Designed for Dependability

The Ford V-8 engine has established an outstanding record for efficiency and reliability. Millions of owners know about this from personal experience—it is revealed in cost and performance figures. . . The Ford V-8 engine was developed for the motor car and truck. We designed it and we build it for this purpose alone. It is interesting to note, however, that this engine has been drafted for other uses where the service is far more severe than in a motor car. Ford V-8 engines are now operating air compressors, generators, industrial locomotives, irrigation pumps and feed cutters. . . This business has not been sought. Manufacturers of this equipment have selected the Ford V-8 engine because of its power, efficiency and ability to stand up under long, hard use. . . Here is further proof of the dependability of the Ford V-8—added to the experience of millions of motorists. . . An engine that can make a record like this is a good engine to have in your car.

THE FORD V·8

$25 A MONTH, after usual down-payment, buys any model 1936 Ford V-8 car, from any Ford dealer, anywhere in the United States. . . Ask your Ford dealer about the new Universal Credit Company 1½% per month Finance Plans
CONVENTIONEERS...LEND YOUR EARS

Your buddies will never recognize your old "Convention transportation special" once you switch to, and keep her filled up with KOOLMOTOR - the custom-built gasolene.

THERE'LL be a big time in Cleveland when all you fellows and your families get there. And here's best wishes for the greatest convention you ever had. And here's hopin' your trip to and from Cleveland will be just as enjoyable...just as trouble-free...as the days you spend there. And it will if you follow the Cities Service trail coming and going.

The Cities Service trail is the safest...the most pleasant...the one that will cost you less. It's the trail lined with clean, neat Cities Service and dealer stations, manned by attendants who are cheerful, pleasant, helpful fellows who will do anything in their power to make your trip a swift, happy one.

All along the way use KOOLMOTOR gasolene...the gasolene that is custom-built to give you perfect performance and A Longer Run for Your Money. Cities Service experts tested 750,000 running motors of all makes and models in perfecting this great gasolene.

So start out with a tankful of KOOLMOTOR and a Cities Service Road Map to guide you and you'll be in Cleveland on the dot.
I F YOU live in one of the Eastern States and are going to the Cleveland National Convention, you will have to pay regular railway fare, which, of course, is quite a bit lower than it was last year owing to the general lowering of all rates to a two-cents-a-mile basis for coach travel. Legionnaires of Western and some Southern States, those included in the Southeastern, Transcontinental, Western and Southwestern Passenger Associations, will benefit this year as usual by the right to buy round-trip tickets at the one-way rate to specified "gateway cities." The usual identification certificate must be presented by those buying these tickets.

The New England, Trunk Line and Central Passenger Association roads are not granting special reduced rates for the convention. Since Cleveland lies in the no-reduced-rate zone, it will be necessary for those coming from the reduced-fare territory to pay regular fare to Cleveland from the "gateway cities" mentioned in the paragraph above. These cities are St. Louis and Chicago for Western Lines, Cincinnati and Louisville for the Southeastern lines. It may sound complicated, but your Department Headquarters will see that you get additional information through your post if you are in doubt. Incidentally, find out what your Department is offering in the way of special trains.

New York, for example, gives you a choice of three all-expense tours at $36.05, $42.25 and $79.

Cleveland is justifiably proud of the Great Lakes Exposition, which, on 150 acres fringing the cool shores of Lake Erie, will be at the peak of its attractiveness when several hundred thousand Legionnaires and other guests arrive in town on September 21st. It is a highly modernistic affair, with countless exhibits in big buildings scattered among plazas with fountains and flower- and tree-covered plots. The exposition grounds front on the piers at which will be moored the lake liners which bring to Cleveland big delegations of Legionnaires from other lake ports.

Wally's two-page prevue of the Cleveland Convention in this issue represents days and days of hot-weather research as well as pencil and pen work. Mr. Wallgren, in making the annual convention city cartoon, has to become a Baedeker of the host city, and like Legionnaire Walter Winchell he has to lay in a stock of knowledge about local celebrities before he starts making the first aimless marks on his drawing board which eventually turn into a mosaic such as you behold in this issue. Wally is the world's most amiable citizen and there is only fun in his ink bottle—never a drop of malice.

HENRY FORD, if anybody, qualifies for the role of American sage. The article embodying his sentiments, in this issue, is a reminder that the man who made this a motor America embodies more than anybody else perhaps our American quality of horse sense, which is synonymous with common sense. Incidentally, word comes from Vic MacKenzie, National Convention Director, that the Legion this year, as in other recent years, owes its gratitude to the Ford Motor Company for providing a fleet of automobiles as official cars for the Cleveland Convention—one for each Department and others.


General Manager, James F. Beron, Indianapolis, Ind.; Business Manager, Richard E. Brann; Eastern Advertising Manager, Douglas P. Maxwell; Editor, John T. Wintersch; Managing Editor, Philip Van Blon, Art Editor, William M. MacLean; Associate Editors, Alexander Gardner and John J. Noll.

CLEVELAND is glad to welcome The American Legion, The American Legion Auxiliary, the Forty and Eight, the Eight and Forty and the friends of the Legion who will attend the Eighteenth National Convention, September 21st to 24th.

Both as Mayor of Cleveland and as a Legionnaire who has attended many Legion conventions, I extend that personal greeting that every Legionnaire feels when convention time comes, and I add a special welcome for everyone from my old outfit, the 91st (Wild West) Division.

The loyalty of our veterans has been amply demonstrated in war. In peace, their active interest in all affairs of their respective communities and States, as well as of the nation, is a guaranty that no destruction of our Government will take place so long as their influence is effective.

1936 is the City of Cleveland’s Centennial Year. It is marked by holding a beautiful and extensive Great Lakes Exposition for 100 days on the shores of Lake Erie at the very doors of the Convention Hall, together with an unexcelled International Exhibit at our Museum of Art.

The highest of the many high points of the year will be The American Legion convention. We expect the greatest reunion in the Legion’s history. We count on that convention to voice to the nation a spirit of confident determination to make progress while also holding to the hard-won gains of the past. The Legion has an important service to render to the nation and the world. At the same time, Cleveland will see that all who come enjoy their visit.

SEPTEMBER, 1936
MR. SAMUEL WALLISON, C.E., lay on the buckle of his belt across the top of TG 10, and draped, head down on one side, feet down on the other, thumped upon a drift-pin. Mr. Wallison's object was to hammer the drift-pin through a rivet hole in the web of TG 10, and into a badly matched corresponding hole in a connection angle of FB 42. FB, as you may or may not be interested to know, stands for floor beam; and TG stands for transverse girder. And C.E. stands for Civil Engineer. Nevertheless Mr. Wallison lay upon the buckle of his belt, head down, and thumped—and was doggone glad to do it.

It was this way. Mr. Wallison, a few weeks previously, bearing a hard-earned sheepskin and a couple of varsity letters out of that first class engineering institution, Valley Tech, had found himself square in the midst of a depression. When Mr. Wallison sallied forth into the world, civil engineers were selling at a dime a dozen—and no takers. Mr. Wallison, however, had carried no delusions of grandeur out of the halls of learning with his brand new degree. Mr. Wallison knew the facts. There were no C.E. jobs. At least there were no C.E. jobs unfilled. On each and every C.E. job one C.E. gentleman was sitting enthusiastically, sixteen hours per day, in order to show the boss how indispensable he was—while fifty-seven other C.E. gentlemen stood about, waiting hopefully for the incumbent to get blown down by a beer truck on his way to work.

Right well young Mr. Wallison knew about this dismal state of affairs; so he had headed straight across the country for Santa Clarobel. At Santa Clarobel they were building a bridge—and what a bridge. And a C.E. gentleman by the name of John Mulaney was sitting on the job of Resident Engineer thereof.

Mr. Wallison pulled up at the field office under the anchor span of Santa Clarobel bridge on the last gallon of gasoline in the tank of the old bus that his dad had given him, and on the last dollar that his dad had been able to lend him.

Samuel Wallison, C.E., was one of those young men, it became immediately evident, who did not believe in signs. For across the front of the field office there stretched a sign which said in letters that were so bold as to be almost obscene:

NO MEN WANTED

Into a door beneath this sign, Sam Wallison barged regardless, and "Where's the Mule?" demanded Sam.

A young man leaning heavily upon a
the job had opened up, that he said it now automatically, every time a question was addressed to him. If Mae West had come in and said to him, "How's for a job on the rivet gang, Big Boy—as heater maybe, Dark and Handsome—what?" he would have answered glumly, "We're not hiring. Can't you read?"

Sam Wallison, however, unabashed, said, "Who asked for a job? I got a job—at least I get one soon as I can see The

highly-educated pencil looked up from his blue-prints, but said nothing. Another young man ceased to twiddle with the level screws of a transit which he seemed to be adjusting, and turned to see what sort of lad it was who went about to bridge construction offices, demanding mules. He also said nothing. But a third man, not so young, who must have been totting up the national debt, the way he was lambasting an adding machine, lifted his head and fixed the intruder with a basilisk eye.

Said he, "We're not hiring. Can't you read?"

Strange answer to an inquiry for mules; but Ignatz the Demon Adder—and employment clerk—had said that thing so many times since

Mule. Where," repeated Sam, who, it appeared, did not abash easily, "where is The Mule—or maybe The Mule is Mr. John Mulaney to youse guys."

The two young men at blue-print and at transit grinned. They recalled from dimming memories—sic transit and so forth—an old time sports-page nickname of their boss. But Ignatz the Adder, who had not known the score these many years, much less who made the touchdowns, frowned dolefully.

"Except by appointment," stated he, "Mr. Mulaney is not in."

But to this statement came quick refutation.

"Well, for crime's sake! Sam Wallison!" brayed a man's size voice. And a doorway leading to an inner room became filled up, all four dimensions, with a broad and vigorous figure; none other, indeed, than Mr. John The Mule Mulaney, now resident engineer on Santa Clarobel bridge, and one time All American tackle of the Maroon Marauders, legendary foes of Valley Tech
for half a century of no-quarter gridiron wars. “Greetings, you old rib splinterer. Come right in, Sam, and park the large cadaver.”

So Samuel Wallison, bearing down on Adding Ignatz with a scurry look, went in and parked.

“Well, Sam,” said John The Mule, three years now out of Maroon harness, but still Maroon at heart, “I see you did that thing to us last fall. O.K., Sam. If we got to get licked, I prefer to get licked by a gang of engineers. But listen, fellow; we got a bunch of he-horse freshmen coming along—and next November Taylor Field is going to be no place for a lady.”

To which dire prophecy Sam spoke up as follows:

“Gimme a job.”

“I will give you hell and shove you in it,” promised The Mule.

“The last year I played football in Maroon happened to be the first year you played for Tech. And what did you do? You cracked three ribs for me. And you’ve been busting bones dressed up in our color ever since. And then you have the crust to ask me for a job. Me, Sam, I hope you starve to death. And also, Sam, I’ve been laying off engineers. There’s no more engineer’s job on this bridge than a snow-bird. Believe me, Sam, if there was half a chance—”

But here Sam interrupted.

“Engineers!” he exclaimed. “What’s them? Look, Mr. Mulaney. I’m a bridge-man, Mr. Mulaney. I’m a horny handed son of something or other. I am one of the producers. I work with the lunatics. This thing I got on top my neck is to stoke groceries into—as soon as I can borrow two bucks off you. And the only way you’ll get the two bucks back is by giving me a job. Come on, Mule. You can use one more roughneck in your steel gangs, can’t you?”

“You’ll fall off steel and crack your cock-eyed neck,” said John Mulaney, weakening.

“What do you care?” inquired Sam.

“Well, you’ll drop a fitting-up wrench or a maul or something, and kill a good man working under you.”

Sam Wallison snorted.

“Who are you, to call me butter-fingers?” Sam demanded. “When did you ever see a mud-greased pigskin get away from me?”

There being no answer to that one, Sam Wallison got a job. He got a job on the bolting-up gang.

The bolting-up gang follows the raising crew. The raisers place the steel, using as few connecting bolts as will hold it. Then come the bolter-uppers. They fill all rivet holes with erecting bolts, making the structure safe, so that the traveler can move ahead over the newly erected work. Then, close behind the traveler come the rivet gangs, who remove all bolts and drive the points up solid with hot steel. The bolting-up gang needs less skill, know-how, than riveters and raisers. It trains men for these gangs.

And thus it came about that young Sam Wallison lay upon the buckle of his belt across the top of TG 10, slugging a drift-pin home.

Sam’s transverse girder, like all its counterparts, was a huge member, four or five feet deep, with a broad flange at top and bottom. It spanned the bridge from side to side. The floor beams ran between these girders, lengthwise of the bridge. Sam Wallison was bolting up a point where floor beam met with girder. The rivet holes did not match well. With tapering pin and trusty eight-pound maul, Sam was drifting them to a good fit, so that bolts would freely enter.

The Santa Clarobel bridge, in spectacular cantilever fashion, was thrusting out a soaring arm beyond its tower pier. Farther and farther out, above the sparkling water of Santa Clarobel Inlet, the great steel arm went, reaching, reaching; entirely unsupported—so it seemed to the awe-widened eyes of any layman gazing up at it. Sam Wallison was working at the very end of steel. Beyond the girder where Sam hammered there was nothing, and plenty of it. Below him, also nothing in large quantities, and then the deep green water of the inlet. And if you fell off steel from where Sam worked, you could, with proper timing of your drop, plunk square into the funnel of a steamship pushing out Santa Clarobel Inlet for the bay and the wide sea beyond.

Sam, draped on his pantry over TG 10, faced the outside of its wide web plate, working one-handed with his maul, smacking his drift-pin home. Beyond the back of Sam’s head there was emptiness. But the seat of Sam’s overalls commanded an inspiring view of towering steel work and heroic action. Across a single bay of new-placed steel the giant traveler stood, with engines clattering and sheave blocks whining; with cable drums awhir, and derrick booms outreaching, waiting the huge bridge members into place. Behind the traveler the rivet gun heard on their deafening tattoo. And permeating all this bedlam came from time to time a mighty bellow as of all the bulls of Bashan—which was the dulcet voice of big Jake Bowery.

When big Jake Bowery, head steel erector, roared, the well known welkin shivered like a nickle’s worth of pig’s foot jelly, from zenith to horizon, and back again to zenith, what I mean. Jake didn’t raise his voice above the deafening din of Santa Clarobel’s terrific cantilever. Jake roared right through it. His gruff, horse-tiddle bellow buffeted aside all minor sounds—such as fifty rivet hammers raising hallelujah—and blasted a sort of funnel for his orders through the chaotic clangor of steel on steel. And the man Jake roared at always jumped straight up from the member he was standing on—maybe a couple hundred feet aloft—and came down working twice as fast as when Jake’s thunder struck him.

But this day big Jake’s armor piercing bazoo failed him. For he stood upon the traveler’s deck some forty feet away from young Sam Wallison, and bellowed at the bosom of Sam’s pants without result. Sam’s head was hanging down on the far side of TG 10, and with what in the racket of the bridge, he did not hear Jake’s warning.

Warning it was. Sam was about to get knocked kicking off the cantilever. A large armful of railroad iron had gotten out of hand.

A bundle of rails on which the traveler would roll forward, as soon as all floor beams ahead were bolted fast, and track put down upon them, was being swung out from behind the traveler to the front of it. Two chains, ringed to a derrick’s main-hoist hook, and spreading in a long inverted V, had held the load, a turn of each chain hooked about the bunch of rails, ten feet or so apart.

Now garlic sausage may be stronger than its weakest link; but that isn’t so of derrick chains. How many tons of steel that pair of chains had hoisted no man knows. But through the years of grueling jerks and strains, one link of them had crystallized. And now that link let go. Now only one chain, hooked far off centre, held the load of rails. The long end of the load swung violently down,
With fearful clangor the rails bounced off the girder and down to the river

sweeping like some gigantic flail of death across the open floor beams of the last erected bay. Miraculously it battered no man off steel down into the water far below. Sure footed men, sure handed men, clambered to safety, dropped to safety, scurrying like squirrels over the hazardous bridge members. Everyone was safe. Now men had only to wait until that gigantic lethal pendulum ceased its mad circling, swinging. Then it could be lowered and made safe.

But while they waited for the load of rails to come to rest, the hoisting engineer, with utmost caution, took up on his falls. One man, lying across the transverse girder, out at the very end of steel, was not quite safe. And he was unaware of danger. But the swishing rail ends at each revolution missed the seat of his breeches by too scant a margin. Should that lad hanging across the girder over there raise suddenly, at the precise unlucky second, he stood a first class chance of getting his block whacked off.

With care the hoister took up on his swinging load. And in that very safety move death lurked. The load of rails hung nearly perpendicular. And the little jar of hoisting started one rail in the center of the bundle slipping. The pressure of the turn of chain about them did not grip them tight enough. Smooth steel will slide on steel. Two feet out from the center of the load a rail slipped down. Then caught. Then slipped again.

The engineer, his heart almost at pause, eased his cable drum to stillness. But the rails still were swaying, and once more came a slipping of the load inside its single hitch of chain.

Jake Bowery, bellowing at the seat of Sam Wallison's pants, rattled skyscraper windows in the town across the bay. But Sam, his head hung down outside his transverse girder, unhearing, kept athumping on his drift-pin. Ahead of the traveler all noises ceased, as men stood frozen, watching fearfully. Sam Wallison might have heard this very silence, had it been unbroken, and sensed a warning in it more alarming than the blare of Jake. But behind the traveler the rivet gangs, unaware of any trouble, kept up a volleying that made the whole bridge roar again.

Fog-horn it as he might, Jake Bowery could not blast a warning through to Sam. With that load sweeping, slipping, no man dared run across the narrow menaced beams to TG 10. Jake Bowery looked about him. A fitting-up bolt!—there at his feet it lay. He swept it up and flung it. Dead eye! It hit its target fair and square. It was a four inch bolt. It weighed a pound or two. And big Jake had not pitched it underhand.

Sam Wallison arose. Sam had been kicked in the pants before; but never a kick like this. Sam's head came up from the far side of the girder. And Sam saw, just in time, a bunch of rails sweeping around toward him, overhead, with one rail in the center of the bunch six feet below the other ends—and slipping as he watched!

With one swift, (Continued on page 58)
THAT all is not well with agriculture is known to everybody. Even if there were not self-appointed friends of the farmer to keep him reminded, the farmer would know it for himself. Several years before the financial and industrial depression made itself felt in 1929, there were signs aplenty that the times were out of joint for a large share of this nation’s farmers.

Surpluses in some crops began appearing more than ten years ago, with consequent calamity for the folks who raised them. Fortuitously as many schemes developed for helping the farmer as there were surpluses. Some of these plans have been tried out, many more have never been put to the test of experience. During the intervening years there have been harvests when abundance of grain or hay or potatoes or cotton caused distress because more was raised than the market could use. Other seasons have seen drought and other types of curtailment, with higher prices per bushel or ton or bale, but with many farmers so short of crops that they were even worse off for a living than before.

These have been hard years for farming and for the many millions of Americans who depend directly upon farm income for their support. The short supply of farm dollars reacts practically every American’s affairs, whether he knows it or not. With any large class of people in economic distress, all other people feel the effect in lessened earnings and scantier prosperity.

Henry Ford does not set himself up as a prophet or as an authority on farm problems. His energies are taken up with his job of conducting one of the world’s greatest industrial enterprises. He was, however, born and brought up on a Michigan farm. He has always lived close to the soil, has always owned a farm as did his forebears for generations back. Because of the scope and nature of his business, he could not—even if he would—escape from realizing that the growth and well-being of his own industrial undertakings are intimately tied in with the farmer’s affairs. Says Mr. Ford:

INDUSTRY and farming depend upon each other. The farmer must have prosperity in the cities to sell his crops to city dwellers at prices that yield a fair return for his labor. The people whose livings come from manufacturing need prosperity in the rural districts for a receptive market to keep the products of their factories flowing into consumption. It is a job deserving the best thought and efforts of city and country folks to move forward abreast.

If the farmer and the city man keep this always in mind, they will progress together. The great need of the farms is a larger, more demanding market for their crops. We know now that the family table will not provide this market. It is worth the city man’s while to find more uses for farm products. In our business we are trying to do this—I may say we have already begun to do it. For many years now we have kept on searching for ways in which we can use farm products to make our automobiles better and less expensive, and we have found some. The results are beginning to be felt.

Any automobile necessarily contains a great deal of material which originated on the farms: Upholstery and other fabrics of wool, mohair, cotton; leather; glue; linseed and castor oil; solvents, anti-freeze, and shock absorber fluids from grain and from sugar-cane molasses. But we have also found less obvious uses for other farm products. Our use of soy beans is rather widely known, though most people are still greatly surprised to learn that half a bushel or so of these beans goes into the making of every Ford car. Just to give you an idea of the scale on which we use these, right now we have in bins more than 125,000 bushels of soy beans waiting to be made into materials better and less expensive than those used a few years ago for the same jobs. And we are right now completing a new plant, costing in the millions, for further
extending our use of this particular crop.

Surpluses are not of themselves bad, since they stimulate the development of new uses for those crops which exist in surplus. Industry seldom sets its chemists and engineers to looking for new uses for high-priced farm products which are in constant demand. The natural line of research is for ways to use those things which can be had cheap. Once these uses have been found and developed, industry will usually find ways to decrease the costs of the parts. This in turn makes a need for still more of the farm product and helps to use up the surplus. Soy beans are an example. When we began using them on a large scale, they sold for about sixty cents a bushel. As we have used more of them, so have other industries. American farms produced more soy beans last year than ever before; the trend is upward. Still the price has worked up so that yesterday it passed $1.20 a bushel. Because manufacturers are improving their processes, it still pays to use soy beans. Yet if the beans had cost a dollar a bushel when these researches were undertaken, it is doubtful that industry would have found so many ways to use them.

The one solution of the farm problem which can be lasting is to find for this acreage uses not limited by the capacity of the human stomach. What has happened in making soy beans into automobiles is happening with other crops and other industries. Before long we shall cease to be bothered with farm surpluses. Manufacturing plants will use more and more of what the farms produce. Farmers will devote more and more of their acres to raising industrial materials. They will shift their planting just as rapidly as these crops offer them better returns for their work. The forty million American

by looking for good materials among the farm products we have found better materials than we could get from the more traditional sources.

We are now obtaining from the farms instead of the mines many parts of our cars. The finish, for example, is made from soy beans as the principal material. Of course they go through chemical processes. If you were to watch the soy bean enamel being applied in our factory, you would not realize that it differs from the more usual finishes which we used until two or three years ago. Anyone with experience in automobile finishing would realize one big difference, though. The soy bean enamel dries so speedily and in so smooth a finish that we spend no time or money for sanding and polishing. This is only one of several important advantages in favor of the farm-grown material.

Other parts are made of plastic products, those compounds which can be placed in a mold either as a powder or a doughy mass and pressed with heat into the desired shape. The meal left over after extracting the oil from soy beans is the base of many of our plastics. By making the inside of the mold highly polished, we obtain a polished plastic part without any polishing. These plastic products cost more per pound than steel or the other, older materials. But because the plastic contains its own color and polish, the final cost is less. And every place where a plastic replaces steel it saves weight, and this gives more economical performance in driving.

We have not yet found plastics strong enough to substitute for steel in such places as the columns of an automobile body. But we feel sure that before many years we shall be making the panels of the bodies from plastics. This will mean a major saving.  (Continued on page 38)
he was the embodiment of the rights of common men in a country which accorded to the common man his right to aspire to lead, and if worthy to gain the heights of leadership—was brought home to Springfield a martyr while the whole nation mourned.

In those seventy-one years Illinois, which gave him to the nation, has been transformed into our second State in wealth and population, and Springfield, where he took his earliest political footsteps distrustful of his own ability, has emerged as an industrial metropolis.

In the State in which the Lincoln of long ago found himself full-grown with scarcely any formal schooling, thousands of Illinois boys walked out of their high school classrooms in May and early June, glad that summer vacations had begun.

Only a few weeks later—on June 21st—six hundred of these boys journeyed by train and bus and family automobile to the state capital to enter school again—to enter, for a week, a new world of make believe. They had come in answer to the voice and welcoming hand of the Illinois Department of The American Legion, and the new world in which they found themselves was called the Boys' State.

The American Legion had waved a wand to transport them years into the future. Instead of their real ages of fifteen to eighteen, when they entered the Boys' State within the confines
of the State Fair Grounds they found themselves beyond the age of twenty-one. They were citizens and voters. Confronting them was the political machinery of a commonwealth. It was theirs—each and every part of it, from Governor on down to township justice of the peace. They were to fill all the political offices, from those in the State House (the Coliseum in whose vast arena in State Fair Week prize horses and cows are seen in triumphal procession) to those of county, town, city and township.

They were to learn by doing. Each in his own job was to be geared to all the other public offices, and as the wheels went around he would find himself performing exactly the same sort of duties as real office-holders carry on in the everyday world outside. He should acquire not only the knowledge of his own little sphere of immediate duties but also, what is more important, he would see close-up a moving, practical picture of democracy in action. He would observe the pattern of activity of everything which is done by government to make easier and happier and endurable the relations of citizens with one another.

Why was this worth doing? What did The American Legion hope to accomplish by setting up this fictional State in a busy world, with so many other things clamoring for the attention of vacation-freed boys? Well, the answer has been given by actual results.

A group of Illinois Legionnaires conceived this Boys' State idea and put it into execution for the first time in 1935. Hayes Kennedy, of Joliet, member of a Chicago law firm and of the law faculty of Loyola University, ranks as pioneer along with Grover Sexton, also a lawyer and outstanding Legionnaire of Chicago, H. L. Card, Chairman of the Boy Scout Committee of the Illinois Department and vocational supervisor of the high school at Taylorville, and William C. Mundt, Department Adjutant.

These four had found themselves talking together, as Legionnaires will, at the Department Convention in Aurora in 1934. They had speculated then on things the Legion could do to help growing boys get a grasp on the problems of political life in a society not only complex but increasingly subject to propaganda by selfish groups.

Out of their talk came the decision for the first Boys' State, which was so successful that it won the grateful recognition and endorsement of the whole American Legion at the St. Louis National Convention in September, 1935. That convention recommended that other Departments take up the Illinois idea and hold in 1936 Boys' States of their own.

The National Americanism Commission enthusiastically carried out the convention recommendation by preparing an analysis of the Illinois plan, which it submitted to each of the Departments. Furthermore, H. L. Chailliaux, Director of the Commission, and Charles M. Wilson, Assistant Director, himself a native of Illinois, arranged to

(Continued on page 50)

Ohio Boy Governor John Starn (left), selected on the Nationalist ticket, inspects the voting machine totals with Carl Giblin, candidate for Governor on the Federalist ticket. In the Boys' States of Illinois and West Virginia, citizens voted with paper ballots and lead pencils. Below, a boy citizen's post card appraisal of the Boys' State at Springfield, Illinois. Pop never got it because Bill forgot to put on an address

Policemen ready to go get 'em after a roll call at the Illinois Boys' State. Opposite page, Jackson's Mill, site of West Virginia's Mountain Boys' State
BY IRVING BACHELLER

The ART of

I AM near seventy-seven and when men arrive at that station they begin to tell how they got there. In my case there is some excuse for it, since one must assume that there are many who would wish to avoid being like somebody else. I am still a young and cheerful man and glad to show them how.

I was born to a fortune. My assets were, chiefly, a wooded ledge beyond a flowering meadow, a great green pasture sloping down to a noisy brook with big, gray, mossy rocks cropping out, here and there, and a few butternut trees throwing down shadows in which the cattle loved to rest. The property was my father's, but I enjoyed a sense of proprietorship. I had a cart, a sled, and in winter the great white flats, the snow-banked hillsides and clean air to breathe winnowed through towering evergreen forests. I owe so much to that countryside that I pity the boys and girls who have to put up with the rockbound city and its monotonous architecture. Their eyes and their ears are so poorly fed. They do not see the sun rise and set or the jeweled fields in the early morning. They rarely get more than a glimpse of the starry heavens. They never hear the voice of Silence or the songs of the thrush, the oriole and the bobolink. Neither Santa Claus and his reindeer nor the fairies have a chance for an active and convincing life there.

Not long ago I heard a distinguished man say that a study of Who's Who in America would prove that most of the big men and women were born and educated in the country. I immediately thought of Washington Irving, who lived in the city of New York until he was a boy well along in his teens. Still it is true that he found his inspiration in the Highlands of the Hudson in a week's journey to Albany in a sloop, anchoring at night under some overhanging wooded ledge in this mountain wilderness. Perhaps his poet mind was all the keener because the sights and sounds and silences were new to him.

What are we to say of Charles Dickens, born and brought up in the largest of all cities? Only this; There is a marvelous world down under the surface of the stream of life in a great city. To most men and women it is quite invisible. Therein are hills and mountains and descending slopes and pits and hollows of human character, and Dickens had the gift for seeing them. He is one man in a billion who had a far-reaching view of this hidden world. So I think it holds true that one needs to be careful in selecting a place to be born and to grow up in. Good air can do more for the health of a child than medicine.

Here is a great fact: The young do not forget. The pleasant scenes, characters and adventures of youth and childhood go along up the road with them. Often I think that they do as much for the mind and the imagination as one's schooling can accomplish. How vividly I remember my first day in school, even the ticking of the teacher's watch as I stood by her knee; the first coming of

My mother began when I was young to store my memory with good things

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly
Illustrations by
FORREST
C. CROOKS

“Sandy” Claus and the Christmas tree; old Fred, the shepherd dog, who thought me a great nuisance and who often showed his teeth and pretended that if I didn’t go away he would give me a biting; my jovial aunts and uncles; my cousins who looked down upon me because of my smallness, and also thought me a nuisance. But above all I remember Uncle Miner, an elderly hired man, his flute playing, his laughing humor, his songs, and his stories. He interested me. I loved him, but he wouldn’t let me play with his flute. He, too, thought me a nuisance. The vote was almost unanimous. Yet I seemed to know that it was an important job and I stuck to it. The results were not always agreeable, but I persevered. When I spotted an unconventional character I began my work upon him. I experimented and often got remarkable reactions, especially from a fat, red-headed, solemn-faced man with a moustache almost as long as a cow’s horns who played the guitar and spoke in a peeping voice. When I touched the strings with my finger he stopped playing and peeped and made a face that was a joy and a revelation.

What an influence these people and the familiar scenes of that time have had upon my life! They are a big part of the work that I have imperfectly tried to do—even the dog is in it, and perhaps a touch of the vitality acquired in that clean atmosphere. The scenes were to me highly important. I knew, for instance, the varying moods of the brook, its songs, and those of the birds who loved their wings in it. I found there the love of beauty, which is a great possession.

These days people who have even a bit careless in the choice of their parents spend a lot of time and money in trying to discover remote and distinguished ancestors. Good fathers and mothers are the people who help most in the making of a man. Discovered ancestors are not important, for after a few generations their diluted blood is no more than a drop in a bucket.

My father was a hard-working, respected citizen of New England blood, whose word was like his bond. He stood for all good things, but this was true of him: He never let anything stand in the way of the free expression of an indignant mind. Before he unloaded he went out to the barn.

My mother was a well-educated, well-read woman of excellent taste. Her favorite authors were Addison and Irving, which accounts for my first two names. She began when I was young to store my memory with good things. She induced me to memorize poems which had pleased her. Later she paid me for memorizing long passages in Paradise Lost—not much more to me than resounding words at that time. They lived with me and, by and by, I began to feel the great organ-like chords of music and the powerful phrasing in these pas-

(Continued on page 48)
I

ever was an expatriate really, although I lived abroad, mostly in Paris, for fifteen years. At the beginning I want to make clear that my long sojourn out of America was entirely for reasons over which I had no control. The decision to take up life again, and afresh, in my native land found me an even more patriotic American than when I first sailed away to La Belle France, which so many Americans adopt permanently as their second home.

For weeks preceding my return to New York, each time that I walked down the flights of stairs from my apartment I received a shock. Posted outside the loge of the concierge was a newly printed sign bearing the seal and signature of the Paris municipality, stating that in case of air raid the underground shelter, prepared for the inhabitants of our neighborhood, was at a certain number a few doors down the street. Added were minute instructions as to how the population must conduct itself when the first alarm was sounded that enemy planes were winging near.

This sad example of the civilization of the world in the year A.D. 1936 is something that may never be presented to the citizens of the United States. At least, let us hope not. Nevertheless, Paris still is one of the great centers of culture as we know it, and at the present moment is preparing to change overnight, or overhour, into an entrenched camp under the iron, barbaric rigors of war. Already at frequent intervals, air defenses are tested and days and nights made hideous by wailing sirens to announce the enemy's approach. They are worse than those of a New York fire brigade.

What wonder then that my first feeling long before I reached New York, indeed when the shores of Europe faded, was that of security and safety from sudden danger. The trip was so tempestuous, however, that had I not proved an excellent sailor I might have changed my mind about this, in longing for the feel of solid earth beneath my feet.

When our ship finally nosed through the ice floes in the Hudson on a wintry morning after ten days' constant buffeting by an extremely frantic Atlantic, a waverling equilibrium combined with a state of daze seems a proper description of the first effect of our American kaleidoscope upon me, after my long absence.

A young Frenchman stood beside me on the deck as the New York skyline emerged through the early morning mists into a dazzle of sunshine. The sunshine gave me my first thrill. In Paris it had drizzled for weeks and I had not seen the sun. During the voyage I had not dared go on deck even to look at the waves. It was the Frenchman's first trip.

"Ah, mais non!" he said. "On ne pouvait pas imaginer!"

I was awed almost to the same degree. So many of those towering skyscrapers—terraced walls of this great modern Babylon—were not there when I sailed away.

The weather was bitter cold. A biting (Continued on page 67)
EDITORIAL

When The Band Begins To Play

The Legion National Convention parade has developed into the most impressive annual pageant to be witnessed in America. It is worth going miles to see, and once a year there are several hundred thousand folks who do go miles to see it.

In Boston six years ago, more than two million persons trod the line of march of the convention parade. Seldom has the total of spectators at a convention fallen much below a half million. Over the period of years since 1918 it seems safe to estimate that between fifteen and twenty million men, women and children have seen the Legion on parade—and at least an equal number have witnessed department convention ceremonies over the past seventeen years.

Add to this the uncountable millions of others who listened to radio broadcasts, saw the news reels, read the newspaper accounts, and the coverage looks pretty impressive. Remember, too, that the Detroit News's story of the convention parade in that city in 1923 won for its authors the Pulitzer prize for the year's most distinguished piece of news writing. Altogether, there are not many folks in America who are ignorant of the fact that every fall the American Legion is on the march.

Legion parades are getting better, even for the paraders. The route, during recent years, has been mercifully shortened—for old shanks' mare she ain't what she used to be. Loss of distance, however, has been more than compensated by an increase in the dignity of the occasion—and dignity in this connection is by no manner of means to be interpreted as synonymous with pomposity. A Legion parade has never gone high hat, although in earlier years there was an occasional lapse into the opposite.

The shortening of the line of march does not imply that the spectators have received less than their money's worth. As a result of the experience gained at earlier conventions each host city has been able to essay some measure of improvement in increasing the degree of convenience to the onlooker. Some municipalities have been able to take advantage of a fortunate physical set-up. Thus in Portland, in 1932, the flood of marchers sluiced its orderly way through Multnomah Stadium, where a capacity crowd was able to view the formations with as much comfort as an old Roman emperor watching a rather less inspiring spectacle in the Coliseum. Similarly this September 22d nearly one hundred thousand Clevelanders will be able to see the Eighteenth National Convention parade from the secure vantage point of the magnificent Municipal Stadium.

A convention parade is more than something to see—it is something to hear. It is more than something to hear—it is a thrill to live over and over again until the next convention rolls around. It depends for its impressiveness and effectiveness on several factors, but Factor Number One is men and women to take part in it. For just as a Legion parade is worth going miles to see, to hear, to experience, so is it worth going miles to march in.

Once in a while, at recent conventions, there has been noted an occasional tendency to let the other fellow do the footwork. This tendency has never reached the point where it has had any appreciable effect, other than purely statistical (and very little of that), on the general result. When a parade roster extends far up into the thousands, a few dozen backsliders hardly become conspicuous by their absence from the ranks.

If you are going to Cleveland this September (and of course you are), promise yourself right now that when assembly blows you will be at the place of formation ready to step out past that well-known given point without which no parade would be complete. If you make the promise now it will be easy to keep—far easier than if you decided not to make it sometime in the morning of September 22d.

The suggestion that you're not the man you used to be is ridiculous—prove that it's ridiculous by stepping out with a crowd that's no better than you are and probably not so good. The idea of letting George do it (a childhood wisecrack that the present generation never heard of) is so repugnant that you wouldn't consider it for a second—besides, if only the Georges marched there would be a difference in the size of the parade, and that would be a public scandal, to say nothing of a vast disappointment to a million or more Clevelanders.

Don't park your dogs on a hotel windowsill and let the rest of the Legion go by. Push them out ahead of you in the good old fashioned way—one, two, one, two—
IT WAS the Good Ship Texas and It Was the Hospitable Shore of Block Island and the Twain Met

himself was going before the mast, and would have to say "Aye, aye, sir!" to his hired man for the duration of the war. That illustrates the fact that war turns everything topsy-turvy.

This yacht-owning gob had lots of money and a wide acquaintance in the theatrical regions of New York. He shared his suite and theatrical acquaintance with the commissioned hired man and the other chap and me, and it made our waiting period very agreeable. That illustrates the fact that war isn't entirely horrible, but let's skip over that too, and get aboard the U. S. S. Texas, which was the ship my orders turned out to be for. I figured I was getting a lucky break.

In those days the old Texas wasn't very old, and she was the most efficient fighting ship of the fleet. She had the gunnery trophy, the engineering efficiency pennant and red and white "E's" painted all over her turrets. Incidentally she was the happiest ship in the outfit. (The kids don't understand that, but any old navy sailor would, if he had happened to survive long enough to be listening in.)

It was the consensus among the officers who stood deck watch on the Texas that a sailor or leatherneck returning on board in port was sober if he could get up the gangway or accommodation ladder all by himself, no matter by what feats of inch-worming

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"WELL, well, now, let me see," I shall say to my great-grandchildren (if I can get a few of them cornered), "I guess the biggest thing I did was the time I helped to wreck our best battleship. "Yessir," I'll mumble, "we smacked a big dreadnought right up against the United States on the east side, tore a hole in her bottom a hundred feet long and were piled up there four days with 2,000 men aboard, helpless as a scow on a mudbank. And the public never knew anything about it—a first-class newspaper story going to waste. That shows you what censorship can do in wartime."

And I suppose the kids will stare at the funny old marine fossil and ask, "What was the difference between battleships and censorship, great-grandpa?"

Then I'll really get going good. "Shut off that damned television for a few minutes," I'll quarrel out, "and I'll tell you about the navy disaster that was a secret." Whereupon I'll spin them the following yarn, to wit:

Once upon a time, about the middle of September in 1917, in fact, I was sent to Brooklyn Navy Yard for assignment. All that summer I had been down at Annapolis being instructed in navigation and seamanship, gunnery and naval regulations. I had known some navigation and seamanship previously; gunnery and ballistics always more or less befuddled me and I soon found out that the enlisted boys knew more regulations than I could ever hope to master, but let's skip all those ancient headaches and get on with the story.

My assignment wasn't ready, so I went back over town, and there met three other patriotic young men, also waiting for orders, and living at the McAlpin. Two of them were officers and one was a gob. The gob owned a yacht which he had turned over to the Government, receiving in return a commission. But the man he used to hire to run his yacht needed the pay, so he let him have the commission, while he

... an eternity waiting to see if it would go off

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and hand-over-hand. As for an officer, he was always sober, regardless of whether he came back in a taxi, rowboat or wheelbarrow. When the Texas wardroom threw a party, nothing short of the entire cast of a musical comedy company would do.

"But, great-grandpa, did all this frivolity contribute to the essential purpose of the ship, considered as a unit of the nation's wartime forces?" the urchins may demand. (Pretty bright kids, what? Heredity counts.)

And I, old reprobate, will cackle triumphantly and tell them the record shows we could slat shells faster and more accurately than any other one of the wagons, and that was all in the world a battleship was for.

Captain Victor Blue was the C. O. of the Texas. He was a splendid officer and sailorman—a Medal of Honor man, too—and had lots of common sense. Many civilian reserve officers and green sailors, the poor bewildered devils, have blessed his memory. Under him were 2,000 men crowded into accommodations, so-called, for about 1,100. Some of the gobs were ex-mayors and ex-big business men, and some of the new officers were ex-this-and-that, but they were almost without exception good boys and very eager to hit an enemy ship with some shells and not to hit the land with their own ship.

So very shortly we got secret orders which were almost immediately known to all hands on board, as is customary in the case of secret orders in all military organizations. The orders were to proceed to a rendezvous with four other big ships off Port Jefferson on Long Island Sound. From there we were all going over together to Scapa Flow, off the coast of Scotland. I think that we were then based down in York River, Virginia, and that it was some time in early October, but that and some other minor details may be a little off. My memory has developed some funny little blank spots as the picture has got farther and farther away.

At any rate, one beautiful autumn night, a clear, starlit night with a gentle off-shore breeze and a smooth sea, found us steaming up the outside coast of Long Island. We had a sub-defense convoy, a destroyer out ahead on each bow, tearing hither and yon like a pair of fox terrier puppies, while the old Texas waddled ahead steadily through the darkness at her standard 12-knot cruising speed.

A battleship in commission and at sea is the most self-reliant thing ever built by man. It seems that nothing can harm her. She bristles with armament to keep her enemies at a safe distance, she can ride out a hurricane, her engines can drive her through any sea. On her bridge are men selected for fitness, and trained and experienced all their lives. They possess the cumulative knowledge of a profession thousands of years old, and have every scientific device to aid them. Their charts are correct, their gyro spinning parallel with the axis of the earth show them their course true within a fraction of a degree. They have studied the area over which they are moving until they know by heart every buoy and aid to navigation in it.

These men on the bridge have had one principle ground into them—they must know every minute just where their ship is and where she is heading. Their reputations depend on that.

Well, on this particular night the men on the bridge of the Texas didn't have so much to worry about for a while, because all they were trying to do was to go up around Block Island, a simple trick that is pulled off hundreds of times each summer by hundreds of greenhorn yachtsmen in little motor boats. The ship could have been taken in between Block Island and Montauk Point on the eastern end of Long Island, but there is a shoal spot in there to be avoided, so she was going out all the way around, just to be absolutely safe.

After going up past Block Island and rounding the lighted buoy off the northern end, the ship would have to start in through the narrow Race and into the Sound, and then it would be time to get jumpy and for the Old Man to begin to chew at his moustache, but (Continued on page 54)
Bud Hafey, outfielder of the Pittsburgh Pirates and graduate of the Legion junior team in Oakland, California. Below, Augie Galan of the Chicago Cubs outfield, whose junior baseball was played in Berkeley, California.

BACK in the middle nineteen twenties our historic national game of baseball looked as if it had started down the chute toward something like oblivion. America, it seemed, had gone crazy about golf, and all over the land beknickered figures were swinging mightily at the little white pill and hoisting divots of fresh green turf into the air. Tennis, once upon a time regarded as a softy game, was also reaching for the crown which baseball once held. “Choosing up sides” and “the lucky seventh,” it appeared, might soon be as outmoded as the terms of mah-jongg, for baseball was dying at the roots. The youngsters weren’t thinking about batting averages, but of how to drive and putt and develop a good forehand.

And then—in 1926—Legion Junior Baseball was born. For the first couple of years it made no perceptible ripples in the current of American sport life. Then came Dan Sowers and contributions by the two major leagues, which saw that the corner-lot teams were the roots of baseball, amateur and professional. Through the co-operation of Judge Landis, high commissioner of baseball and friend extraordinary to the boys of America, the National and American Leagues made hefty contributions to ensure the success of the Legion’s program. Readers of the Monthly are familiar with the subsequent history of that movement. Every year now close to a half million boys under seventeen in every State in the Union play in the Legion’s Junior Baseball tournaments. Because of the age limit a boy doesn’t ordinarily play for the Legion team for more than one or two seasons, but through the contacts with his comrades and with boys on other teams he absorbs the lessons of sportsmanship and learns to be a better American as well as a better baseball player. Americanism Director H. L. Chaillaux and his assistant, C. M. (Chuck) Wilson, are interested in building up this program chiefly because through it the Legion has a marvelous opportunity of teaching the boys of the nation the true principles of Americanism. The sportsmanship code which the junior baseball players are required to learn is reproduced with this article.

How many of these youngsters who played with Legion teams have landed jobs in professional baseball?
As this was

by Franklyn J. Adams

John K. Lewis, regular third baseman for Washington and one time member of the Legion nine in Gastonia, North Carolina

THERE ARE SIXTEEN MAJOR LEAGUERS WHO CALL LEGION JUNIOR BASEBALL PAPA

being written major league clubs held title to sixteen players who first attracted attention while with Legion nines. These sprightly top flight players are:

New York—Infielder Alfred Kelly.
Chicago—First Baseman Phil Cavarretta and Outfielder Augie Galan.
Pittsburgh—Outfielder Dan (Bud) Hafey.
Lee Stine, a pitcher for the Cincinnati team and formerly of the Legion team in Long Beach, California

Phil Cavarretta goes after a high one. Phil graduated from junior baseball in Chicago to the first base job on the Cubs


The kingpin of this group is Cavarretta. Born in Chicago, July 10, 1916, Phil played for Lane Tech High School and National Post of the Legion in Chicago, national champions of 1933, before he turned pro and took a minor league whirl with Peoria first and then Reading. Joining the Cubs near the end of the 1934 season Cavy made his debut a story-book one by smacking a homer against the Reds to win for Chicago, 1-0.

Junior Baseball Sportsmanship Code

Keep the rules
Keep faith with your comrade
Keep your temper
Keep yourself fit
Keep a stout heart in defeat
Keep your pride under in victory
Keep a sound soul, a clean mind and a healthy body

Howe-ver, back-pedaling a bit, Phil's hitting, pitching and first-basing stood out in that Legion Tournament of 1933 when the Windy City youngsters beat Trenton, Eastern titleholders. When Cavarretta joined the Cubs, Manager Charley Grimm was looking for a man to take over the first-basing job he himself was holding down. Charley was hearing the call of Father Time and knew that his player-manager job of double duty was too much for him. Well, Grimm's sitting pretty right now, for the youthful Cavarretta is good for many, many years of major league baseball.

When these same Cubs faced the Tigers in the 1935 World Series there was another ex-Legion player taking a part, although a very small one, in the fall finale. He was Eldon Hogsett, a left-handed Indian pitcher of the Tigers. Eldon's part was limited to the seventh inning of the third game, when he relieved a brother pitcher, Eldon Auker, and held the rampaging Cubs hitless and runless. The next inning, though, Schoolboy Rowe walked to the mound and took charge of the situation, and that was all the fans saw of the Redskin from Brownell, Kansas, who had been a Legion junior baseball star in the series of '35. Cavarretta, for that matter, was no star either as (Continued on page 62)
All You've Got To Do Is Pull It
The American Legion, September 21-24
By Wallgren
JOHN BREEN FINALLY PUTS THE FINGER ON THE MURDERER

By Karl Detzer

(For synopsis of earlier installments turn to page 41)

CHAPTER TEN

WINDS, shrieking through trees and shrubbery, scoured the four corners of the house, or captured by outflung juts of masonry, screamed like an echo of Anne's frightened voice. Breen pawed for his coat pocket as he ran, at last got out his pistol and then his flashlamp, just as he rounded the bend in the stair.

The gendarme on duty there, a round-shouldered officer with thin mustaches, cried, "A woman called, m'sieur?"

"And you stand there?" Breen shouted at him. He yanked him by the sleeve as he charged past. "Come, come!"

The man held back, warning in a timid tone, "Be cautious, m'sieur!"

Breen sprinted the last dozen steps and halted at the top, looking and listening. A chill, damp, gusty wind blew past his face. It seemed to be laden with drops of water that settled on everything it touched. A few minutes ago there had been a lighted candle on the table there, down the corridor to the left. It was out now. With this wind soughing along the passage, he did not wonder. Without it, though, the corridor was so dark that it seemed impossible that even the wind could find its way along it.

"Anne!" Breen shouted. The darkness absorbed his voice. He cried louder, "Anne!" and still louder, in a sort of panic, "Where are you, Anne? Answer me!"

The voice which replied was not hers, however, but that of Gendarme Preux.

"This way!" he shouted from the direction of the count's room. "Back here..."

Breen plunged toward him. Where could she be? What had she been doing? The darkness of the hall was split by candle light reflecting through the count's open door against the opposite wall. He saw Preux emerging from the doorway, pistol in hand, and his face flat and blank with perplexity.

The beam of the light bored ahead along the narrow passage. From the direction of the service stair, Renard was advancing slowly. Kernan's neck craned over the brigadier's shoulder.

"Where are you, Anne?" Breen cried again.

A sob answered him this time, not five paces ahead of him and low against the floor. He halted and bent the beam of
light and saw her there. She lay in a small sobbing heap at an irregular angle of the wall, slumped on her right side, her left hand drawn up across her eyes.

But there was no blood upon her face, no sign of injury. He felt relief stream through him.

"Anne!" he dropped to his knees. "What happened?"

The brigadier reached them. He was panting. "Mother Mary, Good Saint Agnes, Blessed . . . " and then, "Is she wounded?"

Breen touched her hand. It was as cold as the stones. She let the hand drop and opened her eyes.

It was terror in them, Breen realized, not pain. She was not physically hurt. But horror and panic could hurt worse than mere bodily pain. He said, "I'll carry you. You'll be all right!"

He saw Pavie approaching into the beam of the lamp. There were beads of sweat on the man's forehead. He was scared again. Plainly, enormously scared. He demanded, "Now what?" It might be anything that had happened, his voice indicated, but whatever it was, spare him. Breen felt first pity for him and then an unreasonable rage.

"She isn't hurt," he said shortly. "Get out of the way, will you?"

He took Anne up as gently as he could in his arms. He felt the tenseness go out of her as she leaned against his shoulder, and he heard her voice, whispering something, but it was so low he could make nothing of it. He said, "You're cold. We'll go down to the fire. Come with me, Kernan. The rest of you get back on the job."

Renard called after him, "It was only a woman's fright, my sergeant! Often enough a woman will scream just for want of anything better to occupy her silly thoughts!"

"Keep your own thoughts to yourself," Breen said.

The girl stirred, and gripped his coat collar.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, and felt her shake her head.

A quick shadow crossed the count's bedroom door as Breen paused in the dim passage.

"You're sure?" he persisted, and felt another shake and then a quick tremor. "Never mind," he told her. "I know, something happened. Don't worry. We'll take care of it."

Kernan exclaimed, "Well, I'll be damned!" and added under his breath, "Old woman hater gone soft on us?"

"Fix the fire," Breen retorted, "and you mind your own business, too."

He put the girl down on a couch, took off his suit coat and threw it over her, and
quickly brought a glass of brandy. She swallowed a little of it, while Pavie, in the living room door, stood watching. The Frenchman mopped his face repeatedly. But he asked no questions. Better not to know, he indicated, than to endure hearing any more horrors.

"Can you tell me now, what happened?" Breen asked.
"I'll try," she whispered. "Come close. Hold my hands. Oh, John..."

Kernan's fire sent up a cheerful cloud of sparks. It crackled industriously with a promise of warmth as Breen said:

"You're all right, Anne. What was it?"
"I heard him," she whispered. "Oh, I recognized the voice! As if he were beside me..."

"Who?" Breen demanded. "Whose voice?"
Her eyes wavered from Breen's face to Kernan's.
"Lascher," she said.
"Lascher!" Breen exclaimed. "You know Lascher's voice?"
"I heard him clearly! I'm not mistaken! I heard him talking to Pavie once at the factory. A hollow voice. I couldn't forget. This was it, right here at hand."
"Oh, no!"
"Yes, yes. Somewhere there in the dark. Screaming."

Breen reached for her hand and his closed over it.
"You mean," he questioned slowly, "you heard him in this house?" He tried not to sound skeptical, but he did, in spite of himself. "Inside this house?" he repeated.

She nodded. Breen picked up the glass of brandy and held it to her lips again.

"In this house. Upstairs," she repeated.

"I'm so cold!" She shivered, involuntarily.
"The fire will warm you in a minute."
He studied her face, and for some reason felt convinced. She had not dreamed it. "Step aside, Kernan," he said. "Let some of that heat get into the room. Find something else to put over her."

Pavie came forward, taking off his coat, too. He spread it, with care to prevent wrinkles, and went back silently to the door.
"Thank you, Geoffroi," she said.
Breen asked, "Why had you gone upstairs?"
"To get my jacket. Before, when... when Henry was hurt

...I had my jacket on, ready to start home. When he screamed, I ran upstairs. The jacket was in my way. I looked for a place to hang it. In the corridor, a door was standing a little way open. A narrow door, to a closet... an ordinary closet..."

"At the turn of the hallway?" Breen interjected.
She nodded. "I put my coat in it. There were hooks. But a draft, too. A draft coming out of it."
"Out of the closet?" and he again offered her some brandy.
"As soon as I opened the door farther, I didn't think anything of it. This place is so full of drafts. There were three hooks, with nothing on any of them. I hung up the coat and pushed the door shut. But

Aiming high, Breen fired. The gun dropped from the other's relaxed fingers

just now," she shuddered, "when I went to get it to start home again, the door was open all the way."
"The wind had blown it."
"But when I reached into it, somebody..." she broke off.
"Was anyone else in the corridor?"
"No one that I saw. The closet was dark. The only candle was on that table at the bend in the passage."

Breen nodded in agreement.
"But the wind was sweeping out of the door, and just as I reached in, that candle blew out. It was very dark. It frightened me."

"That's what it was," Breen reassured her. "Fright."
"No, no," she objected. "That is not all! That wind blowing out of there, it was like... like wind blowing over a grave. It made me think of Henry, right across the hall... I can't remember all I thought. I was crying. I was upset. The unfair things, I'd said to you, John..."

"We'll skip that," Breen said quietly. "The wind was blowing out. Then what?"
“Oh, hell,” Kernan cut in, “you’ve just gone nuts in this crazy place.”
I reen swung around.
“You go bring the brigadier downstairs,” he ordered, “and keep your mouth shut after this.”
He turned back to Anne.
“We’ll get you home to your sister,” he said with assumed cheerfulness, and called: “Pavie, take this girl home, will you? That’s what you came here in the first place for tonight. Have her get to bed.”
He sat up. “I’ll not go.”
“Oh, yes.”
“Not without you. Everybody should leave this house!”
“I’ll leave tomorrow,” Breen said.
“You promise?”
“Positively, I’ll come to your house before noon,” He included Pavie. “Around ten or a little later. If you’ve anything to say to me then, sir, I’d like to hear it.”
Kernan reappeared.
“Get your hat, Kernan,” Breen said, “and take your car and follow Pavie here, to his own door. Don’t let him get out of sight of you. You can leave your car here, Anne, and ride with . . .”
“With me,” Pavie interposed.
She half smiled. “With Geoffroi,” she agreed.
“See that they get in safely, Kernan,” Breen said. “Then come back.”
He walked with her to the door. Renard was coming down the stairs. “You wish me, m’sieur?”
“You bet I wish you!” Breen answered.
He watched until the tail light of Pavie’s car and then Kernan’s disappeared beyond the gate. Then he returned to Renard.
“When you have seen as many women as I,” the brigadier began, but Breen silenced him.
“Lascher is in this building somewhere. Inside. Oh, don’t argue. He’s probably been here from the start.”
The brigadier pulled vigorously first at his left mustache, then at his right. “In my experience,” he started again.
“This is no time for theorizing,” Breen interrupted. “There’s been too much theory and not enough action already.” He repeated Anne’s story. “I’m going up to that closet now,” he said then.
The door to the closet still stood open slightly and wind whistled through it. By the aid of his flashlight, Breen discovered that it was smaller than Anne had indicated, not more than two arm lengths in depth and less than half that wide. That there must be an opening in its top he guessed at once, from the amount of wind pouring down. He (Continued on page 40)
When we were **SOMEWHA**T

By

John Thomas Taylor

Director, National Legislative Committee, The American Legion

**WHEN I landed in Philadelphia in August, 1919, I hadn't seen my boy, Jack, for two years. Jack was 14 and he wanted a suit of clothes with long pants. Considering the length of his legs the aspiration was not unreasonable. Now selecting a boy's first pair of long pants is not a matter for snap judgment. We were some time finding the garments that were to Jack's taste. Then when I was told that the price was $65 we had to compromise on something more suited to the purse of an ex-captain of infantry.**

That was my introduction to one phase of the post-war scheme of things. By the time I had assembled my own civilian outfit I felt that the sooner I got back to the practice of law the better would be my credit standing.

Taking a train to Washington I went to my offices in the Woodward Building which I had turned over to three friends in the spring of 1917. My name was still on the door and I had hopes that some old clients, hearing of my return, might he on hand. I was not prepared, however, for the crowd that filled the office. They were not old clients. They were not clients at all. They were representatives of The American Legion, who had accepted a casual invitation given in Paris five months before to make my office the Legion's Washington headquarters. So much water had gone under the bridge in those five months that I had almost forgotten having given that invitation.

In February, 1919, I was on leave attending law school at the Inns of Court, in London, when a letter came appointing me a delegate to represent my outfit, at a meeting to be held in Paris for the purpose of organizing an association of veterans of the war. Few soldiers ever declined a trip to Paris, so I went. Before the sessions opened I met young Theodore Roosevelt and Bennett Clark, who were the instigators of the meeting, Franklin D'Olier, Eric Fisher Wood and a few others. We would get together in hotel rooms and restaurants and talk, much as delegates do at a Legion convention today. Now our delegates have an organization through which to work out their problems, and a program. In Paris we had no organization, no program, but plenty of problems.

They were big problems. Every soldier and sailor appreciated the decline in morale and the resentment of discipline that had swept Europe since the Armistice. The shadow of Bolshevist Russia had fallen across the world and the question in every country was to what extent would the old discipline be inclined to listen to the fantastic promises of the agitators. America had 4,700,000 men in uniform—4,700,000 young men accustomed to the rigid discipline of military life who must shortly discipline themselves during a trying period of re-organization of civilian life. As our conversations progressed my admiration for the men responsible for this meeting grew. They were wholly patriotic and unselfish. Both Roosevelt and Clark tried to keep themselves in the background lest it be said that they were trying to cash in on family names or to use a national emergency to advance their own fortunes.

After a good deal of listening I expressed myself privately somewhat as follows: "We are asking those who served in the war to stand by the Government and its institutions. If we are to succeed we must show the veteran that the Government is..."
worthy of this support—that it intends to stand by the soldiers who are going to face certain handicaps in the fight for re-establishment in civil life. This cannot be done by making fine speeches. The headquarters of the Government are in Washington. This organization will need some sort of headquarters and representation there. You are welcome to my law offices in case your people can find no better place to go."

At that Paris Caucus the name The American Legion was tentatively adopted and Roosevelt obtained his discharge and went to America to link up the veterans at home with the overseas organization. I returned to London and later to my outfit in Germany. Arriving in Washington in September, 1919, I was so intent upon my own problems as a demobilized soldier in a country where they wanted $65 for a boy's suit of clothes, that, to tell the truth, The American Legion had almost faded from my mind.

The crowd in my office brought it back with a bang. A thousand things, it seemed, were calling for action. Before Congress a bill for the incorporation of the Legion had struck a snag. Twenty or twenty-five Congressmen had introduced adjusted compensation bills and were clamoring for an expression from the Legion on the subject. Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane had a plan for solving most of the ex-soldier problems at one swoop with a land settlement program. In addition to this, my offices, and for that matter all Washington, were literally overrun with wounded and disabled veterans, some of whom were just able to creep around. When one of them told me that the government allowance for a permanently and totally disabled man was $30 a month I did not believe him until I looked up the regulations. Thirty dollars a month! And I had paid $16 for a pair of shoes.

Although great strides were being made to organize the Legion nationally it was, as yet, merely one of fifty odd veterans' societies in the field. If the problems of veteranandom were to be solved expeditiously, authority to speak for the veteran must be centered in one organization, not diffused among fifty. A national charter of incorporation would give the Legion a helpful amount of prestige. A bill to this end, introduced by Royal C. Johnson of South Dakota, who had won a D. S. C. in the Argonne, was tied up in committee. Finally Andrew J. Volstead, better known for his connection with another piece of legislation, brought it to the floor.

The debate strung out over several days. To obtain a charter of incorporation, whether from a State or from the national Government, certain persons must be named as incorporators. Roosevelt and his colleagues had supplied Johnson with a list of names which they had made as comprehensive as possible. Yet the question was asked whether these incorporators would try to dominate the organization and use it for their selfish ends, or open it to all veterans. At length Representative F. H. LaGuardia, an overseas aviator and the present Mayor of New York, said that if this Legion were not open to all veterans it would die a natural death. He believed it would be open, and therefore had joined it.

A

OTHER objection was expressed on patriotic grounds. "The legal machinery of an act of incorporation destroys very largely the sentiment which should hold an organization of this kind together." The answer to this was that the United States Government did not depend upon sentiment to bind it together, but had incorporated, so to speak, under the Federal Constitution.

Andrew Volstead was an able legislator and a shrewd parliamentarian. Seldom injecting himself into the discussion, he let the members talk themselves out. Then he spoke a few words and asked for a vote. "The fear expressed that a few men will monopolize this organization is utterly without foundation," he said. "Stop and think. Of what earthly use (Continued on page 61)
WHETHER you like your scenery straight or whether you prefer it with history for a mixer, you can’t go wrong in Pennsylvania. Drive out of Philadelphia on any of the highways that first traverse valleys and later jump thrillingly over the Allegheny Mountains, and you see nature at her best every minute. There isn’t a monotonous mile. There are rich farmlands with rolling fields studded by big trees and fringed by hedges and woodland. There are swift streams, murmuring in the deep shade of rocky hollows. Always you see dark and distant hills.

You remember that William Penn more than 200 years ago pictured the charms of this country to land-hungry Englishmen and to the people of the Rhineland, engaging in the world’s first big-scale real estate promotion along modern advertising lines. He was so successful that for many decades, the folk from war-ridden European provinces kept coming to Pennsylvania by tens of thousands, boatload after boatload, to settle on the choicest farmlands of the valleys along the Susquehanna and elsewhere. They were the men who built the stone farmhouses which you see. And they built also the old towns along the trails which are those smooth highways of today—towns of brick and stone houses.

Every post of The American Legion is the reflection of the community in which it stands, and when you drive into York on U. S. Road 30, the Lincoln Highway, you know that here is bound to be a flourishing post of the Legion. You drive in on a street whose green-shuttered, red-brick houses edge closely to the roadway, separated from it only by tree-spaced brick sidewalks. Every house is an architectural delight. And, going on, you come eventually to the white, Ionic-columned front of the clubhouse of York Post, glimpsing behind the columns big windows framed beautifully in a pattern of white woodwork.

Almost everything in York has history behind it, and there is history behind York Post’s clubhouse. The clubhouse history, however, goes back only seventeen years—merely a tick of the clock in the town’s chronicles. It was in 1722 that Spriggett Penn, a grandson of William Penn, got a tract of 64,000 acres. It was in 1741 that York was laid out in the center of this tract. On the Monocacy Road, the main route to the South and Southwest, the village filled up rapidly with German immigrants, English Quakers and Scotch-Irish. In 1754 it had 200 houses and 1,000 inhabitants. But York really jumped into history in a big way in 1777 when the Continental Congress left Philadelphia, as the British neared it, and made York the national capital. On Continental Square you see the site of the old court house which was the nation’s
Architectural perfection and dignity mark the front of York Post’s mid-city clubhouse. Below, the post canteen, which is popular with Lincoln Highway travelers between September 30, 1777, and June 27, 1778.

It was on Continental Square that York Post set up a “Dugout,” its first home, in 1910. A short time later it moved to its present clubhouse, a block away, paid for it $45,000 which it raised in a “buy-a-brick” campaign at a “buck a brick.” Fortward, it mortgaged the building for $25,000, using the money for remodeling. To pay off the mortgage it gave a show as an experiment, and made so much money and had so much fun that it has been in the show business ever since. It ranks probably as the leading impresario of The American Legion.

Last year the post presented Sigmund Romberg’s romantic production, “New Moon,” as the latest of a whole string of musical comedies and other shows covering a period of seventeen years. This musical drama of the pirate days in old New Orleans will be followed by another outstanding production in the coming season, according to Legionnaire Vernon D. Heilman, newspaperman who is the post’s heavy artillery on all publicity.

Successes of other years, Mr. Heilman writes, included “The Student Prince,” “Naughty Marietta,” “The Desert Song,” “Sweethearts,” “Prince of Pilsen,” “Red Mill” and a number of revues. And Mr. Heilman adds that in the 17-year stretch, the post’s turnover on its theatrical ventures has been $100,000 and its net profits over $25,000. Attendance of all the shows has totaled more than 50,000.

At first, all show profits were used to reduce the plaster on the clubhouse, but later, as the debt became smaller, the post branched out into many activities requiring expenditures. For one thing, $2,000 was spent on a clubhouse addition in which was established a post canteen, a restaurant which quickly grew popular with travelers using the Lincoln Highway, perhaps the State’s most popular trans-continental route.

At the same time, the post acquired its own “hunting lodge,” the post’s direction, and the outfit is proud that only three of all its players have been in difficulties with the law, these only for minor offenses.

The post sponsors the York Boys’ Band of 15 pieces, in addition to a Squadron of Sons of The American Legion, which has its own 15-piece drum corps, and a Boy Scout troop. The post also gives American Legion School Award medals in the schools and furnishes speakers for Armistice Day programs in the schools. Another major activity is its graves registration system, at first maintained for graves of World War veterans only, but recently expanded to include graves of veterans of all wars. During the floods this spring, it sent many truckloads of food and supplies to posts in stricken areas.

York Post probably would maintain modestly that in its own record there is nothing that would win for it acitation for service above and beyond the call of Legion duty. It is typical of hundreds of other posts which year after year are building themselves and their communities strength and character, upon whom the national spotlight falls too seldom.

Mr. Heilman writes that the post has a lock on its front door but it is seldom used. The door is always open to you when you are passing through.

Canal Zone Junior Baseball

WHEN the Northern States are blanketed with snow, their rivers locked by ice and their people swathed in overcoats," writes Adjutant Fred H. Langworthy of Panama Canal Post, of Balboa, Canal Zone, "down here in the Canal Zone we’re right in the midst of our own rollicking junior baseball season. Three Legion posts are providing baseball for the boys of the Zone.

These posts, at Gatun and Cristobal, on the Atlantic side, and at Balboa, on the Pacific side, have sponsored boys’ teams for the last four seasons.

Each year more than 500 youngsters have played. The season begins in January, which in Panama means the beginning of the...
'dry season.' During the 'wet season' constant and heavy rains prevent baseball. We organize two leagues, one on the Atlantic side, the other on the Pacific, with two teams to each league. The Legion provides baseballs, bats and all other paraphernalia. The enthusiasm and energy of the Zone boys is as great as that of their cousins up North who live for many months in a baseball atmosphere.

"At the end of the season an all-star team from the Pacific side plays a five-game tournament with the all-star team of the Atlantic side, the winner of three games being declared Junior Champions of the Isthmus. The Pacific All-Stars, championed by Panama Canal Post at Balboa, has won the championship in four successive seasons."

**Mebbe So, Mebbe So**

HISTORY records the names of the olive drab artillerymen who fired the first shot for Uncle Sam across No Man's Land. Legionnaire L. O. Powell of Horse Creek Valley Post of Graniteville, South Carolina, won't tell his grandchildren of any proud moment when he pulled a lanyard or handled a shell on that first shot, but some time, about 1974 perhaps, he may grow reminiscent and tell aforementioned grandchildren how on June 13, 1936, he got at the post-office in Graniteville his adjusted compensation bonds, and thereby had the jump by two days on most other bond getters. He doesn't himself know exactly how he came to get them so soon, but he does know that they were certified for payment by Postmaster and Legionnaire Fred L. Timmerman at 8:50 a.m. on June 13th. South Carolina newspapers made much of the advance payment, hailed Mr. Powell as the first veteran in the United States to get his bonds, mentioned that he expected to use the proceeds to finance the stork's early visit to his wife.

But was Mr. Powell really the first man to get his bonds? Is there somewhere another World War veteran who, due to a mix-up in instructions perhaps, got them earlier than June 13th?

George Morris Post's home of Oak Harbor, Washington, is on Whidby Island, second largest island of the continent. The island was inaccessible from the mainland until the post promoted the building of Deception Pass Bridge. Below, the bridge dedication ceremonies.

**Deception Pass**

THE bridge at Deception Pass has finally been built, 185 feet above the fastest tides and the wildest channel on the Pacific Coast—the bridge which everybody on Whidby Island talked about for almost forty years before George Morris Post of The American Legion stepped in and got the job done. The whole State of Washington applauded the achievement which places the second largest island of the North American continent—an island whose tip is occupied by a state park full of rugged scenery—a few moments' drive from the mainland.

When you read what Post Commander Clarence L. Wright says about his post's bridge project, the scenery of his island home, the variety of the island's farm products and the island's other claims to fame, you understand why that bridge project just had to succeed after George Morris Post got behind it. The project had had tough sledding with various governors and it had died formal deaths twice in the state legislature before the Legionnaires tackled it as a job of community welfare. The Legionnaires themselves graciously give a big share of credit to Mrs. Pearl Wanamaker, State Representative of Island County, a member of the post's Auxiliary unit. It was back in 1927 that the post voted in a meeting to campaign for the bridge. Actual
construction began in 1934. Today automobiles stream back and forth over the bridge while motorists marvel at the wonderful views—the tumbling waters far below in the Pass, the rocky, rough shorelands and the distant Strait of Juan de Fuca, gateway to Puget Sound.

Construction of the bridge required good engineering. The structure is in two parts. One, of cantilever design, is 600 feet long. The other, an arched section, is 450 feet. Both ends are in Deception Pass State Park, covering several thousand acres.

"The bridge opens up a wonderful section," writes Commander Wright. "Here is the island where the world's wheat producing record is held—117 bushels per acre on ten acres. Here the climate is ideal for poultry, berry, bulb and dairy farming. Here is the best of salmon fishing. It is an ideal playground for tourists. Thousands of acres have never been explored."

George Morris Post was host to all other Legion posts of its section of the State when the bridge was dedicated. From the Whidby Island side marched the drum corps of Morris Post, to take its stand on the small island between the two bridge sections. From the Skagit County side marched the drum corps of Golden Stars Post of Mt. Vernon, to line up facing the Whidby Islanders. Colors of other posts were evenly spaced in brilliant array along the whole length of the bridge. As a bugle sounded, Mrs. Wana- maker cut with silver scissors the silk ribbon between the two drum corps. The snip of the scissors was broadcast by radio and proclaimed to the State that the bridge was open.

Life Membership

BEDFORD (Pennsylvania) Post is sitting back in satisfaction because (1) its clubhouse debt has been liquidated and (2) it won't have to conduct an intensive membership campaign for 1937 and later years. Reason: More than 100 members of the post this summer each paid $20 and are now life members. The advance payments were applied to wipe out the debt.

"We are all older than when we purchased our post property," writes Past Commander C. A. Diehl. "We felt that this summer constituted a good time to free the clubhouse of its remaining encumbrance, in view of the bonus payoff. We all talked the matter over last spring and our life membership plan was adopted unanimously. It is optional, of course. A member may con-tinue to pay annual dues of $1 if he prefers."

Let's hear about life membership plans of other posts. Posts in almost every State have adopted the idea.

Model Yacht Races

IN JUNE, 1924, when Irvington (New Jersey) Post of The American Legion held a model yacht regatta, it learned that not only school boys but plenty of grown-ups also were only waiting for a good opportunity to convert their individual boat-building hobbies into a major community sport. Since that time racing of model yachts has become a favorite Sunday afternoon attraction at the Irvington Park Pond, and the season of 1936 finds The Irvington American Legion Model Yacht Club with more than fifty members, including non-Legionnaire grownups and girls as well as boys.

"The programs for this season permit boys and girls to take part in open races," writes Robert F. Braun, chairman. "The club races are run off in heats. That is, two boats in each race qualify for the finals. At present, thirty 36-inch model sail boats are competing for the Krollmar Trophy, and twenty-two 50-inch model sail boats are competing for the Kiwanis Trophy. Skippers are also competing for the Past Commanders Trophy and the Robert F. Braun Trophy.

"The club promoted a boat regatta for the youth of Irvington during the week of April 25th. Mayor Percy A. Miller, a post member, is strong for our program, and the Safety Council welcomes the program as an aid in its efforts to have children play in the parks as a means of cutting down auto accidents."

Society of Early Adjutants

IN THE July issue, Post Commander C. E. Robinson of Albert Gordon Post of Jefferson, Georgia, called attention to the fact that J. F. Eckles has served his post continuously as Adjutant since 1925. "Is it a record?" Commander Robinson asked. The answer came quickly from William G. Leyden, of Lockport, New York, Commander of Niagara County.

"B. Leo Dolan Post was organized in (Continued on page 65)
INDependence Day—most of us probably know it better as the Fourth of July—in the year of 1919 held special significance for most of the more than four million young Americans who had served their country in the World War. On that day in 1919 was celebrated not only the 133rd anniversary of the declaration of the independence of the thirteen American colonies from Great Britain, but also the independence of ex-soldiers, sailors, marines and nurses from rigid service discipline and restraints. We were civilians again—that is, most of us were.

But, away up near the Arctic Circle where it crosses the top of Europe were still the greater part of some 4,500 Americans who had been engaged in a war that wasn’t a war. Those American soldiers and sailors who composed the A. E. F. in North Russia remember, nevertheless, that there had been real fighting and that comrades had been killed and wounded. Perhaps this note dated May 26, 1919, to Admiral Kolchak, in command of anti-Bolshevik Russian forces, from the Allied and Associated Powers may help those veterans to understand the reason for the North Russian expedition of “friendly intervention.” Signed by Georges Clemenceau, D. Lloyd George, Woodrow Wilson, V. E. Orlando and Saionji, leaders of the principal Allied countries, it should be official:

“It has always been a cardinal axiom of the Allied and Associated Powers to avoid interference in the internal affairs of Russia. Their original intervention was made for the sole purpose of assisting those elements in Russia which wanted to continue the struggle against German autocracy, and to free their country from German rule, and in order to rescue the Czecho-Slovaks from the danger of annihilation at the hands of the Bolshevik forces.”

If that isn’t sufficiently clear, a story about our part in the North Russian expedition, contemplated for an early issue of the Monthly, may give the answer.

Tough going for any troopers in that cold north country, but even so, according to Adjutant Norman E. Hansen of West Yellowstone (Montana) Post of the Legion, the Americans there did have some occasional recreation. For instance, Independence Day of 1919 was celebrated by his outfit, the 168th Company, Transportation Corps, and one of the events of that celebration is pictured on this page. Here’s his story:

“The enclosed snapshot print shows a battle in 1919 that wasn’t according to Army regulations. It was staged as a feature of the party we threw to celebrate the Fourth of July, a few days after orders had been received from Washington withdrawing us from North Russia. The celebration was held in Soroka, a small port on the west shore of the White Sea, in the Province of Karelia—west across the sea from Archangel.

“The program included boxing matches, Russian dancing and the pillow fight which is shown in the snapshot. Our chaplain ‘high-graded’ some oranges and cigarettes and the gob in the picture had won fifteen oranges before soldier No. 16 gave us a big moment by knocking the Navy for a goal. But, we took good care of that gob, as he was the only one within five hundred miles.
"I served with the 168th Company, Transportation Corps, as master engineer, junior grade, from February, 1918, until the time of my discharge, August 25, 1919. The 167th and 168th Companies, T. C., were picked from engineer and transportation corps units in France and sent to England, thence to Murmansk, a port on Barents Sea in the northwest corner of Russia, in March, 1919.

"We hauled supplies, fought the Reds, and rebuilt bridges following their withdrawal. In retreat, the Reds burned down water tanks and depots, and blew up all of the railroad bridges.

"All of our outfit served in France for months before being sent to Russia—some of us having entered France with the first American troops. Many had been wounded in France and we had men in those two companies from every State in the Union, as well as from Alaska, Hawaii and other outlying parts of the United States."

FROM Texas comes an echo of the rapidly-receding past of these reminiscent columns. It conjures up memories of the days when the five-stock of the services was being introduced to our readers in our so-called Association of Surviving Mascots of the World War. Those dogs and goats and bears and mules and monkeys and parrots were presented by men of the outfits with which they had served in the war days—but the life span of the animals and birds has run out, so the association was disbanded.

Jack Armstrong, past commander of Oscar McDonald Post in Sweetwater, Texas, is the man who sent us the picture of a group of doughboys with the young jackass, and he wants to know something about this quadruped and its impressive guard. But we'll let him do the talking—tell his story and ask his questions:

recall it, though, I was told that the donkey had been captured by men of the 28th Infantry, First Division, in the fighting around Soissons.

"That’s all I know about it, but I’d like to know more. Who are the birds in the picture? What outfit? Where and when taken? And what became of the donkey?"

We would like to join Armstrong in asking these questions. And, incidentally, if there should happen to be any mascots still living—after all, parrots are noted for longevity—suppose you proceed to make your report to the Company Clerk.

IT DIDN'T take a particularly eye for beauty or an appreciation of art for the A. E. F. tourists from this newer land of ours to notice and enjoy the picturesque of France and of the other countries in Europe that they saw during the war. Quaint villages, historic castles and ruins, centuries-old churches and cathedrals, picturesque peasants—they were all there to enjoy, if one could forget momentarily the lack of modern plumbing and the discomforts of drill and billets.

The old mill, shown on the next page, are told by Will H. Chase of 823 Jefferson Avenue, Riverdale, Maryland, who belongs to Henry C. Spengler Post in the District of Columbia, should be familiar to the thousands of doughboys who cleared through the Classification Camp at Noyers-sur-Cher, France. Comrade Chase tells us in his letter:

"I ran across the enclosed snapshot print the other day in going over the papers and other things I accumulated while in France. I served as assistant division adjutant of the First Replacement Depot, headquarters at St. Aignan, and after the Armistice, when things quieted at that depot, I went on a picture-taking tour.

Does anyone recognize this donkey and any of his doughboy escort? The donkey was reputedly captured by the 28th Infantry in the fighting around Soissons

"Well, nearly every other donkey ever heard of during the war has at one time or another been subject to various stories in the Monthly and here's another one. No, not the writer—the one in the enclosed picture.

"This picture was given to me while I was overseas. The picture came to me in some manner after my outfit had been assigned to the Army of Occupation and was probably a trade with some buddy who may have got the picture elsewhere. As I"
France as well as Holland can boast of its ancient windmills. This one stood on a knoll in the center of the Classification Camp at Noyers, near St. Aignan, the mudhole of the A.E.F.

"The thing that made the most lasting impression upon my mind concerning the Noyers Classification Camp was the terribly muddy condition that prevailed for quite some time after the camp was established in January, 1918. Our headquarters had repeatedly called upon the Engineers to provide duck-boarding for the camp but we always received the same reply: 'We cannot get the lumber—we cannot get this—we cannot get that.'

"We got tired of the excuses so I suggested to my immediate superior, Colonel George L. Tait, the division adjutant, that we throw a scare into those birds to see if we couldn't get some action. On a Monday morning word was sent to the officer in charge of the engineer unit that if he valued his skin and his commission he had better have duckboards down in the camp by the following Wednesday afternoon as we had received word that General Pershing would visit the camp at that time and if the General saw the men wading around in all that mud someone would get it in the neck.

"The messenger had hardly got the words out of his mouth before the officer in charge of the Engineers was out of his cozy office and flying down the street to where his command was located. By ten o'clock Wednesday morning the camp was completely equipped with duckboards.

"Of course, we had had no word that General Pershing was coming and were congratulating ourselves on the scheme. You can imagine our surprise when General Pershing did actually arrive unannounced on Wednesday afternoon. Fortunately he did not notice that the duckboards were all brand new. So our little ruse probably saved the engineer officer's commission and saved us all from a good lacing."

It appears to us that probably the Engineers might have another angle on this story. If some of them want to speak out in meetin', all they have to do is to write to us here at the Monthly—or else to Comrade Chase.

"The figures aren't available, but we do know that enlistment "for the duration" of the World War led many a man into a career in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps. Some of the graduates of the A. E. F. or training camps on this side continued the march by entering the Military Academy at West Point or the Naval Academy at Annapolis. We didn't know, however, that opportunity for appointment to the academies was made available while the men were still in service, until this letter came from Charles M. Brabbitt of Hanford Post, who lives at 905 G Avenue West, Cedar Rapids, Iowa:

"I would like to hear from any of the boys who took advantage of a General Order—number unknown—issued while in the A. E. F., entitling anyone under 19 years of age to take a competitive examination for West Point.

"Being eligible, I decided to take the exams. At the time I was a musician with the 35th Infantry Band, 88th Division, leaving the outfit at Manspacht, Alsace-Lorraine, for the exams at Langres. As I recall, there were about three hundred of us from all over the A. E. F. Of this number who took the tests at Fort de la France, over the hill from Langres, only six passed—and I wasn't one of them.

"I remember it was a swell bunch of kids and I wonder how many of them remember the round-the-circle hike the three hundred of us took when we left the Reclassification Camp at Le Mans for Camp d'Auvours. A distance of only ten kilos or so, we marched and marched from afternoon until far into the night—having become lost. One by one the men fell out and finally, after hours of hiking, I fell out, too.

"I would like to hear from a fellow named John—last name forgotten—who fell out with me. We slept in a hayloft the remainder of that night, after having run into an officer named Katz who belonged, I believe, to a supply company with the 77th Division. He got us something to eat and in the morning sent us on our way in one of his trucks which was going to the camp we had been trying to reach. We arrived there only a short time after the few men who managed to stick with the outfit and who had marched all night. This fellow-candidate for the exams, John, had been with a cavalry outfit.

"I would like to hear from any of these almost-West Pointers or learn of some of their experiences. I would also like to hear from any of the boys who were with the 88th Division show, 'Who Can Tell?' I was a member of the orchestra of thirty-five pieces. The first performance at the Champs Élysées Theatre in Paris was given for President Wilson and his staff. We also had General Pershing in our audience at one of the performances, and later toured France and Germany.'"

Now the Company Clerk asks: Did any of the six who passed the examinations in France, finish the course at West Point and obtain their commissions? And where are they now?
A MAN had had a Negro cook for several years. One day, after a cooking good meal, he decided to raise the cook's pay. When the cook received the extra money, he was surprised and asked:

"How come dis extra money?"

"It's an increase in salary because you are such a good cook. I hope it is satisfactory.

"Yasuh, it is suttinly satisfactory, but it sho do make it look like you all been cheatin' me foh a mighty long time."

FORMER Secretary of War Newton D. Baker tells a story of loyalty as related to him by a British sea captain. During the World War the captain had been furnished an orderly from the naval establishment. The young man was to shine his boots, do his errands, and act as his personal attendant.

"His name was Bolivar Barringer," said the captain. "I called him Barringer, gave him his orders, and he did his job. In time my ship was torpedoed, and being in command I was the last to leave. Clinging to some driftwood in the heavy sea, I noticed, not far away, Bolivar Barringer aloft on a raft. He was the only person I could see. 'Bolivar!' I shouted. (Note that I called him Bolivar then.) And back came the answer:

"Yes, sir. Do you want something?"

Hudson Hawley, original saluting demon of the A. E. F., brings back from England the story of a teacher who was undertaking a new system of memory training.

"For example," said the teacher to a class of small children, "let us suppose you want to remember the name of the poet Bobby Burns. Get a mental picture of a policeman in flames. Get the idea?—Bobby Burns."

"I get the idea," replied a bright boy.

"But how is one to know it doesn't represent Robert Browning?"

THE communist agitator was working up to the climax of his speech. "Today," he said, "mit capitalism, der rich man eats der struhberries mit cream, und der workin' man eats black bread mit grass. Comes der revoloo schin, und den der rich man eats black bread und grass, und der workin' man eats der struhberries mit cream!"

"But, comrade!" shouted one of his listeners, "I don't like strumberries."

"Ah, cumrad," continued the speaker, "I said today rich man eats der strumberries mit cream, und der workin' man eats der black bread und grass. But, comes der revoloo schin und der workin' man eats der struhberries mit cream, und—"

"But, comrade!" again shouted the listener, "I don't like struberies."

"Yah, cumrad, I heard you!" answered the speaker. "Comes der revoloo schin—und y' goin' t' eat struberries—und like dem!"

COMRADE John F. Glover, of Morgantown, West Virginia, saw the following notice on the bulletin board of a Summer School for Teachers:

TEACHER WANTED

for

Biology, social studies and physical education for girls. Must be able to play the piano, sing and conduct glee clubs. Must possess high moral character and be exceptionally strong in discipline, but must not be engaged in dancing.

P. S. Must be able to do janitor work and drive bus.

Joseph H. Litchford, of Pocahontas, Virginia, tells about a motorist with the typical speed of a cross country tourist pulling up with a screech of brakes alongside a farmer near Monticello.

"Can you tell me," he asked the farmer, "if I'm on the right road to Thomas Jefferson's home?"

"You are on the right road, but there's no need for such haste—he's been dead over a hundred years."
Men and Women of the American Legion:

The People of the City and of the State of New York want you to come to New York City for your National Convention in 1937. We are sure you will enjoy yourselves, and you can depend upon it that everything possible will be done to see that you do so.

Next year, the United States will observe the twentieth anniversary of our entry into the World War. The Port of New York was closely associated with the events of that historic year of 1917. We sincerely suggest that it would be fitting for the Legion to meet here in 1937.

Our people are deeply mindful of the honor and responsibility that would accompany the selection of our city. We pledge our best efforts to help make your 1937 Twentieth Anniversary Convention not only the outstanding event that you want it to be, but a great American reunion that should do much to promote the splendid ideals of Americanism and good citizenship for which the American Legion stands.

In this spirit, we cordially invite you to march "Up Fifth Avenue again in 1937!"

New York City
September, 1936

For the State of New York,
Herbert H. Lehman, Governor,
Carle-Anderson Post, No. 509,
Harrison, N. Y.

For the Department of New York,
American Legion
Edward H. Scheiberling, Commander,
Capital City Post, No. 225, Albany, N. Y.

For the City of New York
F. H. La Guardia, Mayor,
Aviators Post, No. 743,
New York City
NEW YORK CITY is bidding earnestly this year for the honor and privilege of entertaining the 1937 National Convention of the American Legion.

And here, we can say in all modesty, is a city worthy of the distinction of being host to what undoubtedly will be the greatest conclave in Legion history—the Twentieth Anniversary National Convention.

Here are fine facilities for your business meetings—plenty of comfortable hotel rooms at rates to fit every purse—unequalled opportunities for fun and play—famous places to visit and all manner of things to see and do.

Here awaits the world's greatest audience and you will find it a friendly and an appreciative one, too. New York City not only most sincerely wants the 1937 Twentieth Anniversary Convention of the American Legion, but is prepared to treat it royally.

You'll find it worth while, too, to travel through New York State on your way to and from the Convention. Enjoy New York State's twelve vacationlands—enjoy its matchless combination of mountains, lakes, farms and seashore.

The American Legion has the very cordial invitation not only of the people of New York City, but of the entire State of New York, to hold its National Convention here next year. Remember, we want you to march "Up Fifth Avenue again in 1937!"
What Makes a Safe Driver?

By Dr. Herbert J. Stack

How high can you qualify in this test, prepared for this magazine by a technical expert with The National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters?

Almost everyone would agree that a good accident record is one proof of a skilled driver. A person who has driven a car over 200,000 miles without a reportable accident would be called good. Some drivers have gone over 500,000 miles without an accident, and a few have been nearly a million miles without a serious accident. Some bus lines have records of over 500,000 miles without a serious injury accident. Several drivers have operated cars for over twenty years without an accident. On the other hand there are some motorists who have from three to six accidents a year. These are ordinarily known as the accident-prone drivers. Insurance companies estimate that ten percent of the drivers have 60 to 70 percent of the accidents.

During the last year highway deaths totaled approximately 35,500, a slight decrease from the high mark of 1934. Non-fatal injuries exceeded 900,000, with nearly 200,000 serious lost-time injuries that may handicap individuals for life.

Herewith is presented a new test that has been devised by safety authorities to find out just how much you know about safe driving. This is divided into five parts. Get out a pencil and take the test yourself. Score yourself honestly and fairly. Consult the key for correct answers. Each question or item gives you two points credit. What is your final score?

An intelligent, experienced driver should score 85 to 95 percent. A person should have a good accident record if he is intelligent and well-informed, if his driving practices are good, his attitudes courteous.

Read the following statements and indicate by a cross the best answers in the circumstances.

(Continued on page 56)


**Front and Center**

**What Is the Legion?**

To the Editor: "Once I Was a Judge" in the August issue gives a very good view of "justice" that few persons indeed ever dream of. My conviction, growing out of forty years as a lawyer and twenty years as judge, handling ten thousand cases of general jurisdiction, has long been that of Post Commander Mathews, that "people are only interested in justice for others, not for themselves."

All Legion members are old enough to take seriously Mrs. Macafee's pertinent suggestions on "How to Nip the 1930 Crime Wave."

The above approval may be justly due because sometimes I take up the latest issue of the Monthly and wonder how many articles will be athwart my convictions, how far the material may cater to appetites rather than to wholesome inhibitions, and whether the views of the American Civil Liberties Union and other organizations have a degree of merit in their generalization of the Legion as reactionary, a bulwark of oppression, war-engendering, fascist in tendencies at repression of free thought, free speech, free press, free movement, free men, intolerant of ideas, etc. However, to me the Legion is an unusually exact cross-section of the people of the United States, and must contain every vice, every weakness, and every virtue possessed by any considerable grouping of the whole people.

J. C. Ruppenthal
Secretary, Judicial Council of the State of Kansas, Post 90, Russell, Kans.

**A Word for Hines**

To the Editor: This is being written in the Edward Hines, Jr., Hospital, at Hines, Illinois. We realize the Big Moment contest is over, also let it be noted we are not after the century, half or quarter hundred, and are not even expecting one of the famous ten spots, but this rightfully belongs with our Big Moments, and how!

We already have our prize, thanks to the wonderful service of Colonel Hugh Scott's staff here at Hines, and here is "My Greatest Moment:"

Friday, May 1, 1936, at exactly 3:30 p. m., Ward Doctor John J. Flynn, Tumor Specialist Gerald Allaben and Dr. Hantsch, with Radium Surgeon Williams (keeper of one hundred thousand dollars' worth of the stuff at this hospital), bade us lie down on the operating table and proceeded to remove the radium needles that had been imbedded in our tongue for seven and one half days. This because of a tumor. Oh, yes, we were in the well known late la guerre over there and suffered with the rest of them and as long as most of them, but really the greatest thrill in our life was when those implements were removed and we could again feed ourselves without the necessary aid of a glass tube.

This is being written with the thought in mind that our government institutions, and especially veterans' hospitals, receive too little well-earned praise. In our travels we hear so much about the lack of this and that, the callousness of the staff, and the general inefficiency of our veterans' hospitals. After seven weeks of intensive treatment, and we were not confined to one ward, we sort of made it our business to wander around and see for ourselves the treatment that was being given the veterans here. During the nearly seventeen years we have been connected with the Legion, we have had the honor of helping hospitalize dozens of veterans, and have had the pleasure of visiting them and discussing with them their treatment here, but occasionally we would get a chronic kicker and we would wonder. But there is no wondering or doubt now as to the treatment given patients at Hines. We've spoken probably to a couple hundred men during our stay here and in practically all instances found them contented and as happy as their ailments would allow. We must remember, folks who are ill are touchy and irritable, yet we can truthfully report, as far as conditions here at Hines are concerned, were we an official of the Government's inspection department, we would not hesitate a moment in passing Colonel Hugh Scott's hospital as a model for all government institutions.

Sid C. Nyman
Past Commander, Verdun Post, Chicago

**U-Boats**

To the Editor: In the July issue John Friend has an article entitled "The Rise and Fall of the U-103." In the last paragraph he states: "Our satisfaction was later increased by the knowledge that ours was the only American destroyer actually to capture prisoners from an enemy submarine. And that's official." This statement may be correct, but according to a book I have entitled "The United States Navy in the World War," the Navy's first U-boat capture, the U-58, was accomplished by the U. S. S. Fanning and U. S. S. Nicholson.

Leonard J. Point
Jenkintown, Pa.

(We bow the head. Admiral Sims tells the full story of the U-58's capture in "The Victory at Sea." pages 152-160. Mr. Friend can, however, claim for the Davis the distinction of being the first American vessel to snag a U-boat single-handed. The Fanning and the Nicholson teamed up. War "firsts" and "onlys" are tricky things—somebody or something first or onlyer is always turning up. And the same is true of the lasts.—Editor.)

**One of the 20,000**

To the Editor: The article "Are Your Eyes Right?" by Dr. Samuel M. Edison in the July issue should certainly accomplish its object—that of making the reader eye conscious.

I am an optometrist. After graduating from a recognized college of optometry and passing the prescribed state board examination twenty years ago, I served seventeen months in the United States Medical Corps in charge of the Optical Department at Camp Grant, Illinois. Since leaving the Army, my services as an optometrist have been used by me in my post, which has honored me with the title "Optometrical Officer." The American Legion Auxiliary of the Department of Illinois has sent me cases. Now comes this article, practically telling all my good friends that they should go to an oculist, because it seems that only an oculist knows how.

In fairness to the optometrists of the United States, of whom there are about 20,000, who specialize in the examination of the eyes, and who prescribe over seventy-five percent of all the glasses prescribed in the United States, it should be stated that the oculist, a physician specializing in eye diseases and surgery, is not trained in the prescribing of lenses and the correction of visual defects in the degree required of the optometrist. Therefore, the implication created by this article is misleading to the reader who may now be the patient of an optometrist.

O. R. Engelmann
Chicago, Ill.
turned on the light. There was no ceiling to the closet that he could see; only a high, narrow shaft, extending toward the roof and disappearing in noisy darkness.

"You observe," Renard pointed out calmly. "it was the sound of wind she heard. Do you hear it? Like the voices of hell. The young woman imagined." Breen retorted irritable, "She imagined nothing. Where does this opening lead? Is it a chimney?"

"Once, I believe, it was the approach to the roof, m’sieur," the brigadier said. "But now there are bars across it. You may see where the iron spikes remain from the ancient ladder. There are many like it in this part of France. In the days of the great men, they would climb to the roof to spy upon their enemies and to pour hot oil upon them. Often, my father has informed me..."

T

HE doctor approached. "M’sieur the count is sleeping," he said. "He has not stirred since the girl screamed."

"She heard Lascher up here," Breen said.

"She is suffering from hysteria," the doctor diagnosed, bluntly positive. "I could tell it from her voice when she called. It was typical. We learn in my profession to understand voices. We classify them."

"So do I, in my business," Breen replied. He admired this man, but in this he was wrong. "I deal in voices, too. Expressions... gestures... I can tell when a person's acting. This girl wasn't. She heard Lascher. Perhaps not in that closet. But somewhere in this house."

The doctor smiled, almost condescendingly for all his good manners, and Breen, realizing it, turned his back on him. It did no more good to talk to him than to Renard. Neither of them knew or understood people's faces. They hadn't had his opportunity to study them.

He started downstairs. Kernan should be back before this. The driver might not agree with him any more than the others did, but he'd have to take orders. He walked toward the count's room. He trusted Kernan, grudgingly. And Anne entirely. But no one else. From now on, he'd include everybody else in his suspicions. Pavie, Merseau, the count, Renard, even Saint-Quentin, though that, of course, was ridiculous.

Suddenly he paused. Without realizing it, he had been moving so quietly through the obscure passage, that even his wet, heavy shoes made no sound distinguishable above the storm. The candle, guttering on the table, did not throw its dull rays this far.

But the one in the count's room cast an oblong of thin yellowish light against the corridor's wall that faced the door. Breen's eyes narrowed. A quick shadow crossed the door. He ran quietly; reached the room in two seconds, but it apparently was empty, except for the old man on the bed.

There was no place to hide, no furniture to conceal anyone. He opened the closet. No one in it.

The count breathed steadily, his left hand trailing down outside the coverlet. Breen delayed a moment, eyeing him closely, then once more examined the room.

But found no one. Again from the doorway he looked back. Renard and the doctor both would mention hysteria and imagination. He'd not tell them. He had not imagined this, any more than Anne had imagined a voice.

Someone here had stirred. Had passed quickly between the candle and the door. Breen ran downstairs. Something had to be done. And at once. Things were hooking up, somehow... those bloodstains Preux found on the rear wall, the voice Anne heard now, screaming in agony...

"Preux!" he called.

Kernan was entering the lower hall. Breen grabbed him by a soaked shoulder. "Did she get home safely?"

Kernan nodded. "I didn't rock her to sleep, though, or tuck her in bed."

Breen was in no mood for witticism. "You'll get to put to sleep right, some day!" he warned. "Preux!"

The gendarme ran forward.

"Lascher's in this house," Breen said. "Oh, m'sieur!"

"Where's a key, one to the old part?"

"I call the brigadier, m'sieur!"

"I don't want him now. Ask Merseau for it."

Preux disclosed, "The key, it hangs in the gun room."

"Get it and follow us," Breen ordered.

R

AIN slashed into his eyes as he stepped out, with Kernan at his heels. He drilled the thinning darkness with his flashlamp until he reached the broad main door of the farthest wing.

"Y' got plenty yen for trouble," Kernan said.

"Hold this light," Breen answered.

He pushed the heavy door with his shoulder while Preux twisted the key. Hinges squealed, and the panel gave reluctantly.

Breen stepped in first. He had searched the two unused portions of the building the day after the count and Henry were first attacked, not carefully enough, perhaps, but at least he could find his way, even by the uncertain beam of the flashlamp.

The door to this section opened on a
great hall, two stories high, with ancient balconies of rotting oak at its ends. The floor sagged here and there. As Breen stepped forward, it gave off a hollow warning of fragility.

"Stay by this door, Kernan," he directed. "Let nobody out. This way, Preux. Watch the stair, too, Kernan."

The stair swung in a gentle curve, with stone risers, too high by a handbreadth for comfort. Breen, for the time being, moved cautiously past its foot. He had no notion what these broad rooms had been used for when men lived in them, but what a devil of a place it must have been to heat in winter!

The fireplace, at the far end, was small. The crest of the house of Ruban was carved on its keystone, and the black on its mantel must have accumulated over a thousand years.

There was no furniture. It was easy to search. With Preux beside him, he prowled through a dozen empty rooms on this lower floor, some of them large, some small.

"This must have been the armorers' room, m'sieur," Preux said once, pointing to an open hearth with a copper smoke-bell above it. Again he suggested, "Perhaps a kitchen here, m'sieur, and that the main dining room we just went through."

T

HEY followed a low passage into the central portion, which was also the most ancient. And the coldest and the dampest, if anything, and the darkest. The entire section consisted of one immense eight-sided room, lifting two stories high to a flat roof.

"The donjon," Preux explained, "the room of the men of the guard. The floor of stone, to be immune from their spurs."

"But no Lascher," Breen snapped. He felt growing irritation.

He examined the two outer doors at the front and rear, their bolts rusted in place.

Suddenly, turning his light on a high window in the back wall, he called, "Here! Here's one unlighted! Preux! Look at this!"

On the stone sill, as plainly as if it had been painted there, the flashlamp disclosed the brown print of a man's left hand.

"Blood!" Preux choked on the word. "Blood!"

Breen pushed the loosened shutter outward. An old apple tree lifted gnarled branches against the wall here. Everything was clear.

"You were standing near this tree when you shot at someone the other night?" he demanded of Preux.

"But yes!" Preux gasped.

"He escaped in through here, then."

(Continued from page 25)
"You are right, m’sieur!" They turned quickly and searched the room again. There were no other signs of blood.

"There must be," Breen insisted. But at length they gave up.

"He came through here," Breen decided, "on his way . . . where? Upstairs, in the other wing?"

Preux slipped his revolver from its case as they retraced their steps. But even as far as the Avern where Kornan stood shivering there were no other stains.

"He's been here," Breen told Kornan. He was aware that even his whisper held exultation.

"Poor devil," Kornan said. Breen, without answering, climbed the stairs behind Preux. There were two upper floors in this wing. The man they were after must be on one of them. The voice Anne had heard came from the top of the house; although at the other end, to be sure. Where would that be? The donjon, into which Lascher had escaped from the garden . . . if Lascher it was . . . had no second floor.

They moved cautiously from one drafty room to another. Once Breen thought he heard a voice, and he whispered, "Hear that?"

The gendarmer replied, "I hear nothing, m’sieur."

They climbed still higher. But found no one. And no other unslashed shutter. And no further bloodstains. The place was empty. This undeniable fact settled deeper and deeper into Breen's mind.

"Roof next," he finally directed, and the search started up.

They unlooked a third floor shutter, looked about warily, let themselves down to the windy roof of the donjon, and walked across its flat top toward that newer, two-storied portion of the castle which the count now occupied.

"We ought to be right above that closet now, where she heard him," Breen called to Preux.

But there was no sign of Anne's shaft, no indication that anyone had been on these roofs for years. Breen searched diligently, poking about with his flashlight, climbing over wet tiles, straddling peaked dormers.

"The shaft possibly was covered when m’sieur the count at some time repaired the roof," Preux suggested. "The man who last night in life has now departed. This is most obvious."

"But he was wounded, bleeding?" Breen pointed out. "couldn't go far! He's got to be here! We'll look again."

Once more they searched every foot of the floor, every angle of the inside wall. The streak of their flashlights swept across the high beamed ceilings, until daylight, in thin slices, began to show through chinks in the shutters.

But still they kept at it, until Preux observed logically, "Our effort is useless, m’sieur. The man is departed."

"I'm through," Breen admitted. "It's got me down." He stepped reluctantly into the wet chill morning light.

"Had to identify a croaked guy in a morgue once, when I was hacking," Kornan reminisced. "Same sort of cheerful place."

"It still wouldn't surprise me," Breen replied, "to find a crooked guy somewhere in there."

Chapter Eleven

The village undertakers were carrying Henry's body to their wagon as the three men re-entered the occupied portion of the castle. Breen looked at his watch. Half past eight.

If he intended to sleep at the inn tonight, as he had promised Anne, he might as well take his bag with him now when he went to the village to see Pavie.

"Back in a minute, boss," Kornan said, disappearing toward the kitchen. "Make sure it is a minute."

Breen climbed the stair with an overwhelming sense of failure. Somebody, wounded, had escaped them. Where could he have got to? He washed away the dirt and cobwebs and put on fresh clothing. His handbag stood open on the floor. Into it he tucked the pajamas, which, he realized with a queer feeling, he had not worn. Had not fully undressed any night since he came here. It was Henry who had unpacked them for him.

The queer feeling deepened into self-reproach. Had he listened to what Henry wanted to say last night, instead of running after Anne . . . he dashed the thought aside. No use following that line.

He folded the coat that he had been wearing. He had torn its sleeve up there on the roof. As he put it into the bag, he felt Anne's photographs in a pocket. He took them out . . . the one of the castle that he had admired lay on top . . . and dropped them into the coat he was wearing. Who in the world would ever want to see a picture of this place again? Quickly he picked up the bag and went down the corridor to the count's room. There Dr. Saint-Quentin was putting away his stethoscope. For the first time since he took over the case, he looked cheerful.

"Observe our patient this morning," he exclaimed. "He is not the same man!"

The count sat propped in pillows and was smoking a small brown cigarette. It was the kind he always smoked, Breen noticed. They were strong enough to down a well man, yet here he puffed away contentedly, as if nothing had happened last night or any other night to disturb him.

"I came to . . . (Continued on page 42)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

JOHN BREEN goes back to France for the first time since the war, and his return precipitates a series of frightful killings that horrifies the village of Timon-sur-Huisne.

Breen, now a cameraman from Hollywood, served as a sergeant in the D. C. I. after the Armistice. In Timon-sur-Huisne, in 1919, he and other police failed to solve an ugly pair of murders. The victims were: first, the French wife of a recently discharged lieutenant of U. S. Engineers, and second, a young French aviator, only son of proud old Count de Rubun.

Breen has always believed that Benjamin Lascher, the American lieutenant, was guilty of both crimes, but he never was able to prove it. He discovers now that Lascher is slowly going mad, either from innocent brooding over the loss of his wife, or from what his enemies call remorse for having murdered her.

In spite of this affliction of Lascher's, however, he is still employed as a research engineer by M. Pavie, a French automobile manufacturer, who believes him a genius with engines.

When Lascher learns of Breen's return, he warns him to quit the town at once or suffer the consequences. Breen disregards the warning. However, he no sooner arrives in the castle of the count to spend the night, when more fearful crimes begin. Lascher himself disappears. The count, whose passing murder of a提供了 previous installments。
say goodbye, for a few hours at least,” Breen told him awkwardly. “Not leaving town. I’m staying around till this thing is cleared up, but I’ll sleep at the inn tonight.”

“Oh, my friend!” The count still spoke with effort. “You leave me? I have shown poor hospitality for the house of Ruban!”

“The fewer persons here, the more rest you’ll get,” Breen said. He took care not to mention the experts from the Sûreté Générale who would be rushing in that night. Nor the bloodstains he had found in the old part of the castle. Saint-Quentin should give permission before he excited the count with that.

AND Ruban, on his part, did not mention Henry. It was possible, Breen guessed, judging from Ruban’s cheerful mood, that Saint-Quentin had not yet told him of the servant’s death.

As soon as he could, Breen excused himself. It was only a few minutes past nine, but he must not miss his appointment with Pavie. He found Kernan ready enough in the car, though his mouth was still full of toast.

“To Pavie’s house,” Breen told him, “and step on it.”

He made no attempt to talk to Kernan. The driver’s antipathy to police had flared up again at thought of man crawling, wounded, into the old dirty donjon, and he cursed them all, roundly. half way down the hill. Breen did not listen. He had too much to think of.

There had been a wounded man in the donjon. Whether it was Benjamin Lascher or not, was still open to question. But whoever it was, how could he have got out? How, wounded, could any man have eluded the gendarmes outside the castle?

Anne herself answered Breen’s yank at the bell wire on Pavie’s door. She was pale, Breen observed, but her nerves were under control. She asked at once, “You are leaving the castle, aren’t you? You know you promised me.”

He answered, “On my way to the inn now. How are you, really? Better?” And then, “Where is Pavie?”

“I’m splendid.”

He squeezed her hands. She was, indeed. Splendid.

“I slept three hours,” she said, “so I’m sane again.”

He caught an apology in her voice. “You were sane,” he contradicted. “Frightened, but who wouldn’t be?”

“No. Not quite sane. Pavie has convinced me.”

“Pavie?”

“I imagined I heard Lascher. It was only the wind.”

“No! It wasn’t the wind. You heard him!”

“I... heard him?”

He told her quickly what Freux and he had found.

“So you see,” he concluded, “there was an injured man there and you heard him. In agony, just as you said.” His voice became demanding. “Where is Pavie?”

She faltered; tried not to, he sensed, but couldn’t help it.

“He is over at the factory, John.”

“Factory? Didn’t wait for me?” He stood up indignantly.

“He couldn’t.”

“Why not?” Anger heightened his voice.

“Let me tell you. Please be calm. He had to go to the factory. A man came unexpectedly from Paris...”

“Ah, a man did!”

She shoved a trace of heat herself. “I’m telling you he did. It meant a big order...”

“Money in Pavie’s pocket again?”

“... and he had to take him to the plant.”

“Sure it was the plant he ran to and not the boat?”

“John!”

He refused to be calmed. “I’m through protecting him!”

“He doesn’t need your protection. You’re right, he does know something. I discovered it, too, this morning. I don’t know what. He wouldn’t tell me, but I believe he will tell you, now.”

“Oh, yeah?” His inflection was Kernan’s, for some reason, but he couldn’t prevent it. “When?”

“He is going up to the castle as soon as he’s rid of this visitor. He didn’t know you were leaving for the inn so soon.”

“He won’t come there.”

HE WILL. He admits picking up Broussard’s paper.

“He couldn’t deny it.” He wouldn’t quarrel with her again. Wouldn’t. She was in no way to blame for Pavie. “He won’t come to the castle. But,” he added in a lighter tone, “I’ll never hold it against you, my dear.”

He went back to the car. What was Pavie scheming now?

The rain had halted in the brief time he was in the Frenchman’s house. Cloud banks were rolling away and there was promise even of sun. But Kernan had grown positively black.

“What’s this?” he demanded. He held up Breen’s bag from the back seat.

“My bag,” Breen answered. “I’m going back to the inn.”

Kernan bridled. “Not me. I’ll sleep in the car first. Me, I got my hair full of that woman.”

“Oh Fifi?” It was a relief to Breen to discover that he still could laugh. He wagered, “Fifi got serious!”

“One hundred percent,” Kernan growled. “She’s one of these marrying dames.”

“Oh,” Breen said. “I see.”

“Worse’n any I ever met. Here I run all over France before, tryin’ to get away, and now she talks marryin’ again.”

“You ran from her?”

“Hell, she wasn’t born!”

“Oh,” Breen said again, “I see. Other women talked of marrying.” He began to understand. “You dodged women, and therefore I suppose, the police?”

Kernan showed surprise. “Sure, I dodged police. All over France. Why you think I love ’em so? You’d just get away safe from some marryin’ dame when she’d sick an M. P. on you. The M. P. finds you’re AWOL and slaps you in the jug and right away she gets hands on y’ again. Jail don’t make no difference to one of them.”

Breen got out in front of the Lion d’Or. He’d solved that puzzle, at least, little as it amounted to. Kernan hated police simply because they had hounded him in his escape from matrimonial entanglements. “Wait outside then,” Breen told him.

He found Fifi alone in the kitchen, preparing salad by shaking a bird cage full of wet lettuce out of the rear door.

LEAVING my handbag,” he explained. “Want to stay here tonight.”

“Bon!” Fifi answered. Her red nose indicated that she had been weeping. “I prepare for you the room now, m’sieur.”

“No,” he said, “not now.” She was looking at him so eagerly that he thought, “If only I could get that expression in the eyes of some of those dizzv blondes in front of the camera!”

“The... the nice boy,” she asked, “M’sieur Kernan?”

“He’ll have to speak for himself,” Breen eluded. In spite of his hurry to find Pavie, he must take time to ask her one thing. “Are you sure,” he questioned, “that your father had new information on the killing of Captain Ruban and Madame Lascher?”

“Oh, these many years, yes.”

Her eyes filled with tears. Not glycerin tears, either. She had loved that lazy old reprobate of a Broussard!

“But no one will listen to him,” she added. “He talks too much, they say.”

“He never told you what he knew?”

“Moi? It is not for the female mind. But he writes it for these others. If he talks too much, then will they read it? No, they will not.”

“You mean... he simply put down what he guessed?” Breen felt the ground
slipping again. Kernan had alluded to such writing some time ago. But if that was what Pavie had picked up, just an old man's idle thoughts, how important was it, after all? Pavie's silence about it would be justified by its very unimportance.

"No... no, not what he guessed." The word detracted from the elder Broussard's worth and she would have none of it.

Breen changed tactics. "But he didn't tell anyone what he had discovered?"

"Oh, but yes. M'sieur Lascher."

"That's of no value."

"And perhaps the servant at the castle."

"Henry?" Breen pressed the point.

"He told Henry something?"

"Perhaps."

"Anybody else?"

She shook her head. "Unless," she added dubiously, "he might tell the good Doctor Juste. That one is fair to my papa. Not long past, I know, he visit the doctor."

"About this matter, or his own health?"

"About this, perhaps."

Breen studied her. Was he getting something here, or not. He couldn't be sure, from her uncertainty. She suggested that Broussard had put confidence in Henry and Dr. Juste, and now they both were dead. What might that signify?

"I'm sorry, at any rate," he concluded, "for the way it turned out."

To his surprise she quickly brightened.

"But the good papa now sits with the saints and angels. M'sieur le curé has arranged it. Papa now is happy."

"I hope so," Breen said, and returned to the car.

"Go to Pavie's factory," he told Kernan.

But Pavie had left the plant. "Back to the castle," Breen decided. There was a chance Pavie would have gone there, of course. He did not put much trust in it, but in fairness to Anne, he ought to find out.

As the car swept up the hill, the sun shone warmly against the old chateau, splashing its gray walls with ruddy color. The moist roof sparkled, and here and there a smooth projecting stone caught and hurled back a beam like the facet of a gem. Kernan halted the machine in the gate, where a gendarme stood guard. The officer saluted. Beyond him, Breen saw Dr. Saint-Quentin's car, parked in the roadway.

"Better leave ours here, too," Breen suggested. "Count may be asleep."

He climbed out. It was from here, on just such a morning, that Anne had taken the picture that he had admired so much. Here it was still, in his pocket. Here they all were. He'd forgotten, in his excitement over Pavie, to give them to her.

He walked slowly, waiting for Kernan. It was a lovely castle, approached from this angle, if one forgot the ghastly business inside.

Suddenly he stiffened, and pointed, and cried, "Look!"

High on the façade of the central donjon, near the corner where it joined the roof that the count now used, a narrow shutter stood open, disclosing a dark unglazed window.

"Kernan, look!" Breen shouted again. Kernan looked; then he yawned.

Breen snatched Anne's photographs from his pocket, the one of the castle still on top. He was right! It showed no shutter open there. And this morning when Preux and he prowled through those vacant sections he had seen no window on this side of the castle. Nor had he from the roof... though this particular window would be invisible from the roof, at that. The big chimney would cut it off. The chimney? Why, it was in the chimney. A window in a chimney?

As he ran toward the house, urging Kernan to follow, the door opened and Dr. Saint-Quentin stepped out.

"Quick," Breen ordered, "come, doctor! You, Kernan, get that key from the gun room!"

As he unhooked the door to the vacant wing, a swift exhilaration swept him.

"Tell you later!" he answered the doctor's questions, and ducking through the low passage into the donjon, ran to the fireplace.

"Flashlight, Kernan," he demanded.

By its beam he quickly examined the high arch. It was tall enough for a man to stand erect in it. He stepped into it.

"Here it is!" he cried.

Behind the stone pedestal to the right, concealed from the room, a narrow opening gave into the bulk of the chimney wall. Breen's flashlight discovered high stone steps, rising steeply from the hearth and visible only from the inside of the fireplace.

The doctor demanded, "M'sieur! What?"

"Follow me," Breen bade.

He climbed rapidly, but the treads were so narrow and the risers so high that he could make little actual speed. He heard Kernan swearing and the doctor panting behind him. The stair wound around the chimney. In feudal days it must have served a purpose similar to the abandoned ladder in Anne's closet.

A dim light shone above, gradually brightening. Breen climbed more cautiously. Daylight. Streaming through the slits, the old, unglazed opening that did for a window, where the shutter stood open. He halted.

Somewhere above, a voice was calling, weakly.

He found the open shutter, directly, at the top of the stair. Sunlight, spreading through it, gave dim outline to a room. It was a low apartment, cramped, scarcely tall enough for a man to stand, between the false ceiling of the donjon and the roof.

On the floor, as near as he could get to the air, a man lay. He stirred as Breen approached.

Breen warned, "Don't move, you!"

The man sprawled on his back, in a brown dried stain. An old army pistol had fallen out of reach of his hand. He stared at Breen.

Kernan's voice croaked huskily, "It's him! Wot a hide-out!"

Lascher, yes. Breen bent down over him. The same Lascher. Only the fighting was gone out of him. He was hurt. Very much hurt. Pain had erased the anger and revenge from his face.

"Morning, lieutenant," Breen said quietly. "We'll give you a hand."

Lascher's eyes opened. They were hot with fever, but whatever madness they ever had contained, was burned away. They recognized Breen. Having recognized him, to Breen's surprise they showed no antipathy. (Continued on page 44)
And Breen, on his part, felt none. Felt only a profound, unexpected sympathy. This man had been . . . oh, monstrous, yes. But before that, a Vank. One of the old crowd, that had come so far . . . so long ago . . . for what? For more bad luck, at least, than most of them met.

"Here's a doctor, lieutenant," Breen said. "He'll help you."

"Thanks," Lascher answered. No, not mad. Terribly sane. Calm, even.

THE doctor was kneeling beside him. He glanced at Breen, and his expression announced: "This fellow's dying."

Kernan picked up the army automatic and pocketed it. In the farther corner of the room a square black hole was cut in the floor. Breen glanced at it. The top of Anne's shaft, of course.

"Broussard?" Lascher whispered. "Is he . . ." his thin voice failed.

"Broussard's dead," Breen answered. He looked back from the hole in time to see the spasm of regret that shook the wounded man. Genuine regret.

"A mistake!" Lascher tried to rise, but the doctor held him. "I came upon him . . . accident . . . he was my . . . one friend . . ."

"But you killed him."

"Didn't . . . know it was he . . . thought it . . . was the count."

"You wanted to kill the count?" Lascher whispered. "Of course. He was matter of fact. Almost grimly determined about this, even as his strength slipped.

Breen shuddered. "Wanted to kill me?"

"Yes," Lascher admitted. "You tried . . . to frame me."

"Never framed anyone!"

"You come back now . . . go to . . ." he moaned as the doctor lifted his right arm . . . "my laboratory . . ."

"And you followed me?"


"You hit the count that night in the courtyard! Tried later to cut his throat! Stabbed Dr. Juste!" Indignation rose in Breen's voice. He was conscious of it himself.

"No, no!" Lascher denied. "The doctor? Oh, no!"

Breen stared. Did he know truth when he heard and saw it or not?

Saint-Quentin said: "We'd better take him over to Juste's old office."

Breen got up slowly, studying the man's face.

"I'll carry him," he said. "You shot Henry," he persisted.

"Not Henry." The face twitched. "Looked . . . in window, saw Henry . . ."

Breen placed his arm under Lascher's shoulder. "You looked in the hall window?" he prompted.


"Saw who?" Breen demanded. But Lascher only winced and lay still. Breen repeated the question impatiently.

"He does not hear you," Saint-Quentin said over his shoulder.

Chapter Twelve

THE doctor maneuvered his car close to the door. Except for the gendarme at the main gate, the grounds here at the front were empty. Breen placed Lascher gently upon the back seat.

"Ride along, Kernan," he bade. "Help. Listen to him. Get every word, if he talks again."

Saint-Quentin disclosed: "It is only one kilometer to Juste's old office. Everything is there . . . antiseptics . . . instruments . . ."

"You've got to save this poor devil!" Breen told him fiercely. "Got to, understand?" His voice pitched up.

The doctor started the motor. Breen called: "Get back when you can with news. Kernan!"

He turned toward the steps of the living quarters.

Pavie's car stood there. Seeing it, Breen felt a sudden flash of anger. So Pavie had decided to come, finally! He strode up the steps.

At the living room door, he halted, astonished. The count, whom he last had seen propped in bed, sat before the fire in a crimson dressing gown, with a quilt thrown over his outstretched legs. Opposite him, his feet spread apart on the hearth, Pavie was calmly lighting his pipe.

In a chair at the count's right hand, a small thin man with a bald head and a puff of hair: his above each ear, was telling the count urbanely, in French, "Yes, m'sieur. A stranger here. From Paris, yes, m'sieur."

Breen did not pause. That there was tenseness in the room he was aware as he entered, but he crashed through it without pause.

"So you did get here!" he spoke savagely to Pavie. "And now you're here, I'd like to know . . . ."

Pavie put down his pipe.

"M'sieur Breen, this is my friend, M'sieur Fidele, of Paris."

The bald man stood politely and bowed.

Breen nodded to him; at once turned back to Pavie. Before he could speak, however, the count interjected: "Ah, I am rejoiced that you decide not to depart, my sergeant."

"Thank you," Breen answered. The count showed a remarkable comeback, both in face and voice, but Breen, looking at him as he spoke, saw that though his hands were still, his legs were twitching under the quilt. "I'll talk to you later, sir," Breen said. "Pavie, the other night . . ."

But there was further interruption. The front door slammed and Brigadier Renard loomed immensely in the hall.

"Well!" he advanced with ponderous fury into the room. "You keep secrets from me, do you?" He shook a fat fist at Breen. "When I close my eyes for two minutes you find bloodstains!"

"Bloodstains?" the count repeated and pushed down the quilt.

"Here . . . in this castle," Renard went on, his face furled with anger. "Deny it not! You call Preux . . . with him you search . . . ."

BREEN calmed. Sight of Renard's ridiculous rage cooled his own toward Pavie. "What of it?" he asked.

"And afterward," Renard went on, "with the doctor and that other American savage, you search! Twice, without permission!"

The count asked in wonderment: "What is the meaning of this?"

"He obstructs!" Renard shouted. "I am about to solve these fearful crimes, and he obstructs! I have sent for the experts! In a day I would have my hands upon this Lascher, and . . . ."


Bewildered silence dropped on the room. The man from Paris rubbed his left ear violently. Pavie, who had started once more to fill his pipe, laid it on the mantel.

"You . . . found . . . Lascher?" The count clutched the front of his crimson dressing gown. His knuckles tightened on it. "Found the murderer of the good Dr. Juste . . . ?"

The cook, bearing a single glass on a tray, came into the hall.

"No," Breen corrected. "not the murderer of the doctor." He hesitated, eying the group. He had planned to unveil Pavie first, but Renard had prevented that. He might as well go on, now. "Lascher did not kill Dr. Juste," he said.

"Killed Broussard, but that was a mistake."

Renard cried: "He admits the murder of Broussard? Ah, when rascals fall out . . . ."
He didn't have to...

...but he went over the Top

HARVEY DUNN comes rightly by a pioneer spirit. He was born of pioneer parents in South Dakota and grew up on the farm. Then he went to the Chicago Art Institute and suffered the struggles and privations of an art student without means—took a job as janitor, posed as a model, worked his way through somehow.

Dunn was a pupil of Howard Pyle—and has taught, in his turn, more illustrators than any other individual in the country. He has numbered among his pupils such famous illustrators as Dean Cornwell, A.N.A., Jes. W. Schlaikjer, A.N.A., Frank Street, Clark Fay and many others whose work has won recognition.

The war brought Dunn a new job. He was one of eight nationally known illustrators who were commissioned Captains of Engineers and given carte blanche to produce a pictorial record of the A.E.F. Dunn tackled that assignment with characteristic verve—went over the top without orders to see with his own eyes what actual combat looked like—and portrayed what he saw in scenes whose stark vividness made art critics sit up.

This magazine is proud to have published many Harvey Dunn illustrations—hopes to publish many more!

* * *

"Nothing like cold facts," exulted the Advertising Man. "When Florsheim (Page 57) heard about the 537,390 readers of The American Legion Monthly who were in the market for a smart, custom shoe, it didn't take them long to realize we had a gold mine for them— for who would appreciate a good looking, comfortable shoe more than a man who had pushed around a pair several sizes too large for him?"

"292,579 pipe smokers! It takes a lot of tobacco to keep those pipes going. Pipe smokers are a particular crowd, too—that's why Brown & Williamson (Page 59) are telling them about their mild and fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh—made from famed Kentucky Burley."

"When 743,816 men carry life insurance—it means they are thinking about the future—no uncertainty for them! The John Hancock Mutual Life (on Page 55) has an interesting story for these men. A story of financial independence—secure future—and freedom from worry."

SEPTEMBER, 1936
"Admits it, yes," Breen agreed. "He thought it was the count he was slugging there at the gate as he had at the pantry."

"The wicked, wicked betrayer!" Ruban exclaimed. He got up - with an unexpected show of strength.


HENRY? the count-repeated. "My poor Henry? Is he, too, murdered?" He looked almost accusingly from one to another of them "Is that why he does not come when I call?" He staggered toward the mantel and clutched it for support. Pavie moved away from him instinctively. Old Merseau, with his arms full of fagots, tramped in and dropped the fuel noisily on the hearth.

Breen continued. "But Lascher knows who did kill those other two. He'll tell more when he's conscious . . ."

"The villain . . . he killed them all! Oh, my poor Henry! Why does no one tell me?" He brought his hand down on the mantel and Breen thought he was going to fall. "You found the beast in my house?"

"Upstairs . . ."

Renard said stubbornly, "I believe only what I know. Where have you concealed him? Is he still upstairs?"

The count trembled and looked at the ceiling.

Breen's intentions did an about face. Should he tell everything? Go ahead, bluntly? Or . . . they had given him a cue. Should he allow them to think that Lascher still was in the house? It was to be expected, of course.

"Brandy," the count ordered the cook.

"Bring brandy for the gentlemen. The best."

But the woman had shrunk into herself, lost in thought, gazing almost as if they were not there, first at her master, then at Breen.

"I'll get it myself," the count said.

"One moment, gentlemen. My best brandy, and we then decide what next to do."

Pavie started to reach out a hand to restrain him; then drew back, timidly, Breen thought. He half glanced at the stranger, who sat peering inquiringly at them all. The count staggered, and made unsteadily for the door.

"One moment," he promised. "We are unnerved."

Breen turned to follow him.

"If you've got that paper with you now, get it out," he paused to order Pavie. "The one you took from Brossard?"

Pavie gulped; then stiffened.

"At the proper moment I disclose it," he answered.

"The proper moment will be when I get back here with the count's brandy," Breen said.

Ruban was limping slowly through the hall into the dining room. Breen started rapidly after him. He had dropped the curtain behind him when the bald head of the stranger, M. Fidèle popped up at his shoulder.

"Have the caution, meester," the stranger warned.

Breen swung about. "Well, who the hell are you?" he demanded.

The other did not wait to answer. The pantry door was closing upon the count and the little man was hurrying toward it.

Breen wasted not more than three seconds, looking after him. Who was this, gone crazy now? Then he turned and ran quickly up the stair. The familiar corridor stretched away to the right toward the bedroom which had been assigned to him, in the other direction toward the closet where Anne had heard the voice crying, where the count's own room was, and where the cold wind blew down the pantry stair.

Beyond the bend, he heard footsteps. He backed quickly into an open door, squeezed himself out of sight, and drew his gun from his pocket. The footsteps approached rapidly. Not hesitant steps, like the count's weak shuffle. Determined feet, moving actively. He heard them pause at each door. Their owner was searching for something. They were just outside this door now.

A long-barreled revolver appeared first in the opening. Then a hand holding it. And an arm in a crimson sleeve. And then the face. The count's face, contorted with fear and desperation. At sight of Breen he started to swing the gun.

"Drop it!" Breen shouted.

Aiming high, he fired. The slug splintered the casing above Ruban's head. The count's mouth dropped open. His fingers relaxed. The gun tumbled to the floor. At the same time M. Fidèle bounced around the corner from the same direction the count had come.

HALT!" he was crying. "No shooting! Stop that!"

Voices in confusion lifted from the stair. The cook was screaming, and Renard swearing. He was first to appear, with Pavie silently behind him, and Merseau behind the cook.

Renard cried, "What now? Where is the assassin?"

"Right in front of you, brigadier." Breen pointed at the count with his weapon. "There's his gun on the floor. He was hunting Lascher. Trying to shoot him up for good!" And then, as Renard delayed: "Pick that gun up, Renard! It's the one that killed Henry, you'll find . . ."

The count leaned against the side of the door. Pavie's friend Fidèle stood close beside him, as if trying to be inconspicuous.

"I am near death," Ruban whispered. "I am ill!"

"Not half as sick as you're going to be," Breen answered. He turned on Pavie.

"There's a lot for you to straighten out, too, sir?"

Renard demanded, "What does this mean? Are all Americans mad?"

"It means we have our murderer, brigadier. You take him. I can't. I'm his guest." He demanded: "Did you think I'd leave a half-dead guy up here alone to be finished off? How'd I know? I saw your shadow, Ruban, last night, for one thing. Saw it cross the door of your room while you were supposed to be sleeping! There was no one else in the room, so I knew you'd been out of bed. Knew you were faking! It set me to wondering. I know now. You were hiding your gun, that you'd just used to kill Henry! Didn't want him to tell what Broussard told him, was that it?"

The count wiped his damp forehead.

I AM desolated, m'sieurs," he attempted to say. "All is a horrible mistake. This man," he pointed toward Breen, "he is insane . . . like Lascher . . ."

Pavie was unfolding a paper.

"From the body of the dead Brossard," he began, but Breen reached over and took the paper from his hand.

"It's about time I saw that," he said.

"It is difficult to read, m'sieur," Pavie said almost apologetically. "It took me half the night to decipher it. Broussard did not write well."

Breen stared at the scrawl, then at Pavie. His interest in the paper was dimmed for a minute by the question he directed at himself: Had he been mistaken in Pavie?

The little man cleared his throat. He was as nervous as ever.

"M. Fidèle was not a customer, as I told Ma'm'selle Harrison to tell you, my American friend," he disclosed. "He is of the Section Générale."

Breen turned in amazement.

"You?" he demanded. Why, this fellow didn't look like a detective. Most detectives didn't for that matter, he remembered.

The stranger bowed.

"I," he acknowledged. "M'sieur," he indicated Pavie, "requested that I come."

"Pavie sent for you, not the brigadier?" Fidèle bowed again.

"I ask for him as soon as Broussard is killed," Pavie explained humbly. "Poor
Broussard tried to show this document to you, my brigadier. To me, also. But we would not look. If we only had! Here," he pointed to the lines.

"One evening he was fishing under the bridge," Breen translated. "In 1919, the day after the acquittal of Lascher for the murder of his wife and Captain Ruban."

"Precisely. And someone came past overhead," Pavie continued to point. "But," he addressed the count, who shrivelled before him, "even without this note, my old friend, I had begun to suspect the truth. For years I fear to face it. That is why I befriended the unfortunate Lascher."

Ruban groaned.

"Broussard was concealed," Breen read on. "This person passing threw something into the water where it was... I don't get this word."

"Shallow, m'sieur," Pavie said. "Where the water was shallow. It splashed. Looking up, Broussard recognized this person."

"I see," Breen read on. "It was our old pal, here. The count."

"He lies!" Ruban shouted.

"No," Pavie regretted. "No. It must come out now. Read, m'sieur. Broussard continues, he searched the water and found that which was thrown. A revolver. Please, inspector, will you show it?"

The Parisian drew an ancient, rusty weapon from his pocket. "It has your crest engraved upon it, m'sieur," he said gravely to Ruban.

Breen burst in, "Where'd you get this gun... now... this week, Pavi?"

"Ah, you ask that? Broussard tells me. Himself he speaks in that writing after he is dead. I go, the day of his funeral. The inn is quiet of women. I find this gun behind the casks in the wine cellar as he indicates there. I..." he faltered and glanced pityingly at Ruban... "it is a gun I have seen before. It is the weapon which killed the young Captain Ruban. Oh, non, non, do not protest, my friend. It is your love of family discloses your worst side."

Pavie sighed, as if he had brought to an end a lecture. "The practice of killing can become a habit," he said.

Breen asked, "This gun, though, how do you know it is the weapon which killed the captain?"

"Ah, there!" Ruban cried hopefully.

"The bullet which kills poor Captain Ruban," Pavie began. "I saw that bullet. It was in the evidence at the trial," Breen interrupted.

"Oui. It is in evidence. The doctor produces it from the body, but what good? In those days, Paris, even your detectives, know little of the science of ballistics. The gun that spaws it is not available. When the trial is over, the bullet lodges then in the gendarmerie. These many years. The newcomer Preux, who is less stupid than most police, finds it. (Continued on page 48)
Today I ask him for it and receive it."

"I gave him no permission," Renard protested.

"It is my study now, this matter of ballistics," Ficelle said, addressing himself soothingly to the brigadier. "It is fortunate you have taken good care in your post so long of this balet, brigadier. I compare it now with one fired from this gun. They are the same."

Ruban's knees gave way. Bren caught him as he fell and carried him into the room and dropped him, less gently than he had handled Lascher, to the bed.

"The same gun, yes," Ficelle came to the point. "With it you killed the son."

"Non, non, non!" Ruban denied. "I swear it! Every word truth now! What care I? All is past! The glory, the pride of the house of Ruban! I only try to save it from disgrace!" He sobbed. "My boy kills Madame Lascher! He is mad with grief, jealousy, disappointment! With the wooden engine model he strikes her!"

"It was not the Lascher?" Renard exclaimed.

"Non, non! It is a Ruban! That night he confesses to me, and then he rushes back to this mechanic's shop, to mourn there where her body has lain! I cannot stop him! I follow! Running madly. But when I get there, I find . . . he is dead, too! There is no heir!" He sobbed again. "It was this Lascher who was responsible, is that not true? My son had the right to kill the woman! She was unfaithful to her promise. Married this savage . . ."

The brigadier interrupted: "The brave young captain killed the woman? I do not believe it!"

"Quiet!" Pavie warned. "He killed her. His father says so. Then, grieving, he shot himself. And you, poor friend, feared the disgrace . . ."

"To my family name! I pick up his gun. Then I fear constantly, every minute, that it will be discovered. The day after this Lascher is set free, I throw it in the Huisne. The meddling Brousard finds it! You comprehend?"

Merseau brandished a stick of wood. "Also," he dremed, "was it fear caused you to take that pruning knife from the back door the night our good doctor died?"

Bren exclaimed accusingly: "You saw him take it? I asked you!"

"If I saw anyone. I do not see clearly. But my ears! Ah, there is nothing wrong with them! I hear him. Hear him come to the place quietly and slip away. And when I go to look, the knife is gone!"

"Brousard had found two men who did listen to him," Bren told the Paris inspector. "Dr. Juste and Henry. Dr. Juste is coming that night, the priest says, to disclose something he knows."

"And, for the priest's remark," Pavie agreed solemnly, "the doctor's throat is cut."

"That is why you quarrel with our poor Henry!" the cook squallled suddenly at Ruban. "I hear you. In the pantry, the day this American first comes here. You threaten Henry! Tell him you will pay him for silence."

"Lascher was outside the windows, looking in, that night," Bren said. "He saw the count strike Henry that first time. He picked up his hat. "What a happy family it turned out to be!" Quick steps sounded upon the stair. He heard Anne's voice, calling his name. She ran in.

"You found Pavie, John?" she demanded.

"I made a mistake in reading your brother-in-law's face, Anne," Bren said.

She looked at the count and drew back. "Dr. Saint-Quentin sent me to tell you, John, right away . . . wanted you to know . . ."

"Lascher is dead?"

"No, no. He may pull through. But the doctor wants you to know this. The cut in the count's neck . . ." she was whispering . . . "it was superficial. Saint-Quentin knew it from the start. The kind of scratch a man might give himself . . ."

Renard stepped forward importantly. He caught the count by a wrist.

"Surrender!" he commanded. "In the name of the Republic! I arrest you for murder! For . . . obstructing justice!"

"Let's get out," Bren told Anne.

He led her through the courtyard and up the rise behind the castle, and thus to a ridge from which the once illustrious house of Ruban was not visible. They could see only the gentle valley with the Huisne flowing through it mildly.

At last, as the sun bent down to the west, they returned to Anne's car in the courtyard.

Only Merseau, puttering about the vines, was in evidence.

"You, again," he greeted Bren. "Your friend, the M'sieur Kernan, he waited for you ten minutes, but he could not longer remain."

"Couldn't remain?" Bren demanded. "Where'd he go?"

"He did not say. Only, he and the bride . . ."

"Bride?" Bren gasped. "Did you say bride?"

"To be sure. He was this day married by the mayor to the little Fifi of the Lion d'Or. A handsome couple they made, too. They have gone touring, in the car. Where, I do not know."

Bren turned to Anne.

"Gone touring! What a swell idea, Anne?"

"Sounds perfect to me," she admitted. "Absolutely," he agreed. "What Kernan would call one hundred percent." 

THE END

The Art of Making Men

(Continued from page 13)

sages. She got me to reading the two best boy stories ever written, which are Dickens's Great Expectations, and Johnson's Crusoe. Sitting by the fireside winter evenings, we read David Copperfield together.

My father would sit near us with his pipe, listening or reading his paper. Soon he got interested in the wonderful story and was in the boat with us going down the stream. I wonder if any family ever found greater profit in a European trip.

I committed the eloquent closing words of that book, which has moved me deeply. I had got the memorizing habit. I fell in with a learned man in our neighborhood who introduced me to William Shakespeare. The tragedies thrilled me. We began to commit the great passages. When I went to college I was loaded with big memories—things to live with that were indeed a help to me.

I have since learned that the thing to do with a memory is to trust it. When I became a reporter I took no notes. I schooled myself to remember dates and phrasing. Memory is only a servant, and like most servants, its habits depend upon your requirements and practices.

As to religion, we lived on that of our ancestors till I was a boy near fourteen years of age. It was the only token of religion available save the Bible, for we lived about seven miles from a church. Ours was an inherited religion. The same may be said of our manners. Our father and mother taught us that we must be considerate of the feelings of other people and be modest. They told us of the things that were wicked. We learned that Conceit would lift all hands against us. I think that we were too afraid of it. There

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I am sure that I was a boy of a rather modest endowment. All these things of which I have written lie unseen, like seel covered by the harrowing. Neither child nor parent will know for many years the harvest to come out of this ground. By and by it will appear as some voice electrifies the crowd in the Senate Chamber or when millions are seeking the message of a book.

School may be a great help, especially the teachers. When a boy gets to the advanced age of fifteen or sixteen, often he is apt to feel rather wise and important. He is a person, and he has begun to have the thing called pride. He is as sensitive as a harp-string. Teachers often have a failing common to most men. They like to raise a laugh. I remember some who used to greet a student's failure with a subtle type of ridicule. That is about the surest way to lose the respect of a sensitive boy and one's ability to help him. We had, when I was young, the old time schoolmaster. The best of them were great people. As man-makers I am inclined to think that they did more for America than any other single force. If a boy was behind in his work, and perhaps a bit too fond of play, they made a friend of him and gave him good advice, which was better than making trouble between him and his parents. After that the boy was keen to please this man. He tried to win his praise. Often even that would fail, but more often it would succeed.

One thing which I learned in college has been a help to me. When one is to try to demonstrate his capacity in a speech or an article he should never take it lightly. He must know his subject and, so far as may be, even its related bound- aries. Some would take a week or two for preparation. I took a month or two. Day after day I revised my phrasing, seeking a more apt and vivid type of self-expression. If one is careful to say something worth saying and to say it well, he gets a reputation and the crowd will come to hear him, and only because that kind of accomplishment is unusual. After all, Jane Hopkins was right when she said that genius is nothing but the capacity for taking pains.

There are two kinds of rock in the foundations of a life of great achievement. The two colossal figures in the time spanned by my life were Lincoln and Gladstone. When they spoke, the world listened. Men and women traveled far to hear them. In their faces, in their voices, there was a power rare and won- derful that made one long even to touch the hem of their garments. They are gone, but their words live and will continue to live for ages. Why? Well, I am sure it was because they had the great thing called character. Yes, you will say, but a dozen people I know without any (Continued on page 50)

For Clean-up King I Nominate…

By Lou Gehrig

New York Yankees' Clean-up Ace Makes Novel Choice for All-Time Honor

I don't need to tell baseball fans how important the "clean-up" (number-four) man is in the batting line-up. With three reliable hitters batting ahead of him, it is his wallops that bring in the runs.

In my thirteen years of big league baseball I have watched some of the most famous "clean-up" men in the history of the game. But the other day in Boston I had the pleasure of seeing the "clean-up" king that gets my vote for the "all-time" honors. Strangely enough, this "clean-up" king isn't a slugger at all. Instead of cleaning up the bases, this one cleans up faces.

Here's how it happened. While in Boston playing the Red Sox, I made an inspection trip through the Gillette Safety Razor fac- tory. There I discovered that what is true of baseball is also true of Gillette Blades. In baseball, the pick of the raw material is tried out, tested, and trained for the big league teams. At the Gillette factory I found that they buy only the finest steel, and put it through grueling tests before it is made into Gillette Blades.

For instance, like a rookie baseball player, Gillette Blade steel has to be hardened and tempered. To do this, Gillette uses elec- tric furnaces, each one controlled by a device which can tell in an instant if the steel passing through the furnaces requires more heat or less heat. Faster than a speed-ball, the signal is flashed from the box to a great battery of switches, and the heat is raised or lowered accordingly. Then to make doubly sure that there is no possibility of error, they X-ray the steel with an electro-magnetic meter to detect hidden flaws.

A good ball player has to have precision and accuracy, too... and that's where Gillette chalks up a winning score. Grinding machines, adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch give Gillette Blades shaving edges so keen you can't see them, even with the most powerful microscope.

These are some of the reasons why I nominate the Gillette Blade for all-time Clean-up King. For when it comes to cleaning up on stubborn bristles—with the greatest of ease and comfort—Gillette hits a home run with the bases loaded. Yes, Sir!—if baseball could only train players as accurately and efficiently as Gillette makes razor blades, we'd all bat 1000.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them. Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston, Mass.

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special importance have character. They are honest and industrious. They pay their debts and live within their means. And I answer, true, but these two had that rare type of character which loves not only honor but man. They had a passion for human service and the vitality of an ox with which to put it over. Their muscles had been hardened on the axe-helve. If one is to catch and hold the ear of the world, he must have an exalted passion to serve it and the strength to give it wings.

This makes good health a matter of prime importance. The body is one’s engine. No other man can know it as he knows it. He has a special knowledge of its weakness and its needs. He should know the fuel it needs and the driving it can stand. He can if he will be his own best physician. I am near seventy-seven years of age. I can stand as much mental work as ever. I can play eighteen holes of golf and often do. I do not think that there have been four days in ten years when I have been unfit for my task. My doctor’s bills have not cost as much as my tobacco. I think it is because I have studied carefully my own physical outfit. I know what will happen if I eat too much or drink too much. I never miss my exercise, even in bad weather. I smoke a pipe and rather mild tobacco. I sleep eight hours a day.

I have had a host of friends who have been a help and a joy to me. One reason for that is this: I try to think and to speak well of everyone, although I can be very frank if that will serve a good purpose. Some of my best friends have been young men whom I have privately criticized in a friendly spirit. I never, in hot blood, write a letter, no matter how much I may think myself wronged. The best friend-maker I ever knew was a man who was often putting one in mind of him. It might be only a post card saying: “Hello Bill, I’m well and happy. How are you?” or some small jocular gift to show that the friend was not forgotten.

Friendship brings us close to the great thing called religion, for our friends leave us without permission, and we begin to wonder about the meaning of life. I stand alone, the last of my family. My best friends have left me, yet I am a cheerful man. I have a faith which I cannot explain or even justify with any words in the dictionary. No man could, because that faith is nothing more or less than a gift. I got a flood of light on this subject in reading the lectures of William James, who said:

“In life there is something unparalleled by anything in verbal thought...something that forever exceeds, escapes from statement, withdraws from definition—something to be glimpsed and felt, not told.”

Thus he tries, in vain, to describe that “inner citadel of human life” which he calls religion.

Now there is a subject of which I had long tried to get an understanding that could be expressed in words. I failed and James taught me why I failed. Faith is a thing in a soundless depth beyond the plunge of verbal plummets.

These Constiute a State

(Continued from page 11)

attend the Boys’ States which other Departments should set up in 1936. Mr. Card and other Illinois leaders in the movement also volunteered to help other States set up the machinery for the new boys’ encampments. Through the National Americanism Commission, the basic plan was perfected, so that three other Departments early this year were ready to go along with Illinois in Boys’ States for 1936. They were Ohio, West Virginia and Pennsylvania.

No other activity of The American Legion in recent years seems to me more significant than this Boys’ State idea. The fact that 600 Illinois boys received this intensive citizenship training this summer under Legion direction, that 500 in Ohio and an almost equally large number in West Virginia were citizens of Boys’ States, and the fact that other Departments are preparing to establish Boys’ States next year mark this program as one of the most promising in the whole field of Legion endeavor.

I have been impressed by the character and ability of the Legionnaires who conducted the Boys’ States in Illinois, West Virginia and Ohio. Without the guidance such men can give, the program might be merely an interlude of play in an otherwise monotonous summer. With this guidance, several thousands of boys this summer were inspired by the real understanding they received of public affairs, I am sure that many of them will go on to positions of leadership in public life when they have become full-fledged voters.

Another feature, tremendously encouraging to me, is the reports I have received concerning the boys who were the citizens of the Boys’ States. Uniformly they were magnificent. There can be nothing seriously wrong with a country which produces boys like these in a trying period of its history. They reflected high standards of intelligence and scholarship, they were robust and overflowing with physical energy and in thought and attitude they manifested an undeviating adherence to clean living. They had faith in their country and confidence in its future. As a cross-section of the whole youth of their States, they proclaim to America that she need have no doubt and no apprehension concerning the generation which is moving upward to take its place in the front line of citizenship of tomorrow.

This is significant when you consider that America is facing at this moment the challenge presented by rival systems of government, when democracy is being derided abroad by both the dictatorship of the right and the dictatorship of the left. Through Europe and in the Orient the spokesmen of the new autocracies have been shouting that the American doctrine of rule by all the people is a fallacy. We see whole nations abroad living under the bayonet rule of small groups, responsible only to themselves, which have seized power by force and have abolished most of the rights which Americans assume belong to every citizen. In our own land false prophets seize upon our own minor shortcomings to support the contenations of Europe’s men on horseback that our whole system is doomed. We have our home-grown Communists and Fascists who parrot everything derogatory said about us abroad, who preach that the way out of America’s economic and social ills is by destroying liberty and the rights which we have built up in more than 150 years of self-government.

We in The American Legion believe that these apostles of Communism and Fascism can make headway in this country only if there is a general degeneration of American citizenship, only if American citizens ignore their duties and responsibilities and cease to safeguard their guaranteed rights.

We believe that the structure of American government is sound, and the way to keep it sound is to strengthen every citizen’s understanding of it, to inculcate in him the conviction that public office is actually a public trust, to uproot wherever it has become established the cynical feeling that politics is incapable of a game in which a favored few
are privileged to grow fat on money wrung in taxes from sheep-like citizens. We believe that the remedy for almost everything disconcerting in our public affairs may be found by training citizens in their duties and by insisting upon honesty in those elected to public office.

Perhaps we have been lax up to this time in taking too much for granted our ability to make sure that voters will be able and office-holders honest. Perhaps it has been fatuous to hope that our schools alone could provide future voters with vital political knowledge. It was some such feeling which inspired the Illinois Legionnaires to seek in the Boys’ State a solution of recognized ills. Hayes Kennedy, one of the founders of the Boys’ State, presented the underlying arguments for the Boys’ State in a bulletin distributed by the National Americanism Commission.

“When a youngster enters high school,” Mr. Kennedy wrote, “he for some reason or other leaves the influence of the Boy Scouts; he takes up new lines of study and is exposed to new influences. He studies, as a rule, the usual courses in civics and American history as provided in our high schools. At the age of 18 or 19 he is graduated from the local high school; then, if his family has the necessary finances he is sent on to a college or university where he may or may not study more about his Government or some other form of government foreign to his Government. There he is subjected to new influences and lives in a new environment. He makes new acquaintances and new associations. Some boys go to work upon graduation from high school, and, usually, that ends their study of government and American history.

“At the age of 21 a boy reaches his majority; he is now entitled to vote; it is his privilege to participate in politics and to run for public office. In some instances he is wholly unacquainted with the responsibilities that are thrust upon him. He may be the one who has gone to a college or university where he has been taught nothing about the virtues of our form of government, nothing about the sacrifices made to obtain it, nothing that would awaken in him any sense of duty to preserve it.

“But on the contrary, he may have been taught that our form of government has outlived its usefulness, that it is just a relic of a generation that is dead, that it must be replaced by a new form of government patterned to meet the needs of the changing times, that a new form of government offers him an opportunity for achievement where his accomplishments will receive their just reward, that he must overthrow the existing order of things no matter what means may be used. With an uninformed or confused mind, it is difficult for this young man to be a good citizen within the usual meaning.

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The Communists long ago abandoned any hope of succeeding in their program by enlisting a substantial number of adults. They well know that the ultimate hope of success in their program depends upon their winning to their cause the youth of our country.

"The Boys' State is a program of education. Its purpose is to teach the youth of today that there is nothing wrong with our form of government, that it has not outworn its usefulness, that all it needs is an intelligent citizenry and a clean, honest and impartial administration."

The corn in the Lincoln country about Springfield wasn't doing so well when six hundred Illinois boys made their journey to the State capital to begin their apprenticeship in statesmanship. That corn, which Illinois likes to say it sells as seed to Iowa, wasn't going to be knee high by the Fourth of July. It had been a parched June and the closely-cropped pastures were sere in the blazing sun which was only then ushering in the great drought of 1936.

Nature was producing a periodical crisis in the unending cycle of her seasons, just as periodically she seems to produce a crisis in the relations among nations and a crisis in the internal political affairs of every individual state. There may have been some boyish philosophers who mused over the laws of nature, but most of them when they arrived in Springfield a little ahead of time found most interest in the reminders of Abraham Lincoln which they saw on every hand.

There was the figure in bronze on the State House grounds, just a few steps from the many-colored signs of the movie theaters and the streets crowded with rushing automobiles. And everywhere were signs pointing the way to the tomb of Lincoln, which stood, surrounded by old trees and broad lawns, only a few blocks off the main highway leading from downtown to the State Fair Grounds. There were other signs proclaiming the route of Lincoln Memorial Drive, along which one sees historic spots associated with Lincoln's life in Illinois.

Perhaps some of the boys remembered that Abraham Lincoln uttered in his immortal address at Gettysburg a sentiment which they, like all other Americans, should find as premonitory today as when it was uttered more than seventy-five years ago: "The government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Whether they reflected on that or not, these words of Lincoln defined the issue with which The American Legion's Boys' State was most concerned in 1936, indeed the paramount issue which concerns the United States of today. The 600 Illinois boys as they registered at the State Fair Grounds were enrolling for the defense of the political principles of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington.

These boys represented almost every city and town in Illinois. The Cook County delegation of almost 200 came on a special train. American Legion posts had chosen many of them and paid the small charge for expenses collected for each one. Chambers of Commerce, Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, other civic and service organizations had sent boys as their representatives. The boys were free to dress as they wished, but to each was issued a Boys' State cap of the familiar overseas type.

The State Fair Grounds covers several hundred acres, and the Boys' State was concentrated in the area immediately surrounding the huge Coliseum, a roofed oval structure with a central arena from which seats slope upward all around. This was the state capital. In the central arena were held the assemblies and the joint sessions of the two houses of the State Legislature. The Governor and the members of his cabinet had their offices in small rooms above the stage at one end of the Coliseum. At the other end of the building was the GHQ of the Boys' State, the offices in which the Legionnaire directors and counselors held forth.

A ROW of cattle barns represented the counties, six of them bearing the names of the earliest National Commanders of the Legion—Lindsey, D'Olier, Emery, MacNider, Owseley and Quinn. Each county was subdivided into two cities, and the twelve cities were named after the first twelve Commanders of the Illinois Department. The boys slept in their county-city quarters on cots which occupied the stalls which in fair time are the homes of prize cattle, horses and sheep. The only complaint heard about the sleeping accommodations came when a youngster from D'Olier County reported to Secretary H. L. Card that one sturdy blanket had been insufficient to keep him comfortable when a cool June night wind swept through the barn. Mr. Card adjusted that by teaching a trick of the North Woods—newspapers inclosed in the folds of a blanket to give the warmth of several blankets.

One of the busiest centers the whole week was the headquarters of the police in another building. Boys designated as state police and local officers took up their duties with a zeal which was embarrassing alike to their preceptors and their fellow citizens.

Another busy spot was the chamber of the State Supreme Court, where justices were passing on the qualifications of candidates anxious to be admitted to the Bar. The court also kept busy as the proverbial brake on the enthusiasm of the Legislature, on certain bills which had escaped the governor's veto.

The Boys' State got under way on Monday immediately after everybody had registered. Politicking had started almost at the moment the boys started arriving on the grounds. There was an early rumor that the Cook County delegation had prepared its slate on the train on the way down and would try to make a clean sweep in the elections. If there had been any such idea, it disappeared when the boys arbitrarily were grouped by their registration numbers into two political parties. All with even numbers were Nationalists; odd numbers were Federalists. A third party raised its head briefly, found it couldn't make headway and disappeared, after the steam-roller tactics of the major parties had dubbed it the Mickey Mouse party.

Both the Federalists and Nationalists campaigned vigorously before the general election held on Tuesday. Candidates were nominated at primaries for all state offices—governor, lieutenant governor, secretary of state, auditor, attorney general, treasurer, superintendent of public instruction, supreme court justices, state senators and representatives.

There were also county nominations—sheriff, clerk, judge, coroner, treasurer, attorney, recorder, surveyor, superintendent of schools, president of county board and ten county supervisors. For each city, nominations were for mayor, clerk, treasurer, attorney, judge, clerk of court, aldermen and ward committee men.

Boys not nominated or elected to office were assigned to various administrative branches, such as the State Police, Health and Safety Departments and similar official groups.

Voting followed the usual procedure of a general election, with observance of precautions to prevent tampering with voters and to insure an honest count of the ballots.

August C. Grebe, Jr., 17-year-old Peoria High School senior, was elected governor, on the Federalist ticket, receiving 343 votes to 180 for his rival, Robert Anderson of the Nationalist party. Governor Grebe apparently had formed the habit of winning. Just before his graduation from high school a month earlier he had won in Peoria the intra-city oratorical contest. He had been quarterback of his high school football team and a star in baseball and basketball. He was one of thirty-eight boys
from Peoria who made the trip to Springfield in a bus. Peoria Post, the famous Chow Club, Peoria Voiture, the Altruss Club and the American Business Club each paid expenses of Peoria boys, and one citizen personally provided trips for six boys.

Robert Curzon, 18-year-old lieutenant governor, came down from Champaign High School where he was graduated this spring. He volunteered that he perhaps had the edge on some of his fellow citizens because he had worked at an election headquarters during the last campaign as assistant to the president of a political club. Furthermore, he had had an unusual opportunity during his career thus far to meet lots of folks and learn human nature, for he had accompanied his father, a professional baseball player, on trips about the circuit in the Three-I and other leagues. His hobby is three-cushion billiards.

It was supremely interesting to watch the governor, the lieutenant governor and all the other office holders in the performance of their duties. Under the tutelage of their Legionnaire directors and counselors, each confronted a series of problems which would be encountered normally by a man filling the same job in a world of high taxes and angry taxpayers. The directors had prepared a booklet giving in detail the duties of each office, and the youths distinguished themselves by their ability to devise questions which even veterans in public affairs like Hayes Kennedy and Grover Sexton couldn't answer off-hand.

With the intensity of a military training camp in wartime, the boys carried on the duties of their public offices each morning during the week of the Boys' State. Afternoons they rested or played games, did anything they wanted to. There were of course many special occasions, such as the assemblies at which the directors and distinguished visitors gave addresses. Department Commander J. B. Murphy designated one day as Legion Day, another as Auxiliary Day. Visitors came from all parts of the State, not all of them parents of the citizens-for-a-week.

Meals were served in a large dining-room at one end of the grounds which had been erected for the use year by year of the State's 4-H clubs. And the boys agreed that chow was never better—plenty of everything, and seconds if you wanted them.

On Friday the citizens all journeyed by bus to the tomb of Lincoln where they deposited a wreath and listened to the reading of a proclamation by Governor Grebe and a ten-minute eulogy on Abraham Lincoln delivered by the Boy Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. This eulogy profoundly moved Herbert Wells Fay, the eminent authority on Lincoln who is custodian of the tomb.

"I have been here sixteen years," Mr. Fay said, "and I have seen more than a million persons (Continued on page 54)
pass through this tomb each year. But this eulogy and the reverence of all these boys surpass anything in all my experience.”

On Saturday the young citizens said goodbye to the Boys’ State, started back to their homes in their trains and buses and family autos, after a final assembly in which they cheered their preceptors and The American Legion. They did not realize perhaps that they ranked as pioneers, builders of a system which in later years is bound to enroll other tens of thousands of boys in many States.

The Middle West looked on approvingly on the last Sunday of June when the boy governors of West Virginia and Illinois flew into Columbus, Ohio, for a conference with the boy governor of Ohio. The West Virginian was Leslie G. Reed, of Clarksburg, and the Ohio gubernatorial host was John Starn of Greenfield. One big moment of the conference came when Governor Starn introduced his fellow governors to Martin L. Davey, the sure-enough Governor of Ohio, in Governor Davey’s office.

The three governors found many things to talk about. Governor Reed described the Mountaineer Boys’ State which began June 1st at picturesque Jackson’s Mill, a resort which centers around the site of the first grist mill built by Stonewall Jackson. With the help of other civic, fraternal and patriotic groups, 317 West Virginia boys were able to attend this first camp of their State. W. G. Stathers, Commander of the West Virginia Department, acted as president of the body set up to operate the project, R. G. Shumaker as vice-president and Department Adjutant Edward McGrail as secretary.

In West Virginia, as in Illinois, the first political conflict was amusing in the friendly rivalry between the city boys and the boys from the country districts. As in Illinois, the cry was raised that the city delegations were trying to monopolize the offices. Governor Reed, when he took office, had called for a balanced budget and a pay-as-you-go policy.

Strangely enough, there was raised in the Buckeye Boys’ State also that same question of big-city control of the offices. Cuyahoga County sent to Columbus a delegation so large that smaller groups immediately sensed the possibility of a steam roller. Governor Starn triumphed with the support of the boys of the smaller communities, although the issue of city versus country faded the moment the Boys’ State was in full operation. The Buckeye project occupied the State Fair Grounds, and the program included plenty of sports events. Department Commander Milton D. Campbell, convalescing from injuries suffered in an automobile accident, had designated Past Department Commander William S. Konold of Warren as Chairman of the Boys’ State committee, and W. L. (Pete) DeWeese, a versatile authority on boys’ work from Lima as camp director. Other leaders included Paul E. Kightlinger, of Warren, a former city attorney, and Joseph S. Deutschle, editor of the Ohio American Legion News.

Governor Starn expressed a sentiment which was shared by the governors of the other States when he said: “I have learned more during my stay in the Boys’ State than would have been possible for me to learn in two years of classroom work. It was the most wonderful experience of my life.”

You found that enthusiasm pervading the hundreds of boys from the three States, each of whom carried back home with him a new understanding of what The American Legion is and the high character of the ideals which the Legion stands for in public affairs.

By the time this is read, Pennsylvania will have held in August its own Boys’ State at Mt. Gretna, using buildings formerly occupied by the National Guard during summer training maneuvers. Dr. Leon Braunstein of Scranton, chairman of the committee, announced that a special effort would be made to have members of the Legion and the Auxiliary visit the camp to see it in operation. The thoroughness of the Pennsylvania plans should insure the same achievement as in the other three States.

We may now look forward to 1937. I expect to see this movement then expand in all sections, growing naturally and spontaneously. No one can predict how far it will go eventually, but we may all feel sure that it holds boundless future good not only for boys but also for the Legion and the nation.

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No Runs, One Hit, One Error
(Continued from page 17)

right in its own front yard, as it were.

So what happened? Why (I shall tell the kiddies), what happened was that at fifteen minutes before midnight a sailorman came down and woke up your great-grandpappy so that he could go up and stand the old graveyard watch, rightly so-called, from 12 to 4 A.M. Then your great-grandpappy rose up and went out in the messroom where he had a couple of cups of coffee and scooted off anything else he could get his hands on. Then he went on deck and took charge. All that he had charge of that night, however, praise the Lord, was some telephones in the torpedo defense control, which was located in the lower forecast.

Some time along toward the end of the watch, while it was still very dark, but also still clear, the ship arrived abreast of the lighthouse on the southern end of Block Island. Then she executed a stately change of course and headed straight for the land. There may have been a few minutes when her engines were reversed as the cliffs loomed up before her bows, but I doubt her speed was checked materially. The Texas with her stores and war equipment aboard weighed then 50,000 tons, and mathematically she figured out to be hitting that island 5,000 times as hard as a big sedan going forty-eight miles an hour would crash into an immovable obstruction like a granite wall.

That is exactly what that wallop felt like. There is nothing more disconcerting and disagreeable than the feel of a ship grating and grinding on a hard ledge bottom. The Texas rolled a big boulder along under her bottom for a hundred feet as she climbed up on the shelving beach and it slit her outer skin like a can opener. Then she just sat there. There wasn’t anything that even your ancestor could do about it.

There wasn’t anything that anyone could do about it, for the moment. Most
of the boys thought at first that the ship had been torpedoed, but there was no particular hullaballoo so far as I can recall. One of the boys in the junior officers' mess strolled in for breakfast and asked what time had we dropped the hook. He hadn't waked up when we bumped the land. When someone answered him "Dropped the hook—hell, we're shipwrecked!" his only comment on the matter was that he'd have eggs, bacon and shredded wheat. Junior officers were like that.

It seemed only minutes after we struck before it was daylight. A Coast Guard lifeboat appeared alongside the ship, and the crew rested on their oars, looking very tiny in their little craft down below. The man in the stern of the boat hailed us, and politely asked if there was anything he could do. What a chance for the gobs that lined the rail! "Please give us a little shove." "Got a cigarette?" "Tell the Kaiser we've been detained."

But it really wasn't very funny, either. A storm was reported on its way up the coast for a big sea got rolling in there on the off-shore side of the island, it would lift the ship up and down and pound the bottom out of her. Also if a German sub should happen to sight a nice, juicy American battleship with her nose in the gravel she could stand off and take pot shots at her stern. It was incumbent on someone to pull the Texas off as soon as possible.

First we went full astern on the engines. That was no good. Then about ten tugs arrived, hooked themselves alongside and tugged, while several destroyers got on the ends of long lines and pulled. That was no better.

Next appeared the barges of Merritt, Chapman and Scott, the big salvage outfit, loaded with big anchors and piles of cables about seven inches in diameter. The anchors were planted off-shore, and the cables to them brought back aboard, and we began to heave on them with winches, windlasses, niggerheads and plain man-power, clapping luff tackles and hul-on-hull on each cable in addition. I was surprised that the ship wasn't pulled right in two. But she wasn't, and she didn't budge.

A ship like the Texas carries about 3,000 tons of stores and material that can be unloaded easily, lightening her by that much. We began to get rid of that. Cases and cases of canned foods, sides of beef, hundreds of bags of navy beans, barrels and barrels of flour, ton after ton of soft coal, shells, torpedoes, were brought on deck and lowered down on the barges. It had breezed up since we struck, and a talse composed of equal parts of coal dust and white flour filled the air and covered everybody and everything.

I had charge of a whip tackle that was taking fourteen-inch shells out of the after magazine. These shells were very heavy, and were loaded with TNT. I remember (Continued on page 56)
that we got one shell up clear of the deck when the key in the butt end twisted out of its slot and let the shell fall back some forty feet among the other shells down in the magazine. It didn’t go off, but it seemed to be a wait of about all day for the decision while it was dropping, and it preyed on one’s nerves. That is possibly why your great grand- daddly has always been a little retarded mentally since the war.

Just as we were getting ready to take the guns, and maybe the engines, out of the ship, she suddenly slid off. That is, she hitched along a bit, and we pulled her off. Her delivery was brought about by a slight lift and fall of the stern in the tide, and the consequent pull on the cables, which were kept as taut as bow strings. The injured double-bottoms held, and we went back to Brooklyn Navy Yard under our own power. The Texas was all fixed up as good as new, and went over to Scotland later on, but she always squeaked a little in her joints.

The reason the Texas was run onto Block Island was that the navigating officer mistook the lighthouse on the southern end for the gas buoy off the northern end. The commanding officer was relying too much on the judgment of the navigator in a simple matter. This particular navigating officer, as it happened, didn’t remember much about navigation. He had been assigned to shore duty as an expert in certain types of machinery during most of the time since he had graduated from the Academy about twelve years before. The United States Navy, unlike most others, used to expect its officers to be sea captains, chief engineers, technical and gunnery experts, landing force commanders or diplomats, all at a moment’s notice after four years in school. It didn’t always work.

Of course, there were men on board who felt funnier for the few minutes when the Texas was driving straight towards the shore, but they thought they must be mistaken, not the gold braid on the bridge. The officer on lookout in the fore-top used to go yachting around Block Island, but all he was doing was standing lookout, not setting courses. And, as he informed the court-martial board, by the time he began to see the cows and sheep on shore and whistled down the tube, it was too late.

Then the kids’ mother will come in and say, “Now, grandpa, you’ve been getting yourself all excited again. There aren’t any battleships any more. Better drink your medicine and have a little sleep.” And I’ll drink my medicine, but I won’t go to sleep. I’ll go downtown.

What Makes a Safe Driver?

PART I. Knowledge of Driving Situations.
Check your answers against those given at the end of the test:

1. You are driving along a highway in the country and have been involved in an accident in which someone has been injured. Your first responsibility is to
   a. Write to the Motor Vehicle Department.
   b. Notify the police.
   c. Take care of the injured persons.
   d. Have your car towed to a garage.

2. You are driving on a concrete pavement at sixty miles an hour in a car equipped with good four-wheel brakes. Your stopping distance at this speed would be approximately
   a. 100 feet.
   b. 50 feet.
   c. 125 feet.
   d. 250 feet.

3. A heavy fog has come up and the visibility is bad. The best procedure is to
   a. Put out your lights.
   b. Use your dimmers.
   c. Use bright headlights.

4. As you are driving in the city, fire department vehicles approach from the rear. You should
   a. Speed up and keep ahead of them.
   b. Pull over to the right and move as directed.
   c. Pull over to the left.
   d. Let the first vehicle get by and follow it.

5. When coming down a steep grade it is best to
   a. Put car out of gear and use brakes.
   b. Shift into second gear.
   c. Use both hand and foot brakes.

6. When a car starts to skid on a slippery highway
   a. Apply footbrakes strongly.
   b. Put out clutch and apply brakes carefully.
   c. Leave clutch in and use brakes carefully.
   d. Shift into reverse.

7. Most automobile accidents are due to
   a. Mechanical defects of the car.
   b. Drunken drivers.
   c. Glaring headlights.
   d. Simple action of the driver.

8. Increasing the speed from twenty to forty miles an hour increases the braking distance required by
   a. Twice as much.
   b. Four times as much.
   c. Eight times as much.
   d. Six times as much.

9. The average reaction time of a person (time required to apply brakes) is such that at sixty miles an hour he would travel what distance before brakes were on?
   a. 20 feet.
   b. 40 feet.
   c. 150 feet.
   d. 70 feet.

10. Five ounces of alcohol taken into the body of the average individual
    a. Increases his reaction time.
    b. Improves his judgment.
    c. Decreases his reaction time.
    d. Makes him mentally more alert.

PART II.—Knowledge of Driving Regulations.
Some of the questions below should be answered by YES; others by NO.

1. Should a right turn be made from the center lane?

2. Do pedestrians always have the right of way over drivers?

3. May cars be legally parked twenty feet from a hydrant?

4. Should spot-lights be used in night driving?

5. Does a driver who has already entered an intersection not controlled by lights have the right of way over a driver who is approaching the intersection?

6. Is a blowout on a rear tire generally more serious than on a front?

7. Should a driver change a tire on a roadway without pulling off to the side?

8. When a motorist approaches an intersection at forty-five miles an hour should he move across at the same speed if he has a green light?

9. Should drivers pass another car on the brow of a hill?

10. Should pedestrians on country highways walk on the left side of the roadway?

PART III. Driving.
Go over each of the following items
When cutting

4.5

COMFORT

2.4

1

2

3

Do other

8

10

Wrong

Opportunity

Send

enow

5

points

nation.

4

3

credit

right

9

8

7

2

1

6

6

on

10

1

Part

4

3

5

1

Part

2

5

1

Points

Flea

KNOWLEDGE OF VIOLATIONS

What five violations do the pictures on page 38 show?

ANSWERS

PART I.

1. (c) 2. (d) 3. (b) 4. (b) 5. (b).

2. (c) 7. (d) 8. (b) 9. (d) 10. (a).

2 points each question correct.

PART II.


2 points each question correct.

PART III. Driving.

5 points each question answered YES.

3 points each question answered Generally.

PART IV. Violations.

1. Wrong side of road—improper lane.

2. Improper left turn, cutting in front of car.

3. Cutting in, inadequate room.

4. Wrong side of roadway.

5. Improper right turn, cutting in front of cars.

YOUR SCORE.

Possible Score

Part 1

20

Part 2

20

Part 3

50

Part 4

10

Total Possible Score

100

$8.75

and $10

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

in weight and no sacrifice in strength. It will do away with painting a car, since color and finish will be part of the plastic itself. The future development of plastics will result in something much different from any that we yet have. The story has not yet begun to unfold. We shall not stop experimenting.

Another problem which is already partly solved is automobile glass. Shatter-proof glass is a great step forward. It is made by cementing two sheets of plate glass to a sheet of transparent plastic between. The less glass a car contains the safer it will be to drive. We have already found a way to use thinner sheets of glass, which lessens chances of splinters flying from the inner sheet when, for instance, a stone strikes the windshield at high speed. Some of our experimental cars now carry windshields which have glass on the outside but only a transparent plastic on the interior of the car. If this plastic proves as good as we hope, it will resist scratches from the ordinary washing and wiping. We shall even go further than that. Our research men are confident they can within five years have a transparent plastic hard enough to resist the abrasive action of a sandy windshield wiper. Then we can use plastic windows, do away with glass, eliminate all danger of glass splinters. And the weight saving should make a major saving in gasoline consumption and tire wear.

I am speaking now about our own business because that is what I am best informed about. Raw materials in the near future will come from annually grown crops instead of from Nature's forest and mineral resources. Raising these products permits the farmer to sell his labor to industry instead of glutting the food markets. It is a sure step toward a sound and lasting solution of the farm surplus problem.

We know of many other manufacturing industries making similar progress in using farm products as raw materials. Even more of such developments have probably not as yet come to our attention. We know of thousands of acres of farm land employed in producing crops which are used in our automobiles. There must be many times this acreage producing raw materials for industries unknown even five years ago. This trend is strongly upward, year after year.

For many years assorted plans have been offered for farm relief. Of their soundness or unsoundness I express no opinion. What I do know is that, without much publicity, the chemists and engineers of industry and agriculture have worked out a sure method. Their procedure is soundly solving the problem of farm surpluses by using them. Instead of talking about crop curtailment or foreign markets, they are quietly providing a domestic market which grows larger every year.

Everyone has always agreed that adequate markets are what the farmers need. As industry absorbs the products of excess crop land, farmers will be better paid for their labors. They will be paid on a sound basis for economic service. Nobody can take away from them this kind of market and income.

When this happy goal is reached, and it surely will be reached no more than a few years from now, the city folks and the factory workers will be helped by it just as much as the folks who till the soil. Then we shall all march together to a greater prosperity than we have ever previously enjoyed.

Term of Endearment (Continued from page 7)

For right, come to now all you pie-faced paper-hangers! Let's go! I got a bridge to build."

Now 'unowat' is not a unit of electric power. Some orthographists, indeed, prefer the spelling 'you-know-what.' It is also, as you may have suspected, not precisely what Jack Bowery called Sam Wallison. But it will have to stand. About three-fourths of that magnificently expressive idiom, Bridge-English, finds itself barred from print—a pitiful handicap to a bridge historian. We might disclose, however, that the precise word is a knackle-dustling word par excellence in almost any gathering of be-male persuasion. And of such was Mr. Wallison, left halfback and C. E. So it is natural enough that Mrs. Wallison's boy should show up at the office of John The Mule Mulaney after whistle time that evening with blood in his eye.

Mrs. Wallison's boy was received with every dignity due one who had split Maroon-chad ribs regardless in those rare old, fair old college days.

"Hello there, Sam," said John The Mule. "How does your bridging go? And why don't you drop in to see me once in a while?"

"The bridging goes noble," answered Sam. "And thanks to you for one swell job. But of course I couldn't be dropping
in to see you. You know that. The boys aloft would get to thinking I was playing up the rah-rah days. Any boost I get I'll be tickled to death to earn from the roughneck foremen right out on the steel. But I've got one first class reason for seeing you today. I want to square myself with you for not bouncing one off Jake Bowery's mug this morning."

Mr. The Mule Mulaney regarded Sam with wonder.

"Boy!" he exclaimed. "You certainly are ambitious!"

"Oh I don't know," Sam stated.

"Well, pay attention, Sam," Mulaney said. "I do. We have been athletes, you and I—we hope. We took what a pretty tough game had to give us, school and college, for eight years or so, three months a year. But Jacob Bowery has been fighting all his life; beating his way up through the toughest bunch of monkeys in the world—steel raisers. He's got a quarter-century—twelve months per year—of battle, no holds barred, in back of him. We think we used to mix it with some fairly rough-tough buckos, Sam. But listen. Jake could take two of them, including you and me, and whop their heads together. Ever see Jake take an open keg of rivets by the rim, one handed, and lift it from supply room floor to table?

"Only one keg?" inquire Sam. He fixed his eloquent boss with a questioning eye. "And when?" asked Sam, "did you ever keep out of a good skull-slapping because there was a chance you might get licked?"

The Mule exploded. "Chance! Chance, is it? Sam, my boy, the seat of your pants is as good as hitting the back of your neck right now, if you're planning a raid on Jacob."

"So what?" asked Sam. "You were up there on the traveler this morning, weren't you? You heard what he called me, didn't you? And I didn't hop up on him, did I?"

"Oh," said John Mulaney, "that!"

"Yeah, that!" said Sam. "Where you and I played marbles, Mule, if anybody called you a yellow bellied unowat, you leveled on him, and the war went on from there. Who ever put that name on you without one good spank on the snoggle—more, if needed—huh? But listen, Mule. The big ape had just saved my life. You saw that, didn't you?"

"I did."

"Well, I couldn't walk a floor beam over to the traveler's deck and let him have it after that, could I?"

"You couldn't."

"Just so you know it," said Sam Wallison. Then with embarrassment, "I'd sooner stay right in your regard, you big, slab-footed dodo, than with any one I know. I called you man first minute I played ball against you. You can bust out crying at this revelation of a secret hero-worship if you want to; but a fact's a fact. If you don't like it, go jump in the bay. But here's another fact. Some time I'm going to find Jake Bowery on a spot where I can square the debt I'm owing him since that fitting-up bolt clanked me on the tail; and when I do he's going to eat that yellow-bellied unowat he handed me this morning—with you and the whole bridge listening in—and I do not give three hoots in Hades if he can eat a keg of rivets."

The Mule Mulaney grinned. His blue eyes sparkled. Here was an embryo bridget, sure enough. Knowing exactly where trouble lay in wait, and heading hell-for-leather into it.

"In other words," was Mr. Mulaney's conviction, "you do not care to be called a unowat?"

"I do not." (Continued on page 60)
Term of Endearment

(Continued from page 39)

“Especially not a yellow-bellied one.”
“That’s right,” said Sam.

“Not even by a head steel erector.”
“Not even,” checked Sam Wallison.

“You’re young,” stated Mr. Mulaney, who was all of three years older than Sam. Three years, however, spent in raising steel may sum up vast experience.

“You’ll learn,” Mr. Mulaney prophesied. “Better to learn yourself than for me to tell you. Well, here’s luck, Sam. You will be needing some.”

“Thank you, kind sir,” Sam Wallison said, and left.

And it was no more than a week thereafter that conditions rose which let Sam cancel his debt with big Jake Bovery. Jake, who had come through a thousand high, heroic hazards, came within an ace of being shoved through the pearly gates in a most picturesque and messy manner right down on the ground—missed death by the width of the renowned red hair of bridging parable.

It happened in the morning, before the whistle blew. All of the gangs had not yet gone aloft. Jake Bovery was standing by the field office, talking through the window to his young superior (in some things), Mr. The Mule Mulaney. Jake’s back was turned to the material yard; his head inside the open window. Standing upon inclining ground that sloped toward the office, was a truck trailer; and on it, loading it to capacity, was a single bridge member—a massive bottom chord section that overhung the trailer several feet. The driver of the truck, upon uncoupling the trailer the night before, had set sufficient blocking underneath its wheels.

But a heavy downpour of rain that night had played a ghastly prank. Rain draining down the trailer’s bed had fallen near the blocking at the wheels, making the ground soft there, while underneath the trailer the earth had stayed hard and dry. And old man gravity, pulling persistently, patiently, everlastingly down grade on the trailer, suddenly achieved success. The trailer wheels pushed the blocking down into the muddy ground. They rolled across the blocking then, blocking that only served the dire purpose now of keeping the tires up out of the mud.

Without a sound the trailer started swiftly for the field office building.

Somebody yelled a warning; but too late. With a spluttering crash the trailer hit the office. The overhanging bottom chord smashed squarely through the window where Jake Bovery had been standing.

The whole front of the building sagged, then caught and hung, half supported by trailer and its load. Swiftly then John Mulaney, his face as gray as ashes, tore open an avry, jammed door, and rushed out through it, dreading what he should see. For big Jake Bovery’s face, distorted with the pain of some hard shock, had disappeared out of the window almost at the instant that the great end of a bottom chord came bursting through it.

And what Mulaney saw, with warm blood coloring his cheek again, was young Sam Wallison unwinding from about Jake’s sylphlike waist a pair of arms that had made many a bone bending tackle in their day—but never a one as likely to tear a man in half as the one that had hurled Jake Bovery out of the path of death. Lucky Jake’s framework had been jointed up with inch rivets. Otherwise that terrific tackle would have broken him into fifty-four cement bags full of fragments.

Sam Wallison climbed up off the shock-proof structure of Jake Bovery. Jake Bovery uprose from the ground. He looked at the wrench in the field office front, and at the bottom chord member sticking through the window where his own reinforced concrete knob had just now been. Then he looked at Sam.

“Boy,” said Jake, “you sure done a noble job of—”

“Are you hurt?” inquired Sam.

“Not a break,” Jake told him. “Bent out of line a bit, maybe; but if it hadn’t been for you—”

Once more Sam Wallison interrupted.

“Am I supposed,” inquired Sam, “to lazo you with a hand-line, and haul you out of danger? Why don’t you clean your ears so you can hear, you big dumb, yellow-bellied unowitz!”

And while Jake stood and stared in dumb surprise at this outburst, young Mr. Samuel Wallison, C. E., lifted one off the ground and let Jake have it, wango! On the stubble.

What Sam remembered clearly after that was this: That he wanted to run around back of Jake to see what was propbing him up; or big Jake never even swayed back on his heels. But before Sam could take a step in this investigation the Santa Claribel bridge, or something, fell on him.

The next thing Sam was aware of was men’s voices. His eyes still shut, Sam felt above him and was immensely puzzled and relieved to find that the anchor span wasn’t lying across his neck.

With caution, then, Sam opened an eye. He was in a room, one side of which hung crazily out of plumb. Sam blinked and shook his thrashing head to clear cock-eyedness from it. But the wall stayed askew. He was in the field office. Sam—the field office, Sam recalled it. He was lying across two desks which had evidently been shoved together for his comfort. And it was Jake Bovery speaking.
Jake's speech was all framed up for Sam. He and The Mule had just now framed it.

The Mule Mulaney had been out of school three years, and in that period had grown exceeding old and wise. He had found out that when you leave that dear old alma mater, there are adjustments to be made. There are mists of undergraduate, youthful days that soften outlines of reality which must—sad business—be dispelled. You must be prepared, in other words, to be a yellow-bellied unwarat at somewhat frequent intervals—and like it.

He was one grand lad, Sam. They would help to make him like it. So they rehearsed a bit, those two steel worthies, against the moment of Sam's coming to. They saw him stir; and Jake put on his show.

"Oh, he'll be O. K., Mr. Mulaney," Jake was rumbled as the mists dispelled for Sam. "I know just how hard to hit 'em. I really didn't crack down on the boy. I just cold-caulked him gentle. I like the kid. I like his crust right from the start—a punk like him, fresh out of college and as tender as a lamb, and tackling a roughneck's job."

"How's he doing?" asked Mr. Mulaney, resident engineer. "Going to keep him out?"

"Oh he's doin' O. K. Don't know anything; but I've got to train my share of clunk-heads, and this kid's got nerve. He can sure go up—climb like a shot-at ape. He'll make a bridgeman. Kinda thought he liked me, too. He saves my life—and no small risk to do it. Then he calls me a yellow-bellied unwarat. And then right after that—the funniest thing—he hauls back and dusts off my whiskers. Can't get these college monkeys, nobow. They act nuts. In bridgin' you don't call nobody that unless you think he is a right guy and a steel hand; and never a yellow-bellied one unless you admire him special. You know that, Mr. Mulaney, don't you?"


Sam sat up on his two desks. He grinned and offered Jake a hand.

"Well, I'll be a yellow-bellied unwarat," said Samuel Wallison, C. E.

When We Were Somewhat Younger

(Continued from page 27)

would be this Legion to a few men unless the body of veterans went with them?"
The bill passed the House. Knute Nelson of Minnesota, the last Civil War veteran to sit in the Senate, placed it before the upper chamber, where it passed without discussion. In this way The American Legion received its national charter on September 16, 1919.

Meantime I had an interesting talk with the Secretary of the Interior. He had sent out 2,000,000 questionnaires on his land plan. The response convinced Mr. Lane that he had hit upon a blanket solution of the veteran problem. I could not agree with him. I pointed out that when we had taken care of soldiers after the Civil War by giving them land we were primarily an agricultural nation, with millions of fertile acres yet undeveloped. Now we were an industrial as well as an agricultural country and practically all the good land was already under cultivation. Moreover, we had been feeding Europe for four years. As this would soon end we should need fewer, not more, acres under the plow. Of course the veterans had jumped at the idea of owning farms. They were young and restless. Too many of them wanted to go anywhere except home. The veteran problem, as I saw it, was to get the men home, back in their old jobs, and to take care of the sick and disabled for whom apparently no peacetime provision had been made.

It takes a big man to admit a mistake. Franklin K. Lane was one of the big men of the Wilson Administration.

"Taylor," he said, "I think you know more about these boys than I do." So much for nipping in the bud a problem which under a lesser man might have grown to serious proportions.

Meantime adjusted compensation bills were being dropped into the hopper at the rate of one a day. The temporary Washington representatives of the Legion declined to express an opinion even on the principle of that subject. We said it was a matter for the national convention that had been called to meet in Minneapolis.

I made the problem of the disabled my special business. Why were all these men in Washington? Where had the Government fallen down? I talked to men by the dozen. One could not avoid them. They hung about the office all day—many in need of medical attention and half of them without funds. They came from all parts of the country. Most of them had begun by writing letters. Receiving no reply they had come to Washington to settle matters in person. This turned out to be no more effective than correspondence. From department to department, bureau to bureau, they tramped in vain.

Looking at this picture of chaos it was something of a task to sift out the basic elements of the situation. The rehabilita-
tion of a disabled man imposed a threefold obligation on the Government: (1) Medical treatment; (2) vocational education to fit a man to support himself when out of the hospital; (3) financial assistance to enable him to (Continued on page 62)
live until capable of making his own way.

Toward the discharge of the first of these obligations the Government had done virtually nothing. The Public Health Service, an old and small bureaucracy, was in charge. It had not built and did not contemplate building a single new hospital. Its attitude was the same as that of a Senator whom we asked to sponsor a bill providing money for new hospitals. "Why, these men will all be well in a few months. Let them return to their home communities where there are adequate hospital facilities."

The educational part of the program had been delegated to the Federal Bureau for Vocational Education, presided over by an incompetent theorist with no conception of the problem that faced him.

The financial end had been dumped into the lap of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance when that organization was already snowed under with its regular job. The result was that a million unanswered letters accumulated in the Bureau's files and disability claims were months in arrears.

Further to complicate things, Army records were in one place, Navy records in another, and both were in bad order. Assistance of any kind was difficult to obtain for a man without reference to these records.

It seemed to me that two things had to be done. First, there should be emergency legislation to build hospitals and to raise the disability allowance from the shameful figure of $30 a month. Then the three agencies which were shunting the veteran around should be consolidated under one head. To Franklin D'Olier, who had been elected National Commander at Minneapolis, I suggested that this, in my opinion, was the Legion's most important problem.

Incidentally I had not seen Colonel D'Olier since the Paris Caucus, though he had been working for the Legion virtually ever since that time. Prior to the Minneapolis convention he was Chairman of the Committee on Organization. The fact that the Legion went to Minneapolis with 450,000 members and local posts in every community in the land was due to his organizing genius more than to any other single factor. Before I went to Minneapolis in November I had done a great deal of talking in the name of the Legion, though actually I didn't know whether the Legion merely existed on paper or not. I was too busy with other things to find out. When I saw those delegates at Minneapolis, representing some 5,000 posts, I breathed a deep sigh of relief. With such an outfit back of us I thought we could win our fight for the disabled.

Commander D'Olier made this problem his first campaign business. The Department Commanders were called to meet in Washington. This was the Legion's first show of strength in the national capital. The Vocational Board and the Public Health Service were hostile, the Army and Navy skeptical, Congress indifferent. About the only friend we had was R. G. Cholmeley-Jones, director of the War Risk Bureau.

Representative Burton E. Sweet of Iowa had introduced a bill increasing total permanent disability allowances from $30 to $100 a month. It was getting no where. To change this condition we did something that had never been done before and has not been done since in Washington. Senator Harding, Senator Smoot, Uncle Joe Cannon and other leaders in Congress had invited the Legion delegates to an informal dinner in the House restaurant. That afternoon I sent to Walter Reed Hospital and gathered up from the streets about a dozen disabled ex-soldiers. We brought them to the dinner. A Tank Corps sergeant, a cripple for life, who had left high school to enlist, told how he had been trying for months to get action on his application for vocational training. A private with his head in bandages told of his struggle to support a wife on an allowance of $6.50 a month. And so on.

Forty-eight hours later the Sweet Bill was law. Before adjournment Congress appropriated $125,000,000 for death and disability claims and $18,500,000 for hospitals. The following year the three organizations dealing with the disabled were united as the Veterans Bureau. Never in the history of Congress had one organization accomplished so much in such a short space of time.

Such were the beginnings of the Legion as I saw them. For the first two or three years I tried to break away and devote more time to my law practice. Since then I have been content to realize that attending to the Legion's interests in Washington is a job in itself. But had it not been for the fact that they wanted $65 for a boy's suit of clothes when a soldier with both legs off was getting $30 a month I believe that job would have fallen to another than myself.

Up and Coming

(Continued from page 19)

he batted only .125 in the six games and fielded .841.

As for the other National Leaguers, you just can't ignore Bud Hafey. This youngster, a nephew of Chick Hafey, former St. Louis Cardinal and leading National League hitter, reported to the Chicago White Sox for a trial in the spring of 1935, did not click and was sentenced to Albany of the International League. Hafey, the younger got his training with an Oakland, California, post team, and made his pro bow in the Pacific Coast League. He started to flash with Albany and the Pittsburgh Pirates, looking for outfield strength and batting power, too, obtained him. Recent word from the Smoky City strongly indicates Manager Pie Traynor is rating Bud along with the Waners and Woody Jensen to further the Pirate pennant cause.

Cincinnati's Reds, who began their training in Puerto Rico, tried out three former Legionnaires—Handley, Stine and Kramer. Handley, a fine infield prospect, is with Toronto of the International right now for that needed experience, but it's going to be a job to keep him out of the minors next season. Stine has done some mighty fine pitching for the Kid Team of the National League, while Kramer was dropped almost as soon as he was signed, what with so many experienced men on the roster. Incidentally, Lee Stine has been in the majors before—with the Chicago White Sox—and summered with minor league organizations before the Reds took a fancy to him. In Legionnaire circles Lee was a teammate of the bespectacled Johnny Salveson in Long Beach, California. Salveson is pitching for the Los Angeles Pacific Coast League club.

As for the other—Alfred Kelly, all the way from Parkin, Arkansas—he's the brother of Pitcher Harry, now doing so well for the Athletics. However, Al did not get much further than the Giants' spring camp as Manager Bill Terry let him go.

Manager Connie Mack, who can wreck a ball club quicker than you can see Cornelius McCulligeddy (Mack's right name) patched together a machine out of material which he did not sell to the Boston Red Sox, and a couple of ex-Legion players were spare parts in the scheme of things—Outfielder-Third Baseman Jerome Yarter and Outfielder...
Stanley Bolton. After Mack had looked over the lads he sent Bolton to Cleveland, Miss., which holds a franchise in the Cotton States League and Yarter to Williamsport of the New York-Pennsy circuit, but since then Yarter has moved to Richmond of the Piedmont League. Yarter has considerable minor league experience; Bolton is a beginner—but they're a pair of good prospects and nobody knows a good prospect when he sees one better than Canny Connnie.

While Mack was tinkerimg with his ball club, Manager Stanley (Bucky) Harris of the Washington Senators was eyeing, with both eyes, too, young John K. Lewis, Jr., a third baseman, and Archie Scrivener, a pitcher. Scrivener was sent to Chattanooga of the Southern League in the fine art of pitching, but Lewis, still in his teens, is playing third daily for the Washington club. Quite a few paragraphs already have been written about this youngster, baseball writers all agreeing that the kid's clever. Well, he must be—he competed against three others, all with considerably more experience than the youngster from Canton, North Carolina, who played on the Legion team in that city.

(Continued on page 63)
Rogers Hornsby, pilot of the hapless and helpless St. Louis Browns, put in a draft last fall for Catcher Angelo Giuliani of the St. Paul Saints, American Association, and got him, and while Rogers—sometimes called Trader Hornsby—was doing this Cleveland called in Outfielder Walter (Kit) Carson from the Kansas City Blues. Carson is back in the Association, with Toledo this time, but Giuliani is first-assistant to the more experienced Rolly Hensley, Hornsby, never lavish with his praise, rates the young St. Paul Italian highly. When Angelo goes behind the plate to catch and Hogsett—yea, the same young man we mentioned as having taken part in the 1935 World Series—sticks the mound to pitch we have a Legionnaire battery in action. Hogsett was traded to the Browns after the season started and is not spending many idle moments on the bench, for the Browns need pitchers, among others, this year.

The New York Yankees drafted Ted Frank, a pitcher, from St. Paul, but canceled the draft and the youngster is now with Eau Claire of the Northern League. Ted did his stuff for Brainerd of the same league before having been signed by St. Paul. He's in need of more action before stepping up to the baseball ladder.

That cleans up the major league angle; now let us take a look at those playing in the minors and marked for the future. There's Bobby Doerr, San Diego, Pacific Coast League, for a starter. Bobby won't head east another year when he and Shortstop Matty report to the Red Sox. Another prospect is Third Baseman Chester Cichosz (pronounced “Cicotte”), we believe of Fargo-Moorhead, Northwest League, a farm of the New Orleans Pelicans of the Southern Association, and that goes, too, for Shortstop Walter Helvetos of Mayodan, Bobby Mattick, Jr., of Los Angeles, son of the White Sox outfielder of twenty years ago; Infelder Billy Heltzel, York, N. Y.—Pa. League; Pitcher Kirby Higbe, Portsmouth; Pitcher Bobby Joyce, Los Angeles; Pitcher Wayne Tripplett, Rocky Mount, and Pitcher Pete Daglia, San Francisco Seals. Basing all remarks and beliefs on past performances, these youngsters are going places next year, if not this. All have had a fling of minor league ball and with the exception of Higbe and Daglia are with clubs controlled by major outfits.

It seems, after an inspection of the list of Junior Baseball graduates, that the South produces the greatest number of professional material, with California second. Here's that list of Dixie diamond-ears, also those from California, just as a matter of proof:

Columbia, South Carolina — Buddy Lavall, Ralph Bradley, Kirby Higbe, Joe Haynes, Ken Ouzts, William Good and Joe Haynes.

Cumberland, Maryland—Wayne Tripplett.

New Orleans, Louisiana — Leonard Mock, Joe Graffagnini, John Batzeman and Larry Gilbert, Jr.

Memphis, Tennessee—Paul Giannini, William Scheele, Tony Gagliano and Tony Signaio.

Carrolton, Georgia — Carlos Todd, Charlie Roberts and Al Nixon.

Louisville, Kentucky—Henry Frederenberger, Guy Owens and Vin Klein.

Baltimore, Maryland—Maurice Jacobs.

Tampa, Florida—Bobby Guerra and Steve Krupka.

Alexandria, Virginia—Archie Scrivenor.

Meridian, Mississippi—J. P. and William Bruner, and Marcus Beddingfield.
Yes, it does seem that the lad from the Legion ball team is making his way along baseball’s trail, along with the college player, the sandlot product and the baseball school student. There is a place for him in big league or minor league ball and The American Legion is doing more for him than providing an opportunity to play a “lotta ball.”

Legion baseball gives talented boys a start towards earning a pretty good living, for professional baseball pays well, particularly in the big leagues where there’s no salary limit. A chance to earn at least $5,000 a year for about two hours of work daily from around the first of March until the second week of October, with occasional days off due to rain and lapses in the schedule is not to be sneezed at these days.

Lockport in September, 1919,” writes Commander Leyden, “and Thomas W. Callahan was elected Adjutant at that time. He has been the Post Adjutant ever since.”

Well, that seems to be that. But how many others like Mr. Callahan are first-and-all-the-time Adjutants? Are there any others? They are light-un-der-a-bushel-hiders, these Adjutants, and somebody else will have to let us know.

A lot of Post Commanders and Past Commanders have written us to trumpet the Georgia claim. We learn Roland E. Bunker has been Adjutant of Earl B. Clark Post of Barnstead, New Hamp-shire, since January 2, 1920, and F. D. Lewis has been Adjutant of England-Provence Post of Rosedale, Mississippi, since 1921. Harry C. Smith, wartime company clerk of Company F, 130th Infan-try, was first Commander of Osborne Post of M tinturn, Iowa in 1920, and has been Post Adjutant ever since. Incidentally, he is proud that his outfit went over the top in 1937 membership on June 15, 1936—entire 1936 membership fully

paid up more than a year ahead of time.

William A. Wilkins was elected Post Commander of Anthony-Hunt-Hamilton Post in Bedford, Massachusetts, December 2, 1919, re-elected December 7, 1920, and has been Post Adjutant since October 2, 1922. A. G. Olson served as Adjutant of Frederick E. Cossentine Post of Eagle Bend, Minnesota, from 1920 to 1923 and from 1938 to 1936. He is still on the job—a total of thirteen years. H. C. M. Ginnis, Adjutant of Flessner Post, Larch-wood, Iowa, rates a palm for having attended every meeting since he was elected Adjutant in 1925. A similar record is reported by Mrs. Mortimer L. J. Higgins of Windsor, Connecticut. Her husband, serving his seventh term as Post Adjutant, has attended every meeting for eight years and has kept minutes of all of them.

Trenton Memorial

ABronze plaque at the entrance of the Soldiers’ and Sailors’ War Memorial in Trenton, New Jersey, bears the name and likeness of Judge James Kerney, and all Trenton in June attended the impressive ceremony in which General John J. Pershing, making one of his rare public appearances, unveiled this tribute to Trenton’s most distinguished citizen.

The dedication of the plaque was arranged by Trenton Post of The American Legion, and uniformed delegations, bands and drum corps of dozens of posts in New Jersey and adjoining States took part in the parade and other ceremonies. The demonstration was the largest in Trenton’s history. By erecting the plaque, close by the bronze panel on which are the names of all those of the community who gave their lives overseas, Trenton Post attested the extraordinary feeling of his native city for the man who was appointed (Continued on page 31)
Year After Year, It's York

(Continued from page 63)

Director of the American Committee on Public Information in France by President Wilson during the World War. Judge Kerney had a distinguished peace-time career as a newspaper publisher and jurist. He died in 1935. Trenton Post soon after his death adopted a resolution calling for the erection of the memorial, and Harry S. Walsh, Past Commander of the post, was named general chairman of the memorial committee.

General Pershing came to Trenton for the ceremonies after attending the fiftieth reunion of his class at West Point. In an address, he paid high tribute to the man with whom he had been closely associated overseas. Post Commander Donald B. Rice introduced during the ceremonies of other distinguished guests.

Department Pioneers

ELSEWHERE in this issue, John Thomas Taylor tells how he started back in 1919 as the Legion's legislative representative in Washington. The Florida Department at its 1936 convention took action which calls attention to the fact that there are a handful of pioneers among Department Adjutants. It conferred a solid-gold life membership card upon C. Howard Rowton, of Palatka, in recognition of his service as Department Adjutant since 1923. Mr. Rowton isn't the dean of State Adjutants, though, because Jack Williams of North Dakota, Jim Boyle of Maine and Les Albert of Idaho are serving in the offices they took back in the very beginning.

And Guy May of Tennessee has Mr. Rowton beaten by a single year; he went in as Department Adjutant in 1922.

Big City Swimmers

NEW YORK CITY boys have contrived to find furtive substitutes for the old swimming hole, which still exists, despite the appearance of countless new bathing pools, along the rivers and creeks of New England, and other parts of the country where drought does not dry up streams in summer. Each season, however, brings a harvest of tragedies in the metropolis.

In Brooklyn this summer there was a drop in swimming casualties after Kings County members of the Sons of The American Legion enrolled in competitive swimming matches conducted by Past County Commander Harold R. Reynolds and Howard Anderson, county chairman of S. A. L. activities, with the co-operation of the New York American.

More than 3,000 took part in the preliminary and final competitions and Thirtieth Regiment Post's squadron won the main trophy. Medals were awarded to many of the individual swimmers, including members of almost every Brooklyn squadron.

Roll Call

HAROLD H. BURTON, Mayor of Cleveland, is a member of Shape Machine Gun Post No. 22 . . . Arthur Van Vliet, Jr., is a member of Lake Bluff (Illinois) Post . . . Stephen F. Chadwick,
nipping sharpness such as I had entirely forgotten during the long, dismal, mild winters of France. I shivered and wondered how I was ever going to stand it. My spirits sank a bit, but only for a moment.

"This air is like champagne," someone said, and it was indeed so bracing, invigorating that my depression vanished. For the first few days my main interest in America was the weather. Only after that did I feel oriented, could take stock of old surroundings that were new again to me, and decide clearly why I was so glad to be here.

I suppose that a woman's description of the changes she finds in her own country, the difference between conditions here and abroad, is expected to include clothes, food, entertainment, society—all those things in which our sex is supposedly primarily interested. I do remember, however, male expatriates returning on our ship, weightily discussing the merits of apple pie over any dessert that can be found in Europe. Therefore I will mention these matters later, but briefly.

My most poignant impression of America has been its friendliness and hospitality. I had heard all the usual "horror stories" told in Europe about the impossible rudeness of American customs inspectors. I do not think I acted on arrival any differently from other passengers. With my children I waited under my letter on the dock until our baggage was assembled, found my inspector, and, I confess, a little nervously awaited his judgment.

He turned out to be more than polite. He was even apologetic when asking me to unlock and open my numerous bags. I was nothing to declare, under the law that an American citizen, resident abroad over a specified time, is not charged duty on personal belongings. This fact established, the inspector became so friendly that he locked and strapped my trunks, found a porter for me, meanwhile asking my opinion of the European situation in general, wishing me a pleasant visit home, even calling me "sister" as he said goodbye. This last was a bit of a shock, but now I quite understand it. I find I have "brothers" in the delicatessen business, on duty behind soda fountains and on the police force.

When I first arrived in Paris shortly after the World War, the famous "politesse française" still existed. It lasted just so long as prosperity lasted, so long as American tourists distributed largesse. Today the situation is far different. Paris is querulous, fretful, and frequently almost vicious in its attitude not only to foreigners but to itself. The unending war scare has brought about this near hysteria in the French character. The capital is no less "gay Paree"—it is gray Paree, and has lost almost all of its former good manners. The "politesse américaine" is alone sufficient to make me glad to be here.

After a short attack of America's most popular malady (although it has a French name—la grippe), I managed soon after my arrival to travel hither and yon so that now in making my comparisons I feel that I am not talking about just one great American metropolis. Before going into further details, let me first blame the grippe on the way we overdo steam heating in this country. In Paris, winter is an annual accident that is not proper, however impressively, prepared for. The central heating in the apartment buildings is turned on at a certain date in the autumn decreed by law and turned off in the spring according to the calendar, no matter what the weather conditions are. Even so, I am inclined to think that the French disregard for personal comfort is more healthful.

I am shocked at American rents. Admitting that here we get a higher degree of comfort than in even the most modern Paris apartments, yet over there a young couple starting out together can (Continued on page 68)
Home Again
(Continued from page 67)

find a modern, cheery two-room flat, plus bathroom, kitchen, entry hall and closets, with subbed steam heat, for three hundred dollars a year. Certainly this is not possible in the larger American cities, although here we do have electric refrigeration and other gadgets thrown in that amusingly simplify housekeeping.

Hollywood creates so many styles that are copied several months later in Paris, it seems safe to assert that a woman can buy just as many smart-looking frocks here as abroad. We are definitely creating our own style. Above all we have learned simplicity. Our clothes are without the frills and furbelows of other years and to my mind are just as smart as anything that comes from the Place Vendôme and the Rue de la Paix. Here, too, the clothes are extraordinarily inexpensive, especially the ready made, which in Paris are atrociously put together and give the general impression of sacks rather than dresses. To women with small budgets I would say, "Be thankful that you live in the United States."

Now for the cooking. Rooter as I am for America, I cannot truthfully say that we have yet reached the excellence of the best French cuisine. However, I see a really extraordinary improvement since I went away. I speak now mainly of hotel and restaurant cooking, which here is still a tiring sameness compared with the piquant flavor that a French chef gives to almost everything.

American home cooking always has been excellent, although even in this category some of the old French peasant can prepare dishes that are utterly delicious. France has few ice boxes and the housewife buys provisions for the day only. Here we stuff our refrigerators to the brim and get a resulting flatness of flavor from the entire contents.

I confess that I am somewhat staggered at the drug-store stuffin at luncheon time, and also at our failure to understand that food is better when garnished with wine. We might find the wine habit more healthful than drinking ice water.

It is a joy, however, to have good American coffee at breakfast or at any other meal instead of the villainous mixture of coffee and chicory served on the Continent. American desserts, also, are in a class by themselves. Desserts, according to our understanding, are practically non-existent in Europe.

American entertainment, it seems to me, is on a vastly higher scale than anything across the Atlantic. Although Europeans still consider themselves very superior, I find that our theater, opera, not to mention cinema, which Europeans are forced to admit they cannot do without, is far ahead of anything in Paris, Vienna or Berlin. London approaches us in the theater but is still far behind in the picture industry. The cinema and theater also have suffered in Berlin, particularly under the Nazis, by the driving out of so many first class Jewish actors and producers, such as Elizabeth Bergner and Max Reinhardt. In Paris today, owners of the better-class motion picture houses are just as eager as American producers in permitting a large entry of Hollywood-made films, not through any friendly feeling for the United States, but simply because their clientele demands them.

Now that I have these details off my mind, I turn to the final but most important difference between the old world and new as applied directly to myself and to my children. It is the chief reason why, for my own sake and theirs, I am glad to be home.

Over here I note that our proud Americans assume what I thought once to be a peculiarly British trait—namely, that all others are foreigners except ourselves, but that never can we be held in such low estate, no matter where we be. This is not the case. Try living away from America for fifteen years and find out that. In Paris I was a foreigner; a foreigner I remained.

Frequently, in social and business relations, Americans abroad, coming as they do from the world’s richest nation, do get preferential treatment. But the fact remains that an American sojourning in London, Paris, Berlin is an alien just as much as though he came from China, and politically he is so treated. No matter how rich he is, no matter what recognition is given him for popular service—a pretty little ribbon to wear in his coat lapel—politically he remains in the same position as a foreigner in the United States who has not taken out first papers. He never quite belongs anywhere. Always he is outside and apart from many things sacred to the citizens or subjects of the land of his temporary sojourn.

If he remains away for such a long time as I did, he may form ideas as to how the foreign government should be run. But nothing can be done about it. He may not, as an alien, openly disagree with that government without sensing its displeasure, at least in the form of a chill.

The treaty makers at Versailles set out, so we thought, to create a new and better world. Apparently they failed, and we are in a newer of super-nationalism more marked than at any time in history. Therefore it seems to me that for all of us, home is the proper place to be. We may find it greatly changed, for better or for worse—conditions to praise or to blame, but at least we have the constitutional privilege of doing so openly.
Mrs. Beardslee’s interesting letter to us:

"I read with pleasure in our last issue of the Legion Monthly the article by Jacqueline Heinzen. And I wonder as I have wondered many times before who is the first baby born to a marriage between a member of the A. E. F. and an overseas war bride.

"I do not think there could have been many born before my son, Pershing Haig Charles (‘Chuck’) Beardslee, was born at Dover, England, August 24, 1918. He was named by men of the 37th Aero Squadron, A. E. F., then stationed at Issoydun, France, of which my husband was a member.

"I was the first girl in my home town of Dover to marry an American soldier, my husband being one of the first ten Americans to be sent there for training. We were married November 10, 1917, the marriage being recorded with the Consul General in London.

"If this letter is published, I wonder if any of the other nine boys remember our wedding and also the good times we had between air raids and other exciting happenings in the fall of 1917.

"My baby, then seven months old, and I crossed to the United States on the U. S. S. Plattsburg in April, 1919."

WE OFFER a chance to a veteran to recover what may be a prized memento of the war. Peder Swanum of 5056 13th Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota, member of Preston Chrichton Post of the Legion, writes:

"As a Legioneer, I am coming to you for help in locating a veteran who may be interested in something I have in my possession.

"At a sale of unclaimed furniture, I happened on a framed citation which was awarded to James Bacon, Private, Company I, 379th Infantry. I also am the owner of one of these citations, which I value highly, and I bought his with the intention of restoring it to him if I can find him.

"I should like to hear from him or from his relatives."

HERE, on the other hand, is a Legionario who would like to recover some personal effects he lost in the A. E. F. Rather late in the game to ask for our help, but we have been successful, through correspondence mainly, in recovering quite a number of souvenirs la guerre for comrades. Let us see if anyone can help William T. Lovey of Box 387, Townsend, Massachusetts, who makes this appeal:

"I left my barracks bag in Lillef-le-Grand, France, February 1, 1918, when the 26th Division went to the Chemin des Dames sector. I never saw it since.

"In this bag was my declination or first naturalization papers; also a military police club with my name and rank, that of corporal, on it; a pair of military hair brushes and other articles.

"I would like to recover those naturalization papers, as they would be of no value to anyone else, and the police club. If some Legionario has these articles maybe he would be willing to send them to me.

"During the war I was a corporal in Company D, 103d Infantry, and am now a member of Franz Waldo Miller Post here in my home town."

WHEN in these columns in the issue of January last, we introduced Legionario Fred C. Moffatt, president of the New York Curb Exchange, we told of the speed with which he found himself started for the A. E. F. after his enlistment. At four o’clock one afternoon in 1917, he enlisted as telegrapher in the Signal Corps, at 12:30 A. M. next day he reported to Camp Little Silver, New Jersey, and at 4:00 A. M. that same day started overseas.

We suggested that that report might start a friendly discussion about records established in elapsed time between the time of signing up for service and sailing for the other side. We were right. Only one contender for the honor so far, but let us introduce Ray Lamb of 812 Fifth Avenue, Middletown, Ohio, ex-musician 1st class. Pardon—that "ex" refers to his army rating; he may still be a first-class musician. All right, Ray, let’s go:

"Speaking of Comrade Moffatt’s speed record from civvies to the A. E. F., I believe the following schedule at least entitles me to an entry:

"On June 20, 1918, at 2:00 P. M., I was examined and enlisted in the Navy on board the old Frigate Constitution which was anchored and used as a recruiting station in the Hudson River, New York City, near Grant’s Tomb. I was assigned to the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

"Having sent a message to my pal, Adie Langdon, on board the battle cruiser, U. S. S. Pueblo, which was anchored in midstream, I was joined twenty minutes later by Chief Officer Elliot, bandmaster. After another five minutes’ examination, he considered me good enough for him to receive special permission and papers to accompany me to the Navy Yard.

"There I was registered, immediately released and assigned to duty on board the U. S. S. Pueblo at 4:00 P. M. the same day, still in my civvies. At 6:00 P. M., that day I was granted shore liberty.

"So you see a lot happened in four hours. Incidentally, the following day we left for foreign shores with my first convoy."

O. K., Comrade (Continued on page 70)
Lamb. Any more entrants in this speed record competition?

FRANKLY, we like the friends we make in the Then and Now Gang and are glad to report that some of them have been correspondents of ours for some years. Some few drop out of our mail and then after a time bob up again. One of these is Franklin S. Edmonds, an attorney of Philadelphia, who was head of the Legal and Soldiers Leave Department of the Y. M. C. A. in the A. E. F. Away back in 1930, in the June issue, Mr. Edmonds contributed a picture and story of a baseball game at Aix-les-Bains in 1910 at which Queen Marie of Romania and her party were distinguished guests. Perhaps you recall them?

Now, rather late we’ll admit, we want you to read a letter that Mr. Edmonds wrote to the November:

"If I have with very great interest the excellent article, 'A Union Soldier with the A. E. F.', by G. Van Sant in the November issue. It is a remarkable story of achievement to have served in one war as a soldier and in another war as a welfare worker, covering a gap of fifty-two years. But do you know that there is an even more remarkable record from the United States Medical Corps?

"Dr. William W. Keen, the eminent surgeon, was born in Philadelphia in 1837. In 1861 he was a student in Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, and on the recommendation of Dr. John H. Brinton was appointed a surgeon for the 5th Massachusetts Regiment. In July, 1861, he reported to the camp at Alexandria, and two weeks later served in the Battle of Bull Run. Later he was commissioned Acting Assistant Surgeon in the Army, was placed in charge of several hospitals and served until 1864.

"Later he became professor of Surgical Pathology in Jefferson Medical College, professor of Surgery in the Women’s Medical College, and finally, professor of Surgery in Jefferson Medical College until he retired in 1907. Not only a remarkable teacher and writer, he was also one of the foremost surgeons of the country.

"In President Cleveland’s second term during the fight in Congress over the silver question, he assisted Dr. John D. Bryant in operating upon President Cleveland, removing a portion of the upper jaw bone for cancer. The fact that this operation had been performed was kept a profound secret until long after President Cleveland’s death.

"Now in regard to his military service, he volunteered for the Spanish-American War but owing to its short duration, his services were not required. He was commissioned a first lieutenant of the Medical Reserve Corps of the United States in 1900, and a major in 1917, serving during the period of the World War with fidelity, zeal and high usefulness.

"Dr. Keen died in Philadelphia on June 7, 1932, in his ninety-sixth year, and in the last years of his life nothing gave him greater gratification than the reference to the three weeks in which he was an officer of the United States Army and to the third of which he had volunteered.

"Now I submit to your readers, is there an equal record in the annals of the country? To my knowledge this record is unique and constitutes the crown of Dr. Keen’s long, honored and useful career."

THIS is the final listing of outfit reunions to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, September 21st to 24th, in conjunction with the Legion National Convention. Outfits that make that last minute decision to meet in Cleveland may still obtain some publicity for their reunions by reporting them direct to J. M. Sawyer, Chairman of Reunions, 14097 Lakewood Heights Boulevard, Lakewood, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Margaret Waller Lucal, 4220 Pearl Road, Cleveland, is Chairman of Ex-Service Women’s Activities. Mrs. Lucal is commander of Edith Work Ayres Post which is taking an active part in arranging social events for the women veterans, including a dinner on Monday evening, September 21st.

Following the success of its 1935 reunion at the St. Louis National Convention of the Legion, the Society of the First Division will again meet with the Legion in Cleveland. The annual reunion, dinner and business meeting will be held. First Division veterans may get details from Joseph L. Schester, 462 East 115th Street, Cleveland, Ohio, president of the Cleveland Branch of the Society.

Detailed information regarding the following Cleveland National Convention reunions may be obtained by writing to the Legionnaires whose names are listed:

**TABLE OF ORGANIZATIONAL WORLD WAR NUMBER—ANNUAL MEETING AND REUNION**

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<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Details</th>
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meeting in Cleveland, it is not too early to start plans for a 1937 national convention reunion.

NOTICES of reunions and activities at places other than the national convention follow:

4th Div. Assoc.—Wisconsin reunion, Milwaukee, Sept. 19, at Alonzo Cudworth Legion Memorial Home, away from the downtown, pres., 602 W. Commercial, Appleton, W.


11th Div.—Convention, Hotel Netherland Plaza, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 6-8. Zeke, N. 10th, Cincinnati, Ohio.

RAINBOW (426) Div. Reports—Divisional histories for 1937—"The Ribbons at War," at three dollars, may be ordered from Sharon C. Cever, nat., secy., 1450 23rd st., N.W., Washington, D.C.


90th Div.—Assoc.—Sept. 12 will be 90th Div. Day at the Fort Worth (Tex.) Frontier Centennial Exposition.


74th INF. Band—Annual reunion, Wood’s Creek Park, 1 mile north of Liedale, Pa., Sept. 5-7. Captain, 29th Div. Club, 1077 East Ave., Avon Lake, Ohio.

—Proposed reunion of officers this fall; also 20th anniversary reunion in Virginia, spring of 1938.

91st INF. Band—Annual, Madison Hotel, New York City.


107th INF. Band—Association and dinner, Hotel Astor New York City, Sept. 29. Write to E. Byers Berclidge, 113 W. 42nd st., New York City.


74th INF. Band—Co. M1, Co.-reunion during N. Y. Legion Dept. convention, Hotel Wellington, 598 Lexington av., New York City.


129th INF. Band—Annual reunion, National Guard Armory, 5501 24th st., W., Washington 8, D.C.

23rd INF. Band—Annual reunion, 1132 N. 80th st., Omaha, Nebr.


Here’s How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are so unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete’s Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected area on the foot or the skin where the germ breeds.

itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F., you will find that the itch disappears. It is not a case of just putting a plaster on the infected part with H. F. right and morning usual. Usually the itch takes three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take up to a week.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the way it brings relief—especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete’s Foot without success.

H. F. Sent On Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and we will ship H. F. for you. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning without fail. Usually the relief is noticeable within three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take up to a week.

H. F. is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the infected area on the foot or the skin where the germ breeds.

Getting the right treatment at the right time is of the utmost importance. You should prevent the treatment at the end of the foot. That’s how much faith we have in H. F. Read through and mail the coupon today.

GORE PRODUCTS, INC.
2122 Peridoa St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for Athlete’s Foot according to the coupon and I agree to use according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are of the disease as sent you $8.00. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the treatment to you within 15 days from the time you receive it.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE
YOUR NEW LEGION
POSTER FOR 1937

In 11,300 Communities ... an Average of Nearly
Four Posts to Every County in the United States

★ Such is the record of The American Legion's rise to
greatness ... Why? ... Because the Legion does things!
Like the mighty eagle, it flies alone, ascending heights
of service others can not attain ... Untainted by partisan-
ship or sectional bias, it combines the warmth of com-
radeship with the thrill of continued high service ... Not
mere service to self, but to others ... to America!
Such is the message of the 1937 Legion Poster.
Handsomely lithographed in colors, it tells the story of
The American Legion forcefully, completely, at a glance.

★ See this poster on display at your department convention. It
will be ready for thirty thousand outdoor panels the first of
November, through the co-operation of the Outdoor Advertising
Association of America, Inc., if your Post does its part and orders
the required number early. Take this order blank to your next
Post meeting and get action on it. The National Organization
of The American Legion has officially adopted the above design
and has authorized the Morgan Lithograph Company, Cleveland,
Ohio, to make, sell and distribute all Legion posters, display
cards and windshield stickers bearing such design.

ORDER BLANK—REMITTANCE, PAYABLE TO THE MORGAN LITHOGRAPH CO., MUST ACCOMPANY THIS ORDER————————

MORGAN LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Please enter our order for 

posters @ $1.00 each delivered. Check or money order for $ ________ enclosed.

window cards @ 6c each delivered. (Minimum order 20 cards.)

windshield stickers @ 3c each delivered. (Minimum order 50 stickers.)

Post

Ship posters to local poster plant owner:

Name

Street

City

State

Post Adjutant or Commander

Approval of Local Poster Plant Owner
LOU MEYER—WINNER OF THE INDIANA-NAPOLES AUTO CLASSIC. Sandwich in one hand and his Camel in the other, Lou shows little of the strain of the 500-mile grind... 4 1/2 hours with every muscle and nerve tensed to the limit. Here is an epic example of how Camels aid digestion and encourage a sense of well-being. In Lou Meyer's own words: 'I'll hand it to Camels for setting my digestion to rights! They make my food taste better and digest easier. As long as I have a Camel, I know I'm headed for a feeling of well-being. Camels set me right!'

OTHERS HAVE FOUND THAT GOOD DIGESTION AND A SENSE OF WELL-BEING ARE ENCOURAGED BY CAMELS... SO

"—for Digestion's sake—Smoke Camels"

SUBWAY MOTOR-MAN tells of his experience. "I like Camels at my meals," says Clyde Smith. "I eat what I want... when I want it... and then smoke Camels."

NEWS HAWK. Peter Dahlen, reporter, says: "It's swell the way Camels help my digestion—make my food taste better and set better. Camels don't frazzle my nerves."

Good digestion and good feeling, helpful allies for every one, promoted by smoking Camels

IT'S the experience of Lou Meyer that, even after terrific strain, digestion goes along more smoothly when he smokes Camels. Camels ease strain and encourage digestive well-being. They set you right!

Smoke Camels at mealtimes. The enjoyment of smoking Camels is followed by increased flow of the digestive fluids... alkaline digestive fluids... so necessary to proper nutrition. Mild, fine-tasting, refreshing Camels add to your enjoyment at mealtime or at any time!

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

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