feigl Post of New York City, Art Helfant of Advertising Men's Post of New York City.
SAILOR MEETS

"THE KING IS DEAD; LONG LIVE THE KING!" Several months ago that cry resounded throughout the far-flung British Empire, when the wartime ruler of one of our Allies in the World War, His Majesty George V, passed away. Notwithstanding the general repudiation of monarchies in Europe as a result of the war, the British throne stands fast, and as a symbol of its empire has gained influence.

America's sympathy flowed across the seas to the parent country. But the passing of the King was more keenly felt by those soldiers and sailors and marines and nurses who served overseas during the war. To many of them, he was more than a mythical figure on a foreign throne—he was a man they had seen and had learned to know. This was true, particularly, of our veterans who served with the British, had seen King George when he visited American hospitals and ships, and those who, passing through England on their way to the A. E. F., had received individually a greeting card from the King.

These incidents were recalled in many letters from Legionnaires following the King's death. Representative of most of these communications is the story which came from Carroll L. Wilson of Shaw Post of the Legion of Weldon-Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina. Wilson, editor-publisher of The Roanoke Rapids Herald, sent us the picture shown alongside, and here is his story:

A BUNCH of us had met over at K. Lewis's home for a taste of clam chowder like we used to get at Newport and Boston during the war. We were on our way to an oyster roast at the Legion Hut and just stopped by when we found that K had the clams and his wife knew how to serve them up just right. We Southerners have never forgotten some of these Yankee dishes, and Down-East clam chowder is still a favorite.

The main topic of gab around the table was about King George who had died that same day. Being the wartime King of England we felt we knew him a lot better than other European rulers. One of our gang was not so hot for kings of any kind and we had a nice little set-to over that.

Getting through first, Alf walked over to the living-room table and began looking through K's pictures. He stared at one a long while and took it over to K, asked him the how and the why of the occasion.

"Yeah," said K, "I was thinking about that picture when George here was arguing about kings not being so hot. Let that chowder settle before we go to the Hut and I'll tell you about it.

"I was on Admiral Hugh Rodman's ship, the New York, and we had just convoyed a bunch of our troops over. On my ship was a runty little Chief Bosun's Mate known all through the Navy as 'Shorty' Schirm. How long he'd been in the Navy I don't know, but he'd grown wrinkled in the service.

"Everybody on board kidded the life out of Shorty because he claimed to be a personal friend of King George. They'd get his goat by yelling, 'How's your old palsy-walsy, Georgie?' and such, but Shorty stuck to his story and said the King was a regular fellow.

"One day we got orders to get set. King George was paying a visit to our ship.

"We gave Shorty plenty of Hell that day. I kinda felt sorry for the little old guy after a while and quit kiddin' him, but there were plenty on board who had heard him chant about himself and the King and they wouldn't lay off. Now would come the showdown.

At the U. S. Naval Training Station, San Diego, sailors and soldiers join in a memorial service for President Theodore Roosevelt in 1919
The Sailor King, George V, pauses to greet the late Chief Boatswain's Mate Frederick J. Schirm on the sovereign's visit to the U. S. S. New York in 1918. The King and the gob were old-time friends. Admiral Hugo Rodman smiles his approval.

Rodman hastily returned to his side.

"'Admiral, who is that man?" asked the King.

"The Admiral told him.

"'Have him step forward, please,' said King George.

"'Hello, Shorty,' said the King as he grasped the little fellow's hand.

'Have not seen you since we were together off the Philippines before I was just the Prince of Wales and was a guest on your boat.'

"For several minutes, this great King talked to the most thankful little man in the whole fleet while the rest of us wanted to throw our hats in the air and yell—we felt so good.

And just about that time, one of the boys up above snapped the picture and there it is, boys, showing the King and Shorty talking—the rest of us trying to take it in, and that's me right there.

"You ask me, Well, I'm telling you all. King George was a regular fellow and I know one ship crew that will never forget him. I don't know where Shorty is now but I know he's feeling mighty bad about the King dying—and to tell the truth, I don't feel so good about it. He was a great guy.

"Let's have a drink before we go down to the oyster roast."

Well, we did a little inquiring after getting Legionnaire Wilson's story and we must regretfully report to Shorty's friends in North Carolina and the thousands of gobs and marines who knew Frederick J. Schirm, Chief Bosun's Mate, during his thirty years of service in the Navy, that Shorty wasn't here to grieve the death of his friend, the King. Because Shorty went West in October, 1927, at his home in Elmhurst, Long Island, New York.

We learned, too, that Shorty had been retired before we got into the World War after twenty-seven years of honorable service in the Navy, but he re-shipped as soon as his services were again required. With such a record, it seems quite natural that he and King George V, known as the Sailor King, should have been friends.

When George Frederick Ernest Albert, second son of King Edward VII, was but twelve years old he and his elder brother became naval cadets in 1875. Prince George remained in the naval service, advancing through the grades of midshipman, sub-lieutenant, lieutenant, commander, captain and rear-admiral, until in 1903 he became a vice-admiral. During that period he went on many long cruises and served on the North American and West Indian station of the Royal Navy. Following the death of his elder brother, he was created Duke of York in 1892 and the following year married Princess Mary Adelaide, who on his accession to the throne in 1910, became Queen Mary.
Two Belgian refugees, two American officers and a French non-com demonstrate inter-Allied amity in front of this huge coal pile at Base Section No. 1, S. O. S., A. E. F.

February 10, 1919, which is shown in the enclosed picture. After a parade through San Diego, the soldiers and sailors marched up each side of the plaza toward the stand which housed the giant organ that was used in the services.

"As a seaman of Company F, I served about nine months in training at the camp in Balboa Park. Evidently I wasn't such a good sailor, as I remember much special duty because of un-clean uniforms, talking in formations and being out of step at drill. One experience I'll never forget: While on the rifle range we fell out for rest and got the command to stack arms, something all soldiers and sailors know. I was the last man to add my rifle to the stack and instead of completing the stack, I knocked the whole thing over. That spelled extra guard duty.

"I am sure all the gobs who served there will remember Balboa Park—the plaza where dances were held, the Y. M. C. A., the picture show, the boxing matches—and, of course, the drills. If any of the men who served there will write to me, I'd be mighty happy to hear from them."

ON OUR travels in these columns through the A. E. F., we are always glad when we get an opportunity to take a look at the areas that some of the Then and Now Gang may not know so much about. Hence this tour will take us into the S. O. S.—that huge organization, the Service of Supply, without which the combat troops would have been impotent. You bet the S. O. S. helped win the war!

Take a look at the picture on this page which its contributor, an ex-Engineer captain, captioned, "The Allies in the S. O. S.,” and added that it is a first-class view of the conglomeration of an S. O. S. detachment. It was taken toward the windup of the A. E. F. at Base Section No. 1, located in the Vendée Department of France on the Bay of Biscay, which was Premier Clemenceau's home country. Lined up in front of the coal pile are two Belgians, Messrs. Sampers and "Pete," (Continued on page 48)
Other low-priced cars MAY offer you this much room in the future—but you get it in Nash "400" and LaFayette NOW! Nash "400" and LaFayette offer you MUCH MORE ROOM than any other car in the low-priced fields...in fact, more room than you can get in all but a few of the more expensive cars!

Wider seats than in cars costing over $2,000! Three big people ride in either seat with room to spare! More headroom, too. You ride in luxurious comfort, cradled between the two axles—not over them.

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Nash "400" and LaFayette are the only cars in the low-priced fields that offer you, at slight extra cost, the sensational gas-saving Automatic Cruising Gear. This automatic "fourth gear" reduces engine revolutions 3/4 at high speeds, minimizes wear on moving parts, saves up to 25% in gasoline, up to 50% on oil! The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Special equipment extra. All prices subject to change without notice • Convenient, low monthly payments through new 6% C.I.T. BUDGET PLAN
WHAT'S my opinion of American Legion Junior Baseball? Well, it's my belief that no finer contribution could be made by an organization such as The American Legion than to see that wholesome habits of recreation and living play a prominent part in the growing years of American youth.

Real citizenship and the right kind of teamwork which holds this nation together can best be taught on the diamonds of American sandlots.

I have been told that since 1926, when the Legion first started upon a nation-wide baseball program for boys up to seventeen years old, the scope of the program has increased from some 60,000 boys participating a decade ago to more than 500,000 in the summer of 1935. Each one of these 500,000 playing Junior Baseball is a potential big leaguer, at least in his own mind.

"There's one thing which matters about playing baseball, whether on a village green or on the manicured sod of Navin Field, the home of the Tigers—play your head off and play heads-up baseball every minute of the game.

I've played many other competitive sports which a lot of folks think are more grueling than baseball, but don't let anyone mislead you in this respect. In order really to play the game of baseball, you must be in the best possible physical shape. Some jobs on the diamond may be apparently less arduous than others, but all of them demand the complete attention of a finely trained and alert athlete.

The very fact that hundreds of thousands of American boys are keeping in that fine physical shape through playing on Legion sponsored ball clubs is going to mean that these youths are getting off on the right foot in their later struggles to make their way in the world. They are going to be better citizens and better sportsmen—which, as I understand the Legion's program, is its primary objective.

I know that a considerable number of major and minor leaguers today are graduates of Junior baseball. One recent example of this sort which comes to my mind is the case of Phil Cavarretta, young first baseman of the Chicago Cubs. Just a little over two years ago Phil was a member of a cham- (Continued on page 52)
Frigidaire with the "Meter-Miser" wins America!

SLASHES CURRENT COST YET KEEPS FOOD SAFER AND PROVES IT!

The Proof is Waiting for YOU Attend the FRIGIDAIRE PROOF-Demonstration today. See how Frigidaire not only saves you more, but brings you startling new beauty and convenience. Its stunning new cabinet is much wider, roomier...a regular "refrigerated pantry"...with dozens of advantages for genuine usability.

Avoid confusion and uncertainty. On proved fact alone, you will select a beautiful new Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser. And be happy with it for years!

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On Guard For You! The Food-Safety Indicator
Frigidaire builds this Food-Safety Indicator into a shelf, right where your food is kept—visible proof that Safety-Zone Temperature, between 32 and 50 degrees, is maintained even in the hottest weather.

See the PROOF. Buy on Facts—not Mere Claims

• They're crowding Frigidaire Dealers' showrooms everywhere—these smart shoppers who refuse to gamble their money on mere claims. They're choosing Frigidaire because it alone has the Meter-Miser—the powerful little cold-making unit that is literally winning America on proof. Visible proof that it slashes current cost to the bone, yet freezes more ice faster and keeps food safer, even in blistering hot weather!

Your nearest Authorized Frigidaire Dealer will demonstrate this. And he will prove to you that Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser meets not just one or two but ALL FIVE Standards for Refrigerator Buying. No wonder thousands more families are choosing Frigidaire every day!
"We are now going to study the signs of the zodiac," announced the teacher. "James, we will begin with you and you may be the first member of the class to name one."

"Aries, the ram," was the prompt reply.

"Right. Now, Frank, you name one."

"Leo, the lion."

"Correct. Samuel, it is now your turn."

Samuel was at first confused and hesitant, then he smiled and said: "Mickey, the mouse."

Department Adjutant Bill Mundt, of Illinois, once told about a young wife who exclaimed to her husband: "Just think, John, it's just about a year since our wonderful honeymoon to the Legion Convention in Miami—remember the glorious day we spent on the sands?"

"Yes, I remember," said the glum husband. "But little did we think then that we would be spending our first anniversary on the rocks."

"Honey, I hardly know how to tell you," said the young wife, "but soon there will be a third in our little home."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the husband. "But are you sure, dear?"

"Positive. I just received a letter from mother saying she will arrive tonight."

During the European pilgrimage of the Legion in 1927, a certain lady, who was a great enthusiast about Shakespeare, went to Stratford-on-Avon. She was in raptures over everything she heard and saw. At the railroad station she was worked up to the point of gushing, and exclaimed: "This affects me most of all! Just think, it was here the great writer came to take the train to London, just as I am doing!"

From Jimmy Hart, of Joliet, Illinois, comes the incident of the colored soldier who had been peeling potatoes until his hands ached. Turning to a fellow K. P. he said: "What dat sergeant mean when he call us K. P.?"

"Ah dunno," replied his co-worker. "But from de look on his face, Ah think he mean 'Keep peelin'."
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You see, he wants your lasting friendship. And he'll win it if you'll choose a car from his wide assortment of popular makes and models. Because you'll get a first-class car, at lowest prices, on the simplest and most economical terms, and will be thoroughly satisfied with your purchase. Better see him today!

See your AUTHORIZED CHEVROLET DEALER for Guaranteed USED CARS with an OK that counts.
Glad To See You Again!

(Continued from page 19)

But the swarthy-complexioned leader and his party were not molested and they immediately set about their task of surveying portions of the three million acre tract which their employers, the Connecticut Land Company, had purchased from the Nutmeg State. A word about this purchase is in order here, quoted from a pamphlet, “The Origin of the Western Reserve,” by Donald F. Lybarger, recorder, Cuyahoga County:

“AFTER the Revolution the new republic was confronted by the critical problem of disposing of the western domain. The logical solution was for each State to cede its western lands to the United States and thus do away with conflicting claims and dangerous rivalries. Connecticut’s claim to western land was ceded to the United States by a deed dated Sept. 13, 1786, and signed for the State by its delegates in Congress. But it was reserved from the conveyance a strip of land extending westward 120 miles from the Pennsylvania border and lying between the 41st and 42d degrees of north latitude. This land became known as the Connecticut Western Reserve and over it Connecticut exercised not only ownership but sovereign jurisdiction of a State.

“By deed, dated Sept. 2, 1795, the committee (appointed by the State) deeded approximately three million acres of land in the Western Reserve to thirty-five individuals or groups by means of an equal number of quit claim deeds. It is interesting to note that the price paid for this vast parcel of land was $1,200,000—just about forty cents an acre.”

But this price was deemed too high by the Connecticut Land Company and so it sent General Cleveland into the tract to find out if the buyers had gotten a real bargain or had bought a pig in a poke. So, here where the Cuyahoga flows into Lake Erie, the general laid out a town and called it by his name (the “a” in Cleveland was later dropped), and on his return east he wrote: “I believe the child is now born that may live to see that place as large as old Windham,” his home town in Connecticut.

The founder’s prediction seems to have been eminently justified, although the settlement grew slowly and appeared destined at first never to exceed the 1,500 population figure of Windham, now Willimantic. In 1820 there were only 1,000 residents, but more people moved in following the completion in 1827 of a canal between Cleveland and Akron, thirty miles to the south, and in 1830 the population had grown to 6,071.

Then two things happened that sent the figures upward. First, there was a tremendous rush of pioneers westward and many of these remained in the Western Reserve. Second, there was the recently discovered iron ore deposits in the Lake Superior region. Cleveland became the meeting place of coal from Pennsylvania and southern Ohio, limestone from northern Ohio, and the ore that came down from Lake Superior; and where ore, coal and limestone meet you at once have a potential steel center.

In 1840 there were two cast iron furnaces in Cleveland. Progress along this line was slow but gradually others were built by far-seeing men and today the city is the leading steel center of the Great Lakes, as well as the headquarters of a very thriving shipping industry.

While such men as Samuel L. Mather, Amasa Stone and William Chisholm were laying the foundations and developing their steel interests, other future millionaires were working in different fields. John D. Rockefeller, shrewdly watching the growth of the newly fledged oil industry, forsook the commission business in which he was engaged in Cleveland and, in 1865, entered the oil business with a partner, Samuel Andrews, later taking in Henry M. Flagler, who was afterward so closely associated with the vast real estate and railroad projects in Florida.

By 1860 more crude oil was being refined in Cleveland than in any other city in the United States and in 1870 the Standard Oil Co. was incorporated, with headquarters there. In steel and oil, so also in chemicals, clothing, bicycles, automobiles—a host of other industries.

In 1870 the population was 92,820; in 1890, 381,768; and today Greater Cleveland, which includes its many suburbs, has well over a million people. Parallel to its development along industrial and business lines was its steady growth in independent political thought, due to the influx of immigrants anxious to escape European monarchical tyranny and to make a better living for themselves in the New World. The soil was being prepared for the coming of enlightened civic leaders like Tom L. Johnson, Newton D. Baker, and many, many others almost equally prominent.

The city has had some fine administrators but it also has its bosses and its selfish interests. Mr. Johnson was mayor for eight years and many were the battles he fought in behalf of the common people, notably his spectacular fight for a three-cent fare. Hundreds of Cleveland war veterans can still easily recall his street railroad controversies with firmly intrenched interests, and they can remember, too, the famous stratagem which enabled him to link up his West Side lines with those east of the river. He put a big gang of men on the job one night and in the morning there were his tracks running on top of the pavement from the old Superior Street viaduct to the Public Square, the trolley poles being set into barrels of dirt and stone along the curb.

The Ohio metropolis, because of its geographical location, enjoys many advantages. It is a healthful spot, neither too cold in winter nor too warm in summer. It has Lake Erie to thank for that because the waters fend off icy blasts in the colder months, while in the hotter ones a cool breeze is always blowing shoreward in the evenings.

The fall seasons are pleasant, especially about the time of the annual Legion conventions. The days are warm and sunny, the nights not too chilly; in short, typical Indian summer prevails.

Superb motoring roads lead out of Cleveland. It has one of the largest, best equipped and busiest airports in the world, being on the direct line between the eastern and western airways stops. A visit to the airport is a revelation, for planes are constantly streaming in from all points of the compass. New York is three hours away by air, the Pacific Coast fourteen hours, or less. And here, too, at the end of each August, the National Air Races are held.

On the Public Square stands the monumental Van Sweringen Terminal station, being utilized now by three railroads; and towering more than 700 feet above it is the Terminal Tower, from the top of which one can see in any direction for more than twenty-five miles on a clear day. The Tower is open all day to visitors and it is well worth the trifling price of admission to take the triple elevator ride to the top of the structure and gaze down on the teeming traffic below. Up there one can easily see why the Indians called the Cuyahoga the “Crooked River,” for it winds like a snake through the flats.

Those who attended the 1920 convention saw but a scattering of buildings rising on its celebrated Mall. Today that Mall is virtually finished and in its largest building, the Public Auditorium, will be held the business sessions of the Legion. It seats 14,000 in its main arena, and has more than a score of other halls in which committees may hold their sessions. When the public address system is all hooked up it is estimated that no less than 50,000 persons, gathered in the various halls and underground chambers, can hear the speaker in the main arena.

The Mall is one of the most ambitious undertakings ever attempted by a municipality. This plan, originating in 1905, consists of grouping $40,000,000 worth of buildings around a spacious, 17-acre tract overlooking the lake and extending into the heart of the downtown business district. (Continued on page 30)
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JUNE, 1936
Glad to See You Again!

(Continued from page 34)

It is made up of seven beautiful structures, the Public Auditorium, the former main postoffice, Public Library, Board of Education Building, City Hall, County Courthouse, and the magnificent stadium, the last word, according to leading architects, in construction of its kind.

The Great Lakes Exposition will occupy the lake front north of the City Hall and will extend from the stadium on the west (W. 3d Street) to E. 17th Street on the east, covering, in all, some 100 acres. Like the Mall proper, the grounds will be charmingly landscaped, and at least one of the buildings, that housing the horticultural exhibits, with its transplanted trees, 30 feet high, and its fountains, hedges, walks and flowers, will remain a permanent feature of the lake front development at this point.

The main line of march of the Legion parade will be down Euclid Avenue, once known as the most beautiful street in the world. It has had a colorful and picturesque history, one that is wrapped up inseparably with the city’s advancement. One stretch of this noted thoroughfare, that extending from E. 21st Street, where the Cuyahoga County Legion Headquarters occupies a spacious lot, to E. 49th Street, was once known as “Millionaires’ Row,” for it was bordered on both sides by the luxurious mansions of Cleveland’s business, professional, and industrial leaders. Legion headquarters itself was once the home of United States Senator Henry B. Payne.

So powerful was the influence wielded by the millionaires whose mansions fronted on the avenue that for many years no street car tracks were laid there and those wealthy citizens who loved horses were wont to engage in cutler races on the hard packed snow between E. 21st and E. 49th Streets.

Cleveland takes pride in its beautiful park system, much of the land having been given the city by Mr. Rockefeller, after whom one of the parks is named, and by Jeptha H. Wade, another millionaire, whose home, now razed, rose across the street from his fellow philanthropist, Mr. Rockefeller.

It may be interesting to Legionnaires to know that present housing plans for the convention call for the erection of spacious tents at Gordon and Edge-water Parks. Others, probably, will “hitch hockies” in which they come, the cars to remain on spur tracks for the duration of the gathering.

Cuyahoga County, of which Cleveland is the county seat, has more than 30,000 veterans within its confines and there is scarcely a Division of the A. E. F. which did not contain men from the Cleveland district. Ohio’s own Divisions were the 37th and 83d.

It must not be forgotten at this juncture that the first Americans to reach France came from Cleveland. The Lakeside Hospital Unit, organized in one day under the direction of the famous surgeon, Dr. George W. Crile, left on the next (May 6, 1917) for New York, and embarked on the 8th. On May 18th it disembarked at Liverpool. It reached France a week later.

Aside from the exposition on the lake front Legionnaires can be assured of an endless variety of other entertainment. Veterans from Chicago will have an opportunity to root for their home team at League Park inasmuch as the White Sox open a two-game series in Cleveland; and if they remain until Saturday they will see the world’s champion Tigers.

Those who come with their families might like to take the youngsters to the Cleveland Museum of Natural History. There the children will find an extensive display of Ohio birds, specimens of fossil fishes 400,000 years old, insects, African, Indian and Eskimo exhibits, and some natural habitat groups.

At Euclid Avenue and E. 109th Street is the Western Reserve Historical Society building, with its tremendous collection of material relating to early Cleveland and Ohio pioneers. Not far away is the Museum of Art, facing a lovely lagoon. It is one of the most beautiful buildings in the country and its equipment for handling and preserving its almost countless treasures has no superior in America.

Near it is the recently completed Severance Hall, home of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, and across the street from that is the imposing group of buildings that comprise Western Reserve University, Case School of Applied Science, and the University Hospital units, which together rank among the great medical centers of the world.

As has been stated, Ohio’s largest city is one of diversified industry, but the chief reason for its progress lay in its convenient location to the rich Lake Superior iron ore region and the coal and limestone fields. This happy choice of location has made Cleveland the capital of a great trade empire. Its 2,500 plants normally employ 1,20,000 wage earners and more than a billion dollars’ worth of products are manufactured each year.

Cleveland is also noted for its “200 acres of Lake Land.” Indeed, it is the boom town, drunk with its own good luck, and taking the wealth that poured in as evidence of the blessings of destiny. It grew chastely and minded its manners and its morals, and its civic leaders had kindliness and foresight. It is proud of its traditions and its liberal heritage, and it will greet the Legionnaire within its gates with a smile and hearty handshake.
T 


In one of them, Art Helfant, doughboy.

An electric storm brews—breaks. Lightning picks out Art's tent.

One flash—and Art Helfant, doughboy, became Art Helfant, disabled veteran.

June, 1936

It took a Stroke of Lightning to make this man an artist

Hospitalization—enforced leisure—and pretty soon art editors began talking about Helfant, the artist. "He's a find!" they said. "His stuff packs a laugh."

This magazine takes pride in its early recognition of Art Helfant's genius. You have every right to share that pride because this is your magazine.

A new story from the Advertising Man—"The Buick people have discovered something. Looking for a market for a good family car they found a good family market (729,315 married) in the American Legion. Our marital status is 25% higher, proportionately, than for the country at large. Substantial citizens, too—92.9% of our readers are gainfully employed, over a third owning their own business—the kind of folks to appreciate Buick's story of Action, Style, Value (page 1.)"

"But the manufacturers of Union Leader Smoking Tobacco prefer this interesting discovery—292,579 of our readers smoke pipes (computation based on impartial, nation-wide, cross-section survey.) And it took no formal survey to see that this audience has a shrewd sense of values—will listen to a real value story (page 45.)"

"Bell Telephone System (page 59) has its own pet statistic—over 590,000 of our readers have telephones. (We know how to appreciate the prompt efficiency of the American brand of telephone service!)"
by the time they reached the village; the
headlamps of the car bored mysteriously
along the narrow dirt street.

They found the respectable looking
Hotel du Lion d’Or at a corner of the tri-
angular Place de la République, and
brought the car to a halt in front of it.
The empty public square was illumin-
nated by three dim electric lights on an-
cient iron posts, one of them close to the
inn door.

A man was approaching as Breen
neared the inn door. Breen glanced at
him, spoke, in French, a civil, cordial
good evening.

But to his surprise the fellow answered
in natural enough English.

“What do you want?” he demanded.
The voice, emerging weakly from his lips,
was as hollow as if the throat it came from
were an empty bottle. “What are you
doing here? Have you come back . . .”
Breen cried, “Are you Lieutenant
Lascher? Still here in Timon? Man, I
scarcely knew you!”

“But you came to work on me again,
did you?” the other demanded. His voice
was lifting and now had a shrill, arresting
note, so loud that the door of the inn
opened and a woman thrust out her head.
Far across the square a man, too, began
running as if he had heard the shout.
“Go away, go away!” Lascher screamed.
“Don’t you . . .”

Kernan had climbed down from the car
and was coming toward them rapidly.

“Hey, you punk!” he barked. “Who
you think you’re talking to?”

He bore down on the man belligerent-
ly, his fists lifted. Breen, astonished as
he was by Lascher’s attack, perceived his
driver amissuly. So he had a bodyguard,
did he, as well as a driver? Well, Kernan
looked the part, suddenly. But Lascher
was undaunted.

“Oh, there are two of you, are there?”
he retorted. “Two bullies. Well, bully
away. I don’t give a damn! You tried to
keep me in jail once. Try again!”

Breen answered quietly, “I locked you
up because you killed your wife, Lascher,
and Captain Ruban. Only, I couldn’t
prove it.”

Lascher came forward another pace,
his own arms lifted now, but before he
could strike, if that had been his thought,
a big voice commanded in certain French:
“No, non! Desist, you! Do not strike!
Get away, get away!”

A man in a gendarme’s uniform
waddled rapidly into the circle of light,
waving pudgy hands.

“Shut up!” Lascher dared cry at him,
too. “I’ve told you never to speak to
me!”

Breen was peering at the gendarme.
He was so enormously fat that his uni-
form did not meet in front.

“Brigadier!” he exclaimed. “Why,
Brigadier Renard! I meet you, too, as
soon as I get here! I am Sergeant Breen,
of Division Recherches Criminal. You
must remember?”

The fat man repeated, “Breen? The
Sergeant Breen? Ah, of course, of course!
You have grown mature, too, my ser-
geant! I shall remember always how hard
you work!” He turned his back on the
angry Lascher. “A most kind welcome to
Timon-sur-Huisme, my friend. Come, a
drink. Pay this swine no more attention.
He is only a madman.”

Kernan, at mention of a drink, moved
forward.

“Ain’t you going to make me ac-
quainted with the general, Mr. Breen?”
he demanded.

“He’s a cop,” Breen said.

Lascher retreated, but he still growled.

“Let me alone this time!” he muttered.

“All of you. I’ll not stand any more of it.”

With that he set off across the square,
his head bent and hands in pockets.

“What a fine reception!” Breen said.
He listened until he no longer could hear
the footsteps; then, uncomfortably, he
followed Kernan and the brigadier into
the buvette of the hotel.

The buvette was a snug room. As the
three men sat down at a table, a young
girl with blue eyes in dark circles ran
quickly to get their order.

“One hot grog,” the brigadier demand-
ed. “For my rheumatism, my pretty
wench. Fifi, here are two friends of mine.”

Breen exclaimed, “Fifi! You’re not the
little Fifi that lived here at the hotel?
You were just . . . why, you were only
seven years old then!”

The girl smiled, showing firm, even
teeth.

“Ah, American, are you? One of the
soldiers? Surely, I remember the soldiers.
All of them. That was fifteen, sixteen
years ago. I remember well. You wish
cognac?”

She went to prepare their order, and
at once Kernan said, “If’mm, there’s a
nice little number,” but Breen cut him
short. He had discovered one thing about
Kernan. He was a fly on honey about
women.

“What’s Lascher still doing here?” he
asked Renard.

The Frenchman shrugged.

“Ah, going most fearfully mad, my
sergeant. Wandering the streets, threat-
ening vengeance and drawing his pay
each month from M. Pavie, as if nothing
had occurred. But the villain does not
use the old workshop where he assas-
ninated his wife and our poor Capitaine
Ruban. Since that day he has never
entered it. To me, it proves his guilt.”

“That poor little shrimp killed some-
body?” Kernan asked.
"He's changed in looks," Breen admitted. "Used to be quite a good looking fellow. Came over from Detroit with an engineering outfit. A specialist in internal combustion engines."

"Just another poor guy you cops couldn't prove it on!"

Breen answered Kernan a little tartily.

"No, I wouldn't say that. I had to release him, but I was sure he was guilty. Feel sure yet. Lascher was a lieutenant of engineers, discharged here in France to take this job with Pavie. Pavie thought he was a genius. Well, he married a local girl, the way they do. That was just a couple of weeks before I got here. The town didn't like it."

"Why should they?" the brigadier interjected. "She and the Capitaine Ruban had been sweethearts from childhood. Then one night my sergeant here, in his billet next to their house, hears the thieving Lascher and his bride quarrel."

"No, I didn't exactly hear them quarrel," Breen put in. "I heard someone yelling—about two A.M. And next morning she was dead, on the floor of his laboratory, across the town from their dwelling. It was... well, rather gory. Beaten with a model of an engine Lascher had been working on. Wooden model. Smashed to pieces. Lascher had his story. Said he'd worked late—till three o'clock, came home, slept downstairs so as not to disturb his wife. In the morning he hurried back to the laboratory when he didn't find her at home, and came upon the body."

"More likely the guy she jilted did it," Kernan objected.

"Non, non, he is killed too!" Renard wiped an imaginary tear from his cheek. "The poor brave capitaine! A few mornings, and we find his body, too, on the same floor!"

"Hell," Kernan cried, scowling, "that's more than one hundred percent, all right. No wonder the cops couldn't solve it."

He paused, looking toward the bar, and the scowl left his face quickly. Fifi was bringing the drinks. Behind her was the woman who had opened the door when Lascher began making a disturbance. Breen got up.

"If it isn't Madame Broussard!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, my sergeant!" she panted, and kissed him twice. "A thousand, thousand times I have inquired of my soul where you were! Your hair is turning gray, m'sieur! So time also passes in that far America! You liked when you were here... let me see, was it the rabbit in wine sauce? Ah, no! The poulet in butter! You shall have it! With my own hands I prepare!"

When she had scurried away to start the meal, Breen asked of the brigadier, "Her husband's still living?"

Renard pulled his mustaches and puffed his fat cheeks angrily before he announced:

"That lazy (Continued on page 40)"

JUNE, 1936

Shaving with a Piece of Mind

by Walter B. Pitkin, Author of “Life Begins at 40”

DID you ever shave with a piece of mind? I've been doing just that for twenty-five years, but I didn't know it until a few weeks ago.

I went to Boston to satisfy my curiosity about a tiny strip of steel. I expected to watch raw metal turn into a razor blade, but I saw something more wonderful. I saw the transformation of Mind (far from raw) into a public utility.

Having removed some 47 feet and odd inches of whiskers from my shining countenance in the course of a quarter-century with the Gillette razor blade, I was eager to see how this public utility was made. I expected that such a small thing would be made in a small factory—perhaps a two-story affair on a couple of city lots.

Somewhat bewildered, I entered a huge eight-story plant spreading over two large city blocks—only to find that it was merely one of eight Gillette factories scattered around the earth. The place was quiet and clean, almost like a hospital. Immense semi-automatic machines, attended by one or two men each, were devouring great rolls of steel in preparation for further processing.

An engineer would revel in the ingenious devices for checking up continuously on the quality of the blades as they flow through the various production processes. But the Average Man would be more impressed, as I was, by the Mind Behind the Blade. And he would discern that, when he buys a Gillette Blade, he isn't buying merely a scrap of steel, he's buying a Piece of Mind. And that Mind is so sharp that it produces blades of inconceivable sharpness. The Mind inhabits half a dozen tiny rooms adjoining the great machines. It is a Multiple Personality—nine of them, in fact. It is a Mind that thinks physics, chemistry, metallurgy, and machine designing.

Gillette spends more money on this Mind and its laboratories than many other companies might spend on their entire factory payroll. And that's why the Gillette blade, studied through a microscope even by an eye as untrained as mine, looks like a razor edge, while other blades look like fever charts and buzz saws. Can you imagine an edge only 1/80,000th of an inch thick and absolutely invisible to the naked eye? Probably not. I can't. Yet there the darned thing is!

Before you buy anything, study well the Mind Behind the Goods! If it is a dishonest Mind, the goods will probably be dishonest. If it is a dull Mind, the razor blade will be dull. If it is an ill-tempered Mind, the steel in the blade will go soft on you. But if it is a keen Mind that is determined to master every fact and to apply fact to fact, regardless of cost, then buy its product, even if it costs double the price of Half Wit Goods.

The real invisible edge of Gillette is Mind, which cuts through error and grows sharper as it cuts.

I hope that some day you, too, may make this psychological pilgrimage to the home of a Mind that is sharper than any razor.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute? Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.
swine will never die. Still he is drinking up his wife's hard earned money. But for him we should have convicted the assassin Lascher."

"What'd he do?" Kernan asked.

"Said he'd been drinking with Lascher at the moment Ruban was picked off," Breen offered. "The American consul at Tours came up and went to bat for him, too, and we had to let him go."

"But we shall get Lascher yet," the brigadier broke in. "A young gendarme is now attached to my post, named Preux. He is from Paris and has devoted my prowess verbal regarding the affair. He believes he is about to solve the case. The count, proud gentleman, has never set shoe in this tavern. You do not blame him, do you?"

Kernan wanted to know all about the case, and Breen told of how the body of young Captain Ruban was found in the laboratory by his father, Count George de Ruban, after an all night search. Neighbors remembered hearing the sound of a gun in the vicinity at 3 o'clock in the morning. The count didn't know how he had happened to go to the laboratory. Fate, or perhaps the blessed saints, he had said.

The meal was ready. Brigadier Renard suddenly excused himself.

"My most fearful regrets, m'sieurs! But the wife awaits me with dinner. I shall be late already, and that woman, what a tongue! I shall send a message to m'sieur the count that you are here, my sergeant."

They finished the meal. Kernan, with no worries at all, went at once at the business of entertaining Fifi. Breen paused for a moment, listening to them. He'd been a Brooklyn taxicab driver once, he heard Kernan say.

"That's news," Breen thought.

His driver's French was more sketchy than the girl's English, but between the two, he conveyed to her ably the impression that Brooklyn was the loveliest town on earth.

Leaving them, Breen stepped out into the dimly lighted square. He stood for a moment, peering through the darkness, turned to the left, and walking slowly, waded into the fog.

As soon as he was out of sight, a second man emerged from the darkness and silently followed him.

Chapter Two

BREEN walked slowly through the dark, narrow, uneven street, feeling his way with the toes of his shoes, over the unfamiliar cobblestones. Unfamiliar, yet familiar, too. Often enough, on those nights back in 1919, he had prowled this same darkness; on business usually.

He paused at the next dimly lighted street corner, trying to recognize where he was. As he did so, he thought for a moment that he detected a footfall on the uneven pavement behind him. For an instant he even backed up cautiously against the damp wall of a darkened house and peered back, listening. Then he chuckled.

He went on, his own feet stumbling noisily now and then, until shortly he emerged into a small and irregular square.

It was in this square that he had lived. This was Place St. Martin. The shapes of the houses revealed themselves faintly. In that tall one just opposite, with the overhanging roof which shut out the scant light offered by the sky, had been his billet. He remembered the high bed, with its comfortable balloon of feathers, and the single shuttered window. The window stuck always, and when he did get it open, squealed.

On the left, over there, was the house in which the American engineer, Lascher, and his pretty French bride had lived, prior to the two murders. There he had heard the quarrel that last night before the first crime . . . odd, wasn't it, how violent Lascher had been, tonight, on seeing him again?

Breen lighted a cigarette, and starting forward again, crossed the square at an angle. Ahead of him here a lighted café made a brief splash of gaiety in the drab street.

Breen was glancing at his wrist watch by the light which poured through the café window, when the town clock on the old, starchy church tower, a few squares over, began to boom the hour of ten.

The town sloped away suddenly to the river bank, where the bridge lifted its back like a frightened cat above the water. He sensed the forms of the houses. Off to the left, in fields still muddy with fall rains, must spread the automobile plant owned by M. Pavie. It remained invisible from this point, however, and Breen turned and started toward the east.

Once more he thought he heard footsteps behind him. He waited, this time. He had discovered a few old friends already tonight; he might meet still another. But no one overtook him.

He started on again. Following the street which edged the river, he came to the narrow dead-end of a byway where the laboratory of Lieutenant Lascher had stood. He turned in, because what Brigadier Renard had said tonight wasn't sensible. The brigadier had asserted that Lascher never had opened the door of this laboratory since the murder; that it remained exactly as it had been that last morning, sixteen years ago, when Breen and other police surrounded Captain Ruban's body there.
Breen reached the end of the street and halted before the low building that made only a flat patch of blacker darkness.

This was the place, all right. There was the door, up two stone steps. He had a devilish notion to try the lock himself. And this time, perhaps because he was cautious himself, he overheard caution, too, on the part of another.

Distinctly, definitely, the sole of a shoe scraped on the paving stones behind him.

He turned quickly. This was a bad place to be caught, at the dead end of an alley. What was he doing, snooping around here, anyway? He tried quickly to flatten himself into the shadow of the doorway, and in so doing, leaned against the panel.

To his astonishment, the door gave under the pressure. So hadn't been locked all these years! Hinges squeaked and it suddenly opened wider and Breen, seeking to press himself against it, was overbalanced and started to fall backward into the room.

Instantly a man leaped out of the darkness of the street, shouting unintelligibly. He carried a stick. Breen saw it as it lifted, but before he could do more than duck his head, it had come down across his neck and face.

The blows fell heavily and rapidly. They knocked the breath from him, but between them he shouted once, striving to rise to his feet. Somewhere a shutter opened and an angry householder asked the reason for the disturbance.

At this demand the man wheeled quickly. He was back in the byway and running down it toward the broader street before Breen could get to his knees. He started to follow him. But the darkness, and something... it must be blood... in his eyes, confused him. No one else was abroad upon the streets.

He reached the inn at last. But what should he say? He had had no business around Lascher's old laboratory. How much should he tell these people here at the inn?

Kernan and Fifi still sat before the fire. At a distance, presumably knitting, old Madame Broussard watched them. Asleep near the door, a small, scrappy old man sprawled on a bench with his bald head drooping on his chest.

"Who the hell slugged you?" Kernan cried, starting up. "I say, who slugged you? If I catch the frog, I'll..."

"Remove yourself from my way," Madame Broussard ordered in French, pushing him to one side. She had brought hot water already, and from the kitchen a towel, and began at once to wash Breen's head. Fifi poured a glass of cognac.

Half an hour later, Brigadier Renard, with only one of the buttons of his tunic fastened, waddled into the inn and listened gravely to Breen's story, clucking to himself and shaking his round head.

"Oh, non, non!" he ejaculated when Breen mentioned the unlocked door.

"You are positive, m'sieur, that it was not the home of (Continued on page 42)
Unfinished Business
(Continued from page 41)

some citizen here, jealous over his wife.”
“Positive!” Breen said angrily. “I was at Lascher’s old laboratory.”

The old man who had been asleep at the door cackled. Breen had recognized
him at last as Madame Broussard’s husband. He looked no older than he was in
1919, a trifle shabbier perhaps, but that was the only change time had made in
him. His watery eyes blinked at the
brigadier and he cackled again.

The brigadier snorted: “Lazy swine! Learn to hold your tongue when your
betters are about!”

The old man laughed contemptuously.
“I do hold silent when my betters talk.
But I make sure they are my betters. Is it
my betters who let the murderer of
Captain Ruban and another still walk the
streets of our town and make no attempt
to halt him? Bah! I know who killed
those two unfortunate persons so long ago!
And since you ... you,” he split the
word insolently off his tongue, “do not,
if the Americans want to know the truth
now, I shall tell them!”

“Go to bed!” his wife commanded.
“To bed, before I take the broom to you!”

She handed Breen a candle that she had
lighted with a fagot from the fire. He
took it and climbed the stairs. Fifii and
Kernan already had gone ahead to pre-
pare his room for him. As he reached
the upper floor, he saw them. They drew
apart rapidly as he approached, and the
girl stood aside, a picture of propriety.

“Good night, m’sieur,” Fifii bade him.
“I will bring you coffee promptly. One
hour after dawn, m’sieur.”

She closed the door.

“You’re a quick worker, fellow,” Breen
said to Kernan. “But you’d better watch
your step. She may have an admirer
among the town boys. He might resent
you.”

“I got to fight women off all the time,”
Kernan replied. “Say, who hit you? The
guy that give us the keys to the city
when we drove in?”

“Same size and weight. He didn’t
speak. I couldn’t distinguish his voice.”

FIFII brought news with Breen’s break-
fast. Brigadier Renard had remained
up all night, questioning citizens, but he
still had no proof to connect anyone
with the attack on Breen. Fifii’s own father,
however, claimed that he knew well
enough who was guilty of this, too.

Talking, she filled Breen’s cup with
coffee. Her mother gave them a wrong
idea about her father last night, she told
them. The male Broussard was not
actually so lazy as people said. Truly, he
was working. For fifteen, sixteen years
now, the elder Broussard had engaged in
no other labor except to solve the wicked
Lascher-Ruban killings. Certainly, in
that time, he should have procured in-
formation on the subject, should he
not?

“Gai loves her papa, all right,” Kernan
said as she went downstairs.
She returned, directly. Brigadier
Renard had come again and would speak
to Sergeant Breen as soon as possible.

A thin young officer, whom the briga-
dier introduced as Gendarme Preux, was
waiting with Renard when Breen came
down the narrow stair.

“You are recording, my sergeant?”
Renard asked politely. He still had neg-
lected to button the front of his uni-
form. “The town is devastated that it
should have met you with such fearful
lack of hospitality. Even Monsieur the
count, when I awaken him to tell him the
story of the villainous attack and seek
his advice ... even he sheds a tear! He
requests that you and your friend come
to the castle at once to reside.”

Renard went on to ask if the sergeant
thought his assailant could be Lascher.

“The wreath has disappeared from his
residence,” he went on seriously. “He
was not in his own house the entire night.
And you were correct. I would have dis-
covered it myself today, I promise you!
The door of his old shop was unlocked.”

The younger gendarme said: “Per-
haps it was the American madman who
performed this time. I do not deny it,
But in my opinion ...”

Renard silenced him.

“You are too young to have opinions!”
he cried. “I know what you are about to
say. To other business! Monsieurs, you
will accept the very gracious invitation
of Monsieur the count? I most earnestly
advise it. You will leave this poor inn
and be his guests in the chateau? He will
come for you.”

“Not me!” Kernan objected. “Me,
I’m staying right here!” He glanced at
Fifii, who smiled in reply, “Castles al-
ways give me the gout,” he added.

“The idea was,” Breen put in curtly,
“that you were working for me ...”

“Oh, okay, boss ...”

“However,” Breen said, “I don’t need
you there. I’ll wait for the count,” he
told the brigadier.

SHORTLY after noon, the count drove
down to the village, in a long, low, an-
cient model of a car that Breen mistook
at first for the same one he had been
driving in the war years; but no, it
was slightly later, 1923 maybe. He honked
his bulb horn at the door of the inn and
Madame Broussard, curtseying heavily,
admitted him.

Years had told on the count, too. He
was still a large man; he weighed almost
two hundred pounds, Breen guessed, and
most of it bony frame. But his shoulders

ACLAMMY pipe full of seaweed tobacco
is a weapon that will overpower any
innocent whale. But if you’re fishing
the stream of life for pleasure and compan-
ionship, here’s bait worth two of that: Sir
Walter Raleigh in a pipe kept dry and
shipshape. Sir Walter is a cleaner, cooler,
milder smoke that raises no dark clouds
anywhere. Instead, this sunny blend of
well-aged Kentucky Burley’s spreads only
a winning fragrance that gains respect for
all who puff it. In a modest way it’s become
the sensation of the smoking world. So
try a tin; you’ll be the catch of the season!

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The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly
were bent forward, and his thin hair, as he took off his plaid cap, was pure white.
He wore a long woolen overcoat, tightly buttoned, but in spite of it, he looked cold.
He smiled as Breen approached, his right hand extended, and grasped it and shook it vigorously.

"Of course," the Frenchman said in English only touched with accent, "I remember you most vividly, my sergeant. It was in the time of my vast trouble you were here. Always, I have held your efforts with deepest gratitude."

"I fell down completely on your case, sir," Breen answered. "Always have been sorry."

The old man shrugged. His lower lip curled at the right corner, and Breen realized how colorless the lips were, as cold looking as the hand had felt. He renewed the invitation to come to the château and Breen promised to come in the late afternoon with his driver. "I have a camera," he added.

The old man replied: "Ah, photography. It is a hobby of mine, too. We shall get along famously."

Before he left the village, Breen halted at the door of the gendarmerie. The brigadier had just returned from another unsuccessful search for the American resident, Lascher, and was looking spent, as, Breen asked himself, wouldn't be, carrying all that weight around on two legs?

"When I have the man safely locked in a cell this time, I shall send a messenger to you," Renard said. "A messenger, running, m'ieur. The assassins will confess many things now, I promise."

Kernan started the car. Breen sank down beside him, looked briefly into the driver's mirror at the patches on his head and neck and the bruise over his left eye. Now that the pain was gone, the sight delighted him.

"It might be," he told Kernan, "that we're in for some fun here. I've an idea. It would be swell to turn up a murderer, after sixteen years."

"We all got our ideas of fun," Kernan answered, putting the car into low gear. "You got yours, I got mine."

Breen nodded. "Yours is named Fifi?"

"One hundred percent," Kernan replied enthusiastically.

The car groaned as it climbed the steep, narrow roadway, cut out of the side of the rocky cliff. Below, on the left, the town spread in the waning daylight, and the hills to the east still reflected the gold of the late afternoon sun.

"How's that for a background?" Breen demanded. "Perfect. There isn't a special-effects man in Hollywood who could make anything like it."

"Scenery's all right for them as like it," Kernan answered. "Me, I can take it or leave it."

The car slid around a turn. As it disappeared noisily up the steep incline, the brush at the roadside parted. Former Lieutenant Lascher, U. S. Engineers, thrust out his hand.

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**PLAY SAFE!**

**NO OTHER TIRE GIVES YOU GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION**

**Driver:** "It was a blow-out! I couldn't steer—I couldn't stop!"

**Policeman:** "There ought to be a law against gambling on tires."

**If you could only realize the damage to limb, life and car that one blow-out might cause, you'd never take chances—you'd start right in to ride on Goodrich Safety Silvertowns."

**Why?** Because Silvertowns have something that no other tire has—an amazing invention called the Life-Saver Golden Ply—the first major improvement in tire construction in years.

Bear in mind, the Golden Ply is not an ordinary ply with a fancy name but a special, scientific invention developed by Goodrich engineers to meet today's hectic driving conditions. By resisting the heat generated inside the tire by today's breakneck speeds this Golden Ply keeps the rubber and fabric from separating—it keeps dangerous heat blisters from forming. Thus, the high-speed blow-out that might have caused serious trouble never gets a start.

**Remember these two facts:**

1. **Only Goodrich Silvertowns are built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply to protect you against high-speed blow-outs.**
2. **Goodrich Safety Silvertowns also have an amazing "road drying" tread that acts like the windshield wiper on your car and makes you extra safe on wet, slippery roads.**

If you're looking for tires that will give you months of extra trouble-free mileage and greater riding comfort in the bargain, then Silvertowns are the tires for your motoring dollars.

Equip your car with the safest, toughest, longest-lasting tire that money can buy. See your Goodrich dealer about a set of Goodrich Safety Silvertowns. Remember they cost not a penny more than other standard tires!

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**The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown**

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JUNE, 1916
head and looked after the machine. His mouth was drawn down taut. His clothes were rainsoaked and torn, and his eyes were bloodshot.

In his right hand he carried an old army automatic pistol. As the car drew away from him, he laughed, a short, hysterical laugh, dropped the weapon into a shoulder holster under his left arm, and ducked back into the brush.

Chapter Three

KERNAN dropped Breen at the main gate of the castle, and refusing even to pause a moment to look around, immediately started back toward the inn. Breen did not argue the point.

The place interested him more than he had expected. The castle itself was a huge heap of heavy masonry, with the central part distinctly Norman, from its small windows to its flat roof. Two wings spread from this older part, one swinging out to the right, its stonework lighter than that in the more ancient portion, and its roof pitched steeply. But like the main bulk of the chateau, this was unused, and shuttered windows pointed blindly upon the setting sun.

That portion to the left, however, was busy with life. Candlelight already shone out against the waning day, and long strings of smoke were blowing away from tall chimney pots. This wing was two stories in height, and had borrowed architectural ideas from both the older parts. But in comparison with them, it looked almost new.

It was here that the old count had resided in the war years, too. He had not exactly restored the interior since, Breen had heard, but he had modernized it. Before Breen was halfway across the flagged court to the main door of this left wing, the door opened and the count stepped out. He was followed by a thin, bald, elderly man in servant’s livery, who passed him at the bottom step and hurried forward. Breen tried to remember him but failed. “Good evening, sir,” the servant spoke respectfully. He was obviously British, his speech and his manner and his matron-chop whiskers proclaimed him for what he was, a gentleman’s servant proud of his station. “H-allow me to carry the luggage, sir. Thank you, sir. The camera? Very well, sir.”

Breen had handed over his single handbag, but swung the camera by its strap to his shoulder, and the passing servant, and walked to meet Ruban. “I make you welcome,” the count said in that precise English of his, almost without accent. “For half an hour I have been waiting, fearful that you had decided not to pay me the compliment of a visit, after all.”

The words were hospital. But there was something in their manner. . .

Ruban was leading him into the castle, meanwhile, and the servant followed. The door gave upon a square entrance hall with a stone stairway leading out of it, and a broad door covered by a thick drapery, on the left.

“Henry will take your bag to your room,” the count said. “Meanwhile, my sergeant, come sit by the fire. We shall have weekly and soda, non? Most certainly.” He held aside the drapery for Breen to enter.

The room which Breen entered was immense but comfortable. A dozen candles burned in tall sticks on old tables of dark wood and sent a dull, flickering glow far upward to the beams of the high ceiling. In a fireplace at the other end blazed the largest fire Breen ever had seen in France. Actual billets of wood, instead of fagots, were burning in an iron basket, and the flames crackled and sent out a cheerless light.

“As you see, my friend,” the count continued, “we do not dress for dinner tonight. It is most informal. I have invited some friends to dine with us at seven. You remember Monsieur Pavie, the manufacturer of automobiles?”


“What a memory you have! It is true, his wife American. And most charming. With her tonight is her sister, also American, of course.”

“I don’t remember her.”

“No, after the war she came here. Her name is Anne. Mlle. Anne Harrison.”

“I’ll be glad to see them,” Breen said, and in spite of himself, his feeling of discomfort came back.

“I regret extremely what happened last night, my friend,” the count said as he poured the whiskey into the tall glasses. “It is not a happy welcome to the town. Most unfortunate. The brigadier, however, informs me that he soon will arrest the criminal. It was . . . this . . . American?”

Breen hesitated, then said, “I have no way of knowing who it was hit me.”

The other retorted, “But you guess! Who was the beginning of all our troubles? He never was wanted here! He was an outsider from the start! If Pavie only had not encouraged him to remain when his duties as a soldier were over! And then the creature married . . . and then killed! And killed again!”

The two glasses rattled together in the old man’s hand as he picked them up. “We drink,” the count held his glass, “to your health, my friend.” He lifted it higher. “And to . . . our . . . to those in whom we held great pride.” His voice faltered and his glass touched
Breen's. At the same instant a car rumbled under the tall windows.

The Frenchman set down his drink quickly.

"The other guests," he said, controlling himself. "'Enry!"

The servant already was standing in the wide doorway to the hall. He came forward now, and Breen glanced at him again. He had noticed the man's eyes when he took the bag; they were still the same; more than a little troubled.

"If you wish, sir," he said politely to Breen, "your room. It is ready now."

"Ah, yes, yes," Ruban agreed. "Show my friend the way. I shall open the door to the others."

As Breen mounted the stone stair behind the servant, he heard the voices of the arriving guests in the porch. Ruban was greeting them jovially, with no hint that a moment ago he was swallowing hard, trying to speak of his dead son.

"I 'ave laid out your things, sir," the servant was explaining as they stepped into the room. Breen paused and looked around. It was a small, pleasant apartment, and the window gave on the hillside. "If there is something you wish, sir."

"Nothing, thanks," Breen answered. "Your name, maybe."

"'Enry," the man said. "'Enry? Thank you, sir."

He bowed himself out and closed the door. But a moment later he opened it. Breen still was standing, peering about, admiring the old paneling on the walls.

"Yes?" he said.

"I . . ." Henry looked back into the corridor over his shoulder. Breen stared at him. The fellow was badly frightened over something.

"What's the trouble, 'Enry?" Breen asked.

"Why, sir. I 'ate to trouble you, but . . ."

He paused, once more looked back quickly. Then he said, "Nothing, sir," and stepped back into the hallway and closed the door after himself.

The mirror over the dressing table was a long plate affair, in a gilt frame. Breen shrugged, seeing his own reflection in it. His face was twisted with surprise at the servant's behavior.

He had retied his cravat, raised his hands, and was turning back toward the door when his eyes fell upon the window. He halted abruptly.

Through the glass, a face was peering in at him. Hardly believing what he actually saw, he stared back at it. It disappeared. But not until Breen recognized it. It had been Lascher.

So the fellow still eluded the pursuing brigadier! Breen crossed quickly to the window. For perhaps twenty seconds he stood, wondering what to do, whether to spread the alarm . . . and look like a fool in the eyes of everyone here . . . or hide his time and say (Continued on page 40)
Unfinished Business
(Continued from page 45)

nothing. "Wait," he decided. Pulling back on the heavy panel, he realized that the corridor outside, which had been illuminated, when he came in those few minutes ago, by two large candles in silver sticks, was now dark.

He felt his way along it. The stair lay only some thirty paces down the corridor, as he remembered, but it, too, was dark. He reached into his pocket for matches. At his right hand stood the table with the candlesticks on it. He could see that much—and more—in the reflection of firelight from his own room. A something that moved ever so slightly, there in the dark. Instinctively he reached for the nearest candlestick, but his hand touched the candle at its top, instead, and hot wax clung to his fingers. He caught it farther down, quickly struck a match.

A man sprawled, face downward, on the carpet, close to Breen's feet. He was moving slowly forward, with small hitches of his legs. His head, bald on top, was bleeding terribly.

"What's this?" Breen cried, and bent over him. It was 'Enry, the British man servant. He was gasping, trying to speak. Breen picked him up in his arms and quickly started toward his own room.

A voice lifted suddenly in a fearful scream.

"Assist!" it shrieked. "Assist!"

Breen put 'Enry down on his own bed, gently, but without wasting a second.

"Back in a minute," he promised.

"Who hit you? Who's that yelling?"

"Carefully!" the servingman warned. His breath was thin, and the word hardly passed his lips. "Careful! He'll . . . kill . . ."

But the shriek arose again from below stairs, and Breen ran out of the room and down the stone steps. Two women and a short man were peering out through the curtain to the huge livingroom. Breen did not take time to notice them. The cries had come from the back of the house. He found his way through the diningroom, with candles already lighted on the table.

At the same instant, a woman, the cook he judged by her cap and apron, ran from a door which, swinging open, disclosed a pantry.

"There!" she pointed back. "There! Assassin! He kills monsieur the count! Stop him! Stop!"

The pantry was a large one, with a door leading from it to a courtyard. Here, too, in the doorway, a man lay upon his back, his feet in the room, his head on the stone flagging outside. The lamp, hanging from the ceiling, shone full on his face.

It was the count himself, with a trickle of blood running from the corner of his mouth. Breen went down to his knees beside him. But at once he glanced up, startled. Out there, not half a dozen paces away, someone was moving through the shrubbery.

End of Part One

A Century of Texas
(Continued from page 16)

as level as a table and as treeless. Early travelers marked their routes with stakes, hence the name. It has forests and lumber camps whose production is surpassed by that of only three or four other States. Texas raises a third of America's cotton and one-fifth of the world's crop. It raises more mules than Missouri.

Texas is the cradle of the western cattle industry. The ranch is a Texas creation. Cow-puncher is a native Texas word. So is maverick, meaning an unbranded calf; it comes from the Maverick family, still in the cattle business in Texas. The longhorns of fifty years ago have been replaced by less picturesque stock. The ranges areorder fence and many of the old ranches split up. Yet the largest beef-on-the-hoof institution in the country is the million-acre King Ranch near Uvalde where Vice-President Garner comes from.

The time was not so long ago when Texans could toss a million acres around like a suburban lot. The capitol building at Austin burned in 1881 and the legislators decided to erect in its place the largest state capitol in the country. They appropriated a million acres to meet the bill and then to make absolutely certain increased the grant to three million acres.

Texas has oil camps that look as if they sprang up over night, and it has the beautiful city of San Antonio built around a cluster of missions that are more than two hundred years old. Of these the Alamo has become a national shrine. On the day the declaration of independence was signed and the Republic of Texas proclaimed, March 2, 1836, the 183 defenders of the Alamo were in their ninth day of battle. On March 7th the Alamo fell. Santa Anna, who had marched into Texas with a well-appointed army of seven thousand men, then wiped out the three remaining detachments comprising the military establishment of the Republic.

With the personnel of the newly-
created government and the civil population in flight toward the Louisiana border one man, with three followers, faced the other way to confront Santa Anna. The man was Sam Houston. Rallying nine hundred men about him Houston fenced with Santa Anna on a retreat that lasted forty-eight days and covered half the breadth of Texas. Then, with the Mexican forces unwisely divided, Houston fell upon the army commanded by Santa Anna in person, crushed it and captured all the survivors. This was the battle of San Jacinto, terminating a military operation that defies explanation except that it was the work of Sam Houston, himself an enigma.

After San Jacinto, Houston's object was to annex Texas to the United States, by that means regaining his American citizenship and resuming a career he had abandoned in mystery and heartbreak seven years before. In 1820, as governor of Tennessee and a friend of Andrew Jackson, Sam Houston was looked upon as one of the country's rising men for whom the presidency did not seem beyond the pale of possibility. Then he married a Tennessee belle and a few weeks thereafter left his bride, resigned his office and disappeared as from the face of the earth.

This act Houston declined to explain, whatever the occasion or the cost. Once John H. Regan, later Confederate postmaster general, thought he had prevailed on him to break his silence.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes," said Regan eagerly.

"So can I," replied Sam Houston.

Turning up in the Indian country beyond the Mississippi, Houston joined the Cherokee Indians, became one of their leaders and for years led a wild and dangerous life. As the fevers of disillusionment burned themselves out he drifted into Texas. Casting about for an auspicious return to the land of his birth, the exile embraced the idea of wrenching Texas from Mexico and laying it at the feet of the United States.

Three Texas offered itself and thrice was refused because of the objections of New England to an extension of slave territory. Houston broadened the scope of his diplomacy. Texan ambassadors trod the carpets of Whitehall and the lofty corridors of Versailles. This frontier republic, with a white population of hardly more than fifty thousand, became the pivot about which world affairs revolved. With a treasury so bare that members of his diplomatic corps pawed their watches to meet hotel bills, Houston contrived a secret alliance with France and England. His plan was that Texas should conquer northern Mexico, including what are now our mountain States and the California coast, and raise the Lone Star over a nation, friendly to Europe, which would rival the United States in size and resources.

Before taking steps to execute this design, Houston (Continued on page 49)

84 PROOF

The tropical strategy for an orderly retreat from the heat calls for the austere coolness of brandy-and-soda, a refreshing long cool drink that quickly takes the temper out of temperature. And the mint julep, too, will be a revelation if you make it with Three-Star Hennessy.

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HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY

JUNE, 1916
A Century of Texas

(Continued from page 47)

permitted the secret to leak to the Government in Washington. The effect was electric. New England came down from her high horse and a treaty of annexation was signed by which Texas entered the Union on flattering terms, for one thing receiving a privilege no other State enjoys—that of sub-dividing its territory into four separate States. Texas came under the flag in 1845. Two years later northern Mexico was annexed to the United States, not to the Texas Republic. The altered arrangement made quite a difference in the map of the New World. Texans keep green the memory of the achievements of their grandfathers. Those achievements form an integral part of the culture of that commonwealth today. I do not believe this applies in the same degree to any other State. George Washington is no longer a Virginian but an American. Illinois does not bear especially, the stamp of Lincoln, Pennsylvania of Franklin, Massachusetts of Webster or Tennessee of Andrew Jackson. But the heritage of Sam Houston remains the peculiar property of Texas.

Not long ago in New York a group of people were diverting themselves by trying to answer this question: "If you had to spend the rest of your days in one State which would it be?"

The man who picked Texas said he did so because he could spend an ordinary lifetime exploring the different environments it offers and be at as well off for variety as if a continent were at his disposal.

The Legion's Share in the Centennial

By Albert Curtis

THE 150 Texas posts of The American Legion have an important role in the Texas Centennial Celebration. Two years ago they began to sell Centennial half-dollars, charging them one dollar. The coins were minted by the Federal Government under authority granted by special act of Congress, and the amount realized by the Legion above the intrinsic value is to be used for purposes in keeping with the Centennial observance.

Money derived from the Legion sale of coins is being used in building the Texas Museum on the campus of the University of Texas at Austin. This will give a fitting setting for the rich historical and archeological treasures of the State. Each of the 150 Legion posts of the State is expected to sponsor a centennial celebration in its own community. Some of them started early. For example, San Antonio on March 6th opened her share of the general celebration by observing the one hundredth anniversary of the Fall of the Alamo. The five San Antonio posts of The American Legion joined other veterans' societies to present reproductions of the thirteen battle flags which the Texans carried to victory a century ago. These flags now decorate the Alamo, "Shrine of Texas Liberty.

November 11th, Armistice Day, has been tentatively set aside as The American Legion's own day at the Centennial Exposition in Dallas. It is almost certain also that there will be on the exposition grounds a booth in which will be sold under Legion and Auxiliary auspices a wide variety of articles made by patients of the Veterans Administration hospitals in Texas.

Sailor Meets Sailor

(Continued from page 28)

refugees from their country, two Americans and a French staff non-com.

We learn that Major James Duffy, Q. M. C., hailings from Pennsylvania, was the officer in charge; that a former Second Division man, Major Sheaffer of West Virginia and of the Southern Railway, served as Medical Officer, while Lieutenant W. H. Baxter from Tennessee was the Railroad Transportation Officer. To add to the confusion, the outfits functioning at Base Section No. 1 included units of the Motor Transport Corps, the Railroad Transportation Corps, American colored pioneers, French stevedores and railroad workers, and prisoners of war under custody of the French.

Equipment included four cranes, a locomotive and American trucks, and the biggest day's loading totaled 990 tons of coal, almost all of which was handled by man power. Some record!

High cost of living? How about the high cost of fighting? Although this coal came from British mines, probably two days' sailing from Base Section No. 1, it is recorded that something like $21.00 a ton was paid by an American mess for supplies from this pile.

Somewhat sketchy, this account of
ours, but we're sure that some veterans of 
Bose Section No. 1, after seeing the picture, 
will step forward and add many 
facts to the story. Everyone's invited.

ENJOY two major attractions for the 
price of one railroad fare—that might be the rallying cry of those outfits 
which will hold their reunions during the 
Legion national convention in Cleveland, 
September 21st to 24th. Better get busy 
if you want your wartime gang to hold a 
reunion there and then. Write to the 
Company Clerk of the Monthly so that 
announcement may be published in this 
column, and also to J. M. Sawyer, 
Reunion Chairman of the convention, 14007 
Lakewood Heights Boulevard, Lake- 
wood, Ohio, who will help in arranging for 
headquarters and such entertainment 
as you may contemplate.

Detailed information regarding the 
following Cleveland national convention 
reunions may be obtained from the 
Legionnaires whose names appear:

NAT'L ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR VETERANS— 
Annual meeting and reunion. Mrs. Bertha Wetter, 
natl. secy., Elkhart, Ind.

THE NATIONAL WOMEN F—Reunion. Margaret 
R. Wellsbank, adjlt., MRS. R. B. STURGES, 
254th Division, Philadelphia, Pa.

37th Div. Assoc.—National and Ohio State 
reunion. Headquarters and banquet at Carter Hotel, 
Roy L. Hiller, chmn., 418 Burleigh st., Dayton, 
Ohio.

1D (26th) Div.—1D men in Cleveland and 
vicinity are needed to arrange for YD reunion 
dinner and placing of memorial tablet on Gen. 
Edwards' birthplace in Cleveland during Legion 
national convention. Write to Len Maloney, 
natl. pres., Y. D. V. A., 206 State St., Hartford, Conn.

40th Div.—Proposed reunion and dinner. C. D. 
Armstrong, 817 31st Inf., 2176 Atkins av., 
Lakewood, Ohio.

39th Div., Cos. I and M. G.—Reunion by mail, 
and plans for Cleveland convention reunion. 
Jack Steinen, Clinton Corners, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

8th F. A., BRT, 7th Div.—Reunion. J. W. 
Shattuck, 1183 6th Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.

87th F. A., BRT—Proposed reunion. Everett 
O. Powell, Salem, Ark.

14th Eng. Vets. Assoc.—Reunion. Al Grant, 
dir. of publicity, 829 E. 78th st., Chicago, Ill. 
Write E. C. Scott, 54 College av., Medford, Mass. for 
the news.

21st Eng. L. R. Soc.—10th annual reunion at 
Cleveland, Sept. 20-22. F. G. Watters, secy.-treas., 
6818 Prairie av., Chicago, III.

23rd Engs. Assoc.—Reunion. Henry J. Stier, 
natl. secy., 8038 W. 26th st., Chicago, III. 
Write B. H. Benson, 518 N. Clyser av., Chicago, for copy of 
The Engineer Along the Highways of Life.

28th Engs.—First national reunion. H. E. Sel- 
felt, 4 Tuck st., Rent, Ohio.

307th Engs. Co., B.—National convention re- 
union. Send name and address to M. H. Hanley, 
7431 Mount Royal, Cleveland, Ohio.

57th Engs. Co. B.—National convention re-
union. M. M. T. Ci. Units 201-23, Neyers and 
Devineville, Un. Wm. R. Naff, B. Vets., 
Cleveland.

M. T. Ci. Unit 310—Proposed reunion. Frank 
Flors, Route 1, Bridgeville, Del.

199th Aero Squad.—Proposed reunion. Lee H. 
Beers, Northfield, Ohio.

224th Aero Sqdn.—Proposed reunion. W. V. 
Mathews, 2566 Cuming st., Omaha, Neb.

31st Aero Squad.—Proposed reunion. Ralph 
Krupps, 20 W. Market st., Tiffin, Ohio.

Air Service—Reunion-banquet of all air service 
vets. to be held by J. E. Jennings, natl. adjlt., 1128 S. 3d st. 
Louisville, Ky.

AER. R. R. TRANS. ASSOCIATION, A. F. Vets. 
—Annual reunion. Cornelius J. Murray, natl. adjlt., 
1210 Watson av., Scranton, Pa.

AER. ASSOCIATION OF MICHIGAN CORPS VETS. 
—Annual reunion. Craig S. Herbs, persona. off. 
3333 N. 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NAVY—All-Navy banquet. Write to Navy Post, 
American Legion, 822 Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.

NAVAL AVIATION CAMP, CAPT. FERRIS, FRANCE— 
Proposed reunion. Charles G. Web, Jr., U. S. 

BOSTON NAVAL FRIGATE GUARD—Reunion of 
1917-18, 1918, 1919 at John M. Wells, Ohio Soldier's 
Children's Hospital and Records, 107 Wyndotte bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

U. S. S. HANCOCK.—Proposed reunion. Frank L. 
Maloney, ex-sparks, 500 Main st., Brockton, Mass.

U. S. S. LOUIS and U. S. S. RHODE ISLAND—Reunion 
Report your own and shipmates' addresses to 
Wendell R. Loney, 400 Front st., Berea, Ohio.

U. S. S. SOUTH CAROLINA.—Proposed reunion. 
C. M. Williams, 500 W. Williams st., Kendalville, Ind.

(Continued on page 50)

HERE'S HOW TO GET A REAL USED CAR BARGAIN
For Your Bonus Money

THOUSANDS of wise motorists the country over are turning to Dodge dealers 
to buy their used cars and used trucks.

Here's why—first, they know that more people are buying Dodge cars than 
any other make, with the exception of the three lowest-priced cars. As a result, 
Dodge dealers everywhere have an amazingly wide selection of fine trade-ins.

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Dodge dealer knows his reputation for dependability is his greatest asset. What's 
more, these dealers have the kind of cars you're looking for—because they've 
made it their business to obtain cars that are both economical to buy and 
economical to operate.

See your Dodge dealer now! Under Commercial Credit Company easy, 
low-cost terms, he can arrange monthly payments best suited to your budget— 
whether the payments are $10, $15, $20, or any other amount.

DODGE
DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

JUNE, 1936
Sailor Meets Sailor
(Continued from page 49)

has announced a change in the dates of its annual national reunion to be held at the Hotel Madison, Atlantic City, New Jersey. Instead of July 16-19, this reunion will be held July 9-12. For particulars, write to Charles J. McCarthy, secretary, Box 137, Camden, New Jersey.

For particulars of the following, write to the Legionnaires listed:


Dept. E. — To obtain copy of limited edition divisional history, write to E. A. Murphy, Lepanto, Ark.


NATION HIGH SCHOOL, Burlington, Iowa, 17th Birthday, Aug. 7. Washington, D. C.


79TH DIV.—Assoc.—Mid-summer reunion, Camp Dodge, Des Moines, July 24-26. For particulars and membership list in Assoc., including subscription to The Flash, write to John Kennedy, secy., New Hope, Pa.

80TH DIV.—Assoc.—Desiring roster of company, send name, address and company to A. H. Zindel, 558 W. 93rd st., New York City.
HERE'S 16 YEARS SUCCESS
GIVING WORKED MACHINES
NEW CAR PEP, POWER, ECONOMY

RAMCO—The pioneer expander-type spring piston ring. The ONE spring ring construction and proved for 16 years in millions of cars. The largest selling spring ring in the world.

YES, millions of motorists have found that a Ramco Overhaul restores new car pep and power—as effectively as a costly rebore job—but at a fraction of the cost. This is why:

The Ramco Overhaul is based on a totally different principle, and produces the most amazing results. Wheezy, asthmatic cars gain more life and pep. Blow-by is completely eliminated. Oil pumping stops instantly. For example, E. V. Blackman writes: "I have a 1931 Tudor Ford. In June I had a Ramco Overhaul and started a long trip. I got 2643 miles on one quart of oil when the car formerly used a quart every 40 to 60 miles."

And this is all you have to do to make the same startling change in your car. Simply have patented Ramco Spring Piston Rings, and Ramco Piston Skirt Expanders installed. These rings expand to fit the cylinder walls, even though badly worn and "out of round."

The motor is sealed tightly—tightly as when new—even at highest speeds. Thus oil pumping ends. Piston slaps vanish. Full pep and power are restored.

Proved in Millions of Cars

Ramco is the only spring piston ring construction with a PROVED RECORD for 16 years in millions of cars. Today Ramco is by long odds the largest selling spring piston ring in the world.

So get a Ramco Overhaul—and get results Ramco invariably gives. But, above all things, don’t have untried spring piston rings put in your car. Insist upon Ramco—the only spring ring construction road tested and proved for 16 years. Coupon brings FREE booklet, telling whole amazing story of Ramco Overhaul. Mail coupon TODAY.

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Pioneers, and By Far The Largest Manufacturers of Spring-Type Piston Rings in the World

FREE! YES, MY REPAIRMAN RECOMMENDED RAMCO, AND THE OLD BUS SEEMS LIKE NEW AGAIN. NO MORE OIL PUMPING EITHER.

Millions of cars in millions of miles of actual service have PROVED, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the revolutionary Ramco Overhaul is as effective as a costly rebore job or motor exchange YET COSTS 50% LESS

YOU  WERE  WISE TO GET RAMCO RINGS INSTALLED. EVERYBODY KNOWS THEYRE DEPENDABLE

JUNE, 1956
Off on the Right Foot

(Continued from page 30)

pionship Chicago Junior Baseball team, and here he was bobbing up against the Tigers in World Series competition last fall.

I have a first hand conception of what it means to be a member of a world championship baseball team. It's a thrill which will never be forgotten by any member of the 1935 Tigers. For a boy to be a member of a national champion Junior Baseball club must be another unforgettable experience, and when these 35,000 younngsters return to their hometowns this summer under Legion auspices, the championship bug will be biting the boys of each club.

This desire to excel is a good healthy American habit. We need all we can get of the competitive winning spirit in this country.

A lot of boys who weren't more than seventeen years old had what it took back in 1917-18, and reaching middle age now, they are trying to pass on a heritage of a winning competitive habit to up and coming youngsters of this generation by giving them the opportunity to play this grand old game of baseball.

Here in Michigan, as head of the Junior Baseball program for the State is another fine ex-major leaguer, Doc Lavan, of Grand Rapids, who for ten years shortstopped for the Athletics, Browns, and Cardinals. And every so often I notice by the newspapers that this or that former big-timer is keeping his hand in by managing or coaching a Junior Baseball team in his own community.

I know that the major leagues through the medium of the annual inter-league all-star game make a sizable financial contribution to the Legion's national program of Junior Baseball. This is money well spent, not only upon a basis of popularizing the sport, but also as presenting the possibilities of a career in professional baseball to thousands of American youths.

Each year during the season at Navin Field, hundreds of junior players from throughout the State of Michigan are the guests of the Detroit Baseball Club at Navin Field games. And speaking as I may as manager of the Tigers, we have every desire to continue our support of this fine program of The American Legion.

Keep Away from that Hook

(Continued from page 15)

for years, beware the gentleman with the spats who offers to swap them for a live-liear issue.

Other one-time stockholders have fled the stock field altogether, to devote their talents to brand new conceptions of "in- vestment opportunities." These may emerge with this patten: "Don't put your money in stocks, buddy. Not if you want a real return on your investments. I have here some shares of..." It may be "memorial park lots," "breeding shares," or "home-grown fortunes."

Judging from recent trends, one of the propositions most likely to make a bid for your bonus money is the "investment" in a "memorial park," i.e., a cemetery. The build-up is elaborate. "Statistics" concerning the annual deaths as related to the available burial space in your community are produced, making it appear that, due to an acute shortage of space, there's going to be an immediate boom in cemetery lots—a dollar invested now will become twenty in a year. It is not unusual for these promotions to be geared for a $2,000,000 to $1,000,000 take. The racket started some years ago in the Midwest, and has more recently moved eastward—Cleveland, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Those who feel themselves slipping under the spell of a "boneyard" salesman would do well to remember this: A survey recently conducted by the National Better Business Bureau revealed that of all the memorial park promotions sold in the last ten years as investments, only one has been successful, and that only modestly so.

The "share-breeding" set-up is one of the slickest money-making devices (on paper) ever offered to a man with a little spare cash. One plan provides that the investor purchase a trio—two females and a male—of silver foxes, to be left in charge of the promoter on a ranch or breeding farm. The promoters agree to buy the progeny at $500 each. These ranced animals may cost $3,000 with an offer of $500 for each of the progeny. The promoter unreeks an endless chain of profits—on paper. Your first trio, he says, produces ten little foxes; you sell seven for $350, and now have two breeding trios. Next year these trios produce 20 foxes, and you start your third year with $5000 profit from sale of offspring, and three breeding trios to carry on—profits multiplying each year.

But after he has your money, you learn how frail is the health of a silver fox, how high the birth mortality, and how manifold the factors conspiring to keep your fox family from multiplying. You
learn that your first litter produced only two young foxes, one of which died and the other of which must have a mate for breeding—another $1000, please.

This same formula is followed with other projects—rabbits, muskrats, bullfrogs.

Gold mines in your basement are predicted by sellers of mushroom spawn who predict a brilliant success for any grower. Again the Department of Agriculture pricks the bubble. They say mushroom growing requires temperature controlling equipment and expert knowledge. Numerous experimenters who have tried to raise them under the direction of the spawn sellers are inclined to agree. One amateur grower reports success. He raised three pounds of mushrooms—at a cost of $14.75.

Maybe you had in mind using the bonus cash to fix up the old homestead. If so, there's the "home repair" racket to contend with. One firm, operating out of Pittsburgh, sends crews to many other cities. A crew consists of a pair of glib salesmen and a "hurry-up" gang of slapdash workmen such as recently whisked through Akron. Small home owners, with property clear, were offered brick veneering jobs under the old something-for-nothing appeal. They were told their places would be used as "model homes" for advertising purposes, and that they would receive $50 for each job subsequently done in that section. Salesmen "guaranteed" not less than $600 in such bonuses the first year. In other words, the veneering jobs would "really cost nothing, and might net a profit.”

Won over by the promises of the salesmen, home owners signed. Before the signature was dry, the "hurry-up" gang of workmen arrived and began applying lath, plaster and tile to the house, thus legally "commencing operations" and irrevocably binding the bargain. The scheme gave the owner no chance for rational thinking, price comparison, or possible change of mind. When he finally found time to read his contract, he learned he had signed a first lien on his property—amounts ranged up to $7600.

The salesmen's promises bore no relation to the cold provisions of the contract—no "guarantee," no "bonus." And home owners paid up—an object lesson for the text, "read before you sign."

But possibly it's only a job you want. Here again there are quagmires—the "cash bond" and "advance fee" employment rackets, in which the promoter promises you a job after you put up certain sums. The promised jobs never materialize.

One Detroiter who advertised for "expert drivers and helpers with bond" demanded a $2000 cash bond as protection for his $750,000 truck fleet. Investigation disclosed that he had no trucks, slept in his office, and owed a restaurant bill.

But the really dangerous cash bond schemes are (Continued on page 54)
Keep Away from that Hook

(Continued from page 53)

those which have a semblance of solidari-
yty. One such venture was a chain
of sports shops which advertised for
managers who could post cash bonds
from $250 to $1000. When the New
York headquarters of the chain went
to receivers it was found that the entire
assets of the firm amounted to $879.
The cash bonds, what remained of them,
were among those assets.

The "advance fee" racket is first
cousin to the cash bond. Many of these
hold out the lure of employment which
is to follow the payment of a fee in ad-
advance of a service supposedly to be per-
formed. Payment of any fee in advance
is always dangerous, and is rarely if
ever asked by an employer or employ-
ment agent who is on the level. Three
midwestern entrepreneurs will supply
eamples. The petty larceny member
of this trio promised jobs as signnackers
to all who paid him $3.10 for a hammer.
The second racketeer was a bit more
expensive. He specialized on unem-
ployed truck drivers, promising a re-
numeration hauling contract to each
man who bought a truck. Following the
payment of $500 down, the truck and
contract were delivered to the victim.
The truck was seemingly in good order,
but the "hauling contract" was just a
piece of paper with scribbling on it.
Job seekers learned that unless payments
were made in accordance with a sales
contract they had unwittingly signed,
they lost truck and $500 together.
The last member of the triumvirate pre-
tended to be authorized to hire chauff-
eurs, and collected various sums "to
cover the expense of a uniform."

This formula has infinite variations,
of course.

For the vet who is seeking outdoor
employment, the purveyor of vending
machine routes paints a rosy picture.
Twenty machines on an exclusive route
costing $1000 will provide him a weekly
$50. All he has to do is cover the route
every other day, replenish his machines,
and collect the profits. That's the
promoter's story. But profitable vending
machine routes are not ordinarily sold
to suckers. If, inadvertently, the pro-
moter does sell a route which proves
profitable, there are ways to correct the
mistake. One Chieftain is sabotage.

Machines are broken and robbed.
The route owner becomes discouraged,
and the machines revert to the seller.
Another method is almost as simple.
Despite the fact that the seller has given
his sucker an "exclusive" route, he simply
forms another corporation and, under the
new name, duplicates the machines on
the profitable route and sells them to
another customer. A slicker operating
this racket in Iowa clipped his customers
for $3000 apiece on some of the larger
routes.

"Let them go" for as little as $109.

There will other rackets polished up
and set in motion for the advent of the
bonus—old ones that haven't been cov-
ered here, and new ones that have never
been worked before.

There are fifty-four Better Business
Bureaus to give the public, free of
charge, advice and information based on
years of experience in battling and expos-
ing questionable promotions. Through
co-operation with other Bureaus, refer-
cees can be traced to other cities. If
there is no Bureau in your city, consult
your Chamber of Commerce or bank.
And if any new bonus rackets are abroad
in your community, report them. You'll
be doing somebody a good turn.

Water, Wind and a Helping Hand

(Continued from page 13)

power and resources of Pennsylvania's
625 Legion posts. Here was the greatest
center of Legion flood activity in sixteen
States.

By telephone, telegraph, the new-
papers and radio, these three men and
others directed mobilization of all posts,
started dollars rolling in to build a flood
relief fund, directed movements of 2000
truckloads of food and clothing and other
supplies to flooded areas.

The rotunda of the bank building on
the first floor was piled high for weeks
with stores of canned goods, crates of
bottled water, boxes of shoes and wearing
apparel, mattresses and blankets, every-
thing imaginable of use to refugees. In

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

54
LAW for SUCCESS

BUSINESS men everywhere recognize one formula. It consists of three words—
"LAW FOR SUCCESS."

And it isn't necessary to practice law to get this success. In fact, probably most of the men who study law today have no idea of taking the bar examination or becoming lawyers—they want law training to give them mastery of men and situations in business fields. You know that—
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(2) —legal training keeps your mind—clears away the problems that stomp the ordinary fellow and makes you master instead of man.
(3) —knowledge of law simplifies the complexities and complications of executive work.
(4) —many, possibly most, top executive places in business today are filled by men who have studied law.

No matter whether you're in a big corporation or a small business—in a great city or a little town—a practical knowledge of law cannot fail to be of real and vital help to you in making a more successful career.

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JUNE 1916
Water, Wind and a Helping Hand

(Continued from page 55)

Theater gave a benefit performance charging one dollar a seat.

In Sunbury, Pennsylvania, the river bank gave way at seven o’clock in the evening on March 18th, the already-deep flood waters on business streets raised an additional three feet in twenty minutes and four-fifths of the city became a part of the Susquehanna River. The $50,000 clubhouse of Milton Jarrett Norman Post of The American Legion, a former armory, suffered more damage than any other building.

Dan R. McKinney of Northumberland Post, Commander of the 17th Pennsylvania District, long rated as totally and permanently disabled, ignored doctors’ orders and warnings of fellow Legionnaires in order to take personal charge of Legion relief work at Sunbury. With Acting Commander William Keilhan of Milton Jarrett Norman Post, McKinney speedily started a ration and clothing dump in a large garage on a hillside on the edge of the flooded district and established refuge stations in churches and schools. Sunbury received 100 truckloads of food and supplies sent through State Headquarters in Philadelphia and by postal near and far. As the waters went down, the Legionnaires established relief headquarters in the Municipal Building. A score of boys and girls from Sunbury High School operated typewriters and helped with the paper work.

Legionnaire Louis Haas of Milton Jarrett Norman Post of Sunbury was acclaimed by fellow Legionnaires for his single-handed relief activities. A blacksmith, Haas borrowed a boat while the flood was at its height and in two days moved to higher ground the residents of two whole blocks. He had moved to safety eighty persons before he finally found time for rest in the Legion comissary. He dropped off to sleep instantly, and awoke to find sleeping beside him a police dog and a great Dane, also tired by flood service.

At McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania, 3rd District Commander Charles P. Grimm, in a rescue boat, heard loud cries from a house and sighted a colored woman beckoning frantically from a second-story window. She was all alone, she said, but she was expecting a visitor—by the stork route and right quick too. Grimm heaved his boat back with bended oars and got a doctor who reached her in time to assist at the birth of a son promptly christened Noah.

Oddie S. Williams, Commander of St. Mihiel Post of Toronto, Ohio, describes the thrilling rescue of 225 homeless flood refugees from the neighboring pottery town of Stratton. In a blinding cold rain, over flooded valley roads and through snowdrifts on the high places, Williams and Legionnaire Andrew Guske drove toward Stratton to learn the fate of its people. To complete their journey they had to walk several miles over the icy ties of a railroad. They could hear the crash of falling houses. They found most of the residents of Stratton herded in sewer-pipe kilns. A school bus with the motor running to provide warmth was filled with small children. Many women were carrying babies, and one woman was expecting to give birth to a child momentarily.

“Guske turned to me and said there was only one thing to do,” writes Williams. “These people could not walk down that icy railroad track in the rain. We must return to Toronto and obtain a switch engine if we have to man it ourselves. John Hommel, Toronto station agent, hurriedly got the engine crew out of bed. Several box cars were hooked to the engine. When we returned to Toronto with the 225 homeless men, women and children, warm meals and good places to sleep were waiting for them.”

When the flood at 55-foot stage reached the level of second-story windows in Bridgeport, Commander Melvin Delbrugg of Bridgeport Post decided to try to get a telephone call through to Radio Station WWVA in Wheeling, requesting an appeal for Legion workers needed to unload trucks. All phones were out of order but a telephone lineman had worked on top of a pole in front of the unflooded post clubhouse. A Legionnaire climbed the pole and with the help of the lineman finally got the radio station on the wire. But the connection was bad. The listener in Wheeling misunderstood the request. In a few minutes, to the amazement of Commander Delbrugg there came over the air the message that a man on top of a telephone pole in front of Legion Headquarters in Bridgeport was calling to be rescued. Before the Legion volunteer could descend from his perch on the pole, Legionnaires and other citizens were swarming to the clubhouse, anxious to help rescue the man on the pole.

The soup kitchen established by the American Legion post and its Auxiliary unit at Bellaire, Ohio, on the Ohio River, was getting along famously until the town’s water system failed. “Hundreds of gallons of soup and coffee were being made at the time,” writes J. E. Giffin, Commander of the Ohio 11th District. “Water, water, the:"
everywhere, but not a drop to quench the thirst of the 15,000 people of Bellaire or to keep our soup and coffee making going. A call was sent to nearby hilltop towns. In only a few hours appeared Legionnaire Joe Brown of St. Clairsville with a 10,000-gallon tank of pure water. For days and nights Joe hauled water into Bellaire, resting only while the tank was being emptied by eager and thirsty flood sufferers."

Dawn of the morning after the flood brought a sensation to the weary watchers of Johnstown Post. At 4 o'clock, in the first light of day, there loomed into sight a train of five motor trucks and two touring cars loaded with Altoona Legionnaires, medical supplies, fresh milk and other food, clothing and bedding. The first relief expedition, its arrival cheered the stricken city tremendously. Other expeditions followed swiftly—from Ebensburg, Ligonier, Cherry Tree, Indiana, Conemaugh, a score of other surrounding towns. Later trucks from faraway Detroit and Philadelphia. Absalom Post of Atlantic City sent three trucks.

Tremendously cheering also was the arrival of the first money contribution—$50 wired by Memory Post of San Jose, California. Closely following, another $50 from Jregg Post of Reading. Then from the United Mine Workers of Punxsutawney two contributions, one for $100, the other for $122, sent in response to an appeal by William F. Smith, Vice-Commander of the Pennsylvania Department. Other checks, totaling more than $1,000.

When George H. Johnson, founder of the Endicott-Johnson Shoe Corporation, presented large and beautiful clubhouses to the Legion posts in the three up-State New York communities in which his factories are located, he expressed his appreciation of the Legion as an all-around community asset. The March floods afforded the posts just one more opportunity to serve their cities. Elsewhere is told what Binghamton Post did. Similar work was performed by Endicott-Union Post at Endicott and Frank A. Johnson Post of Johnson City. Each threw open its entire clubhouse to refugees. At Endicott the shoe corporation prepared food in its large kitchen and trucked it to the Legion building. At Johnson City Auxiliaries worked in three shifts for five days preparing meals for refugees.

Lincoln Post of Shamokin, Pennsylvania, is proud of two distinctions. First is its $50,000 American Legion Building, with swanky stores on the first floor, a big auditorium and clubrooms on upper floors. Second distinction is Donald J. Zimmerman's service as Post Commander for fifteen straight years.

Lincoln Post converted its big auditorium into a dormitory for flood refugees which (Continued on page 58)

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**TRUE STEERING * TUNED-UP ENGINE**

**DEPENDABLE ELECTRICAL SYSTEM**

JUNE, 1936
it brought from nearby Sunbury, and used its post kitchen to feed the cold and hungry sufferers. Commander Zimmer- 
man, who is Shamokin's police chief, leaped into action in Sunbury with his Shamokin Legionnaires, posted guards at all
roads leading into the town and allowed nobody to enter without a special permit. He also untangled traffic tangles on high-ways and kept moving to destinations the scores of Legion trucks coming from all parts of the State.

Nowhere did Legion rescue and relief work proceed more smoothly than at Binghamton, New York, where Legion
emergency relief units which had perfected their technique in the big flood of July, 1935, mobilized swiftly when Radio Station WNBF broadcast the call at 10:30 A.M. on March 18th. At 10:30 A.M. Binghamton Post asked for mobilization of the post's Boy Scout troop and twenty-seven minutes later thirty-one
scouts of Troop 19 were at the Legion clubhouse. The post's squadron of Sons of The American Legion, mostly boys under scout age, were also called in. Most dramatic effort of the Legion's work was a battle with sandbags to protect a 249-foot-high gas tank storing 3,000,000 cubic feet of gas. The high
water pressure caused a leak 150 feet long and escaping gas threatened to cause a panic throughout the city, writes
Franklyn E. Livernoohe, Post Executive Secretary.

The Kiskiminetas River broke up the St. Patrick's Day party of Apollo (Penn-
sylvania) Post and its Auxiliary unit, and guests left the dance floor to find them-
selves in a nightmare. Houses were crashing into a bridge built fifty years ago. A huge gnc main was on that bridge. The bridge went out at 4 in the morning, but before that the Legionnaires saw whole rows of houses, dozens at a time, disappear before their eyes, carried down-
stream. Post Adjutant Quentin D. Bellas says it was an indescribably weird night—lights going off and on again, tremendous crashing and crunching sounds above the roar of the flood, rescue boats capsizing, heroism on every side. The
town was entirely isolated.

Black Diamond Post of Kingston, Pennsylvania, had excitement aplenty all during the flood in its beautiful club-
house of Colonial architecture, reports Adjutant Osborne A. Thomas. The post
cared for 3,000 refugees, sheltered hundreds in its ball room after hastily erect-
ing partitions. On March 19th the flood amazed everyone by surging up to the
refugee-filled clubhouse, filling up the basement grill room and boiler room. Auxil-
ares stood in water up to their knees while they cooked food in the kitchen. There
were bad hours caring for 500 fearful flood victims in a building without light or
heat.

Howard Gardener Post of Tyrone, Pennsylvania, was confronted with an
immense cleanup job at its post clubhouse when the waters went down. The flood
rose five feet in the clubhouse, deposited several inches of mud on rugs, ruined the
post pool table. A desk with the records of Commander Richard Wainggate and
Adjutant Paul Keinze floated about the assembly room until its contents became
waterlogged. Valuable records were de-
stroyed. The West Point uniforms of the
corp drummers were saturated with mud, drumheads were ruined and bugles filled
with sand and silt.

When the call for new business was received in the St. Patrick's Day regular
meeting of Garrett Cochran Post in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, Command-
er Shay said there was pick up of new business. Biggest flood in Williamsport
history was in the making, he said, and members living across the river had
to better start home immediately or they'd never get there. Members whose homes
are on high ground left the meeting to spread warnings and construct boat res-
cues. The next morning, as the city's gas supply failed, Legionnaires ran a race
with the advancing flood to gather from
stores every obtainable oil cook stove.
Two feet of water stood in the Legion club-
house where the post had met.

If you didn't know it, there is a town of Indiana and it is in Pennsylvania. It
is a key point on highways leading into Johnstown and other flooded districts.
Indiana Post Legionnaires, in addition to rescuing scores from housetops, trees and
bridges, helped during the emergency by setting up a station to give food and road
directions to the drivers of the scores of
Legion trucks. For hours the town
looked like a crossroads in the Argonne,
with motor expeditions lined up in all
directions, all manned by Legion-capped
volunteers.

W. G. Stathers, Commander of the West Virginia Department, found in his
own city of Clarksburg an example of Legion spirit. Clarksburg was not di-
certly in a flood path, but a Clarksburg
shoemaker, with little cash at his dis-
posal, offered to repair twenty pairs of
shoes as his contribution. "That kind of
spirit can't be lacked," writes Commander Stathers. "I have figures showing that
sixty of our posts, units, and saloons, took part in flood relief work.

The American Legion Monthly

Water, Wind, and a Helping Hand

(Continued from page 57)
Out of the Legion’s experience in this period will come a better realization that we are a service organization, and I am sure all steps will be taken in West Virginia to organize for future emergency purposes.”

New England’s $300,000,000 damage was largely concentrated in New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut, Vermont, heaviest sufferer in the 1927 floods that beset the western part of New England, and Rhode Island were affected but slightly. Maine, whose high-banked streams offered a preview of the great flood picture a full week before its southerly neighbors had to make shift against raging torrents, came back into the picture along with them when its Saco River, running at flood tide, ripped out dams and carried away bridges, houses, factories and drinking water mains.

The 1927 flood gave New England a forceful lesson in nature’s ability to strike quickly and brutally. Up to that time this generation of Yankees had known no cataclysm of nature comparable to those which have at various times ravaged other sections of the nation. When coal mines collapsed, when the Mississippi and Ohio overran their banks, when earthquakes, cyclones, tornadoes, hurricanes and dust storms brought death and desolation to distant communities New Englanders had generously contributed to the funds for rehabilitation, feeling thankful and perhaps just a bit smug about their immunity.

But the 1927 flood was an eye opener, and by no section of the citizenry was its lesson seized upon more avidly than by posts of The American Legion. Whether operating as service committees, disaster relief units or under other name, groups were organized in virtually every post in the six States and were equipped for emergency of every conceivable kind. Telephone and courier service were set up and tested, liaison was arranged with police and fire departments and with the National Guard. As a result of this forehandness the waters on the loose this spring had hardly struck when Legionnaires were in action.

The Connecticut, longest and largest of New England’s rivers, is the boundary line between Vermont and New Hampshire and in its 450-mile progress runs through western Massachusetts and central Connecticut to the Atlantic. The most northern of the river’s three important dams impounds the water at Vernon, Vermont, and Hinsdale, New Hampshire, where the river is more than a quarter of a mile wide. The dam is owned by the New England Power Association. In the afternoon of March 18th the rising water was striking at the abutment on the New Hampshire side with a surging smash of ice, logs and other solid debris, and news came from up river that (Continued on page 60)

The Bell System serves the whole country, yet it remains close to the people. They use it. Their savings built it. “It belongs to Main Street.”

The 270,000 employees of the Bell System live and work in your neighborhood and in similar neighborhoods in every section of the country. They are good neighbors. Thousands of times each day and night their activities bring friendly aid to those in need.

To every one—to the newlyweds, to the man in the grand house or the little lady with the shawl—the Bell System offers the same full measure of service.

And seeks to do it always with courtesy and sympathetic understanding—in the manner of a friend.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The Service Representative in the telephone business office greets a young couple who want to have a telephone installed.
Opportunities to Channel To Your Mind, By Your Hand, And To Your Pocket.

Wake Up Your Liver Bile -... Make Money Fast or Time ...

Itch

Without Coughing And You'll Jump Out Of Bed in One Minute...

Free For Asthma and Hay Fever

Rain Insurance

CO-INSURANCE

Good Day

SPENDING LUXURIOUS

FACED WITH TROY

LEMON-HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL

WILLIAMSBURG, D.C.

Hotels Positions

Water, Wind and a Helping Hand (continued from page 30)
other, were virtually marooned, sent to the pastors of the churches a fund of eighty-two dollars they had collected, dividing it fifty-fifty.

From Boston, before the waters of the State's rivers had risen to flood fury, Massachusetts Department Commander John H. Walsh and Department Adjutant Harold P. Reiden sent out a radio call to posts to stand by for emergency service. When the floods came Department Headquarters in the State House became a clearing house for information on the situation in various communities, and advised inquiring Legionnaires just where the need was greatest. As a result of these arrangements Legion boats from Gloucester on the Atlantic did rescue work at cities on the Merrimack and Connecticut; hundreds of truckloads of food, clothing and medicine zoomed out of the cities and villages untouched by flood, and in a matter of hours delivered their cargo and started back for another.

The Merrimack, which did havoc to dozens of communities in New Hampshire, turns east soon after it crosses the Massachusetts border and flows north and east through the industrial cities of Lowell, Lawrence and Haverhill. The work Legionnaires did in these three cities may be illustrated by that of Wilbur M. Comeau Post of Haverhill. It turned out 150 men to do rescue and guard work, distributed twenty tons of clothing and fifteen tons of food contributed by some thirty posts in the non-flood areas, established four sub-relief stations in the sections of the city under water. More than 2,000 people received food and clothing at Comeau Post's home during the flood emergency, reports James T. Murphy, chairman of its disaster relief committee.

One of the first of the communities in the State to need the Legionnaires' service was Westfield, situated on the river of the same name, and ten miles to the west of Springfield. There Legionnaire Charles F. Ely is Director of the Red Cross Emergency Relief. Most of his active assistants are Legionnaires. The Westfield River, rising in the Berkshire Hills, sweeps east and south through narrow gorges, choked with ice as the warm rain swept down on the snow-clad slopes of hills where a few short weeks before skiing had been in progress.

Members of Westfield Post were on the job early on March 19th, and eventually cared for hundreds of refugees. After they had taken out all the human beings they could find, Dr. Arthur J. Logie, former Commander of the Post at Chester, up the valley, and Stephen C. Chatlos, an ex-commander of Westfield Post, took a boat with an outboard motor to a barn which had water almost to the top of its door. Diving from the boat, Doctor Logie came up against the door, forced it open, waded inside, where he found six horses and a.
pair of mules tethered in stalls, the water up to their necks. He released them, turned them around and led them out. They swam to safety.

- On the Connecticut below Vernon Dam, the turbulent waters were sweeping through Turners Falls and over its dam on the 18th at the rate of 185,000 cubic feet a second, compared with 172,000 feet in the 1973 crisis. The posts in Turners Falls and Greenfield were active in rescue work in their own towns and in the neighboring town of Orange.

To the south of Greenfield the waters spread out turbulently over choice tobaco and onion meadowland, took farmhouses ruthlessly in their sweep, smashed railroad tracks, uprooted trees, knocked down telephone poles and ripped gasoline tanks from their concrete bases.

Northampton Post on the west bank of the river not only rescued people in its own community but upriver in Hatfield, where a dike gave way and the main street became an ice-fully river. Between Amherst and Northampton lies historic Hadley, whose onion farms are more than locally famous. It was necessary to close traffic on the bridge over the river to Hadley, and Amherst Legionnaires transported the refugees from both Sunderland and Hadley to the Amherst Post's home, where full facilities for caring for them had been provided.

Eight miles below Northampton and on the same side of the river Holyoke Post performed the same sort of rescue work for the people of its own and neighboring communities. Dr. William P. Ryan, Department Vice-Commander, in active charge of the Legion effort in Western Massachusetts, early in the emergency encouraged posts to lay in supplies of food, clothing and medicine on the promise that the Department of Massachusetts would reimburse them for any outlays that might be beyond their powers. The Legionnaires assisted in sandbagging abutments of the Holyoke Dam and of the bridge across the river to South Hadley Falls, which at the height of the flood had water pouring across its roadway.

A party of Holyoke Legionnaires headed by Frank Shaugnessy journeyed to Smith Ferry, four miles up the river, and with stout ropes lashed a dozen small cottages together, securing them to trees, while the waters were still rising. Those houses didn't go down river. At South Hadley Falls the entire business section was battered by huge cakes of ice and debris. The Legion post there took care of many of the town's refugees, though the water flooded the basement and first floor of the town building in which the post has its quarters.

Springfield, nine miles below Holyoke and on the opposite side of the river, had four thousand homeless people quartered in its three high schools during the flood emergency. Most of the 500 members of Springfield Post were on the job early, 113 of them in executive jobs under the Red Cross, the rest supplementing the fire, police and National Guard services. Though the flood waters surrounded the Legion post's home and light and heating facilities failed, with only candles available for lighting, the telephone remained in service, and from here boiloads of Legionnaires set out in their rescue of more and more marooned persons as word came in of their plight. In the higher ground up State St. the High School of Commerce was used to house the greater part of the refugees. Earle F. Bliss, executive secretary of Springfield Post, took general charge of the refugees here, and Legionnaire doctors and nurses saw to it that proper food and water were furnished, and immunized the refugees against disease.

Across the river, Commander Clayton E. Bigg of West Springfield Post, a captain in the organized reserves, got in touch with Fort Devon, known to thousands of Legionnaires as Camp Devens nineteen years ago, and secured supplies of food and clothing for the refugees. Thirty-two hundred homes in this town had to be abandoned as the waters rose, and approximately half of them were unfit for occupancy when the danger had passed. Of the 167 members of this post more than 70 were themselves refugees.

Legionnaires of West Springfield going from one house to another in boats noticed a ten-year-old boy mooring his boat at one house and disappearing within, to come out a couple of minutes later. Thinking the youngster might be doing some looting in a small way, they rowed up to him and asked him what he was up to. The youngster said: "You men are taking care of the human beings, but nobody's taking out the cats and dogs, so I'm doing that."

Hartford, insurance center of the world, felt the fury of the spring flood more than any other large city in New England. Accustomed to high water each spring in the meadows across the Connecticut River in East Hartford, the insurance city has itself known the inconvenience of flooded streets. This year, however, in addition to the damage inflicted by the Lordly Connecticut, Hartford's own little Park
River, ordinarily a harmless little brook winding tortuously through a park on the grounds of the Connecticut State capitol, boiled over its banks and did more actual damage to the business center of the city than the larger river.

William C. Murray, Adjutant of the Connecticut Department, had sent out warnings to the 130 Connecticut posts on March 12th, that floods were likely to develop, and asked that each post's disaster relief committee prepare for action.

On the 18th the dam at New Hartford on the Farmington River, a tributary of the Connecticut, was washed out. An hour after the alarm was sounded, Commander William C. Kruser of Torrington Post and thirty Legionnaires started for New Hartford, where they assisted in the work of rescuing refugees from the marooned houses and in salvaging property. That night members of Hartford's Rau-Locke Post, who had been working since noon to strengthen the old Colt Dike on the Hartford waterfront, could see that the three feet they had added to the height of the dike would not stem the flood. Department Vice-Commander William J. Miller, who despite the loss of two legs in the war can operate an automobile with the best of them, had been checking on the work of the Legionnaires, having taken over the job of co-ordinating rescue work in the Hartford area. He got his car off the dike and back into the dry section of the city just before the waters breached the dike.

When the Park River's waters put the electric lighting system of the city out of commission Southington Post sent in a portable gasoline generator, along with the necessary thirty-volt bulbs, and this furnished light at the Legion home. Candles which had been collected at the post's home were thereupon sent to the city hall and the municipal hospital. The first hot food—savory beef stew—given the refugees was provided by the Legion post in nearby Berlin, which continued to supply this needed food throughout the emergency. Other posts sent men and supplies. Jane A. Delano Post of Hartford and Newington Nurses Post operated inoculation and first aid stations.

Every spring East Hartford's meadows overflow and the families whose homes are inundated take refuge in the high school. The members of Brown-Landers Post always take over the job of caring for them on the first floor of the school. This spring the usual program was followed until rising water made it impossible for fires to be maintained in the building. The bay light that had to move to the second floor. A field kitchen outfit was obtained from Manchester armory, and Legionnaires and Auxiliaries from that city and from South Windsor assisted in the work. By Saturday the waters had risen so high that everybody was ordered out of the school. Buses took the refugees to Manchester, where Dilworth-Cornell Post took over the detail.

Vice Commander Bill Miller, placed in charge of Legion activities in the flood area by Department Commander Morgan B. Haven, was indefatigable in his energy. Bill lives in Wethersfield and his home town post caught his infectious spirit.

By Friday evening there was only one road open between the center of Wethersfield and other towns. Under the direction of Past Department Commander Kenneth Cramer, twenty Legionnaires labored all night using sandbags to raise this road three feet. At 6:30 in the morning it was seen that this dike would be insufficient, and the group, with other Legionnaires, citizens and a detail of inmates of the state prison pushed the level of the road up an additional thirty inches. This withstood the flood.

Maine's flood waters were confined almost wholly to the Kennebec, Androscoggin and Saco Rivers. Ice and log jams, plus the high water, helped to complicate matters in a State whose rivers, ordinarily kept in course because of their high banks, were over the water and sent hundred bridges down. Stow-Jim Boyle, Department Adjutant, saw the main bridge over the Kennebec in his home town of Waterville go out, but his warnings to posting found them ready for the emergency.

Rumford, on the Androscoggin, was marooned for two days, and its Napoleon Ouellette Post did valiant work in providing quarters in the post home for refugees, in standing guard, distributing boiled water to sections in which water mains were broken, in marking out a large field near the town so that planes might land and fuel and water tanks and necessary stores. The posts at Norway, Westbrook and Farmington and Caldwell Post at Woodfords sent truckloads of provisions, clothing and water.

Harold T. Andrews Post and Ralph D. Caldwell Post, both located in Portland, were active in assisting the people of Biddeford-Saco, on the Saco River, after that river had climbed to an all-time high mark and had wiped out sections of the two towns, across the river from each other. More than twenty truckloads of water, clothing and food were sent into the two communities by these posts and by Stewart P. Morrill Post of South Portland and the Westbrook Legionnaires. Richard C. Owen Post of Saco cared for fifty women and children at its home, and fed 200 people. C. Fayette Staples Post of Old Orchard Beach ministered to fifty-two families driven from Saco by the floods.

Solomon Crassnick, Commander of Andrews Post, was summoned to the door of the post home while a dozen trucks were being loaded with supplies and food (Continued on page 6.)

JUNE, 1916

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—shrink up your bloodstream—sparkle up your system, get a gloriou sparkl in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this measure three times over.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine internal bath is nothing more than a theory—nothing more than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. The kite's ability to fly is its ability to inject into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water. Tyroxedal by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrell, who perfected it and marketed it. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the others.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Forbes of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and deep, like an inverted U; thus 1. The enema cleanses but a third of this distance. It is like to get a bath in the middle of a salt pond; it is no use. The Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—what does an effective enema? You have only to read the booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally," to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: the intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis, or as it is termed, passage over a dozen. Result: Gers and poisons breed in this waste and the blood through the bowels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause of the headaches you get—the skin blanflies—the fatigue—the mental sloughiness—mental and physical fatigue—and countless other evils. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that our system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—of poisons, of impurities. Without use and even treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is free.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is baffling. Your whole attitude to life will be improved. All colds, etc., will be banished with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—rejuvenated. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to remove and hold bold, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and disgust! To reduce intestinal epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent postage stamp better address. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem almost miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many times the price. Post stamp plus handling cost equals post stamp plus handling cost. Get your convenient coupon below or address the Tyrell's Hygienic Institute, 220 E. 16th, 152 W. 66th Street, New York City—NOW!
Water, Wind and a Helping Hand

(Continued from page 63)

loaded for dispatch to the stricken areas.
A girl of seven and her little brother, perhaps five years old, both poorly
dressed, wanted to see the “Bos Man.”
The Commander asked what he could do
for them and the girl said she wanted
to give her doll, which she had brought
along, to some girl who had lost hers in
the flood. The boy opened his little
fist to disclose thirty-two pennies
which he had taken from his bank.

At Old Town, on the Penobscot, Todd-
Lait Post’s members did a grand job of
relief, and at Skowhegan, on the Kenne-
bec, Simon Peters Post, using the city
fire alarm system to summon its mem-
bers, established headquarters in the
candle lighted store of Vice Commander
Pooler and proceeded to do guard and
rescue duty in the town.

Tupelo, in northeast Mississippi, has
9,000 persons, and Tupelo Post has 156
members. It is a charming city of fine
homes along wide streets shaded by giant
oaks. At 9 p.m. on Sunday, April 5th, a
tornado struck without warning. In a
200-mile width, houses, churches and
schools were torn to pieces, timbers
twisted to bits, trees snapped off.
In fifteen minutes the tornado created
a shambles a mile wide and three miles long.
More than 100 were dead or dying.
Many others were injured and

Your American Legion first aid squad-
ron is likely to move with the speed of a
fire department. For example, Corinth (Mississippi) Post’s
unit, through to Tupelo—sixty members,
fifty-four minutes. Houston Post unit,
fifty miles away, but one of the first in
Tupelo. Units from the towns of Gren-
ada, Winona, Macon and Philadelphia,
all on the scene in Tupelo before the dust
had settled. Others? Simply call the roll
of the Mississippi Department.

Within a few days tornadoes brought
destruction to two widely-separated
Georgia towns. On April 2d a trail of
wrecked buildings marked a tempest’s
path along the lower edge of Cordele,
a railroad and farming town in the flat
pine-lands of south Georgia. Four days
later a more devastating storm rushed
through the heart-lands of Gainesville,
important textile manufacturing center
of the Piedmont region.

Immediately following both disasters
local and neighboring posts of the Legion
went into action. Twenty members
Joseph N. Neel, Jr. Post of Macon were
at hand to offer their services to Com-
mander Ed C. Pullen of Cordele Post
within three hours of the tragedy.
In Gainesville, where Fayette Norton is
Commander of Paul E. Bolding Post,
active aid was given by posts from
Cornelia, Habersham, Winder, Commerce,
Jefferson and Lawrenceville. Ga.,
as well as from Franklin, N. C. Supplies
and funds for relief were sent by other
posts near and far.

In both cities there was endless work
to perform. Removal of debris, clearing
of passages and roadways, recovery of
lost property and lost children had to
proceed along with the sorrowful job of
feeding and housing the homeless, ar-
ranging hospital facilities for the injured
and removing the bodies of victims.
V·8 Is The Mark Of The Modern Car

The Ford is an exceptionally good car to drive because it is so dependable and easy to handle. That has always been so. These days there is still another reason for its ever-widening popularity—it is a thoroughly modern car. The Ford is as up-to-date in performance, comfort and safety as in appearance and appointment. Here are some modern features of the Ford... V-8 Engine (fine-car acceleration, power and smoothness—increased motoring enjoyment)... Center-Poise Riding (greater comfort, front and rear—you ride near the center of the car instead of over the axles)... Safety Glass all around at no extra cost (an important reason why the Ford is such a safe car to drive)... New steel wheels (distinctive design—big tires)... Complete line of bodies (sixteen types, including new Convertible Sedan with trunk, illustrated above).

THE FORD V·8

$25 a month, with usual down-payment, buys any new Ford V-8 car on new UCC ½ per cent per month finance plans
"WORK COMES FIRST... eating, second," says Bob Duffey, steam-shovel operator. "Camels make even a quick meal taste and feel good."

WORK COMES FIRST... eating, second," says Bob Duffey, steam-shovel operator. "Camels make even a quick meal taste and feel good."

ENGINEER of the C.&N.W. "400," A. L. Spear (above), says: "To keep in condition, I light up a Camel after meals. It makes digestion easier."

WHIRLING UPSIDE DOWN. Vera Kimris (above) of the New York hit, "Jumbo," says: "Thanks to Camels, I get added enjoyment out of my food."

FOR DIGESTION’S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS

Scientific research shows that the comforting experience of smoking Camels definitely promotes good digestion.

Good digestion depends largely on the unhindered flow of the digestive fluids. Unfortunately, hurry, worry, and noise slow down this necessary flow.

Smoking Camels renews and increases the secretion of the digestive fluids. Camels encourage digestion. That is one reason why you feel so cheered when you enjoy the delightful flavor and mildness of Camels after a delightful meal. Smoke Camels with meals, between meals—as often as you like. They never get on your nerves or tire your taste. Camels set you right!

DINING AT THE PIERRE IN NEW YORK

What will you have? It's pleasant to imagine. Perhaps Borsch Polonaise, then Suprême of Halibut à la Russe, a Camel... a crisp salad... demi-tasse and—Camels. "Camels are by far the most popular cigarette here," says M. Bonnau, banquet manager of the Pierre. Camels are part of the art of dining.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

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