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If, for any reason, you are not pleased with this Buck Skein Jacket, I guarantee to give you your money back — as I have guaranteed millions of other Buck Skein wearers.

LET'S suppose you were to "bring 'em back alive" with Frank Buck on one of his expeditions in Africa or Asia. The rainy season is on and it is coming down like a mountain torrent. Yet you were dry. You are bone dry, because your Buck Skein Jacket has been made 100% waterproof by my exclusive Du Pont process. Laboratory tests, with water pressure equal to that of a fire-hose, prove that not one drop of water can seep through the fabric. Even the seams are sealed up tight against the tiniest leak (patented).

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You can see from the actual photograph that Buck Skein is a handsome jacket. It is as good as it looks. And it wears like the hide of one of Frank Buck's elephants. Yet in spite of its hidden toughness, Buck Skein is soft, pliable and light in weight. A big be-man's jacket and a whale of a value!

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As ever, Buck Skein, Joe.

Style "B" Heavy PURE WOOL (13 oz.) genuine Buffalo checks. A big, roomy and rugged shirt with extra long square shirt tails to keep you warm. Talon Fastener. Two colors: Red and Black checks Blue and Black checks, $5.

Style "C" New! Wears by those daring cowboys of the Pampas... the Genevan! 100% WOOL, warm yet medium weight. Extremely low wide sport collar with corded loops (instead of buttonholes) and four big ocean pearl buttons. For complete freedom, a plent runs down the back. Cut extra full. In rich colors, absolutely fast as illustrated: Blue, Maroon. Brown $4.

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A MOST WHOLESOME FORM OF WHISKEY

OCTOBER, 1936
LISTEN to a few words by an authority on The American Indian—Legionnaire Remington Schuyler, painter of this month's cover design:

"Sooner or later any bow-and-arrow shooter of our own generation will obey that impulse, point his bow skyward, and loose a shaft. He aims at nothing in particular except up. His arrow, traveling at one hundred and fifty feet a second, soars into air. Some three or four seconds later it turns, flashes in the sunlight, and drives downward, smashing old Mother Earth a thirty-foot-pound blow.

"This present-day shooting into the air is a sort of throwback to primitive folk who sent their best shafts skyward as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit. Sometimes the idea was to fulfill a vow. Sometimes it was just for luck.

"Legionnaires on rifle teams know what it means to shoot against time. It is one of the hardest tests of marksmanship. So also Hiawatha shot before him. So did Robin Hood. It takes perhaps nine seconds for an arrow to go up and come down. Legend has it that Hiawatha shot so strong and so fast that he could lose his tenth arrow before his first touched the ground. And Robin Hood, according to his Sherwood Forest buddies, could do the same.

"In the old Indian days a dusky red-skin would sometimes pick a campsite (or rather let luck pick one for him) by shooting an arrow into the air and camping where it struck. Machimux, a chief of the Uncowas, chose his home in what is now Westport, Connecticut, in this manner, according to legend. He stood on a ridge overlooking a fair land stretching downward to Long Island Sound. He shot. And where the shaft sank deep into rich soil he built his lodge. A rough boulder marks the spot where Machimux's arrow fell. Thus Westport came to be, and thus, in good time, there was organized in Westport August Mathias Post of The American Legion, of which I am proud to be a member."

THIS issue of the Monthly will reach readers just as the Cleveland National Convention is passing into history. The record of past accomplishment will have been read, and the program for future accomplishment adopted. A new National Commander will be at the helm, charged with the duty of translating that program into fact. Every Legionnaire owes it to his organization, to his department, to his post, and to himself to be fully acquainted with the details of that program. A full account of the Cleveland National Convention will be published in the next issue of the Monthly. Preserve that issue carefully for reference during the year ahead. Don't guess where the Legion stands on any issue—read and know.

NOW is the time to start building up the strength of the Legion for 1937. With almost 950,000 legionnaires represented at the Cleveland convention—the exact figure on August 28th was 945,830—membership showed an increase over 1935 of more than 100,000. Remember that annual dues are payable October 20th of each year. Get your membership problem out of the way early so your post can carry on the Legion's program.
And so they weeded out the candidates for flying, including myself. Lacking this all-important sense of equilibrium, we could not be expected to pilot a plane safely in fog or darkness. They didn’t give us the highly sensational tests that the newspapers of the period told about, but they did have us stand barefooted, with eyes closed and heels touching, while the surgeon noted how much we moved from the perpendicular. We were required to walk, blindfolded, from one end of the room to the other, and back again. They also had us hold out our hands for a certain period, to see if they were steady. The eye test was thorough.

The standards of the Army Air Corps are just as high today as they were in 1917. The educational requirements have been raised from four years of high school to two years of college work—and it is only a question of time, perhaps, when a college degree or its equivalent will be required. Every year some 2,650 young men between the ages of twenty and twenty-seven are examined to see if they are fitted for flying. Of this number, about seventy percent fail to pass the physical examination. The percentage of graduates varies with the different classes; it has been as low as fourteen percent in one, as high as fifty-four in another.

Major Crandall, the Flight Surgeon at Mitchell Field, Long Island, read my letter of introduction on page 52.

(Continued on page 52)
DAD TULLY, the elderly proprietor of the 70 Ranch was not at home when I arrived to visit him last, but his foreman, McGonnigle, informed me, with considerable amusement, that the old cattleman had gone over to Lakeview, Oregon, for the Fourth of July rodeo. Two prizes had been given in a roping contest on aged bulls with the entries limited to bona fide cattlemen between fifty and seventy years old. The first prize was a fine Visalia stock saddle and Navajo saddle blanket; the second prize a silver-mounted spade bit, head-stall, fancy braided rawhide reins and boselle and a sixteen foot horsehair macarte. Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Tully had more of this sort of paraphernalia than he would ever wear out, his cupidity had been aroused; also not a little ego, for McGonnigle stated that Dad had departed with his favorite roping horse, Tango, in a trailer and had announced at leaving that although a mite stiff in the knees his arms were still good and he doubted if his roping art had seriously decayed. At any rate only a mighty good man was going to get that saddle away from him.

The following evening he returned to the 70 Ranch. Tango, with Dad’s outfit on him, was in the trailer, but at sight of McGonnigle over at the corral Dad lifted a new, silver mounted, stamped leather saddle out of his tonneau and whooped like an Indian on the warpath. Leaving his car, the trailer and Tango to be cared for by one of his men, Dad came mincing up the veranda steps bearing this trophy of his skill and I observed that the second prize hung to the pommel. He whooped for his Chinese cook, Zing, to bring what Dad terms “the materials,” set down the evidence of his art and shied his hat onto a chair.

Bud went to Hattie Bell and told her their wedding bells were muted.
“Well, son,” he announced, “I done it. I said I would an’ I did. Thirty-five and four-fifths seconds to rope, throw an’ hog-tie a Hereford bull that weighed eighteen hundred pounds. Buck Saunders, which Buck is ten year younger’n me, did the trick in thirty-six flat, so Buck won second prize, which was exactly what I’d wired him to come over from his ranch in Nevada an’ do, provided he couldn’t win first.”

He paused to indulge in a merry little chuckle of self-satisfaction, while accepting my congratulations. Nevertheless, I took occasion to hope that this would be his last adventure of the sort, that such were not without at least some danger to a man of his years.

“Why, I just had to annex that gorgeous outfit,” he protested. “Lily May Burman, whose dad runs a little spread over in the Chewaukan, saw the outfit in the front window of the general store at Lakeview, where it was on exhibition. Some lunatic has donated this outfit as first an’ second prizes in a bull ropin’ contest and to be competed for only by bona fide cowmen over fifty years old. Lily May’s just eighteen an’ sweeter’n a royal flush; she’s savin’ her dad a hired hand in these days o’ depression an’ she got to yearnin’ for the outfit, on account her own had seen its best days before Lily May was born. So she wrote over an’ asked me would I enter the lists to win a saddle for a fair lady an’ could I induce some other old cowman to join up with me to sort o’ cinch the deal. Consequently I sent the royal ukase to Buck Saunders an’ he come over. However, if you got any laurel wreaths to hang, hang two of ’em on Tango. Tango’s sixteen years old an’ the best ropin’ horse I ever owned. He weighs better’n thirteen hundred, but he’s fast an’ active, and when you’re ropin’ big bulls you got to have weight on the end of your twine when you give him the bust. Naturally, I let Buck Saunders ride Tango, too. Buck, he wasn’t none too keen for the job, but he didn’t dast refuse me, on account he’s under an obligation to me he figgers he can’t ever repay. Did I ever tell you how I raised Buck from a hired hand to a landed proprietor? Lemme have an alfalfa cocktail an’ I’ll tell you.”

When I first meet up with Buck he’s about twenty years old an’ foreman for his father, old Jim Saunders, who owns the 7-S
ranch over in Mason Valley, Nevada. Jim's got about forty thousand acres o' good winter range, with enough good meadow land to cut hay enough to winter his three thousand head, an' a fine outside summer range that don't cost him nothin' for years until the Government gets cagey an' starts chargin' a grazin' fee. Jim was a good cowman but he had a fault—or maybe it was an ambition. Every fall when he sold his beef he liked to run up to Reno an' play faro bank with a view to bustin' the bank, which some has done but not very often. This ambition o' Jim's, coupled with a number o' lean years in the cattle business just before the Spanish War, eventuated in his placin' a fifty thousand dollar mortgage on his ranch with an old he-wolf by the name o' Henry Skinner, who at the time is the second largest land, sheep, cattle, horse an' mule owner in the West. Henry Skinner was a judge o' land an' he'd accumulated a lot of it by loanin' money on mortgage to men like Jim Saunders an' closin' in on 'em the minute they defaulted. So it was no surprise to me when he closed in on Jim Saunders.

Naturally this Henry Skinner is smart, else he'd never have riz up to what he was. He gits a judgment against Jim Saunders in January, 1901. Under the law Jim can continue to live on the 7-S for a year after the judgment's been rendered, a year bein' the period o' redemption under a straight mortgage; naturally he's goin' to stay there whilst castin' about for a job. Also, come spring, he'll lease the grass on the winter range for summer pasture for whatever he can get for it, until January of 1902, when Henry Skinner gets his sheriff's deed. An' this won't suit Henry Skinner none at all, because it means there'll be no hay cut in the summer o' 1901 an' mighty little in the summer o' 1902, because the leesse, knowin' he can only graze his cattle from April to say, November first, naturally overstocks the winter range, eats the grass down to the roots an' don't give it no chance to seed out. Also, the range don't get no summer irrigation. Furthermore, Henry Skinner has a lot of cows he wants to throw in there in April, 1901. So he makes a deal with Jim Saunders whereby he gives Jim two thousand in cash for getaway money an' Jim agrees to give him a quit-claim deed to the ranch so Henry can enter into possession immediately. Also, Jim is to remain on the ranch as manager at a hundred an' fifty a month.

Unfortunately for Henry Skinner, the very day his lawyer, with a notary public, arrives at the 7-S to close this deal, Jim Saunders gets ambitious an' tops a green colt, which no man should do after he's thirty-five. The result is Jim gets stacked an' killed, so Henry Skinner finds he has to deal with the Estate of James Saunders, Deceased, which the only estate Jim has is personal effects worth about five hundred dollars an' his contingent equity in the 7-S until Henry Skinner files his sheriff's deed, when that disappears like mist. The sole heir to Jim's estate is his son Buck, risin' twenty-five an' not such an optimist as to waste money hirin' a lawyer an' askin' the probate court for letters of administration on his father's estate. Buck maybe has a thousand dollars of his own an' he don't figger on spendin' it foolish.

Right off Henry Skinner has another bright thought. Jim Saunders' death saves him two thousand, an' don't lose him a good ranch manager, because Buck's been runnin' the 7-S practically for five years an' he's plumb competent. So Henry makes a deal with Buck, whereby Buck don't make no objection when Henry Skinner petitions the court to allow him to take possession o' the property immediately, owin' to Jim Saunders' death, to prevent waste an' spoilage of his security. In return for this Henry Skinner gives Buck a job as manager of the 7-S at a hundred an' fifty a month an' expenses, which was a mighty good job in them days an' give a man social standin'. Henry Skinner has looked Buck up an' discovered he's sound in wind an' limb, has no bad habits an' knows cattle. An' there's other advantages
in hirin' Buck. Henry Skinner has never operated in Nevada, so he needs a manager who's been raised in that State an' knows how to winter cattle there. Also, Buck knows every cattleman in Nevada, knows which ones are liable to sell cattle cheap an' why, an' as Henry Skinner runs a big packin' plant in San Francisco he needs Buck to buy fat cattle for him in Nevada an' Idaho whenever Buck can spare time to get away from his duties at the 7-S.

It come along the early spring o' 1901 an' I'm over in the Quinn River country in Nevada, lookin' to pick up some thin two year-old steers cheap, drive 'em over to the 70 Ranch, fatten 'em out an' make an honest dollar or two. That was all free range in them days, with ranches so big that ranch houses was few an' far between, hence every house was open to any pilgrim that might happen along. I'd been ridin' alone, headed for the Window-pane outfit, when it come on to snow. In about an hour it discouraged, as I discover when, durin' supper, they relate their sad tale.

Well, they put me to sleep on the floor near the fireplace an' about midnight we hear a hammerin' on the door an' who should come in, most frozen to death, but Buck Saunders. He'd been lost but had had sense enough to give his horse his head.

Bud McGinty rolled out to cook supper for Buck while I undressed him an' thumbed him out. Meanwhile Hank McGinty took Buck's horse to the barn an' put him up an' fed him. When Hank come back him an' his brother hell to askin' guarded questions o' Buck the same as they'd asked me, aimin' to find out what he's doin' in that lonesome land.

"Which I'm employed by the Skinner Land & Cattle Company o' California," says Buck, "an' I'm up here projecitin' around with a view to buyin' any critter I figger the old man can make a profit on at the price."


"Henry Skinner ain't in the market for horses," says Buck.

"If I'd knowned you was one of these here arousers o' false hopes I'd have let you freeze to death," says Bud. "You said you was projectin' around with a view to buyin' any critter you figgered the old man could make a profit on. A horse is a critter—an' the horse critters we got are hard to beat. We're overstocked an' figgered to let about seven thousand geldings, from three to five years old, go for twelve an' a half dollars a head."

Now, me knowin' the quality o' them horses, I realize that at the price they're a gift. A demand for horses in the West don't exist, but I know they can be shipped to St. Louis, which was a brisk horse market in them days, an' sold at a nice profit for drivin' horses an' light plow teams for them Southern plantations. I figger Buck won't be interested, an' I'm wonderin' how I can raise some money an' buy a thousand o' those. (Continued on page 36)
URING the last quarter of a century the world has wobbled on the knees of the gods. No period in history witnessed such cataclysmic events. Mighty empires perished and nations big and little were born, and re-born, at the price of millions and billions in lives and gold.

Europe, greatest of the continents as a body politic, economic, social and spiritual, then started its decline in rank and power. A nation of another continent, the United States of America, rises to take its place. The change is definite but so gradual that neither Europe nor the United States yet realizes fully that the star of empire has again followed its ancient course, and has westward taken flight.

One of the farthest seeing statesmen of these times, Joseph Caillaux, ex-Premier of France, who was imprisoned by Clemenceau for alleged treason but is today a senator of the Third Republic, said to me in 1921, after his trial:

"The United States of America emerged from the World War the strongest power, in comparison with other nations, that has existed since Imperial Rome. Unfortunately for herself, but indeed fortunately for us, she is too young and inexperienced to use that strength."

Could nations have reincarnations, and if today America is Rome, rising toward her peak of power, Europe then might represent ancient Greece, with New York or Chicago standing for the city on the Tiber, while Paris or London presents the graces and beauties of Athens.

America is today actually as Rome was centuries ago, the great motive force making the wheels of the age spin around, while Europe, as Greece, leads in the more esthetic forms of art and culture. But even in these matters America is catching up rapidly, and so continues the comparison with the mighty capital crouching upon her seven hills, whose temples and monuments are numbered among the world’s greatest treasures, even after the relentless toll of time.

Nations take a long while dying. The states of Europe, although now apparently dangerously near disaster, have not yet reached disintegration point. The seemingly moribund states sometimes arouse themselves, as witness Italy today, and Greece, still virile. Great Britain, France, Germany and even the small realms and republics may remain national units for hundreds of years, with Russia continuing as an unknown quantity of power. But the prediction is that when the history of the future is written, the American chapters will contain many pages recording progress before marking the nation’s arrival at the fullness of its destiny. The European portion will indicate slow slipping, desperate striving to regain lost ground, and finally, admission that her aon of planetary leadership has ended, and passed to America’s hands.

The purpose in this article is to picture the changing Europe as I saw it during my years as foreign correspondent for American newspapers and magazines—from 1910 until now. I do not seek all underlying causes, fundamental reasons, why Europe has not maintained her proud position, why she is prepared to take a further step downward, or why with much more to lose than before the first World War, she again trends so perilously near war’s precipice. The indications are to show merely the decay that started the landslip, the extent to which it has spread, that may bring the avalanche.

When I began cabling the news of Europe, the world was at peace. It was a quiet, leisurely, relatively sinless, passportless age, when war, although so
close, did not cast shadows to signal approach. The work of the
foreign correspondent was comparatively easy. "Balance of
power," as applied to nations, was an interesting phrase. Vague
personalities in Foreign Offices of great European states occa-
sionally passed "sleepless nights," for sufficient but not clearly
enough defined reasons as to cause public alarm. The "public
mind" was at ease, not disturbed as now, when European sleep is
fitful, filled with feverish nightmares—Draculan shadows, rising
winds shrieking through moaning forests, the long howl of
wolves or the rat-tat-tat of machine guns.

The foremost of all foreign correspondents, prior to the World
War, was Henri de Blowitz, representative of the Times of Lon-
don at Paris, frequently referred to as the Times's special ambas-
sador. He outranked every rival, secured the biggest beats, and
occupied a position with French officialdom, also in French
society, that no other journalist ever held, before or since.

The telegraph and cable were proportionately almost as
costly then as the transoceanic telephone today. Correspondents
were expected to be more than reporters. It was necessary for
them to judge information, analyze it carefully, interpret it.

De Blowitz received a large salary and a generous allowance
for entertaining. His salon was one of the most popular in a
capital that had just arisen from the ashes of defeat and revived
the gaieties of the dead Empire. He introduced the fashion of
having two orchestras, concealed by palms at ends of his rooms,
and music was unceasing. His soières were famous. Great
diplomats of the Third Republic went to de Blowitz instead of
de Blowitz going to them. His most spectacular beat was getting
an advance draft of the Treaty of Berlin into the Times on the
same morning that it was presented to the full conference. He
had been dead eleven years when the World War flamed.

During the World War, and later during the peace conference,
a few political correspondents were in close relations with the
international leaders then gathered at Paris. The late George
Adam, brilliant correspondent of the London Times, was, espe-
cially during the war premiership of Briand, almost as important
a figure as his great predecessor, de Blowitz. A number of Ameri-
can correspondents had the confidences of Woodrow Wilson and
Colonel House, and so were able properly to interpret the daily
information that they sent to the cable office.

Now, however, the pre-war and even wartime methods of send-
ing foreign news are as obsolete as an automobile of that period.
In the important capitals, the big news agency or journal keeps
a regular staff numbering sometimes a dozen men and women,
instead of just their correspondent, plus his secretary and mes-
senger boy, as formerly.

Speed in transmission often seems more important than the
news. The great volume of news, dispatched hastily, cannot
maintain always the high degree of accuracy that distinguished
the reports of the old timers. Its analysis, so important for the reader, frequently is
left to the home editor, who cannot always have a
thorough understanding of the distant subject.

I feel certain that had de Blowitz lived, he
would long ago have thrown up his hands
in wonderment and despair.

News is a strange commodity. It is
fresh information about something that
has recently taken place. Therefore
it is an ephemeral thing that lasts
for the day, or often only for the
hour. Yesterday's editions are in
the waste-paper basket, or line
the housewife's pantry shelves.
In its nature, the record of his-
tory in the making is hasty, often (Continued on page 50)
OUR batteries had just registered on a column of tanks when it happened. All twelve guns were banging away, direct fire at four thousand, with the caissons backed right up to the gun-breeches.

After the first flight of planes went over we couldn't see much but we could still hear plenty. Officers were clumping around and shouting, gunners were grunting and sneezing. The air was full of white wool. Our anti-aircraft stuff and machine guns were stuttering like mad. We could see them stabbing straight up into the air. One of our battery sergeants pulled out his automatic and began blazing away. What the danged fool thought he was shooting at, we couldn't tell. You could see your hand in front of you, but that was about all.

It was the second flight that did the damage. Their motors made a racket fit to deafen you. Must have been right on top of the smoke. It wasn't only their motors, but we could hear a hissing like somebody had busted a couple of air-hoses. The white stuff in the air turned poison-green.

Our lieutenant got a blob of something on his head. His helmet and one side of his face turned yellow. He put his hand to his head, pulled it away and looked sick. "Gas!" he said. "Gas, by the Jumping Jeppers Christopher!" Then we heard their bombers.

Great big babies were these bombers, each one of them with a GI can loaded with a ton of TNT. Boy, did we feel sick.

Something was snorting and clanking back of our battery. A puff of wind thinned out the gas and we saw it was an enemy tank with its machine guns pointing right down our necks. Our number two gun slewed around and the gunner laid it right on the tank's turret, but an officer with a bandage around his arm jumped out. "Nix, nix!" he yelled. "Don't shoot, you jackass! Anyway, you're a corpse. The umpires ruled these guns out of action when the gas-planes went over. You've all been theoretically dead for fifteen minutes anyway."

The writer of this article was much relieved to find that he was only theoretically dead, while he was watching the Army's summer maneuvers in the Middle West, which ended August 22d, at Fort Custer, near Battle Creek, Michigan.

These maneuvers were remarkable for the fact that here for the first time in the United States, all the newest weapons developed since the World War were present and were put to tactical tests in situations carefully planned to reproduce so far as possible those of actual battle.

Airplanes of new and amazing types capable of speeds up to nearly three hundred miles an hour zipped and zoomed in the skies. A regiment of tanks weighing as much as four standard transcontinental express trains kited along over roads and across fields at speeds from twenty to fifty miles an hour. Smoke-planes dropped deep banks of impenetrable vapor. Gas-planes sprayed clouds of chemicals that looked and smelled like the newest varieties of poison gas, but possessed no injurious qualities. Anti-aircraft guns capable of shooting more than three miles straight up roared and barked. Staff officers discoursed on new tactics, new strategy made necessary by the new weapons.

It was all very bewildering to an old AEF soldier, calculated to make him wonder what had become of the war he went to not so long ago. Practically everything was new. New tactics, new

Where is the War of

By John
YESTERYEAR?

H. Craige

Bob Tyndall summed it up neatly. You will probably remember Bob. He served several terms as National Treasurer of The American Legion in its earlier years. Also he is a leading citizen of Indianapolis. He was an artillery commander in the 4th Division, AEF. Just now he happens to be Major General Robert H. Tyndall, commanding the 38th National Guard Division which played a prominent part in the maneuvers. Bob also happens to be the senior National Guard commander in the United States service. So his words ought to carry weight.

Just before the "war" began General Tyndall said: "I consider these maneuvers the most important military exercises carried on by United States forces since the Armistice. They are important because here for the first time we are getting ready for a next war. In our previous summer exercises we usually appeared to be getting ready for the last war. That was the best we could do, and was much better than no training at all. But a next war won't be like the last war. Now at last we are going to get a peep at some of the things that will make it different.

"In these present exercises our soldiers are going to get their first sight of modern airplanes and modern tanks. Other nations, notably England, Germany and Italy, have gone a long way in the development of these weapons. Boosters for the mechanical age claim that they will revolutionize warfare. Maybe they won't do quite that, but they will certainly bring about tremendous changes. If we do not learn how to use them our Army will drop back to the bow and arrow class.

"The only way to find out what these new weapons will do and what they won't do is to try them out. That is what we are going to do now and here. Before this we haven't had them to work with. This has not been the Army's fault. These new machines are expensive. Congress has been slow to appropriate for them. The American Legion National Defense Committee has helped with that.

"This year for the first time we have an excellent sample of every new weapon and agency of war, and enough of each to give them a fair working test. We're all set to go ahead and give them a tryout under conditions that will be as close to war as we can make them. It will be in a way a test of the old

against the new, the infantry and artillery against the planes and tanks.

"My Division will fight against the new forces. Of course I hope we'll do well, but the test is the thing. The development of our country's military efficiency is above any price in its separate branches. It doesn't matter who wins this war. The real winner will be the United States. When we have finished here we'll have learned things about these new-fangled weapons that no amount of study or class room demonstration could teach us. We'll have made a real beginning at getting ready for that possible next war." (Continued on page 42)
"YEAH, I seen the Shenandoah when she flew to California on that trip. Pretty sight it was, too. Looked like a silver fish floating through the clouds. That’s what it means, you know. ‘Shenandoah’ is Latin meaning ‘sky fish’.

A group of us were seated around a reading table in a Veterans Administration hospital and Windy Stokes of Texas was monopolizing the conversation, as usual. The learned announcement from Windy was received by most of the group with a poorly stifled yawn. The statement, however, was a challenge to Albert Onstock. Albert was emaciated but radiated efficiency and self confidence. He was reticent and few of the patients knew anything about him, either favorable or unfavorable.

‘I beg your pardon,” began Albert. “I can’t seem to recall any such word in Latin. It is my understanding, in fact, that ‘Shenandoah’ is an Indian word meaning ‘Daughter of the Stars’.

“Well, my uncle studied Latin for two years, and he ought to know,” replied Windy, manifestly chagrined. “Anyway, what do you know about Latin?”

Perhaps I should admit that I have forgotten quite a bit during my period of illness but I taught Latin in college for six years,” said Albert.

Incidentally,” he continued, “I have noticed that your uncle’s misinformation has caused you considerable embarrassment during your sojourn in this hospital. If I were you I would cease quoting him and confine my conversation to matters within my own knowledge.”

The moral of this little incident is that the best way to get along in a general hospital among the Veterans Administration Facilities is to follow one of two policies—either keep your mouth shut or be sure of your facts. No matter what subject may be introduced, don’t take it for granted that some specialist in that particular field is not on hand to check up on your statements.

That isn’t just a passing fancy of mine—it is plain truth.

Every hospital has its Windy Stokes, although he is the exceptional type. On the other hand, the census of any general hospital will contain many Albert Onstocks, who, when their intelligence stands just so much insulting at the hands of a Windy Stokes, must come out of their mental seclusion long enough to administer a chastisement and uphold the mentality of the average patient.

Life in a hospital can hardly be recommended for its glamor and color but a Veterans Administration hospital, if it be of the larger class that draws from all over the nation, is a remarkable source of study for one who is interested in a cross section of
A GUEST OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT COMPARES CONDITIONS AND PATIENTS IN VETERANS HOSPITALS AS OF 1919 and 1936

"Think of the enormous amount the Veterans Administration is spending on hospitals and pensions for the disabled ex-soldier and you can see where your taxes are going," I heard a man remark not so long ago, and he concluded, "If those men had any initiative or ability about them they would be able to take care of themselves as I am doing."

"I beg your pardon, brother," I interrupted. "I have been in quite a number of hospitals operated by the Veterans Administration and, while I might be classed as one who, according to your diagnosis, should be able to take care of himself except for his own worthlessness, I have come in contact with many a brilliant mind and many a man who has made a distinct contribution to the betterment of this nation who has been forced by reverses, financial or physical, into the position of becoming a beneficiary of the Veterans Administration."

The man who made the above remark was rather frank in his utterances. But, unfortunately, he expressed quite plainly the idea that is entertained by too many men and women of our country today. There exists among many who have been fortunate in the acquisition of worldly goods an attitude somewhat supercilious so far as the patients of the Veterans Administration Facilities are concerned.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the general public manifested more sympathy for the federal Government's efforts toward soldier relief at a time when "gold brickling" was most prevalent. Back in 1919 we didn't find so many Albert Onstocks in the hospitals. This situation was due partly to the fact that Albert had not had the opportunity to make his place in the world. And it was due largely to the fact that a hurriedly and, necessarily, loosely organized system of relief installed by Uncle Sam as a temporary program did not create an atmosphere that nurtured Albert Onstocks.

Let us draw a picture of the situation in 1919 and compare the hospital and patient of that year with those of today. Albert had not been out of the Army very long and had just begun his life's program, or to plan it, at least. He wasn't married and had resolved to plan no such venture until he had become more firmly entrenched in his chosen profession, if, in fact, he had gone so far as to select a profession. One day he was stricken by a spell of coughing. Blood spouted from his mouth and he was hurried to his family physician.

"Strip to your waist and let's have a look-see," said the doctor.

That trip to the home doctor inaugurated for Albert a period of counting by "ninety-nines" that was to extend over several years and total something like fifteen million, nine hundred and ninety-nine.

After the doctor had tapped Albert over the chest rather vigorously for several minutes, he placed some head phones to his ears and began to listen to the mathematical enunciations. Finally, he stepped back, frowning, and made the startling announcement that Albert had tuberculosis.

With heavy heart the young man left the doctor's office, endeavoring in a numb sort of way to reason out just how he was going to come out of it. True, he had no (Continued on page 57)

American manhood. As the Army in 1917 was recruited from every walk of life with preference given to no class or section of the United States, so do we find today among the disabled ex-service men in the hospitals a recombination of the captives, the privates, the sailors, the marines; the farmer, the day laborer, the banker, the preacher, the gambler; the Arkansan, the New Yorker, the Californian.

Varied interests, varied climates and varied environments are housed in a common building that has as its common interests the problems of regaining health and keeping the home fires burning at the same time.

OCTOBER, 1936
Silken Threads that TURN to GOLD

By Lee A. Brown

He inserted a tiny advertisement in the Pittsfield Sun early in 1861 which began: "Americans! Encourage your own Manufactory, and they will Improve." Then he became more specific. "Ladies, save your Rags," he urged, promising them in return "a generous price."

Zenas Crane made paper for bank notes before 1840. Not until 1870 did the company secure the United States Government contract, and the man who achieved this feat was Zenas's grandson, the late Winthrop Murray Crane, then a youth of twenty-six. The feat is all the more remarkable in that young Crane, far from being externally of the go-getter, super-salesman type which one would associate with so notable an accomplishment, was shy, sensitive, and silent to an unusual degree. Later he served three terms as governor of Massachusetts and eight years in the United States Senate.

In speaking at one time of Crane's Washington service Chauncey M. Depew declared: "He was one of the wonders of the Senate. He never made a speech. I do not remember that he made a motion. Yet he was the most influential member of that body." When, on his voluntary retirement from public life in 1913, he was let by his fellow-townsmen and presented with a loving cup, he almost suffered nervous prostration at prospect of the inevitable speech of thanks. But he made it, reading a state-

The mill without a sign—but if it's true that money talks, every brick in these walls is a loud-speaker system

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The American Legion Monthly
On the summit of Mount Greylock, highest point in southern New England, Massachusetts has erected a beacon to honor the soldier dead of all her wars

ment whose delivery took about a minute, and then he took a two weeks' vacation to recuperate.

Senator Crane's handiwork lives after him, and the Government Mill has been making Uncle Sam's note-paper, so to speak, for the past fifty-seven years. One of the other Dalton mills makes similar paper for nearly fifty other nations—Canada used to be one, but the dominion adopted a buy-British policy.

I don't intend to expose myself by going into a technical dissertation on paper-making, and a few general words will exhaust my own knowledge of it without, I hope, exhausting you. In essence, the manufacture of currency paper involves merely getting a lot of rags as soaking wet as possible and then drying them out as thoroughly as possible. It is at their very mushiest and moistest that they cease to be rags and begin to be paper. No longer is the rag that goes into paper assembled by appealing to the Americanism and thrift of the ladies. That dollar bill in your pocket is composed of three parts linen and one part cotton, and the linen and cotton are not the casual surplus of Aunt Dinah's quilting party but new stock acquired for the specific purpose of being converted into money—a method that is more certain to produce a standard and unvarying product. I hate to disabuse any veteran of the romantic idea that the tail of his army undershirt may have become incorporated in his bonus bonds, but the truth must be told. (Continued on page 48)
BEWARE of Athlete's HEAD

By

PAUL GALLICO

Cartoons by Herb Roth

HERO poison is made of ordinary newsprint diluted with printer's ink and run through high speed presses. It is sold at two or three cents the dose, which brings it within the reach of all. Football players, the insidious drug hot in their veins, run the ball with one eye on the hole and the other cocked up at the press box where tomorrow's headlines are born. Amateur boxers, hoisted bodily from the ruck of nonentity and dizzzy with the sight of their pictures, neglect their jobs and risk facing the future with addled brains and heavy minds for just one more five-column ribbon that tells what they did one night with their fists.

College track men go on the bum from track meet to track meet, uselessly pounding the cinders and the board floors, not for the tin medals and equally junky trophies that gather dust in their trunks, but because they once swallowed draughts of poison more sure than belladonna. Basketball players whose sole claim to fame is that they have learned to throw an inflated ball through a suspended hoop suddenly discover that their efforts have caused 15,000 people to clamor for admission to see them perform, and sports writers to go into rhapsodies over the glint in their eyes as they shot the winning basket.

Lady tennis players become addicts and neglect their homes, husbands, or careers to face the cameras on the center court just once more and to hear sweet music of chattering typewriters and the clicking telegraph keys in the press marquee grinding out the semi-hysterical accounts of their extraordinary heroism in patting a ball back and forth over a string net with a catgut bat.

Golfers, swimmers, runners, jumpers, boxers, football and basketball players, once they have made the papers, have suffered from hero poisoning and are the worse for it. From the time they win the first medal in the home town and break into the columns of the local newspaper until relegated to limbo by the same newspapers that built them up, they are victimized, puffed up, duped, doped, and anaesthetised with columns of newspaper space, headlines, and photographs. They are sketched, interviewed, life-historied, reported, praised and encouraged for nothing but an accidental talent resulting from specialized co-ordination at handling a stick, or their feet, or a bat, or a mallet, or any variety of ball, or their hands, and developed over a period of years, usually at a total sacrifice to useful education and cultural advance as well-rounded human beings.

Every manjack, it seems, performing heroic deeds and keeping an eye on the press box
With Clarence Budington Kelland one afternoon I was following one of the matches in the National Amateur Golf Championship at Cleveland. We came up over a hill where a youngster, barely sixteen, was preparing to make a shot. His ball lay in some short rough, the green was 170 yards distant, and he was studying the lie and the situation with all the intensity of a research technician examining test tubes in a laboratory. He walked part way towards the flag, he came back, he threw little tufts of grass into the air to study the wind, and he pondered ever so seriously.

There was a movietone camera and crew on top of a truck, grinding away. Still photographers perched in trees, their lenses focused, shutters ready, or lurked at the side of the fairway. There were half a dozen golf writers with pads and pencils poised in the large gallery that stood around, mousy still, and two big press services had messenger boys on bicycles waiting and a third was followed by a man with a portable short wave transmitting set strapped to his back for instant communication with the telegraph wires at the clubhouse.

"You know," said Bud, "when that guy finally makes that shot, it isn’t going to alter the course of the world one damn bit."

I have had parents of sixteen- and eighteen-year-old boys who had made the Golden Gloves boxing team, the blue ribbon event of amateur boxing, come to me and complain bitterly that their boy was not getting sufficient space in the paper, or that other boys were getting more lines (yes, they have learned to count lines on you) and pictures than their offspring, and threaten to withdraw him from the team unless this was rectified. And if the parents don’t think of it, the kids do themselves, and go off and sulk and won’t train because they haven’t been in the paper for two or three days.

Grown men often make blathering fools of themselves the first time they get a taste of publicity and see their names in the papers. What possible chance have children and youngsters to rationalize the absolute worthlessness of a ton of scrapbooks or to reflect upon the treacherous, quicksand foundation of newspaper fame?

The college football player is perhaps the most pitiful victim. Because the season is short, the dosage is concentrated and ruthless. An unknown, callow adolescent has a good day, which means that he is able to carry out tactics planned by older men, the football coaches, and manages to lug a section of pigskin through openings made by comrades, and carry it down the field without falling over his own feet or running into the arms of opposition tacklers. One would think he had discovered a specific for pneumonia or a workable plan to guarantee everyone a job. With absolutely no previous preparation he is crashed into the newspapers with pictures, stories, interviews, history of his life, photographs of his family, and his opinions on current topics. He is likened to Thor, Ajax, Mercury, to every conceivable mythological hero, to the wind and the thunder. He

... go off and sulk because the papers neglected him

Either parent can be depended upon to prove that the boy isn’t getting the space he’s worth

is nicknamed after some great personage of antiquity (or more often, and more aptly, an animal). He is completely at the mercy of the imagination of writers who have but one thought, to entertain their readers and sell papers.

How can he help but see himself as a figure of tremendous importance when he reads that 90,000 will jam the stadium the following week to see his duel with Broncho Whosis, an equally useless and pumped up celebrity from another university? And how can he be expected to react like a normal boy when another paper tells him that the fate of next week’s game and his university depend upon him, and that the nation will be watching him when he steps onto the gridiron?

While Knute Rockne was coaching at Notre Dame there began to appear in the South Bend Tribune every Friday morning a sports column signed by one Bearskin, and it was a beauty. No one knew who Bearskin was, and many a Notre Dame football player would have given a lot to get his hands on him. Because, once each week, Bearskin wrote the meanest, nastiest, most ornery football column ever seen on a sports page. He took the tinsel football players and fried them to cinders. He sizzled the team as a whole first, and then crisped various members. He seemed to have astonishing inside information. He knew the lazy ones, the ones inclined to dog it when the going got rough, the ones who kept scrap books and who read their clippings, the training breakers, the ladies’ men, and the ones who had too much publicity. He not only called each spade a spade, but it was spades doubled.

A player would come onto the field for practice with a Bearskin clipping in his fingers, roaring mad. Rock would always sympathize with the boy, read the piece and say, "Tsk, tsk, tsk. That’s a shame. A fellow oughtn’t to be allowed to write things like that. Go on out there and show him it isn’t true."

Rockne, of course, was Bearskin. Rock is dead, but Bearskin still continues to scorch the Notre Dame swellheads each Friday morning during the football season. It is an invaluable antidote, but only one voice in a great wilderness.

As the (Continued on page 41)
P 173 is an American citizen of French origin who enlisted in the French service in 1914 and was quickly transferred to Intelligence work. The incident here related is drawn from his actual experiences.

"GOOD MORNING, gentlemen; take your seats. I suppose I should have said 'at ease,' but to tell you the truth I'm not sure what your commands are and furthermore I don't care a damn. This will undoubtedly be the most unmilitary class you have sat in on since you entered the service, but I believe that when you're through with me you'll know a little more about the 75 than you do now. You are trying to figure out where I get my flow of English, so I'll tell you. I am an American like yourselves, and have been in the French service since 1914 in various capacities.

"I was invalided out of the Foreign Legion some months ago and have been given an intensive course in the possibilities of the 75 so that I could help in the training of American officers in this school. I see from this list before me that there are among your number captains and lieutenants only and that Captain Morgan is your commander. To set matters straight immediately, my rank is that of aspirant, which is a sort of cadet officer, so you all rank me. I do not propose to ride any of you because I am the instructor and you the pupils nor do I propose to be ridden by any of you because of your rank. Now if you'll play ball with me I'll show you a few things about the best damn gun ever made. Captain Morgan, organize the class."
That was my opening speech to the grandest crowd of fellows I ever met, and with whom I spent several of the pleasantest months of my life. They took me at my word and our classes consisted of open discussions. Of course, one or two of them could not get the hang of the gun at all, and then Morgan would bring the chap to me. We'd have a little pow-wow and a transfer to another branch of the service would be arranged and I'd give him a good notation so he'd be sure to have a decent reception where he landed.

Fontainebleau was beautiful and the Americans just ate it up. They were quartered in one wing of the chateau and, with the pay they were getting, were having a swell time. They commiserated with me on my three francs 75 centimes a day and insisted on standing treat to me continually. A few of them who fancied their game of bridge helped out my income considerably, as they proved to be no match for Evelyn and me.

Evelyn was always hostess when I had any of them at the little house in Avon and on a number of occasions she gave parties at the Cygne for a crowd of them. They had the usual twenty-four hour leave for Paris from Saturday to Sunday night and she threw a big party at the Ritz for them all one Saturday night. They all seemed to like her. In fact my opinion was that some of them would have liked her better had she given them the opportunity.

About a month after the class was organized Morgan, Evelyn and I were dining in her rooms one evening when suddenly he asked me, “Howard, why in hell are the French so afflicted with spy hysteria?” I explained to him that it was far from hysteria and told him of cases which were common knowledge and expressed my belief that a great deal of the defeatism which had existed both at the front and in the rear zone had been caused by enemy agents, including renegade Frenchmen and neutrals in the employ of the Central Powers. Then I came back at him with the query as to what had caused him to ask me his original question. At first he said it was just curiosity, but after a moment he blurted out: “Well, I’ve got to uncork to somebody. The fact is that I’ve had a communication from higher up that the French want the dope on all my men here. Thank God, they think that I at least am like Caesar’s wife or they wouldn’t entrust me with this job, which I don’t like a little bit.”

With the liqueurs I gave him peace of mind by telling him that I also would watch out for anything suspicious on the part of any of my pupils but impressed on him that now that he had made a confidant of me he should do no more talking. When he left, Evelyn said she’d give me odds that one or both of us would be called to Paris the next day. Right. The message came at noon and I set a few paper-work problems for the brigade after lunch. Shortly thereafter her Rolls was burning up the roads.

The Chief was in rare good humor and laughed and joked to such an extent that I was impatient for him to get down to business. When I asked the occasion for all the merriment, he guffawed some more, “Oh, this is too good! This deserves a picture. I had the visit of an American Intelligence Officer who provided me with a report on Evelyn’s Austrian relatives and a report on you. Whenever a miscellaneous plant blew up in the States you had shortly before been there. Your intimacy, under the circumstances, is a suspicious affair. I, of course, gave Evelyn a clean bill of health, told him all that he needed to know about her, that she had been investigated long ago and was harmless. I asked him, however, where he had got the information about you. It seems that one of your pupils, Lieutenant Williams, before the (Continued on Page 30)}
LITTLE twelve-year-old Francisco, way off in the Philippine Islands, is "fond of playing 'roster'"—which probably means "rooster"—and is likely to become a gambler in the cockpit if not "curtailed." Little Ramon, eleven, in Puerto Rico, is lazy, is disobedient to his mother, runs away from home and persists in riding the bumpers of automobiles, the while mocking the police who try in vain to catch him.

In Hawaii, Hiko and Leilani are good children who help around the house, do well in school and live with an aunt, "who loves them as her own." In Germany, Pauline, fifteen, is a bright and capable girl, who can cook, sew, embroider and knit, who is obedient and lovable, who lives in a house to which is attached a small vineyard and a garden plot and with a guardian who keeps "a well-cared-for cow that furnishes milk for the family and some for sale."

Statements like these have come from time to time in formal communications to the Central Office of the Veterans Administration in Washington. They are found in reports of inquiries into personal and living conditions—"social surveys"—of its minor beneficiaries under guardianship or custodianship who live outside the continental limits of the United States. They form part of the supervision that has been exercised by the United States Government over such guardianships.

Are such specific and intimate revelations regarded as trivial, petty, needless? By no means. They are just what the Veterans Administration wants to know in order to help the local courts see that the children are cared for and get the benefit of compensation paid. All such are of interest to it. The adverse ones are of concern to it. When undesirable conditions are reported, the Veterans Administration takes steps to remedy them through guardians, courts or welfare agencies. The long arm of Uncle Sam reaches out to all parts of the globe in protecting the interest and promoting the welfare of these wards through the appropriate local agencies.

Decayed teeth, poor eyesight, impaired hearing, and the like indicate need of physical examination. Treatment should follow if found needful. Exposure to contagious disease is to be guarded against. The Veterans Administration, charged by Congress with the duty of making monthly payments to guardians for...
the reports of such surveys do not go to the Central Office. They are made to, considered by, and filed at regional offices. Such remedial action as may seem called for in individual cases is taken under regional-office auspices. More than 40,000 minor wards are living in the continental United States; more than 1,500 in the territorial and insular possessions and in foreign countries. It is these 1,500 odd wards who get attention, in one way or another, more or less directly from Washington.

One hundred seven of them were living in Hawaii on July 31st last, 365 in Puerto Rico, 653 in the Philippines, nineteen in the Panama Canal Zone, ten in American Samoa, nine in Guam, one in the Virgin Islands, 364 in thirty-eight foreign countries.

In number of minor wards in foreign countries, the Dominion of Canada leads with seventy-seven. Italy had seventy-six. Then, in order, came France, twenty-seven; Greece, twenty-five; Poland, twenty-four; England and Yugoslavia, twelve each. Scotland had eleven, Germany, Norway and China had ten each. There was one ward in each of the following: Albania, Azores, Central America, Denmark, Finland, Luxembourg, Netherlands, New Zealand, Portugal, Rumania, South African Union and Wales.

Of all the child beneficiaries the farthest south was in New Zealand, the farthest north in Alaska. This latter was just under the Arctic Circle, about two hundred miles north of Nome. The fifteen minor wards in Alaska are supervised, not from Washington, but by the regional office in Seattle.

Who are these fifteen hundred minors? Most of them are children of World War veterans. Their fathers are dead or, if living, have been adjudged mentally incompetent or have been divorced or have deserted their families and do not live under the same roof with the minors. Where, as usually obtains, payments for the children are designated “compensation,” a service-connected disability of a veteran is behind each case. Payments may be life insurance proceeds. They may be adjusted compensation matured by death of the veteran and accruing to his estate because a personal beneficiary had not been named. Some of the minors are children of Spanish War veterans. A small number are of still other groups.

But who are the children themselves? Some are offspring of American parents, both white; many are issue of marriages between American soldiers and native women of other races. Of still others both parents were native—Hawaiian, Philippine, Chinese—for all races were represented in the American forces in the World War.

The children live usually with their mothers, often also with stepfathers and half-brothers and half-sisters. Occasionally, when the mother is dead, they live with an aunt or a grandmother.

From a remote barrio in the Philippines (Continued on page 54)
BROWN OCTOBER AILS

By Wallgren

Pipe down, will ya!! I'm trying to find out who the new Commander is!!

Mama and the kids, will be glad it's over, anyway.

OW!! Look what the moths have done to my good ole hunting coat!! They've chewed it up worse'n a couple o' bears - and I got a date to go -

Well, you told me last year to leave your sport-tools strictly alone!!

Help!!

OPEN "Season" - and, by the way, have you looked over your overcoat yet? -

Tell 'em you was hit by a load o' buck-shot, Pop!!

Say, Shorty - are ya supposed to grow into these things - or what!!??

Huh!!? Ya don't reckon they're friggin' on us spendin' 'eckin' winter in this outfit, do ya?!

Remember, The New Heavy Winter 'Undie' Issue in October, 1917?!

You can't put that on your expense account!! No delegate ever does - hardly ever!!

I don't see why not?? We drunk it, didn't we? - and I paid for it, didn't I?

It seems a little late to warn anybody, but -

I'm just thinkin' wot a grand time 'i' old gals is havin' out there at the Convention!!

Good heavens, if I'd known it was going to affect you this way I'd never have stopped you - I'd have made you go!!

One of the reasons we have a Ladies Auxiliary

Viva aI'Itali'- anno's!! Viva Christo - Forro Colombo!!!

Gracias, Senor!!

CAFE de la COCKTAILS

The Saluting Demon of the A.E.F. Discovers an Italian "Bersagliere" in Paris on Columbus Day, October 12, 1918
**EDITORIAL**

**TODAY'S STRETCHER-BEARERS**

ALMOST every Legionnaire has found satisfaction in his occasional role of the Good Samaritan. He has encountered a disabled service man struggling along against the handicap of a war wound or a lingering ailment, ignorant of the fact that the Government stood ready —was in fact anxious—to pay him compensation and give him hospitalization. He has discovered a widow grieving over the death of her former-soldier husband, contemplating family resources, dwindled to nothing during a long illness, and the needs of her bereft children—a widow who did not know that the Government in such a case would make a reasonable reimbursement for funeral expenses. And perhaps the Legionnaire found, in this latter case, that the man who died had never known of his rights to compensation for a war- incurred wound or other disability, found that those rights could be revived posthumously to obtain for the widow and her young children a continuing pension. In countless ways, Legionnaires are constantly serving as the intermediary for benefits between the Government and those entitled to help from the Veterans Administration in some form.

The Legionnaire knows of the wide and varied rights and benefits which Uncle Sam has provided by Acts of Congress for the war veteran and his dependents. He becomes versed in the fundamental rights and benefits as he reads the publications of The American Legion, attends national and department conventions and takes part in the deliberations of his own Legion post. In his post is a post service officer who has made himself an expert on these rights and benefits, who is always alert to pass on to the post members news of changes in law and regulations and to render every assistance in the form of paper work in connection with claims. The post service officer holds a key position in the Legion's countrywide system of bringing assistance to the disabled man and his dependents, a system which is marvelously conducted under the direction of the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion in Washington, close to the halls of Congress and the central office of the Veterans Administration.

WHAT about the service man outside the Legion? The answer is that only too often he remains in ignorance of the benefits to which he is entitled. In many cases, by his ignorance he deprives his family of needed help.

The principal benefits derived from Legion membership are above rating in dollars and cents. But as a coldly practical consideration, no veteran can afford not to be a member of the Legion. Laws and regulations governing rights and benefits are constantly being changed. No isolated veteran can hope to keep up with the revisions and enlargements. World War rights and benefits are as complicated a field as marine law or patent law, and only the rehabilitation experts of the Legion and the other societies can understand and interpret for members in general the meaning and implications of changes as they are made. The service which these experts render is in itself a sufficient reason for any man to join the Legion.

INTERESTS hostile to the Legion have chosen at times to picture the Legion as a mercenary and chiseling organization. They have ignored the Legion's legitimate and overwhelmingly important function as an agency by which the Government is able to obtain and retain contact with beneficiaries. The Government itself testifies to the Legion's value in this role. Listen to the words of General Frank T. Hines, Administrator of Veterans Affairs:

"The Government has provided a most extensive system of benefits and facilities for the relief of its disabled veterans but its service is not complete without the co-operation of the veterans themselves, and this is best developed and furnished by the veterans' organizations.

"Representing as they do, not the will or opinion of a few, but of thousands, the ex-service organizations can present a reliable delineation of the needs and wishes of the veterans, and at the same time they can be helpful and constructive in their judgment and comment concerning the adequacy of relief authorized and the manner in which it is administered.

"However, this can be done only by trained personnel, and the development of such personnel is one of the most important and valuable services which these organizations have rendered in their assistance to the disabled veterans. It is obvious that such personnel must be accurately and currently informed.

"It is desirable and even necessary that there be such personal service as is furnished by the organizations to fill in any gaps which may intervene between the veteran's need and the law's provision; between his awareness of benefits available and the means or methods of securing them. Such service and such information is the daily offering of the organizations, and while practically the same service and the same information are obtainable at the field stations of the Veterans Administration, we have not the facilities or means of reaching the veterans that the organizations have. Ordinarily we can contact only those who come to us, while every member of a veteran organization, as he goes about his daily routine, may be a potential source of information for uninformed comrades.

"I suggest that any veteran who is ignorant of the advantages available through membership in these organizations at least familiarize himself with the privileges they offer."

YOUR post is about to enrol members for 1937. General Hines has supplied you with a timely theme which you can expand by citing what you have done in your own community to bring help to those who needed it. Recall those instances of service men and their families saved by Legion intercession in hours of despair. Heart-warming examples of governmental help exist in almost every town.
"There is unlimited opportunity to do good, if you take the work seriously," he told the newly elected post service officer.

"Come on in, Henry," beamed Jones, extending his hand. "Congratulations! We need men like you as post service officers."

"Tom, the job was wished off on me," Miller sighed. "I don't know a damn thing about service work."

"Well, old man, you've come to what ought to be a good place to find out," Jones offered a cigarette. "Tell me, Henry, are you willing to take the work seriously?"

"Sure; I'll give it the best I've got."

"There is unlimited opportunity to do good; in fact, I know of no activity that has greater opportunity for constructive results than the proper handling of post service work in the Legion. But it will mean hard study, sincere mental attitude, plenty of discouragement, lack of appreciation, and an abiding faith in human nature that must withstand some hard body jolts."

"I haven't any disabilities—"

"In a way, that's an advantage. Your post once had a service officer who suffered from nervous disabilities. We found the work aggravated his condition and handicapped him in giving service."

"By the way, have you read this Manual issued by the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee?"

"Yes, I've read it, but there are many things in it I do not understand."

"Well, a service officer should have a fair working knowledge of various disabilities and their symptoms, and rather complete information as to laws and regulations governing benefits to veterans as a result of The American Legion's legislative efforts."

"What are some of the chief benefits?"

Tom Jones, Department Service Officer, pushed aside his morning mail when his secretary announced Henry Miller.

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"There is unlimited opportunity to do good; in fact, I know of no activity that has greater opportunity for constructive results than the proper handling of post service work in the Legion. But it will mean hard study, sincere mental attitude, plenty of discouragement, lack of appreciation, and an abiding faith in human nature that must withstand some hard body jolts."

"I haven't any disabilities—"

"In a way, that's an advantage. Your post once had a service officer who suffered from nervous disabilities. We found the work aggravated his condition and handicapped him in giving service."

"By the way, have you read this Manual issued by the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee?"

"Yes, I've read it, but there are many things in it I do not understand."

"Well, a service officer should have a fair working knowledge of various disabilities and their symptoms, and rather complete information as to laws and regulations governing benefits to veterans as a result of The American Legion's legislative efforts."

"What are some of the chief benefits?"
“No compensation or pension is paid for any disability traceable to syphilis, gonorrhea, drug addiction, alcoholism, or other misconduct causes, unless innocent acquiescence is shown or where the evidence shows clearly that the same was aggravated by service.”

“Okay; what’s the next group?”

“It comprises mental and nervous diseases, such as psychoneurosis neurasthenia (nervous exhaustion), hysteria (a major form of nervous manifestations), anxiety neurosis (a nervous disorder characterized by anxiety, worry, apprehension, etc.), traumatic neurosis (nervous disorders the result of injury), psychasthenia (a very severe nervous disorder frequently characterized by many fears and phobias), paralysis agitans (shaking palsy cases) and those individuals suffering from the after-effects of sleeping sickness, and the various forms of insanity except those caused by misconduct diseases or by organic diseases not of themselves service connected.

“Other diseases which can be included in this group are cases of active pulmonary tuberculosis or active tuberculosis of other body parts, and also amoebic dysentery, the latter being rebuttable by prior service residence in tropical countries. When any of these diseases can be proved to have shown up to a compensable degree within one year after discharge, direct service connection is awarded.”

“But I thought you said the deadline was January 1, 1925?”

“If these disabilities are not shown to have existed within a year of discharge (direct service origin) but are shown by competent evidence to have existed prior to 1925, without having existed prior to enlistment or without having developed after discharge, then the disabilities mentioned would be of presumptive service origin, and are connectable for three-fourths of what is paid for direct service connected disabilities. There are many of these.”

“What is the chief difference in the application of the old and new veterans’ laws?”

“The World War Veterans Act provided that a man was presumed to be sound at enlistment except for any defects or disabilities specifically noted at enlist-
FROM the windows of transcontinental trains, passengers bound to or from California look out upon Arizona's highways paralleling the railroad tracks and see endless chains of automobiles whose rear bumpers are piled high with strapped-on luggage. Eastward and westward runs this double stream of motor cars, bearing Easterners and Southerners to the Pacific Coast, carrying Pacific Coasters toward the Atlantic seaboard. Tourists' cars in these processions rub fenders with the bulging vehicles of families on the move from old homes definitely somewhere to new homes which may be anywhere ahead.

A few years ago Arizona's main east-and-west roads, like the whole country, went streamlined. Steadily the old straight-front cars plowed along when the new cars with slanting radiators and windshields began to appear, but month by month the proportion of the new ones to old grew greater, symbolizing the country's emergence from deep depression to days of returning confidence and new-car buying.

Little more than a year ago a new motif in motor architecture became apparent to those who watched the cars on Arizona's roads from train windows. They saw the pioneer trailers—homes on wheels. At first they were few, but they multiplied amazingly as factories all over the country began mass production of wheeled and windowed counterparts of cottage and bungalow equipped with all the comforts of home. Today Arizona sees them by the thousands, en route to California, returning from California, going anywhere and everywhere. And they belong not to a passing fad, says Roger Babson, who predicts that in only a few years half of the country's population will be living in these portable motor homes. They make it possible for a Massachusetts family to winter in Arizona and spend its summers on Cape Cod, at only a fraction of the expense seasonal migrations once entailed.

Arizona, which now takes trailers for granted, must be credited with carrying the trailer idea to a new height. If a trailer may be a home, why may it not also be a hospital? This was the thought which occurred to Legionnaires and members of the Forty and Eight in Arizona. And out of that thought has come a new kind of motor trailer which contrasts strongly with the orthodox home on wheels in Arizona.

You are likely to see this new trailer anywhere in Arizona to—

Members of General Charles Devens Post of Worcester, Massachusetts, building a health cabin for underprivileged youngster of their county, in the suburban town of Sterling

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day—mingling with the current of California traffic on the Old Spanish Trail, on a mountain road between Tombstone and Tucson, on the road near the rim of the Grand Canyon. Or you may see it at the roadside in any one of Arizona’s tiny communities in desert or mountain.

You may tell it by the insignia of The American Legion which appears on its tan and white sides, along with the insignia of the Forty and Eight and the sign of the Arizona State Board of Health. The trailer is seventeen feet long, seven feet high and seven feet wide.

It is a traveling laboratory, donated by the Legion and the Forty and Eight of Arizona to the State Board of Health, for use everywhere in the State in the campaign to prevent tuberculosis among children and bring to those children already infected the most modern diagnostic and treatment facilities which science and medicine have devised. It is equipped with a complete x-ray outfit, a loud-speaker and a movie machine, as well as its laboratory. With this equipment, it is carrying to each center in the State, no matter how small, the gospel of preventing tuberculosis by the observance of right living habits, the gospel that incipient tuberculosis can be checked and cured by rest, proper food and appropriate sanitation.

The mobile tuberculosis laboratory was proposed last fall in Phoenix at the annual conference of post commanders and adjutants and voiture officials. At this conference, Dr. George A. Hays, a Legionnaire, director of health for the Arizona State Health Board, called attention to the fact that many small communities in the State had no adequate laboratory equipment, so that work for the prevention of tuberculosis among children could be carried on only with difficulty. He discussed this situation with Dr. L. H. Howard, Pima County public health officer and chairman of the Arizona Forty and Eight child welfare committee. With the enthusiastic support of Grand Chef de Gare M. J. Cooper, they proposed to the conference that the Legion donate a mobile laboratory for use in health work throughout the State. The conference immediately approved the idea and H. Paul Cook, of McDermott Post and Old Pueblo Voiture of Tucson, was named chairman of a committee to obtain necessary funds.

Department Commander A. N. Zeller and Department Adjutant E. P. McDowell put all the facilities of the Department behind the campaign. Funds were raised by posts and Auxiliary units throughout the State, by units of the Forty and Eight and the Forty and Eight and by civic groups in many communities. The whole State applauded the Legion and the Forty and Eight as the campaign ended successfully. Construction of the mobile laboratory was begun in Phoenix, based on specifications prepared by the health authorities of the State.
On July 17th the mobile laboratory was put into service with ceremonies attended by Governor B. B. Moen and Legion, Auxiliary and Forty and Eight officials. The Governor, who is a practicing physician, thanked the Legion and Forty and Eight on behalf of the State and predicted many lives would be saved by the carrying of scientific facilities to remote communities.

K. W. Hultz, Grande Publiciste of the Arizona Forty and Eight, who sends this story of Arizona’s newest contribution to the Legion’s varied activities, adds some interesting facts bearing on the problem created by the vastness of his State and the sparsity of its population. With 113,956 square miles, the State has an estimated population of 457,000. Phoenix with 48,000, and Tucson, with 37,000, are the only cities with more than 10,000 persons. Thirty-seven communities range in population from 1,000 to 10,000, including Bisbee with 8,000, Globe with 7,000 and Prescott with 5,517. Hundreds of places on the map are desert or mountain hamlets ranging from those of only a few families to those having a population of 100 or more.

The clear air and the low humidity of the State have brought to its high plateaus and mountain regions for many years those seeking a climate in which nature is most likely to arrest or cure respiratory diseases. Of the State’s total area of 113,956 square miles, 47,000 square miles are over 5,000 feet above sea level and 27,000 square miles are from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above sea level. A large percentage of those who have come to the State seeking health have remained as permanent residents.

With two Veterans Administration hospitals, one at Tucson with 358 beds and the other at Whipple with 600 beds, and with numerous private sanatoria, Arizona has figured prominently in scientific progress in the war against tuberculosis, a war which has brought notable victories in the United States since 1900. At the beginning of this century the death rate from tuberculosis was 202 per 100,000 of population. Reflect on this: The death rate from tuberculosis had fallen to 56 per 100,000 of population in 1936. In 1900 tuberculosis ranked first as killer among all diseases. Today it is in seventh place. Had the death rate from TB continued at its 1900 level, more than two million additional Americans would have died of the disease between 1900 and 1936.

Governor Harry W. Nice of Maryland greets Sons of the Legion of that State who filled the principal offices of the Commonwealth for a day. Seated, Earle R. Poorbaugh, 2d, who acted as Governor, and J. Springer Walmsley, Jr., Secretary of State for a day.

Read those figures over again. They will help you understand why it is important that doctors and x-ray men carry the help of science to the children of desert and mountain in Arizona, why The American Legion enrolls in a peacetime war animated by the spirit of civic duty.

On to Washington

EVERY boy in Maine Township High School, between the communities of Park Ridge and Des Plaines in Illinois, has in his mind pictures of the White House, the Capitol, the Washington Monument and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. He spends his spare time looking over the travel folders which tell where to go in Washington, D. C., and what to see. Much of his other time he is busy brushing up on the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence and his textbooks on American history and civics. All this in the hope that he may be the big winner when two
American Legion posts—Des Plaines Post and Mel Tierney Post of Park Ridge—select the boy making the highest marks in a series of tests for a free trip to Washington with the Legion footing the bills.

"Bob Noonan was the winner this year," writes Legionnaire Einar J. Anderson. "After his trip he appeared at a joint meeting of the two posts and before the student assembly. Everybody hereabouts took a lot of interest in Bob's trip and handed the Legion a lot of incidental credit. In keeping with custom, Noonan's name will be engraved on the bronze tablet at the base of the flagpole which the two posts gave to the school."

**Hallowe'en Again**

**HERE it is again—Hallowe'en. And if your post lives in a town in which lawn chairs are piled on garage roofs, garbage cans upset on porches, in which air is let out of auto tires or miniature bombs are planted under car hoods and hooked to the starter, consider how decorous Hallowe'en now is in other towns where American Legion posts have conducted community celebrations for all children.

There is, for example, East Grand Rapids, Michigan, where a huge bonfire is the center of the celebration with free apples, cider and doughnuts for everybody and prizes for the six most unusual and funniest costumes and other prizes for decorated bicycles, tricycles, wagons and small autos. Folks actually had a chance to go to sleep at regular bedtime hours, reports Legionnaire E. W. Parmalee, active in the celebration.

And Keokuk, Iowa. There have been only four or five cases of vandalism there since Keokuk Post started harnessing the Hallowe'en spirit so it couldn't become a runaway. Sixty Legionnaires in motor cars volunteered to help patrol the city with the regular police force when the Legion first took hold of the holiday. Now the boys and girls have caught the idea. There's still plenty of fun, but no destroying of traffic signals and tearing up of gardens.

**Sandusky, Ohio, too. Commodore Denig Post conducts a Hallowe'en celebration, with a big parade if it doesn't rain, with a great jollification in a hall if the weather is bad. Bushels of doughnuts and barrels of cider.**

Merrick, Long Island, New York, also reports luck in helping boys and girls have fun on Hallowe'en. Impressed by its own success in sponsoring the holiday observance, the post enlarged its program of community activities after establishing a new post officer with the title of Community Service Officer.

**Speaking of Gibraltar**

**AN AMERICAN LEGION service officer must be on occasion both historian and detective. Michael J. Oppelt, service director of the welfare committee of Queens County, New York, recently resurrected from official records and a 1919 copy of a magazine the forgotten story of one of the most unusual of all happenings on that original Armistice Day of November 11, 1918—the destruction in Gibraltar Harbor of the U. S. S. Ophir. An army transport, she vanished in a blaze of gasoline and TNT.**

Mr. Oppelt brought this story out of the past after he encountered in his work as service officer recently three veterans who were aboard the Ophir almost until the moment she blew up in the midst of the Armistice celebration, while shore and harbor were ringing bells, sounding whistles and sending up fireworks. These three are today suffering from nervous disabilities, unable to carry on in a working world which puts a discount on men who go to pieces when sudden sounds or sights carry them back to their paralyzing moments in the hold of a fiery ship.

Mr. Oppelt was greatly impressed by the story told by the first of these victims. He discovered official records gave little information about the destruction of the Ophir and little to support the claim of a survivor for service-connected disability. To his surprise, shortly afterward he met at a Legion meeting another survivor of the Ophir, a nerve-shattered wreck of a man. Then still another survivor turned up—a man who wandered into a Legion service office in New York City and talked vaguely of his fearful experiences in a shipwreck. Mr. Oppelt checked up, found he too had been on the Ophir—is (Continued on page 60)
WOMEN in the A. E. F.? A couple of thousand of them filled their jobs as efficiently as the soldiers and sailors and marines. Officially designated as Army nurses, Red Cross aides, welfare workers with the various organizations such as the Y. M. C. A., the K. C. and the Salvation Army, we reached the conclusion before becoming very old in the service of the A. E. F. that one of their principal functions was to serve as sort of confessor for the home-sick, love-sick and otherwise-sick American troopers.

Probably the greatest thrill of recently-arrived troops was the sight and voice of the first American woman encountered on the far side of the ocean. And fair or homely, young or elder, tall or short, those women soon became the depositories of the innermost thoughts of men whose associates were only men. Into their ears were poured stories of home and mother, of wife and children, of sweethearts, and to them were shown the prized snapshots of the loved ones at home.

Now, however, we learn of an isolated incident wherein instead of being on the listening end, a couple of American women happened by chance to be placed on the telling end. We like this story particularly because again we can welcome into our Then and Now Gang a member of the Legion Auxiliary—one who did her own bit on the other side during the war. Miss Mary Frances Hall of 1353 East 14th Street, Brooklyn, New York, charter member of the Auxiliary Unit of Bill Brown Post of Sheepshead Bay, New York, is the contributor of the picture which we bulletin on this page, and here is her story:

"In going over some A. E. F. papers, I happened across the enclosed picture taken in June, 1919, during a two-day Coney Island Carnival conducted by the Knights of Columbus in Bourg, France. The palmist at the left is Julia Egan, while I am the card reader at the right. Perhaps some of the doughboys will recognize themselves—and I wonder how many fortunes came true? We had a lot of fun telling their fortunes. Although neither of us had ever told a fortune before in our lives, concentration and mental telepathy worked wonders that day.

"It was terribly hot and after riding for two days in an open car from our Paris headquarters, we were both as brown as road gypsies and with our rented costumes looked the part. Many of the boys thought we were the real thing and even at this late date, it seems a shame to spoil the fun by admitting we were phonies. In addition to the Motor Truck Corps stationed in Bourg, there was a stockade and German prison camp. The German prisoners pleaded to have their fortunes told, during the two hours they were permitted to participate in the Coney Island
As we have reported before, we are somewhat handicapped because of space restrictions in these columns in our efforts to act as a sort of unofficial lost and found bureau. But that doesn’t mean that we haven’t been successful in returning wartime souvenirs to their owners. Most of this work is accomplished through correspondence and therefore it is necessary that the lost or found personal effects reported to us have some definite identifying marks on them. In our list of returned property we find watches, a pair of saddle bags, photographs, mess kits, maps, and even a life-preserver used by a survivor of the "Maldivas" and left by him with an English family in Dover. And we have even helped fellows repay loans they made from buddies during the war!

Now, upon request of Frank E. Mallison of 151 Kay Street, Buffalo, New York, a member of Boesch's Post of that city, we are reproducing snapshot pictures of two babies who will soon be old enough to vote. Comrade Mallison tells us that these prints were left by a patient in the regimental infirmary of the First Ammunition Train, First Division, in the A. E. F., when he received his discharge from the infirmary. Mallison suggested in his letter that "if the pictures could be printed sometime, perhaps the owner would recognize them, as no doubt he prized them very much at the time he lost them."

We hope that the veteran to whom these photographs belonged will report either to Mallison or to the Company Clerk.

Through the interest of Legionnaire Frank Parks of East Rochester, New York, who served with Battery D, 309th Field Artillery, 73rd Division, and the cooperation of the German veterans organization, we recently succeeded in returning a similar snapshot print. In February, Parks sent to us a picture of a boy of about six in a sailor suit, posed with a girl of perhaps three, holding a doll. He reported that he had found the picture near the body of a German soldier in the Argonne Forest—one of a group of twenty-nine German dead later interred in a single grave. This was just beyond where the so-called "Lost Battalion" had been in peril.

We sent the print to Dr. Alfred Dick, an officer at the headquarters of the National Sozialistischen Kriegsspervorsorgung, the German veterans' association, in Berlin, suggesting that possibly the picture might be reproduced in its official publication. When we received the May issue of that magazine, we found that a small reprint of the picture had been included with a request that anyone who recognized the children report to the headquarters of the organization.

Immediately after receipt of the issue, we were surprised to receive a letter dated May 8th from Dr. Dick, from which, translated, we extract the following:

"Today, already, Mrs. Hedwig Klink, an associate worker of our association in Wuerttemberg, sent us a letter in which she enclosed a picture of her two children.

"Thus the mother of the two children has been found. I have written her immediately that Comrade Frank Parks of East Rochester, New York, a member of your association, had mailed the picture, also where and when he found it, in accordance with your letter of March 2, 1936.

"Of course, I rejoice with you that it was made possible to locate the relatives so quickly. It goes without saying that we shall always be ready in the future to help you from here in the spirit of comradeship."

While, as you all know, the Photographic Section of the Signal Corps took thousands of photographs of activities of the A. E. F.—prints of which, by the way, may still be purchased at a nominal price from the headquarters of that section in Washington, D. C.—we have tried to use as illustrations in

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These snapshots of two young Americans were left behind by a patient when he was discharged from the regimental infirmary of the First Ammunition Train, First Division, A. E. F. Who are these now-grown-up babies?
Not an official Signal Corps photograph, but the work of a French civilian. These men of Company C, 305th Infantry, 77th Division, posed with some French friends in front of the estaminet in Licques, in May, 1918

this department only the "unofficial" pictures which our service men and women took notwithstanding the strict regulations regarding cameras.

The picture shown of the group of American soldiers with some French friends looks like an official Signal Corps photograph, but not so, according to Fred L. Guenther of Rockville Center (New York) Post of the Legion. Guenther, who wrote to us on the stationery of the Company C Association, 305th Infantry, 28 East 39th Street, New York City, has this to say:

"The enclosed picture of a few of the vin blanc and vin rouge inhalers of Company C, 305th Infantry, 77th Division, was taken in the town of Licques, France, sometime in May, 1918, while the outfit was in training with the British.

"Our company headquarters was located next to an estaminet in the village and nothing could be more natural than that we should gather during our spare moments in the little cafe and bump over a few vin blancs or vin rouges. On this particular day, an old Frenchman with a dilapidated camera came along and volunteered to take our picture for a few francs.

"So we piled out of the cafe and got the daughter of the proprietor, her girl friend and some of the neighbors' children to fill out the group. We moved out of the town that week and the picture was forgotten. I happened to be sent back to the village sometime later to try and find some lost equipment and I quite naturally stopped at the cafe where we had spent many a pleasant evening. The young lady handed me a copy of the picture.

"It seems from what the young lady told me that the old gent's camera was confiscated by the military authorities shortly after our picture was taken. I thought it rather odd at the time to allow a civilian to wander around taking pictures of the soldiers. "I was very fortunate to get the picture home after carrying it around in my pockets for some months. It took a bit of repairing to get it into shape. In the group, the young lady on the extreme right is the estaminet keeper's daughter, the other older girl, her friend. I don't recall the names of the children, but the soldiers are: Standing, left to right, Cook MacDonald, Corporal Reilly, Corporal Boult, Cook Coleman, Sergeant Schneider, Cook Down; sitting, Sergeant Gunther and Cook Chassard, on ground, First Sergeant Hughes, Corporal McGarry. Wonder what has become of that old gang?"

IN a now-it-can-be-told spirit, every so often an account of an unusual experience of wartime is sent to us. Some of these include a query, as is true of this story submitted by Arch Campbell, a member of Lorentz Post of Mankato, Minnesota:

"Sometime during July or August in 1918, a prisoner in solitary confinement on a bread and water diet had a square meal snatched away from him when he reached for it, and I presume that for seventeen years he has been under the impression that this was a part of the punishment being meted out to him at that time.

"The incident happened at Blois, a clearing point for casuals and for men discharged from hospitals for assignment to S. O. S. duty. While passing through the depot there, I was given a tour of guard duty and part of the job was to (Continued on page 60)
Teacher's is a man's Scotch, with an honest, hearty taste.

Its tang has a mellow mildness that instantly appeals. For friendly times ... and any times ... it is the connoisseur's choice. The men who demand good whisky are the best friends Teacher's has.
U-BOATS AGAIN
To the Editor: I have read in the Monthly about the U. S. S. Davis destroying the U-103 or the U-113 (my log says U-113). Here is a log of that trip:
Friday, May 10. Destroyers O'Brien, Consulgham and Porter left Queenstown at 5:48 a.m. at a speed of 15.2 knots, sea very good. At about 1:30 p.m. the destroyer Davis joined the group. We were cruising to a convoy contact.
Saturday, May 11. At sea heading for convoy contact. At 7:30 a.m. picked up British steamer Olympic. Speeds ranging from 20 to 23 knots.
Sunday, May 12. About 3:30 a.m. Olympic rammed a U-boat. After picking up some 32 men and four officers, the Davis headed for Queenstown (the U-boat rammed by the Olympic sank).
At the time of the incident the U. S. S. O'Brien with Commander Martin K. Metcalf, senior officer, was in charge of convoy.
I am quite sure this data will be found on official records.
Karl A. Kornann
Dorchester, Mass.

BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD
To the Editor: Commenting on the article "Live and Let Live" in the August issue, let me say that The American Legion is to be commended on its attempt to decrease traffic accidents, but at least one method advocated is likely only to defeat that aim. I refer to the recommendation that billboards be used to display warnings on the highways.
I have driven more than 100,000 miles in the last five years without an accident or an insurance policy. I don't believe either is necessary for a good driver. But if there is any one menace to safety on our roads it is the billboard. I might discourse at some length on the esthetic side of this nuisance, but let us consider here only its diverting the attention of the motorist.
I want to help any honest and whole-hearted effort to reduce traffic casualties, but I promise you that if the billboard idea raises its ugly head in these parts I'll undertake to kill it.
L. W. Fainestock
Miami, Fla.

THE SALUTING DEMON
To the Editor: We believe we have found the Saluting Demon in the flesh. He is a member of our post, and is already known in South Jersey as the Saluting Demon of the A. E. F. He sports a mustache, is bald, always wears goggles, and is partial to undersized hats. He is an active Legionnaire, and accepts with good humor the stories of his saluting triumphs. His own favorite story is about a visit to the movies in his home town after three weeks in camp. During the feature picture the Stars and Stripes were shown frequently, and on each showing he stood at attention. Finally some unregenerate, completely lacking patriotism, heaved a wad of soaked tissue at him and made a bull's eye. Undisturbed he remained at attention and arose again and again at each showing of the colors. We nominate him as the prototype of Wally's lovable Demon. Undoubtedly there are a lot of good stories about saluting. Perhaps a contest to uncover these and find the Champion Saluting Demon would be in order at some future time. Of course, it would have to be based on incidents rather than physical appearance.
Edward A. Rodgers
Past Commander, Morgan-Ranck Post, Ocean City, N. J.

REDS AND OTHERS
To the Editor: I read religiously whatever the Monthly has to say about communist activities in this country.
Most of your writers place emphasis upon red methods, procedure and origin of their propaganda, and upon the strategy of their campaigning in vital places like the Army and Navy. All of which is good and a necessary part of America's defense, in my opinion, as well as in yours. But there is another broad front upon which they are attacking our American set-up.
Not literally, of course, for the danger of their immediate smothering of our electorate is not great. Though once a man becomes a professing communist, he is practically lost to Americanism. Their total vote does not threaten this generation. But—many a gullible voter who would refuse to don a red cap does actually, in effect, go communist by supporting some communist things.
To illustrate, there have been elections where voters thought they were Americans. Those voters are a long way from being avowed communists; indeed, they would fight you if you insisted that they are. They don't want communism, but they vote to scuttle Americanism—if they can't have this or do that.
So what? That proves a weakness in the adherence of Americans to basic Americanism! Buttress our faith in American things, American principles, ideals and philosophy of life—and you attack where the hair is short.
And there's the rub: What is the American philosophy and Americanism? A million definitions, ideas and ideals, propositions, teachings and institutions.
But the communist comes along with a concise, systematic, easy-to-visualize-to-the-man-up-a-tree set of principles! All reduced to a smug, though pedantic to be sure, code of maxims by Karl Marx. If you aren't a college professor with a degree in political science the clever student of Marx will out-argue you! You can know he's wrong but you can't change him or down him! And every once in a while he picks one of the susceptibles off and makes a red out of him! I read your articles, but I have read much about the whole agit-prop show! And aside from the mechanics which you refer to, I know that the great and underlying and long-pull proposition of Marx, Lenin, Debs, Stalin and the rest has been their pounding away upon basic theory! Read the campaign instructions to the communist fieldmen, and the pith of the battle plan is always to hammer Marxian theory into the minds of the people! Because those leaders know that if they can get you to think their ideas there is no harm in your sword or your pen!
And so, what then? Well, I would like to see a doctrine of virile Americanism that will match Marx's stuff with point for point and answer Marx point for point, and the rest of the socialist-communist crowd point for point. No other kind of fight will ever stop the slow, sickening and overwhelming conquest of the reds. And it can be done.
Russell Well
Fort Lapwai, Idaho

The American Legion Monthly
STORIES YOU HAVEN'T HEARD

He made 'em Laugh

ABIAN A. WALLGREN'S cartoons in "The Stars and Stripes" brought joy to the A. E. F. Wally thumbed the nose at Brass Hats in disrespectful sketches of the lantern-jawed "Tops," the elegantly groomed "Second Louey." And he immortalized the struggles of the Buck Private to accommodate his civilian soul to Army regulations while wrestling with such major problems as cooties, shaving without a mirror, and counting change in francs, sous and centimes.

They tell a story about Wally. They say he was presented to General Pershing, who graciously remarked, "Your name is not unfamiliar to me, General Pershing!" They swear it's true—and that Wally's immediate superiors were very, very annoyed.

Look in this issue for another of Wally's cartoons.

* * *

Is anybody making a collection of the stories about the American doughboy and those foreign telephones? Here's one—about a Second Louey who, after la guerre, had one day for a long-planned boat-trip up the Rhine. The night before, he left his hotel's phone number with a buddy across town, with instructions to wake him early. "Five," droned his buddy's voice on the wire next day, "A.M. when I started 'phonin' you, P.M. now!" . . . "Which shows why," says the Advertising Man, "Bell Telephone (page 45) finds us ex-doughboys a dandy audience for their story of real, American-brand telephone service!

"Speaking of collections—I've seen quite a few pipes and cigarette-holders fellows brought back as souvenirs from Over There. But what gets smoked in 'em? American brands of tobacco and cigarettes! And that's why Camels (back cover) and Prince Albert (page 39) find us an interested audience for their story of quality cigarettes and mellow, tasty smoking tobacco."
Question of Honor

(Continued from page 7)

horses, when Buck says rather forcible:

"Boys, I couldn't consider that price now. It's too big a gamble. However, I'll take 'em at ten an' you gather 'em an' deliver 'em to the shippin' corrals at Winnemucca."

"Sold!" says the McGinty boystogether and put out their hands to Buck to bind the bargain. Buck, he looked sorer worried, but still he shook hands.

In the mornin', after tellin' the McGinty boy he'd let 'em know when to make delivery, Buck an' me rode off together, which we ain't scarcely out o' sight o' the cabin, when Buck hits me a slap on the shoulder an' says: "Man, ain't you got no manners? Why'n you say thanks for that sweet bargain I put over for you with the McGinty boys? I'll only charge you a dollar a head commission."

"WHY, Buck," I says, "I wasn't dickerin' with the McGinty boys for their doggone horses."

"What?" yells Buck. "Why, when that skunk Bud named a price o' twelve-fifty a head your eyes like to pop out on your cheeks an' you give me a sort o' longin' plentin' look that tells me, plain as day, you've been dickerin' with 'em but ain't been able to come to terms. So right off I figger it's up to me to help you out by makin' an offer of less than the price I figger you made. When they accepted I was caught out on a limb, but it didn't worry me. I figgered to turn the trade to you, as a big favor to you. Honest, you wanted them horses, didn't you?"

"I'd take 'em in a minute at the price if I knew where I could borrow the money. However, I think it over most o' the night an' give up."

"Then I'm ruined," mourns Buck. "Henry Skinner must have seven thousand horses of his own to sell an' when he learns I've committed him to seven thousand more he'll fire me. An' I was dickerin' on gettin' married this fall."

"Buck, you're a tarnation bummer. You know you didn't want them horses, yet you made an offer in my behalf. Why didn't you wait 'til mornin' an' ask me? The McGinty boys never talked horse to me before you come in."

"Then why didn't you control your eyes? Why, they sparkled like a Christmas tree. An' the time to close was right then an' there."

"Naturally my eyes'd sparkle when I heard another feller offered a bargain, without me never havin' had a hack at it."

"Why, Jeb, I figgered right off you'd been tryin' to trade an' would pay ten dollars in a pinch. I wanted to help you out. Even at that gift price, these horses is all clear profit to the McGinty boys."

"That ain't the reason, Buck. The market's been off for four years, an' we got too many horses in this country. But that ain't the real reason. Nevada's only had one light snow-fall this winter; that spells a terrible feed year an' a shortage o' water, so the McGinty boys figger they'd better sell for what they can get rather than lose half the herd by next June."

Buck, he just moaned. "Which I never intended to buy, Jeb, an' Henry Skinner'll lose money on me. Even at ten dollars a head at the railroad no Nevada broom tail can be sold at a profit."

"But these ain't broom tails, Buck." I assure him, an' tell him of their quality, which cheers him up some but not much. Then I give him the names of a couple of wholesale horse buyers in St. Louis an' he said he'd ship 'em a few carloads as a sample, after which I'm sure he gets orders for the entire lot at a price that at least gets Henry Skinner out even. But Buck, he's still low in sperrits when our trails fork.

It's mebbe a month later that Buck comes ridin' into my headquarters. He puts his horse in the barn an' comes over to the house, kicks off his chaps an' spurs, hangs 'em up an' sits down an' looks at me I owed him money an' wouldn't pay, although I had it."

"Well, Jeb," he says, "it come out just like I prognosticated. I didn't write Henry Skinner about that horse trade. I thought mebbe I'd better run down to San Francisco an' tell him personal, dickerin' mebbe if he got a mad on I could argy him out of it. He took it real quiet an' I'm figgerin' I'm safe until he says, mild-like, 'Son, that's a powerful lot o' horses to buy on a gamble in these times. Was you figgerin' to start a war so we could work 'em off for cavalry mounts?"

"I just grinned at that, because I hadn't no defense. Then he says:

"Did you, by any chance, give them hell-anointed McGinty boys a draft on the company as a down payment an' sign a contract of purchase?"

"'No, sir, I didn't. They didn't ask it. We just shook hands on it."

"WELL," says Henry Skinner, 'them hands shake contracts don't go none with me, so I hereby repudiate the deal. An' just so you'll realize I'm in earnest, you're fired.'"

"All right, Mister," I says, "but them horses cost me seventy-five thousand dollars delivered at Winnemucca, because I bought 'em in good faith an' I was your legal agent, with written authority to buy any crater I figgered you could make a profit on. A verbal contract is as good as a written one, even if no cash passes. Besides me an' the McGinty boys to testify ain you in the suit, I got an an' respectable witness.'"

"When my legal staff gets through with them McGinty boys, he yells, 'they'll go back to them juniper-clad hills an' never again show their thievin' noses closer than fifty miles to the railroad!"

"I got a contract of employment with you," I remind, him, 'an' under that contract you can't fire me without thirty days written notice."

"I'll pay your salary now an' you vamas the rancho."

"So the cashier gives me a check an' I drift without further argument. There wasn't nothin' else to do, although if this interview with Henry Skinner had took place somewhere up a lonely canyon I'd have tore the ol' villain's right arm off an' beat his brains out with it."

"I'm sorry for you, Buck. However, if you rode three hundred miles to call on me it must be because you want a job. Well, you got it. I can use you for my foreman at seventy-five a month."

"Thanks, but I didn't come here for a job, Jeb. You live a reasonably lonely file an' I figgered you'd be amused an' edified at my tale an' give me some advice in my extremity."

"IF YOU don't need a ridin' job, you big galoot," I says, "what extremity are you in?"

"I've contracted to buy seven thousand, five hundred head o' horses an' I'm in honor bound to take 'em, which I can't afford to do personal if the McGinty boys give 'em to me free an' for nothin'. An' the McGinty boys is pressin' me hard for shippin' orders. They want to start gatherin' them horses right away; feed'le be gettin' short right soon an' be gone entirely by the first o' July, an' they want their money as soon as they can get it."

"Buck," I says, "you're sure not thinkin' that deal holds good, now that your principal has repudiated it?"

"I was Henry Skinner's legal agent an' he's responsible for the acts of his servants. If you'll agree to stand by me as a witness to the verbal agreement, I'll ride over into Nevada, tell the McGinty boys how come, urge 'em to make delivery at the railroad as per agreement an' help 'em gather. I've talked to the railroad people an' with the prospect o' that much freight to St. Louis they'll build enough new feed corrals at Winnemucca to hold the horses. After the horses get there the McGinty boys can make demand on Henry Skinner for their money, an' sue him if they don't get it. All the time them horses are in the railroad corrals they will have to be fed an
watered an’ cared for—which'll run up some more expense on that shrinkin’ ol’ violet. I’ve consulted the best lawyer in Reno an’ he tells me I got a dead open an’ shut case. When the railroad company cuts off the feed an’ water the McGinty boys can let the horses starve to death in the feed yards an’ the railroad company will remove the carcasses an’ destroy ’em—an’ all at the expense of Henry Skinner. So I reckon the old wolf’ll be glad to pay the McGinty boys, once he sees the picture, ship them hosses to St. Louis an’ salvage as much out of the deal as he can.”

Buck sits there a while considerin’ the business ethics of Henry Skinner, which if he’s got one dollar, that miserable old tarantula has twenty million. Finally he sighs an’ says: “An’ me an’ you, Jeb, is poor!”

I consider Buck quite a while. Then: “Buck, I always knew you was honest but I never figured you was vindictive. This here vindictiveness you’re exhibitin’ ain’t manly. It’s womanly. Sure you thought all this out by yourself?”

“Hell, no,” he says. “I ain’t that smart an’ I ain’t that vindictive. Hattie Belle figured out the deal. When old Henry Skinner bid my handshake contract down to nothin’ minus, naturally I went to Hattie Belle for comfort.”

“An’ you didn’t get none?”

“She liked to skelp me. She says: ‘Buck Saunders, you’re jest a weak, wobblin’ wombat.’ What’s a wombat?”

“I didn’t know.

“Which a wombat must be a mighty low-grade animal, else Hattie Belle would never have called me one. Hattie Belle, she’s been through high school. Ever meet Hattie Belle?”

“No.”

“Old Man Taylor’s youngest girl—Flyin’ T outfit, over on the Humboldt.”

“I suppose, after you’d lost your job an’ your honor, you went like a man to Hattie Belle an’ told her them weddin’ bells was muted.”

“I did—an’ I wish I hadn’t. She let me know that when her weddin’ bells was muted, the said mutation would be at her direction exclusively. Fine girl, Hattie Belle. Wonderful. Be a pardner to a man. Help him along every time. Drive him along some, too, I reckon, if he was inclined to be too easy with her, which I won’t be, only she don’t know it.”

He looks at me searchingly. “Jeb, you’re ten year older in I be an’ lots more intelligent an’ experienced. What must I do to save my honor an’ Hattie Belle?”

“Far be it from me to put a spoke in Hattie Belle’s wheel, Buck. You ride over to Quinn River an’ sell the McGinty Brothers your idea on buildin’ a fire under Henry Skinner, I’ll be your witness. The McGinty boys’l listen to you, because they figger to lose them hosses anyhow if they remain on the range this dry year, so they might just as well lose ’em in the railroad yards at Winnemucca. An’ if they’re (Continued on page 38)

Mystifying the Man who Mystifies the Public

By Blackstone, World’s Foremost Magician

MAGiC is bread and butter to me. I earn my living by mystifying the public with such famous illusions as the apparently disembodied and living head of a woman. Yes, I’ve amazed and baffled millions of theatre goers the world over with this trick and many others. But the tables were turned the other day at the Gillette factory in Boston. I was the one who was amazed and baffled during an inspection tour of this truly marvelous plant where Gillette Blades are manufactured.

I found sheer mechanical magic—wonders I can’t explain—on every floor of this scientific factory. I stood wide-eyed with astonishment as I watched the operation of the automatically controlled furnaces in which Gillette steel is hardened. On each furnace is a magical black box. In this box is a steel strip of exactly correct hardness for perfect razor blades.

Then—as the steel in process passes through the furnace it must match this bellwether strip for hardness. If the slightest variation occurs—presto change!—the temperature in the furnace is automatically raised or lowered to bring the steel to the exact required temper.

“Now less mystifying is a device that ‘sees’ through steel. Every coil of Gillette steel is submitted to this searching test. No hidden flaws can escape.

And I was amazed to discover that the edges of the Gillette Blade are so sharp that they are positively invisible. I was unable to see them even with the aid of the most powerful microscope.

I could write on and on about the marvels I saw. But summing it all up—when the scientific wonders in this plant can mystify a professional magician—isn’t it natural that the Gillette Blade shaves stubborn bristles with magical ease? I am convinced that every Gillette Blade shaves you in perfect comfort because every Gillette Blade is itself perfect. It’s a mystery to me how any man could shave with any other blade.

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.
goin' to start gatherin' 'em, they'd better start now before the feed dries, so's the horses will reach Winnemucca in good condition."

"Gatherin' them horses is goin' to be a terrible job, Jeb, an' drivin' 'em to Winnemucca is goin' to be plain heart-breakin'. You know how a wild horse will break away an' head back for his range."

"Nonsense. The trouble is you ain't had no experience drivin' horses, but the McGinty boys has. They'll throw a dozen old broke bell-mares out in front o' the drive an' them wild horses will folle quiet-like. An' them McGinty horses ain't wild or mean. They got a dash o' Percheron blood an' that makes 'em phlegmatic an' non-excitable."

"You comfort me a heap," says Buck. "You're right. There ain't nothin' for me to do, in honor, 'ceptin' ride over an' tell them McGinty boys exactly what happened."

MAYBE a month has passed an' in the interim I receive two letters—one's from Buck statin' the desperate McGinty boys has throwed in with him to spill the summer for Henry Skinner, an' one from my old friend, Mr. John P. Wheaton, who's the vice-president an' general manager of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company. For upwards o' five years I been breedin' mules, sellin' 'em to the planters in Hawaii an' shippin' 'em via this steamship line. Mr. Wheaton is in trouble an' askin' me for a helpin' hand.

The situation is this: The year is 1901 an' the Boxer war has broke out in China. Every nation that maintains a legation at Peking is sendin' troops to save its legation. None o' the nations interested has cavalry regiments to send except the United States, which sends the 4th Cavalry up from Manila; the other nations send infantry an' field artillery.

Germany, however, must be figurin' that this here Boxer war means the break up of China into pieces, that every nation grasps a piece an' that them that has mounted troops gets to the most desirable piece first an', consequently, holds 'em by right o' a squatter claim. So Germany has sent a horse-buyin' commission to San Francisco—a major of Ulhans, who handles the finances, an' two veterinarians to tell on the horses. They're in the market for six thousand horses, to be shipped out to China right away, an' they got to be part broke an' animals of nice dispositions, because the Germans aim to mount their infantry on 'em. Before announcin' publicly what they're in San Francisco for, they call on John P. Wheaton, because there won't be no sense in buyin' horses until they got steamships lined up to transport them to China. An' on a deal o' that size it's always best to trade with one man or one company.

Now, John P. Wheaton's right anxious to get that business for his company, because he's got some big boxes o' freight steamers that have been laid up a long time, on account o' dull business. However, in order to get this horse freight he's got to help these strangers find the horses, an' in his extremity he thinks o' me. He figures I can furnish maybe a couple o' hundred head an' that can tell him where to find more. He knows it ain't possible to find six thousand well-broke, sound saddle horses that'll pass the rigid inspection o' them Germans. An' cow ponies won't do. They're too small. The specifications call for horses from four to seven years old, not less than fifteen hands high, bay, brown, black or chestnut in color an' weighin' not less than one thousand pounds. An' they got to be sound, an' ridden at least once without buckin'.

An hour after receivin' that letter I'm headed for the railroad, an' two days later I'm in John P. Wheaton's office. Informin' him I got exactly the kind of horses they Germans want. Half-breed Percheron mares bred to thoroughbred stallions produce a horse weighin' from ten to twelve hundred pounds, fifteen to fifteen-three or even sixteen hands high, clean-limbed, courageous on account of their half thoroughbred blood, fairly active an' fast for big ridin' animals, an' with their dispositions toned down by the phlegmatic Percheron strain, so they break easy an' meanness ain't in them. An' they run mostly to bays an' browns. I tell John P. Wheaton I can furnish six thousand, maybe seven, provided the specifications are relaxed to include some long three year olds.

THE proposition appeals to them Germans, because it saves them the trouble of scourin' the country; the type o' horse I promise pleases 'em perfectly, they bein' smart enough to know that an infantry soldier that ain't been brought up with horses needs a mild, quiet, good-natured horse when he's galvanized over into mounted infantry. When we talk price I ask a hundred an' twenty-five dollars a head, delivered at the docks in San Francisco an' the Germans, not bein' familiar with American horse prices, say they'll make me an offer after they've looked at a fair sample o' the goods, which pleases me.

When we're alone John P. Wheaton says: "Tully, you're a bandit."

"Of course I am. Ain't I tryin' to furnish horses to bandits? Ain't they figurin' on usin' them horses to grab Chinese territory? An' remember, I got to gentle them horses, halter break 'em an' ride 'em once without buckin'. I got to hire pasturage an' buy feed an' engage hundreds of expert riders to top them horses off; I got to have insurance on man an' horse, so the most them horses nets me, I figure, is eighty-five dollars a head. I'm startin' now to gather 'em off the range an' I'll have five hundred for a sample in the railroad corrals at Winnemucca in about two weeks."

"That'll help close the deal," says John P. Wheaton. "These Germans are in a hurry an' time is the essence of the contract."

"So is secrecy," says I. "If it leaks out that these Germans are here to buy six thousand horses, every horse raiser in the West will be around, cuttin' prices and tryin' to saw off cow ponies an' broken-down ridin' academy horses."

Wheaton grinned at me. "I'll do my best for you, Jeb, but your best ally is your ability to furnish all the horses and make prompt delivery. The horse buying commission may expect a dollar a head from you to each of them—in cash, as a good will offering, but don't offer it and don't pay it unless they ask for it."

THAT night I light out for Nevada; the next day I'm in Winnemucca. After registerin' at the hotel I go down to the cattle loadin' corrals outside town an' the first thing I see is a gang o' workmen erectin' a lot of extra corral space. Another gang is puttin' in metal watering troughs an' leadin' water pipes to 'em, while there's four carloads o' hay on the side-track.

"What's the activity for?" I ask the yardmaster.

"Feller name's Buck Saunders aims to ship around seven thousand head o' horses from here," he answers. "He's due with the first five hundred day after tomorrow. Well, we'll be ready for him." I went back to town an' telegraphed John P. Wheaton to send up his Germans on the train that night. Buck Saunders an' the McGinty boys got in with the first five hundred head about noon next day an' I stay in my room all day so none o' these here horse merchants'll see me. The Germans get in at four P. M., an' I immediately send 'em down to the loadin' corrals to haze the McGinty horses around an' size 'em up at their leisure. I know there won't be nobody around to see them because as soon as the riders corrals the horses an' put hay in the racks for 'em they'll naturally drift up town for a few drinks an' some town grub an' a bath.

In an hour them Germans is back in my suite at the hotel an' before they open
their mouths I know we're going to trade. They're right well pleased with them McGinty horses; they just what the Kaiser ordered an' no mistake. So we fly at it an' when the smoke has cleared away I've sold six thousand head o' them McGinty horses I don't own, subject to passing by the veterinaries, at a hundred an' twenty-five dollars a head, twenty dollars a head to be paid as earn- est money when the horses has passed the veterinaries an' the balance when the major figures they're reasonably safe for German infantry to ride an' I have delivered 'em on the dock. I have a lawyer draw up the contract an' we all sign it. There ain't no trouble, because all three Germans speak English better'n I do.

The following morning I drift down to the corrals and run into Buck Saunders an' the McGinty boys. "Which Hank an' Bud notified Henry Skinner by tele- graph yesterday afternoon," says Buck, "that they got five hundred head of horses out o' the seven thousand purchased for him by his agent, Buchanan Saunders, here at Winnemucca, an' asked ship- ping instructions an' payment. We got an answer from Henry Skinner this mornin', an' it's just as I expected. Henry just says: 'Sue an' see how you like it.'"

"Gentlemen," says I, "the law's delay is sure something scandalous. It's maybe winter an' four foot o' snow in these here corrals before you get a judgment against Henry Skinner and in the mean- time you're goin' to have losses an' the railroad company will be jumpin' on your tail. I figure I can make a profit on these here horses, so I'll just take them off Henry Skinner's hands an' a law-suit off yours."

Buck looks hard at me for he knows I got a joker up my sleeve. The McGinty boys look surprised, but they don't lose their heads nohow. "Which if we got to abandon our plans for soakin' that old buzzard," says Bud McGinty, "we got to be paid for it. Your charity'll cost you two dollars a head over what Buck here agreed to pay for 'em for an' on behalf of Henry Skinner."

"You give Buck a dollar a head com- mission an' the deal is closed."

They agree to this, an' all hands are so happy they don't offer no objection to rollin' buck up country to get another five hundred head, after I've give the McGinty boys a check for the first five hundred. When they're all gone I hire a couple o' corral hounds an' put every horse through a narrow chute, so that the veterinaries can examine the critter physically, includin' his teeth. I have about thirty rejects, mostly for splints, curbs or sidebones, so I brand these re- jects with a dab of white paint on the rump an' ship 'em with the rest of the lot later on, because I know I can have 'em sound as a bell o' brass in ninety days an' sell 'em with the last consign- ment I ship.

One by one, as the chance presents it- self, my three (Continued on page 41)
NATIONAL Executive Committee man Harry Hall brought back from a recent visit to Puerto Rico the one about the American visitor who was approached by a native beggar, asking for a penny.

"Why don't you ask for a nickel instead of a penny?" asked the visitor. "You can't make anything this way."

"Whereupon the native replied: "You run your business and I'll run mine.""

WITH the football season breaking all 'round, E. W. Davidson, one-time University of Kansas footballer and now a commuting New Yorker, revises his yarn about a quick-witted follower of the Kansas team who went with it on all its trips.

One bright Sunday morning, as the team and fans from Lawrence were checking out of a hotel, this peripatetic rooter brushed the potato-and-pen from the clerk's desk to the lobby floor. He stooped over to pick them up when—clackety-blankety-splank—knives, forks, spoons and what-have-you came pouring out of his inside pockets. Never hesitating for a moment, he scooped up the silverware in both hands and placed it on the desk, leaning over and saying to the clerk in a low whisper:

"Some of the team were tryin' to get away with these things for souvenirs, but I wouldn't let 'em."

THE local party committee was getting ready for an impressive political rally with lots of community singing thrown in for good measure. The song leader was rehearsing a large crowd of which was to be huddled around the microphone in the auditorium, and the number was "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

"In the third verse," said the leader, "only the sopranos will sing down to the 'gates of hell,' then you all come in."

ARTHUR J. PALMER of Madison, Wisconsin, offers the one about the woman who was in hysterics because her husband had received a notice to appear before the draft board.

"There is no cause for concern," comforted a neighbor. "Most likely you will receive a classification that will render it unnecessary for him to go to war, being a farmer and having a wife and four children."

"It would serve him right if he had to go," said the wife. "I told him when this war started, we ought to leave Missouri and move to Iowa."

"But that wouldn't have helped."

"What!" exclaimed the upset wife. "Are they having a war up there, too?"

CONRAIDE David B. Simpson of Erie, Pennsylvania, writes about a Sunday School teacher in an eastern Pennsylvania town where most of the adult population was made up of railway employees. For two successive Sundays before Christmas he had tried to impress his class of young hopefuls with the story of Bethlehem.

On the third Sunday he asked the class:

"Where was Jesus born?"

There was a long, painful pause, when finally one little boy spoke up and said:

"Mauch Chunk."

"No, no," replied the teacher. "It was Bethlehem."

"Oh, yes," agreed the lad with a self assured grin. "I knew it was some place on the Lehigh Valley Railroad."

SAM was returning, after three weeks of practice, the saxophone he was purchasing on the installment plan.

"What's the matter?" asked the clerk.

"Ah can't understan' it," he replied sadly. "Ah blows in de mostest sweetest music, but when it comes out de othah en', it am de mostest damnaest noise you evah heered."

THE sweet young thing came tripping into the library.


"Not at all. I've got my boy friend here to carry it home for me."

WARREN ATHERTON, California's member of the National Americanism Commission, has a yarn about an inmate of a penitentiary who was called into the warden's office.

"You were sent here, I believe, for writing a glowing prospectus for an oil company."

"Yes," said the prisoner. "I was a little too optimistic."

"Well," went on the warden, "the governor wants a report on conditions in this prison. I've decided to have you write it."

HENRY BERARD, of Welch, West Virginia, passes on to us a testimonial in behalf of life insurance. A woman recently acknowledged the payment of a policy in this manner: "On July 1st, my husband took out a policy with your company. In less than three weeks he was killed in an automobile wreck. I think insurance is a good investment."

LEGIONNAIRE Ezra J. (Headman) Lefferts, of Chicago, writes about the new employee who came out of the boss's office with a bewildered look.

"Did you tell him what you'd do if you didn't get a raise?" asked his eager fellow-clerk.

"You bet I did. I told him I'd quit if he didn't come through."

"How'd he take it?"

"He said he didn't have time to do any singing this morning, but I'd find his answer in the second line of 'Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!'"

THE public relations counsel of a utilities company was extolling the virtues of his industry before a luncheon club.

"If I were permitted a pun, I might say in the words of the poet, 'Honor the Light Brigade.'"

From a corner table in the rear a voice was heard to say: "Oh, what a charge they made!"

MAJOR LYLE H. GILMORE of the old A. E. F. Press Section offers his favorite as the one about the young Italian having a hard time with pronouncing English words. He was about floored with 'toffah,' 'plough' and 'through,' but struggled manfully until he read at the top of the movie reviewer's column:

"'Showboat' Pronounced Success."
Germans get me off by myself an' say just one word: "Well?" At the same time they make signs with the thumb an' forefinger.

"One dollar to you for every horse passed," I reply. "In cash," I added, an' they nod. Six thousand head o' horses at one dollar a head figures six thousand dollars an' that's a lot o' money in any language, an' I didn't figure to slip 'em any outlaws or cripples just because they charge me a head tax. I have to agree. If I don't they will reject sound horses out of the next lot. By now them horses stand me fifteen dollars a head.

So the major and the veterinaries an' me return to San Francisco, where I get ten thousand dollars on account. About twenty mile south of San Francisco I lease a five hundred acre pasture, build a cook shack and mess hall, set up a lot o' condemned army tents left over from the Spanish war, an' build a couple o' circular breakin' corrals an' saddlin' chutes and lay in a stock o' hay. Then I hustle back to Nevada an' ship that first five hundred head. I'm no sooner out o' the corrals than Buck an' the McGinty boys arrive with another five hundred head, so I get cars spotted in an' ship that lot out within three days. Also I've put advertisements in a lot o' papers, offerin' to hire bronco twisters to top out gentle horses until they quit buckin', the fee for same to be five dollars a head plus board an' lodgin'. The bronco twisters do their stuff, and when the horses don't buck, the major O. K.'s 'em an' we run 'em through a squeeze chute an' brand an' hoof mark 'em.

Well, to make a long story short, I deliver two thousand horses to John P. Wheaton's steamer sixty days after I start breakin' 'em, an' most o' my early rejects, cured up now, goes aboard the steamer also. I'm paid at the gangplank. Meanwhile I've been paying the McGinty boys cash on the nail; I've taken their entire seventy-five hundred head, weeded out fifteen hundred head of long three year-olds and slightly crippled an' shipped them from Winnemucca to a horse market in St. Louis, where I make a profit of twenty-five dollars a head on the lot. I average a net profit of eighty-five dollars a head, all debts is paid an' everybody's happy. So I go back to my ranch an' take on cows again, while Buck Saunders, with seven thousand dollars horse commission in his pocket, goes over to the Flyin' T on the Humboldt an' marries old man Taylor's girl, Hattie Belle.

On the first of September, after spendin' two weeks lookin' over my ranch affairs, I go over to Nevada, look up the record and discover that if the Estate of Jim Saunders wants to redeem the 7-S ranch it'll cost 'em, what with principal, accrued interest (Continued on page 42)
and costs, the sum of sixty-two thousand eight hundred and nine dollars and three cents. So I drop in on Henry Skinner and says to him: “Mr. Skinner, I’m redeemin’ the 7-S Ranch for the Estate of Jim Saunders, deceased.”

“My God!” moans Old Henry an’ like to faint. The 7-S is worth three hundred thousand if it’s worth a cent an’ to lose it now for a paity sixty-two odd thousand is a bitter pill for the old reprobate to swallow. However, there’s no out for him. I have a notary public with me an’ in five minutes the 7-S title is vested firm in the Estate of Jim Saunders, “Which you’ve made close to five thousand tons o’ wild hay on the 7-S, Mr. Skinner,” I says, “for winterin’ the cattle you got there. Buck Saunders will be right obliged to you for harvestin’ that hay for him, free gratis. You’ll soon be roundin’ up thirty-five hundred head o’ good beef type range cows an’ their wealin’ calves o’ the summer range. You don’t want to be bothered hirin’ riders to round-up them cow brutes, do you? Now I’ve looked at them cattle an’ know what they’re worth an’ I’ll buy them for you, for a reasonable price.”

Naturally, son, I bought them, an’ under the circumstances, I bought them cheap, as I knew I would, for Old Henry was never a man to let his hastes cost him money. “Which if you upheld Buck Saunders in that horse deal with the McGinty brothers, Mr. Skinner,” I says at partin’, “you’d probably have cleared five hundred an’ thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars on them, like me an’ Buck did. Also, you’d still have a three hundred thousand dollar ranch that’ll only have stood you a trifle over sixty-two thousand, an’ you’d still have the best ranch manager in the State o’ Nevada.”

Old Henry let out a yell an’ started throwin’ so many paper weights an’ ink-wells at me, I was lucky to get out without serious injury.

Well, son, would you believe it, I never said a word to Buck Saunders about that deal with Henry Skinner? I recorded the release o’ mortgage an’ sent my own superintendent over to the 7-S to operate it, an’ for three years he runs it at a nice profit, too. Finally one day I rode over to old man Taylor’s Flyin’ T outfit on the Humboldt an’ asked for Buck Saunders. It seems he was visitin’ with his father-in-law. Buck was right glad to see me an’ I learn that he’s took his horse commission money an’ gone into the business o’ buyin’ an’ sellin’ cattle, mules an’ horses. He’s been doin’ right well, but says he don’t reckon he’ll ever be happy again until he gets a ranch an’ an’ iron of his own.”

“Well, Buck,” I says, “how’s married life?”

“Nothing else like it,” he says. “Hattie Belle, like all women, has the notion at first that I’m considerable of a child an’ require a lot o’ managin’. She’s inclined to boss the outfit at first an’ wants to handle the family bankroll, on account my old man’s been a gambler an’ she’s scared blood will tell. So I lay the law down to her an’ after some bawlin’ an’ pitchin’ I get her gentled an’ I reckon she’ll stay that way on account we got a baby boy to occupy her thoughts.”

“Well, Buck,” I says, “I come over here to make a confession. By rights I should have made it three years ago, but bein’ a cautious man I figgered I’d better wait to see if you two was goin’ to make the grade. Here you are, Buck,” and I hand him the recorded satisfaction of mortgage on the 7-S. “You got something in the estate of Jim Saunders now, Buck, so petition for letters of administration an’ next year you’ll be the sole owner of the old outfit.” Then I hand him an accountin’ of the horse deal an’ an’ accountin’ of the ranch operation, together with a check for his share of everything. “Which I always figgered you my partner in that horse deal, Buck,” I says, “but I don’t let you know it or tell you about grabbin’ the 7-S back from Henry Skinner, because you’re in love an’ a young man in love is apt to jump at small profits. So now, Buck, you hustle down to the 7-S, which you’ll find all stocked with cows, an’ relieve my superintendent an’ send him back to me. I figger he has a nice bonus comin’ to him, but not from me.”

Buck nods but don’t say anything. Presently he gets up an’ goes out to the barn an’ when I follow I find him cinchin’ his saddle on a big blue roan half-thoroughbred. He leads this nag out, tops him, leans down an’ cufs me on the ear somethin’ scandalous. “You dangled ol’ schemin’ Santa Claus,” he says. “I’m that obliged to you I’m goin’ to name our boy after you. Me, I reckin’ I got a feelin’ about things, because for three months I been fightin’ Hattie Belle on the issue o’ whether the heir to the Saunders millions gets named after his paternal grandfather or some friend o’ mine. Well, Hattie Belle loses! Old man Taylor ain’t never done nothin’ for me. He even takes board money from us when we’re here—get out of my way—you woman! Can’t you see I’m in a hurry to get down on the 7-S in time to brand the spring calf-crop?”

I took the other way because Buck he’s full-up an’ leakin’ a little with happiness an’ gratitude. Good man, Buck, an’ a danged good cowman.

Where Is the War of Yesteryear?

(Continued from page 11)

The “war” began August 1st, at Fort Knox, Kentucky, some thirty miles from Louisville. Its conditions presupposed the existence of a “Blue” nation in the heart of the United States, consisting of West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Strained relations arise between this “Blue” nation and a second hypothetical power consisting of Tennessee and Virginia, known as the “Reds.” War is declared and the “Blue” nation starts its southern army in a thrust eastward against the “Reds” capital, Nashville.

About ten days after the declaration of war between the “Blues” and the “Reds,” a third hypothetical state, Pennsylvania, known as the “Browns,” declares war on the “Blue” nation and comes into the struggle as an ally of the “Red” forces. Throughout the “war” the armies of the “Blue” contest were representing by the National Guard divisions of the Middle Western States, supported by Regular Army formations of infantry and artillery. Forces of the “Reds” and later of the “Browns” were represented by the crack new tank unit of the Regular Army, known as the First Regiment of Mechanized Cavalry with supporting units of mechanized artillery. Co-operating with the tanks were squadrons of America’s most modern airplanes supplied by the new and efficient GHQ Air Force.

Every effort was made to duplicate conditions that would follow the declaration of hostilities between two modern industrial nations. According to the modern theory of war, the first action that would follow such a declaration would be the bombing by long-distance airplanes of the principal cities, railroad junctions and industrial areas. For a time, an exercise involving the bombing of Chicago, Detroit, Indianapolis and Louisville was considered. This would have been easily possible with the powerful bombers of the GHQ Air Force, but it would have interfered with other troop-training exercises, and for this and other reasons, it was abandoned.
Another important initial phase of modern war would be the bombing of enemy airplane bases. Chanute Field, at Rantoul, Illinois, one of the most important aviation centers in "Blue" territory, was selected as the target for a bombing exercise of this kind and squadrons of the GHQ Air Force were assigned to give it a strafing.

According to the modern method, an attack on a military air base is begun by squadrons of "attack" planes. These are machines of great speed and stability, combined with moderate bomb-carrying ability and armed with several machine guns.

These "attack" planes arrive first on the scene. You hear them but you can't see them. Presently they pop over a crest and go to work on you with bombs and machine guns from a few feet above your head. Their extreme closeness and the speed with which they fly renders it extremely difficult to hit them. Usually they're off like a bat before you realize what it's all about.

The business of the "attack" planes is to cause confusion, shoot up anti-aircraft defenses and paralyze ground personnel. For this purpose, besides their machine guns, they carry bombs, explosive and gas.

But the bombers do the real damage. Five minutes after the "attacks" begin work is the ideal time for the heavy ships to get on the scene. These are monsters of the air, each carrying a ton or more of bombs; on bombing missions they fly normally at altitudes of three miles where they are extremely difficult to hit.

The air raid on Chanute Field was carried out by a group of bombers from Langley Field, Norfolk, Virginia, operating in conjunction with a squadron of "attack" planes from Barksdale Field, near Shreveport, Louisiana. Although these fields are more than a thousand miles apart the flight actually was so perfectly co-ordinated that each group arrived at Chanute within less than a minute of the appointed time, and the bombers began their work four minutes and fifteen seconds after the "attack" group, instead of the five minutes that had been agreed upon.

And did the Air Force put Chanute Field out of action? Well, that's one of the unsolved questions of this war. The GHQ planes operated with beautiful precision.

But the personnel of Chanute Field also manned their defenses in perfect order. Anti-aircraft guns sighted at the scudding aircraft. The ground force claimed that they had destroyed their attackers. The air force said they had obliterated the field. Fortunately neither side was using real ammunition so neither could prove its case.

The Southern army of the "Blues" consisted of the 37th and 38th Divisions, the 10th Regular Brigade and their auxiliaries making up (Continued on page 41)

TUT, TUT, Mr. King, Union Leader is not only down your alley... it's right down every man's alley! For Union Leader is primed for every man's pipe, and... at a dime... it's priced for every man's purse. Sniff it! Smoke it! And when you light a fragrant, flavorful pipeload, watch it bowl a ten-strike over mixtures with fancy price tags. Try a tin, brother, but don't say we didn't warn you! That mellow, old, Kentucky Burley in Union Leader will make your dime pay a dollar dividend in smoking pleasure! (Swell rollin' for cigarettes, too!)
the VI Corps, under command of Major General W. E. Cole. The Northern army, consisting of the remaining troops, comprised the V Corps, under command of Brigadier General D. T. Merrill. The two corps were under the supreme command of General Kilbourne and his staff of the Second Army.

The Southern army got into action first, their stage of the combined operation extending from August 1st to 15th, while the period of activities for the Northern army stretched from August 8th to 22d. Altogether more than forty thousand troops were put into the field, the largest number to take part in any exercise of the kind in the United States since the World War.

As soon as the infantry and artillery of the Southern army had arrived in Fort Knox, they took to the field for battle with the tanks. As soon as the infantry were out under pup tents a terrific storm that amounted to a cloudburst descended on them. In two days more rain fell than during the entire year up to that date.

While the infantry and the artillery and the dirty engineers were paddling around in the mud, taking up their positions, the mechanized cavalry was moving south to get into the location from which it was to strike from across the Tennessee border.

Fort Knox has been called the Laboratory of Mechanized Warfare in the United States. Mechanized warfare, in case you don’t know it, is what has become of the tanks. The World War tank was useful in its day, but it was easy to see and its maximum speed was around five miles an hour. It was fatally easy to hit and once the Germans recovered from their surprise on its appearance at Cambrai, its usefulness was strictly limited.

Several years after the Armistice was history, a light, two-man tank that would travel over rough country at thirty miles an hour, carrying machine guns or a one-pounder, became England’s newest attacking weapon. Italy and Germany followed the lead. In the English, German and Italian armies there are mechanized brigades numbering hundreds of high-speed tanks and armored cars.

The modern tank is a weapon of speed. Traveling thirty miles or more an hour, it can cover hundreds of miles in a day. Finding a gap in the enemy’s front line or circling wide around his flank, it can appear as if by magic in his rear areas, machine-gunning marching troops, destroying supplies, wrecking truck and railroad trains, dynamiting bridges. Against the tank’s gunners behind thick steel walls, infantry is helpless.

As the development of the tank proceeded abroad America followed, step by step. Experimental models were constructed and tested out. Recently tanks and armored cars were procured in sufficient quantities for a more extensive experiment and the First Cavalry, a famous old regiment, was mechanized. These, together with the First Battalion, 68th Field Artillery (Mechanized), the 19th Field Artillery (Motorized), and certain Air Corps and maintenance units, were assembled for the first test of these units of modern war ever held in the United States.

The Mechanized Force as it started south from Fort Knox for its zero-hour position presented an impressive sight. It was made up of sixteen armored cars for reconnaissance work, sixteen half-tractor machine-gun cars, and twenty tanks, which in the United States are called “combat cars.” With its mechanized artillery it formed a line three-and-a-half miles long on the road and traveled at a cruising speed of somewhere between twenty and thirty miles an hour.

The motorized column had plenty of blank ammunition and so did the ground forces. Before the morning had advanced far, the battlefield sounded like the Fourth of July. The tanks knew the ground, but so did their opponents. The National Guard Divisions covered themselves with glory. They had 75’s and anti-tank weapons posted in all the critical locations in incredibly short time. Indications pointed to a drawn battle.

One scene sticks in my mind. I was standing on a high bank watching a column of supply trucks and artillery moving peacefully down a road toward the front. Suddenly from a gulch that crossed the road a hundred yards farther down appeared the head of a squadron of tanks. Veering like a column of foraging ants it swung out of the ditch, across a plowed field and through a fence at thirty miles an hour. Then it turned and ran down the road alongside the astonished truckmen and artillery soldiers, going through the motions of machine gunning truck-drivers, doughboys and artillerymen.

Almost before we knew it had arrived it was away again, each steel-clad fortress turning on a dime and taking off in a new direction on orders transmitted from the squadron commander’s car. I heard later that this maneuver was ruled out, but it was an impressive thing to see.

Scenes like the above occurred day after day at Fort Knox and later at Fort Custer when the war was transferred to that sector. It was pretty hard to tell who was winning, if anybody.

One of the brightest spots in the war came rather late in the operation when Uncle Sam’s very newest wrinkle in rolling kitchens made its appearance. It belonged to one of the new-fangled anti-aircraft batteries and consisted of two trucks, which being backed together and coupled, formed one continuous and beautiful kitchen. On one truck was the latest model oil range and on the other a kitchen cabinet that would turn most housewives green with envy, including, yes, a commodious electric-refrigerator. Shades of those perrinckey cuisines-roulantes and the two mules that were always getting lost in the mud in France, with their fat mess-sergeants and their relays of messy greaseballs! To think that a soldier’s life should come to this!

Beware of Athlete’s Head

(Continued from page 17)

season waxes into November and the games and crowds grow bigger, the newspaper orgy grows with them. A boy will see one entire page devoted to a reproduction of himself in football togs with the rest of his team in miniature photographed into the background. Statements of rival captains, drivel of purest ray serene, are worthy of being boxed and printed in boldface. Every intimate detail of the standout players on the team is discussed. One newspaper printed a double-page spread of two column photographs of the sweethearts of every man on the team.

And mind you, the whole mud, unreasonable to-do over some tousle-headed numbskull who happens to be able to kick, or run, or simply shut his eyes, lower his head, and butt himself into a mass of bodies like an infuriated billygoat. Such an incident, for instance, was the sole contribution of a hero of one last year’s big games, later rhapsodized as the man of the hour. He went into the game. He lowered his head and butted the ball one foot over the goal line. He retired
from the game. Then comes the day after the last big game, and the football player is wiped from the sports pages the way one draws a wet sponge across a blackboard. He is never mentioned again until he marries a chorus girl, becomes involved in an automobile smashup, or dispenses with a hammer. The youngster who has not yet graduated can eke out his newspaper existence until the next football season with his basketball, swimming or track notices, but what about the boy who graduates?

The wise ones have warned him, "Take it easy, kid. In the newspapers you're a hero today and a bum tomorrow." But how many kids can assimilate that lesson? Besides, it is even worse than that. You're a hero today, and tomorrow you can't get your name in a paper unless you pay for it at the classified ad window. Well, some kids have sense and can take it, but a great many others cannot. They are convinced that this suddenly silent world into which they have emerged owes them a living. Everything came their way in school. Nothing comes their way now.

Only too often, instead of looking for work, or preparing a solid business foundation, the hero continues to chase those enticing headlines, and chases them the easy way and the only way he knows how, a fling at professional football, or any kind of a coaching job. He is utterly unable to adjust himself. The brief, powerful publicity spree leaves him restless, hungry and unable to settle down to anonymity. All success is figured in newspaper space. He had it while in college. He is unhappy and futile without it. To some of those athletic super-performers, male and female, could only listen in on the real opinions voiced in private by the reporters who build them up! If they could only learn early in life what all of them find out later, that you can't eat clippings, and that nothing is quite as dead, dull and utterly useless as yesterday's scrapbook.

The pseudo-social set will chase and lionize anyone in the headlines. There are free meals, free trips, free clothes, free house parties, a treacherous standard of living that is yanked from under their feet. One of the most tragic figures I know is a former famous girl athlete whose success took her into a social stratum into which she was neither born nor had made her way on a sensible foundation. She wasted the best years of her life and then was dropped by the crowd one split second after she vanished from the papers. Her world practically came to an end. The years in which she should have been learning and developing, she was chasing those headlines.

The newspapers will not change, or cannot be curbed. The next best thing is an intelligent approach by parents, or any grown-up with a grain of sense, someone who with authority can say:

"Look here, son. I see you have been getting into (Continued on page 49)

SALESMEN WANTED!

Federal and State Tax Laws now command every business keep Tax Records. None dare risk heavy fines and penalties. (Tremendous demand.) Make year's income next 3 months selling Liberty Tax Records. (Approved by State and Federal Tax Authorities.) (Satisfies tax law requirements.) Endorsed by business leaders. New and countless thousands established users eagerly order now to comply with law. Up to $1,100 profit per sale. Repeat commissions without callbacks. Salesmen earning good money on leads furnished. One sold 22 first 2 days, another filled 500 repeat mail orders in 2 months. Write quick. Commonwealth Publishing Co., Dept. B, 300 So. Dearborn, Chicago.

In office and home, these oft-repeated words reveal its value—"I don't know what I'd do without the telephone."

A telephone extension upstairs, beside the bed, is a great convenience at small cost. Saves steps and time—insures privacy.
the papers, and I'm glad. But try to remember, if you will, that there is hardly anyone in the world less important than the greatest athlete. You have not one single thing of value to offer the world, and the world will see you rewarded by forgetting you. You may help momentarily to add to the diversion of many thousands of people, and if that is to be your career, if you intend to devote your life to it, I am for you one hundred percent, and we'll play this newspaper game for all it is worth.

"But outside of professional sport, which is today a good business—and tomorrow may not be—there is not a single business that will pay you a living because you can throw, hit, run, shoot, row, ride, or kick. The greatest athlete that ever lived never stepped from the playing grounds into immediate success in other lines. Headlines and stories about you cannot be used as a short cut. They do not appear because the newspapers like you or think you are wonderful. They are a commodity they sell to the public for the purpose of making money for themselves, and not for you. They are not giving you anything. They are trading on you. When you are no longer useful they will drop you.

"You are, my dear child, just an ordinary little brat, with no more than usual courage and brains, who has developed a physical knack which, except for purposes of exercise, will be useless to you in after life. And even that pleasure will be lost if you get too good, because you won't have any fun afterwards except with topnotchers, who may not be available.

"Lug your footballs, son, practice your mashie shots until every one splits the pin, make your marks on the record books, but remember that insofar as your actual value to the world is concerned, or to the complex civilization in which you live, it is so much less than that of the carpenter who fixes our shelves, or the plumber who stops our leaks, or the truckman who makes our deliveries, that there is not even any point of comparison.

"Now what is it that this newspaper is saying about you, son? ... gives promise of developing into the greatest quarterback since Walter Eckersall, a brilliant field general, bulls eye passer and kicker, a deer in the broken field, and a tornado on defense..."

"Hm!"

The Lethal Chamber

(Continued from page 19)

entry of America in the war was interested with his father in a private detective agency and had knowledge of certain of your activities in the States, recognized you and reported the facts to the Intelligence. And I think that's the best joke of the season."

"Why?"

"Because that particular agency has been subsidized by Boche money for many years and we have dossiers on Williams, his father and all the rest of their operatives. In the haste with which the magnificent army is being organized in America it is perfectly natural that insufficient investigation has taken place and when Williams enlisted and applied for a commission he was taken at face value. His record shows that he was born in the United States. It does not show, however, that his father's name was originally Wilhelm. The father's naturalization papers show him to have been born in France, which is quite correct, as his birthplace was Alsace prior to 1871. He became a British subject in 1886, moved to the United States and was there naturalized in 1890. His agency was always engaged in commercial espionage for German interests. Now in spite of all that the younger Williams may be a perfectly loyal, patriotic American, but I have my doubts. To use a Boche proverb, 'The apple does not fall far from the tree'."

"Well, where do we come in? It seems to me that you might have given me a clean bill of health as well."

"Not at all. I have a very good idea (that is to say Pierre had it first) that Williams is trying to throw suspicion on you, have you trapped if you are a Boche agent, and convince his superiors that his talents are wasted in the artillery and might be put to better use in the Intelligence. Once there he might render real service to his father and his ultimate employers. We know of other cases where Boche agents have employed similar tactics."

"I still don't see what I'm to do about it."

"Pierre, explain your plan to them. I think it's foolproof."

"One minute, Pierre, you'd better know what Morgan, the American detachment commander, told us last night."

"After hearing the tale, Pierre said, "Very good—this helps our plan. If we catch a rat, Morgan makes the report and takes the glory. If it's only an innocent little mouse that gets caught, Morgan can explain the matter by saying that he asked your aid, which is the logical thing for him to do. To carry out the simile of the rat, you have the cheese with which the trap is baited. The trap is the underground gas chamber at the school. I'll be down to Fontainebleau to-morrow. Evelyn, from now on you will encourage any advances which Williams makes and will do everything to assist him. Howard, you will be slightly jealous but not to the extent of having any disagreement with him. And you are going to be careless with your keys, so remove anything from your quarters that shouldn't be seen by Herr Wilhelm."

The following morning my class was interrupted by the entrance of Dumou-
ensued except for the fact that Pierre
handled me the key to the chamber when
we left and, according to previous in-
structions, I put it on my key-ring in
sight of the Americans who were at
practice in the vicinity. During the
next ten days the three of us spent many
hours in the gas chamber, but I noticed
that we never went in except when
Americans were about the Cour des
Ebats where it was located.

Another thing of note was that Wil-
liams was most assiduous in his atten-
tions to Evelyn. Over the week-end he
drove up to Paris in her car. As she
pointedly told him, she preferred Sunday
up there to sitting alone in the hotel
while I spent my time on experiments
with Dumouriez. He spent his evenings
in 'Bleau with her and finally suggested
that a few hours alone with her was his
supreme desire.

After some demur she acquiesced
and promised to spend the following Saturday
night in Paris with him. He presumably
was too impatient for that and suggested
'Bleau. She refused flatly on the score
that I was too apt to learn of it and said
that she was afraid I would disfigure her,
if not kill her. No place in 'Bleau was
safe. He told her that she was wrong
about that as 'Bleau was the one place
in the world where they might be seen
together with no suspicion attached.
The following day I was taking the class
to Melun at one o'clock for perspective
sketching and directly from there to the
range for practice. Williams would re-
port ill at noon and remain in quarters
and as soon as the class had gone would
meet her in my quarters at Avon. He
knew that the servants were away on a
visit but she must surely have a key.

She still professed her fear of being
count but finally agreed. His plan to
get into my belongings worked perfectly.
Evelyn informed me of his scheme when
I arrived at her room. I hurried back
to the school and put a call through to the
chief. He put Pierre on the wire, and
Pierre told me to await his arrival.

He got to the school shortly after two
A. M. and we went to the house in Avon.
From his briefcase he took a few ballis-
tic graphs, laid them on the chest of drawers,
then placed a book of range tables with
them after underscoring certain figures.
Next he had me write several pages of
meaningless calculations while he did
likewise, and we placed these on my
work-table.

With a grin he said, 'Best to have two
strings to your bow. Wear your old
khaki uniform in the morning and throw
the one you have on carelessly over the
chair when you take it off. Leave all
your belongings in the pockets, including
your keys and wallet. Make sure now
that there's nothing here he shouldn't see.
Arrive at assembly a few minutes late
and button your tunic as you come
across the court so that everyone can see
you overslept. When you get up, rew-
The Lethal Chamber

(Continued from page 47)

it for 6.15; set the hands at five o'clock and stop the clock. Our friend Williams was in the business of detection so we'll give him a chance to make deductions. Now, little cheese, go to sleep and have pleasant dreams, because a rat is going to snap at you and get his neck broken.” I followed instructions to the letter, except about sleeping.

I took the brigade out for work as per schedule but was so distraught that I let Morgan conduct the firing. Shortly before five o'clock an American staff car drove up on the road and two officers hopped out and strode across the range. Morgan stepped forward to meet them.

“Captain Morgan, 2 word in private with you.”

The three of them walked out of ear-shot, and after a short conversation with them Morgan called me. After introductions Morgan told me that these officers were from the Intelligence and wanted Williams. The Secret Service had raided the office of the father in New York and a cable had been sent to arrest the son. And the son had four hours head start to make a getaway.

Morgan dismissed the brigade, telling them that when the trucks arrived they were to return to quarters. Then we rode back with the two Intelligence officers. All the way Morgan groaned, “Oh, what an ass I've been, Howard! I thought all this spy stuff that we heard from the French was the bunk, and here I have it under my nose. I'm through.”

One of the officers said, “Hell, you're not to blame for anything. Buck up.”

On this cheering note we arrived at the chateau and rushed up the stairs to Williams's room, threw open the door and there, calmly reading a newspaper, was the Chief. Major Grey, who knew him, presented the other Intelligence officer, Morgan and me to him. The Chief answered, “Oh, I know Howard, in fact I've had to use him as somewhat of a decoy to prove something to you. I told you people to keep your eyes open and you laughed off. You seem to think that Americans must be loyal because they are Americans. We have no illusions that Frenchmen are always patriots. There are renegades in all countries. You want the former occupant of this chamber. So do we. I don't know on what charge you want him but we want him for espionage and a theft of military documents this afternoon. So when you get him, kindly turn him over to us.”

“No, we want him for treason, and make no mistake about it, he'll face a squad. Unfortunately he's got away, but we'll get him sooner or later.”

“Ah, but that's what I was afraid of, that it might be later. Gentlemen, come with me, I believe I got him sooner.”

We followed him downstairs and across the road to the school. He stepped into the Administration building for a moment and then we walked with him to the gas chamber. As we crowded down the steps after him the acrid fumes of burning powder struck us and the sight of Williams, pitched forward on the floor in a welter of blood, greeted us.

Major Grey turned him over with his boot and said, “Dead as a mackerel. Saves us a lot of trouble. Thanks and congratulations.”

Morgan said excitedly, “Here's a note he left!” The Chief responded, “No, that's a note I left.” Taking it from Morgan's shaking hands, he read: “To Lieutenant Williams. The fact that you are reading this message is in itself a conviction of the charge of espionage which is laid against you. Your possession of the papers which you took this afternoon from the quarters of your instructor is further proof of the charge. Espionage in time of war is punishable by sentence of death. That sentence has been passed and you are now undergoing the execution of it. When the doors snapped shut, you released a new gas, odorless but extremely painful to the victim after an exposure to it for an hour, and deadly in two hours. You will note that the door cannot be opened from the inside with the key you have. You have the distinction of being the first human victim, as the neutralizing agent will not be employed until tomorrow. Should you prefer a quicker end, there is an automatic pistol on the shelf above you.”

“Ah! I see he added the words, 'You win'.”

Grey said, “Let’s get out of here before that stuff gets us.”

The Chief laughed. “Do you think if there had been gas here I'd have left you in or, even more important to me, that I'd have come in? You'd better take him out of here and make arrangements for the disposal of the body, if you don't want this talked about.”

Morgan and I helped them put Williams in their car and then the Chief called me over to his car, leaned out and said, “Fine teamwork. Au revoir.” From the depths of the rear seat Pierre's voice came mockingly, “Don't you think I write a beautiful English?”

Silken Threads That Turn to Gold

(Continued from page 15)

By the time this linen-cotton mixture has been chewed and stirred and pounded and wetted to the consistency of thin Cream of Wheat itoozes out onto a moving screen of fine mesh wire, and in a few feet and a few seconds' travel it has reached the stage where it looks like a slab of blotting paper that has been left out during a bad cloudburst. It is between these two steps that the silken threads which uniquely characterize the currency of the United States are mixed with the soaked fibers. I don't know how this is done, and if I did I wouldn't be allowed to tell—here is one trade secret that is a secret. It is interesting to note, however, that only red and blue silk is used. Add to this the fact that the paper is white (or, more accurately, cream white) and you will see that your dollar bill, under the coating of green ink which impresses the design on it, adheres to the color scheme of the Flag.

Those silk threads, by the way, originally ran in full horizontal lines across the face of every bill, like basting or hem-stitching (your wife will tell you if this is what I mean), one line per dollar unit—a one-dollor bill had one line, a five-dollar bill five, and so on. Later the face of each bill carried two vertical but irregularly-shaped clusters of massed silk threads that gave the effect of parallel brooks coursing down. This gave way to the present method of all but invisible threads sprinkled pretty evenly throughout the basic fiber.

Except for the silk-thread detail, United States currency paper is made much like any other currency paper or any other sound all-rag paper. But there is one important extra. The paper that goes through the Government Mill, once it has really become something like paper and has gone through a bath of special toughening sizing compounded, believe it or not, from the hide of the water buffalo (habitat India), is watched and counted, sheet for sheet, at every step in the finishing processes of its fabrication. As it comes from the cutting machine, a manufacturer's representative keeps his eye on the automatic indicator to see that it doesn't skip a beat, and a representative of the Treasury Department checks the count. As
the sheets are boxed there is another
double count; the sealed boxes are
delivered to the railroad under guard (nat-
urally an armed guard is maintained at
the mill during the whole process), and
the sheets are recounted and rechecked
again on arrival at the Bureau of Print-
ing and Engraving at Washington. When
a defective sheet appears a committee of
two formally scores up an error and car-
ries the sheet back to the vats from which
the pulp started and plops it in, standing
by until it becomes indistinguishable
from the snowy mass it started from.

Paper money is printed twelve bills
to a sheet—two bills wide and six deep.
The sheet, therefore, as it leaves the mill
is approximately twelve by sixteen inches.
The old bills which now look so strangely
like bedspreads when we accidentally
come upon one were printed eight to the
sheet, the sheet being of about the same
dimensions as at present. The Govern-
ment, therefore, now gets fifty percent
more currency from the same quantity
of paper.

When a sheet of government paper
sets out from Pittsfield to Washington
it has no way of knowing whether it is
going to be made into twelve one-dollar
bills or twelve ten-thousand-dollar bills.
It may comfort you to realize that the
modest case-note in your billfold differs
from one of Uncle Sam’s prize lollapaloo-
zers only in the minor detail of the
figures in the corners and the portrait on
the obverse.

My own interest in the matter of por-
traiture, probably like yours, is merely
academic above the twenty-dollar line,
but I’ve gone to some trouble to find out
who’s who in the higher brackets. (It
really was trouble—ask your own banker
and see if he knows.) The fifty-dollar
bill bears the likeness of President Grant,
the one-hundred Benjamin Franklin,
the five-hundred President McKinley,
the one-thousand President Cleveland,
the five-thousand President Madison,
and the ten-thousand Salmon P. Chase.

I asked four intelligent ladies in ad-
ijacent offices if they knew who Salmon
P. Chase was; three frankly hadn’t the
slightest idea, and one surmised that he
was the first Secretary of the Treasury.
That’s fame for you—and for Alexander
Hamilton. Well, Salmon P. Chase (I’ve
looked him up) was President Lincoln’s
Secretary of the Treasury and later Chief
Justice of the Supreme Court of the
United States. But there isn’t much ad-
vertising value in having your face on a
ten-thousand-dollar bill. As a matter
of fact, Chase’s daughter, Kate Chase
Sprague, who was the belle of Washing-
ton during her father’s secretaryship,
would make a more striking decoration.

All our currency, by the way, despite
the commonly-held belief that a ten-thou-
sand-dollar bill is the size of a diploma,
is identical in size, and all of it is printed
in green. So if you see a crumpled scrap
of green paper in a gutter pick it up—it
might be a steel (Continued on page 50)
Silken Threads That Turn to Gold

(Continued from page 49)

too absorbing an interest in art, folded it up and took it back to the vault. Anyway I got a little thrill out of the fact that the paper was made in my home town.

It would be hard to think of an enterprise in which the personal element counts for so much as it does in the paper-making industry. Here is an incident that illustrates the highly technical second-nature that a paper-maker unconsciously develops if he remains long in the business. A few months ago an employee in one of the Crane mills at Dalton (not the Government Mill—that would be just too good a story) approached his superintendent soon after pay-time and said: "Mr. Williams, I've got a twenty-dollar bill here that doesn't feel just right." Mr. Williams took it, riffled it through his fingers, and said: "No, it doesn't feel just right." The bill was shown to three successive bank-tellers who saw no reason to doubt its genuineness. Next it was shown to a currency expert who had the advantage of a lot of testing apparatus and who soon pronounced it phony. The engraving was admirably executed. The bill would have passed as genuine in the hands of thousands handling and scrutinizing vast amounts of money. But it didn't fool the two paper-makers. They knew it hadn't come out of their mill.

Legionnaire Lee A. Brown is president of the Pittsfield Chamber of Commerce.

Twilight of Empire

(Continued from page 9)

meeting someone that he knew. I was not a traveled person and I was on my first trip outside the United States, but as newspaperman I had met persons of importance in many walks of life.

Along came a friend from Pittsburgh, an intelligent younger son of a wealthy father, who might have made a name for himself had he not mistakenly not been smothered by his monthly allowance. He had lived abroad for years, and sized up accurately for me the attitude then held by Europeans toward Americans.

At that time, 1910, the French public knew that the President of the United States was William Howard Taft, and that he was generously proportioned. The fact that he enjoyed a good dinner appealed to the nation then famous for its cuisine. Theodore Roosevelt was known of, vaguely as an ex-President, and familiarly as Teddy the roughrider who, in the French mind, had single-handed accomplished the miracle of reducing Spain to a second-class power. Previous Americans of merit were Abraham Lincoln, because of the Civil War and his dramatic assassination, and Buffalo Bill. Washington and Franklin, who had been a favorite at the French Court, were legends who for some reason had streets in Paris named after them. Even the Rue Lafayette commemorated the name of a man who had performed a political role in France. Only the arrival of General Pershing in 1917, and the remark incorrectly credited to him, "Lafayette, we are here," caused the French to study up on the War of the American Revolution. Less than a year earlier, when first reports of the Presidential election indicated the defeat of Woodrow Wilson, one of the largest Paris papers
announced that “Lord Hughes” was the successful candidate, and that “Sir Whitman” was the new governor of New York.

This may seem incredible, and of course did not apply to the cruder few, but on the whole it is a fair presentation. The British knew slightly more. The annual Fourth of July dinner given by American residents of London kept alive the fact that England had lost a minor Colonial war due to the lack of both tact and intelligence on the part of George III, and anyway the nation then had greatermilitary preoccupations elsewhere.

This statement refers also to only the masses known as the general public, who in that pre-gangster day still held the idea that Red Indians were a vivid menace to the American fireside. Germany, Italy and Scandinavia then knew more concerning the United States, due largely to the postal reports from their sons and daughters who had migrated in large numbers to the New World.

The French leaders naturally remembered Lafayette soon after the outbreak of the war, when it became clear that the conflict would be long, and that the Allies would be in desperate need of American aid. Lafayette gave them a great propaganda break, until the doughboys returned home, more than a little disillusioned about belle France, and singing “We've paid our debt to Lafayette, who the hell do we owe now?”

The Allies did not want direction from the United States, nor would they accept it. General Pershing managed to command personally the American Army on the battle front, but only after bitter wrangling with the High Command to keep American divisions from being infiltrated with the French for the purpose of “education” and after almost an ultimatum from Washington that if the military co-operation of the United States was desired, it could be secured only with the Stars and Stripes flying clear.

Joseph Caillaux, during his term of exile that followed release from prison, made another statement that today seems prophetic:

“France came out of the war firmly believing that she was the chief victor. She realizes that her allies contributed largely, but is still convinced that she made the greatest effort and greatest sacrifice. But the war has been a disaster for France. Even though victorious, she has not now the moral stamina to sustain that victory.”

Germany and Russia each had a greater death roll than France, nevertheless it may be said that proportionately France did make the greatest physical contribution to the conflict. And in that same proportion it may also be said that she has been the greatest stumbling block to a permanent peace.

After the treaty was signed at Versailles, Great Britain was definitely disposed to meddle along mingling her own business, (Continued on page 52)

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Twilight of Empire
(Continued from page 51)

getting back and preserving her pre-war position of biggest international trader. She was not inclined to be unfriendly with anybody, so long as she suffered no interference. Naturally she kept a keen eye on all that passed, and took occasional umbrage at Soviet Russia for attempting to inject British subjects with Communist propaganda. The League of Nations she was willing to accept as an honest as well as an open forum for adjustment of international differences, and on the whole she was eager for a new epoch of world peace and goodwill. She hoped that her debtors would settle their accounts, so that she could pay the United States. At least her intentions were pure.

Italy was entirely self-centered during the postwar decade, adopting Fascism and ridding herself of ancient and crooked political methods that otherwise would soon have relegated her to the list of relatively unimportant nations.

Germany naturally was bitterly resentful of the terms of the peace treaty that she was forced to accept, and unmindful that they were less severe than those she herself presented the Russians at Brest-Litovsk, but finally was unable to impose. Her former allies, Austria and Hungary, at once set up a clamar, sustained until this day, against the partitioning of their territory.

Poland, after her scare in 1922 when Cossack cavalry swept almost to the gates of Warsaw and General Weygand rushed from Paris to take command and to save the reborn nation, remained for some years smug in her alliance with France. Also Czechoslovakia and Roumania then felt strong behind the promises that France was early distributing, in accord with her policy of collective security against the possibility of a re-armed Germany.

The French reasoning is clear. Security is uppermost in the French mind, always. The government has drilled into the people the phrase that the nation has been "invaded twice within living memory," but omits to state that the first invasion, in 1870, was caused by France.

Under Napoleon III France was the bully of Europe. She provoked and declared the war against Prussia, and was invaded as the natural consequence of her overwhelming defeat. During the forty-four years that followed, up until 1914, she was amazingly tranquil and good-tempered with all her neighbors. The treaty imposed upon Germany in 1919, in the same room of the Palace at Versailles where Prussia had forced France to sign iron terms of peace, brought back the ancient spirit and permitted throwing off the noble restraint that during the World War brought the Third Republic the admiration and respect of the world.

Her original reparations bill for damages in the devastated areas was so fantastic that all the nations of the earth could not have shouldered it. In comparison with the German levy of 1870 it was like an elephant unto a mosquito.

Clemenceau, who contributed the full tiger's share to the final kill, remained stubbornly at his post, and clawed tooth and nail to have these absurd figures accepted. Only after weeks of argument was it made clear to the French delegation that their entire position must be changed and modified. Lloyd George also needed bringing to heel on his ridiculous "hang the Kaiser" demand, made to carry out long-past British election promises. The fact that America demanded nothing except an honorable peace was ignored.

It is now recognized that a great mistake at Versailles was Woodrow Wilson's personal attendance. By virtue of his great position and the reverence in which he was held by the proletariat of the world, had he remained thousands of miles distant, he might have dictated peace on his own terms. But when he was no longer the shadowy, almost divine figure, and turned out to be flesh and blood like the others, the European statesmen took new heart and fresh decision to have their way.

All made grave errors, but the major program of beating Germany down was insisted upon by the French, who continued a dog-in-the-manger foreign policy during the ensuing years. Therefore the label upon the Nazi doctrine that dominates Germany today might well be "Manufactured in France."

The title page of the Treaty of Versailles should have given France pause—that long list of 27 nations constituting the "parties of the first part" versus one "party of the second part"—Germany.

At the cost of tens of millions of dollars owed to the United States, France built a defending wall of steel from the frontiers of Belgium and Italy. She occupied the Ruhr and forced the debacle of the mark. Came a brief period when Aristide Briand and Gustav Stresemann, men with the divine spark who may well be called the last of the great, almost formed a peaceful accord between the rival nations. They died, and a pin-prick policy continued until finally it became necessary for an international conference at Lausanne, in 1929, to obliterate the word "reparations" from the lexicon of European chancelleries.

As this article is written the signs seem clear that not only the French but the entire European system of collective security has broken down as a result of collective muddling by inept statesmen.

Ages ago Chinese civilization stood supreme. Athens and Rome took their turn. The Moors had their day of grandeur. The continent of Europe dominated the world, on land and sea, for hundreds of years. The sun rises, and it sets—and it rises again. Now it shines upon the United States of America rising to its zenith of splendor.

Everybody Can't Fly
(Continued from page 3)

duction from the Adjutant General at Washington and permitted me recently to observe a series of examinations from beginning to end. Only one out of five passed. But what a difference in the methods of examination!

Up to 1917 it was generally believed that anyone who had nerve enough could fly. Bitter experience has taught our own Army and Navy otherwise. In 1917 our military pilots were thrust into a new and rapidly changing environment, and one calling for unerring judgment of distances and quick decisions. They traveled at comparatively great speed, at high altitudes, in bitter cold, against violent winds, and all despite marked disturbance of their equilibriums. Acentred over centuries of existence to life on the ground, it was difficult at first for man to accustom himself to an aerial environment. It was soon found that not everyone could fly. In fact, at the end of the first year of the World War, Great Britain learned that, of every hundred aviators killed, only two met death at the hands of the Germans. Eight died as a result of defective planes and engines, ninety because of their own shortcomings. Of those nine, sixty-six per cent had been killed because of physical defects.

As a result of this startling discovery, the British began to select their flyers with greater care. At the end of two years their fatalities due to physical defects were reduced from sixty to twenty, and at the end of three years a still further reduction had been made from twenty to twelve. Incidentally, the
British have never used the so-called equilibrium test or the whirling-chair. They do not use it today, nor does our own Department of Commerce in examining and checking up on air transport pilots. The Army Air Corps regulations do not call for the use of the whirling-chair, and the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics uses it only occasionally. The Air Corps surgeons have substituted a simple test to take its place: Stand on one foot, with the other leg bent at the knee and with arms outstretched and eyes closed, for fifteen seconds, without swaying desperately to maintain your balance. Try it at the next meeting of your post while one of your buddies holds the watch.

If you can't maintain your equilibrium with eyes closed, try not to feel badly. Remember that hundreds of the country's finest physical specimens enter West Point, year after year. During a recent five-year period, 975 graduates made application for flying training; of these only 538 qualified physically. Of this number, only 437 started flying training. Two hundred and ten won their wings. In other words, out of the original number, only 21.6 percent had the aptitude and the mental and physical equipment for flying, including a well-developed sense of equilibrium. Major Crandall undertook to explain why such a large percentage of candidates—West Point graduates and young men from civil life—fail to qualify. Said he:

"The eyes are the most important single factor in maintaining equilibrium, not the semi-circular canals of the inner ear. That is why we first examine a candidate's eyes. A pilot is constantly being called upon to judge distances—taking off, landing, flying in formation and in combat, reconnaissance work, and the spotting of artillery fire. He must have the use of both eyes in judging distance. Normal color vision is essential; he must be able to distinguish landing lights at night, the navigating lights of other planes, the colors of enemy planes, and the meanings of colored rockets, flares, panels, and other signals.

"Muscle balance of the eye is one of the most important attributes of a military pilot. He must look in all directions constantly; his very life may depend upon seeing the other fellow first. He is constantly focusing on near objects, such as the map or instruments in the cockpit, and distant objects, such as enemy planes, troop movements, or the terrain. Moreover, the military pilot is subject to fatigue and other stresses not experienced by people on the ground, and these affect the muscle balance of the eyes.

"World War statistics show that more military pilots were killed in accidents in France than in combat; between January and October, 1918, there were 550 crashes. Some of these accidents were due to mechanical causes, no doubt, but many were due to a physical defect in the pilot. It is the duty of the Air Corps medical men so to... (Continued on page 54)
select, classify, and maintain the flying personnel that the accidents due to physical defects shall be reduced to a minimum. Since 1921 the fatalities in the Air Corps have been reduced from one in every 3,045 hours of flying to one in every 3,365 hours of flying. That is largely due to the activities of the flight surgeons and to the strict regulations, making it impossible for an Air Corps officer to fly unless he is physically fit."

"Who wrote those regulations?" I asked.

"Colonel Louis H. Bauer; he also wrote those which govern the examinations given by the Department of Commerce to air transport and other pilots."

"Where can I find him?"

"Over at Hempstead, about a mile from here."

What a relief that was; I had heard of Dr. Bauer, but understood that he was at Randolph Field, Texas, the West Point of the Air.

It was several days before I could get an hour of Dr. Bauer's time, which is pretty well taken by his general practice. But it was worth while, for here is one examining surgeon who, since 1917, has made a deep study of the various mental and physical requirements of military aviators.

"Yes," he explained, "the Air Corps standards are just as high as they ever were. Candidates must be in their early twenties, and must be of officer material. They must be able to assimilate instruction in military aeronautics, radio, blind flying, navigation, meteorology, and so forth, over a period of two years. They must have the alertness, aggressiveness, accuracy, and sense of responsibility desired in a flying officer. In short, an aviation candidate must be an exceptional specimen, mentally and physically, for it is going to cost the Government $25,000 to train him—and it can't afford to have him wash out a $10,000 airplane in the process. Moreover, in the end he may not make a good flyer. He may not have that intangible thing, aptitude for flying."

"Is a sense of equilibrium as important as it was in 1917?"

"More so," replied Dr. Bauer. "There is more acrobatic flying, more night flying, closer formations, more accurate bombing, and faster planes. In acrobatic flying, the pilot goes through a series of evolutions that seriously disturb his equilibrium; a tight spiral may even cause vertigo. An Immelmann turn, a vertical bank, a barrel roll, or a tailspin cause considerable stimulation of the factors governing equilibrium."

"You probably remember that when you were whirled to the right in the chair, you had a sensation at first of turning to the left, then a sensation of turning to the right, then when the chair was slowed down or stopped, of turning to the left. You probably were amazed, upon opening your eyes, to find that those sensations were false. Now, suppose you were a pilot, flying in a fog, instead of an aviation candidate sitting in a whirling-chair. Suppose you tried to get out of the fog by climbing, stalled the plane, and went into a spin. On coming out of the spin, you would have had the sensation of spinning in the opposite direction. The natural thing for you to do would be to correct for this 'spin,' and this maneuver would promptly put the machine in another tailspin. This probably would have kept up until you crashed."

"The only hope of the pilot today is to disregard his sensations and fly by instruments. If many of the flyers who tried unsuccessfully to cross the Atlantic non-stop, or undertook to fly from San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands, had been trained correctly to interpret their sensations, undoubtedly they would be alive today. Major William C. Ocker, of the Army Air Service was carrying out some experiments in flying without a horizon (blind flying) at San Francisco, and tried to persuade some of the trans-Pacific flyers to rely, not on their sensations, but on their instruments. They were, however, too anxious to get started. You probably recall what happened to one plane that was engaged in the search; the radio operator sent a message: 'We are in a tailspin... We are out... Our lights are out... We are in another.' No doubt this pilot was confused, and pulled his controls in the wrong direction."

"Another trans-Pacific flyer who reached Honolulu told Major Ocker afterward that his plane had gone into a spin; that he had righted it, only to go into another. When he came out of the second spin he could see the ocean, and, although so dizzy that he could hardly sit up straight, he was able to right his plane. The famous trans-Atlantic flight of Lindbergh, Major Ocker points out, was made in a closed-cabin plane. His field of vision was so restricted by the fuel tank that he was practically forced to fly almost entirely by instruments. He had learned, however, that his instruments were more reliable than his sensations."

"The sense of sight is the most reliable and the most important aid in maintaining an even keel while flying. Without a horizon, or a substitute for it, the pilot is helpless in fog."

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The world, who are mothering these orphans—in towns, on farms, on mountain slopes, in quiet valleys, at home, in foreign lands, in far-off islands in the tropic seas; and especially to those aunts whom the children do not much fear, and to those who love the children "as their own." Let tribute be paid to grandmothers heroically carrying on for children of men called before their time, foregoing the ease and peace and freedom from care that are the right of old age; and especially to those grandmothers who love the children very much.

It has been the general policy of the Government in supervising guardianships, everywhere, to have periodic, usually annual, social surveys made of each minor ward. After the initial surveys, usually by employees of the Veterans Administration, except in foreign countries, follow-up surveys, when possible, are made by such employees or by local governmental personnel or members of private welfare organizations. How The American Legion serves as the principal cooperating agency is making the follow-up surveys in Minnesota was set forth in the May, 1936, number of this magazine.

In Puerto Rico and the Philippines, where the Veterans Administration maintains offices, field examiners of its own make many of the surveys. In addition, it enlists aid of the insular police in Puerto Rico and the constabulary in the Philippines. Consular agents of the State
Department have made the surveys in most of the foreign countries. In the Irish Free State, the Civic Guard has figured in making surveys. In the Dominion of Canada, guardianship supervision has been through direct co-operation with the Deputy Minister, Department of Pensions and National Health. In the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics—where there have been only a few cases—it has been through the American representative of the Russian Red Cross Society. In Guam, administration has been through the War Department; in Samoa, through the Navy.

Co-operation with governmental agencies in other lands suggests, perhaps, the good-neighbor spirit in which the Veterans Administration functions. Its operations abroad are subject, of course, to the laws and regulations of the various countries.

After passage of the Economy Act in March, 1933, the program of guardianship supervision outside the United States proper was considerably modified. This will be gone into farther on.

In making a survey, the investigator observes specific questions contained in a government form. Does the child appear to be happy in the home? Is he loved there? What are his habits as to sleep and sleeping arrangements? Is he adequately clothed? What of his disposition? Amusements? Does he go to school regularly and is he making progress there? Are the neighborhood influences good or bad? What recommendations made?

Housing conditions in the tropical lands are often not what they should be, according to the reports. Of a girl ward in Puerto Rico a report reads somewhat like this:

The house in which she lives has only one living room and one bedroom. The six persons in the household sleep together, which is prejudicial to their health and otherwise undesirable. Two of the six are not related to the ward. The house is very low and all sleep in one room with hardly any ventilation, so that it is very probable the child will soon be in bad health.

After correspondence between the local office of the Veterans Administration and the guardian, the girl's mother, an attempt at betterment was made by dividing the bedroom so as to enable the child to sleep alone—an adjustment that was approved.

Six in a room may seem to thoughtful persons a condition scarcely conducive to physical, mental and moral growth. Still, one recalls a family of eight—husband, wife, five children and an outside relative—living for the better part of ten years in a log cabin of one room in southern Indiana, a room about eighteen feet square. For four of the years a ninth person, a relative, lived with them. One of the children in that family was Abraham Lincoln.

In another Puerto Rican case the report read: "The guardian explained that the poor condition of the house was due to the cyclones, which is the same excuse offered by most guardians for such conditions."

Many reports recommend that children who have dropped out of school be sent back; or, if they have completed the course in the home school, that be sent away to higher ones. Reserves in the estates, wisely built up by guardians by setting aside for the future, often make this possible.

What grade has been reached in school and (Continued on page 50)
what progress made? asks the survey form. Of three wards in one family, in one of the Pacific islands, each report, after naming the grade, contained the line, "Likely to be promoted this year." The teachers must have entered fully into the spirit of the survey to have been willing to make that forecast.

ONE may think, offhand, that the Veterans Administration in Washington is too busy, too deeply engaged with larger affairs, to care to know that little Diego or Manuel or Margarita, thousands of miles away, is likely to be promoted to the next grade in school; but if one does think so one will be wrong. Attitude toward and standing in school is one of the best indicators of a child's well being, or lack of it. Teachers deal with a certain alchemy that transmutes dross into gold. Let tribute be paid to school teachers, especially in the out-of-the-way places of the earth, striving with zeal and devotion to help their charges grow into informed, upright, useful citizens. Would it surprise you to be told that somewhere in one of the insular possessions there is a little boy, a beneficiary of Uncle Sam's, who has every possible bad fault? So, at least, according to the report of his social survey. This boy, it seems, has a bad disposition. He apparently has adequate clothing, yet he is nearly always ragged and dirty when in the street. The family behaves well toward him, but he is not affectionate. He is the very worst student and went to school only when he felt like it, finally stopping in a low grade of his own free will. He does not have good habits, is rude, of very bad character, and will grow up to be a man who will not be useful to the society in which he lives. This boy stays away from home, sleeps in a park, is, in fact, a bootblack in that block. He plays with dice. He is on the verge of going to jail because he has every possible bad fault. He is saucy and laughs at the guards who run after him. His mother is not able to support him or to educate him.

The whereabouts of such a boy should not be and will not be disclosed here. But one suspects that the Veterans Administration is still struggling with the problem he presents. Reports may come in by the dozen and the score with no condition out of the ordinary or calling for remedy, and then one will turn up which tells of a child's being treated for a type of hookworm at an army-post dispensary or one, on a girl in high school, which says, answering the query as to neighborhood influences, that a notorious cabaret and a cockpit are "not too far away" from her home. An arresting line in an otherwise commonplace report read: "This boy's mother is in a leper colony."

China presented a novel case not so long ago in a girl ward, in her late teens, who was for the second time reported to the Veterans Administration as missing from her home. Her guardian did not know where Ah-tsi was. It was believed, the report said, that she had gone away to be with a fiancé of her own choosing. This, if true, marked Ah-tsi as a modern, for marriages in China have long been arranged by parents and a choice by the two persons most concerned is not to be thought of. Anyhow, payment of benefits was stopped, the customary action when a ward is reported missing. They will accumulate as a credit. If she reappears, payment will be resumed, if still in order, as upon previous occasion when efforts to find her were successful.

Payments continue normally until a beneficiary is eighteen years old, or marries, but may be extended to the age of twenty-one if the beneficiary attends an accredited school.

One of the troublesome problems in supervising guardianships in the outlying possessions has been a widespread practice of guardians, most often when themselves members of the wards' families, of applying the government benefits for use of persons besides the wards. This is against the law. The practice is said to trace back to the principle of community property, in civil law, commonly observed in Latin countries. It obtains, with modifications, among descendants of peoples of such countries in parts of the United States, certain southwest States, mainly. According to this, husband and wife are presumed, in the absence of pre-nuptial agreement to the contrary, to own jointly any property, except bequests and inheritances, acquired by either after marriage. From such a point of view an assumption of all-for-one-and-one-for-all as to property in the family can easily develop.

MISUSE of the government benefits in behalf of other than the wards is not unknown in the United States itself, but is said to be less common.

Under the modified program of guardianship supervision since April of 1933 the Veterans Administration maintains no supervision over estates of minor beneficiaries in foreign countries where guardians have been appointed by those countries, and routine social surveys are not being made there. However, it is explained, upon receipt of complaint of any nature bearing on a guardian's failure to provide properly for the beneficiary from the government benefits received, it is the practice to investigate and take whatever action seems to be indicated in the beneficiary's interest. In such instances, investigations are made, through American consular officers, and reports of them are sent to the Central Office in Washington.

In the territorial and insular possessions the practice as in the United States, is to obtain complete social surveys initially in all cases upon appointment of fiduciaries for minor beneficiaries. Follow-up surveys or investigations are made, however, only as may seem called for by unusual circumstances. In place of annual routine surveys of minors, arrangements are made with responsible individuals locally or with social agencies to furnish intermediate reports either on their own initiative as occasion suggests or when requested by the Veterans Administration.

All reports of initial surveys made in the Philippine Islands, Hawaii and other insular possessions, except Puerto Rico, are sent to the Central Office in Washington for attention. Some intermediate reports are sent to the Central Office from the foregoing areas but usually, except as to Hawaii, only those are forwarded that throw light on specific problems or are made in response to special requests or are submitted as the basis for further instructions. The practice in Hawaii is to send all intermediate reports, also, to Washington, although necessary adjustments are made by the local office in Honolulu.

In Puerto Rico, the Veterans Administration recently created a guardianship setup somewhat similar to that at regional offices in the United States, so that survey reports, both initial and succeeding, now receive attention at the San Juan office. However, copies of reports continue to go to the Central Office on cases of unusual nature, or for special instructions. Long distances, poor roads, mountainous terrain, water stretches, time and expense of going to see the wards, are only a few of the difficulties the guardianship service has encountered in making surveys abroad. One of the major handicaps appears to have been the lack, in many places, of a continuous tieup with co-operators in the communities in which the minors live. This refers to volunteers who would be interested enough to keep up a friendly oversight and so be in position to report abuses and needs.

World War veterans living abroad may see in this an opportunity to help children of former comrades in their localities. Of the 930 members of the Legion in Alaska, reported by the National Adjutant as of the end of July, 1936, some may be living fairly near those fifteen
family, or responsibilities. But he was just beginning life in the world of business. His program would be interrupted for many months, even though he was fortunate enough to conquer the disease. He must stop work and he must have medical attention. His parents were poor and he had always made his own way. His work was delayed, his health was wrecked and he was broke. Where could he go for treatment and how could he pay for it? Well, what was the use, after all? He had been in the Army and he had learned to accept the thought of death as a matter of course. Why had he become so suddenly concerned over living? Perhaps it was because his brief freedom from the Army had revived the ambitions entertained prior to service. Perhaps he had renewed the dreams of his childhood. Well, these things must be put off again. Hope for the future was pleasant while it existed. Now he would return to his day-by-day attitude of living.

A week later Albert visited his physician again.

"I believe we can get you in a hospital as a ward of the Federal Government," the doctor announced.

"What do you mean?" asked Albert, at once interested in the possibility of having at least a partial solution of his many problems. The doctor explained that Uncle Sam had contracts with private hospitals to take care of disabled ex-service men. Steps necessary to get Albert hospitalized were initiated at once.

Before many days, Albert received an official-looking envelope containing orders and transportation and meal requests. The orders told him to report to a hospital in a certain little town in his State. He had never heard of the hospital before, nor the town. He left home with a lighter heart. He had become reconciled to an interruption of his life’s work and the problem of hospitalization and medical treatment had been solved for him rather suddenly and most surprisingly.

"So far so good, and I am grateful for so far," reasoned Albert. "But how am I going to pay for my laundry and smoking tobacco? Maybe Dad can send me a few dimes. Or maybe I won’t have any for laundry or tobacco. Patethetically, be it said that Albert was in for another surprise. He was not advised to quit smoking, as he expected. Nor did he ever receive any such advice from any physician, service or private, during the three years that he spent in private and army hospitals."

About the first thing that Albert heard when he arrived at the hospital was some talk about "compensation."

"What is compensation?" he asked.

"Where have you been, buddy?" his bunk mate asked. "Compensation is what you get from the Government for being disabled. We are getting $50 a month and it is going to be raised to $50."

It was all news to Albert. He had tried to forget everything connected with soldiers and their troubles since he had been discharged. He had deliberately avoided reading anything remotely connected with war. Naturally, this processional succession of surprises left him a bit dazed and it was several days before he could become mentally adjusted to his new position. Here he was, within a few days transposed from a poor devil who had T. B. and no money while he fought it—here was Albert Onstook, disabled, receiving $50 a month, board, lodging, medical treatment and nurse’s service when a month ago he received $75 a month, and was satisfied with his lot, for doing a man’s sized job every day.

"You must rest from 9 till 11:30 in the morning and from 1 till 3 in the afternoon and you must get to bed by o’clock every night," he was told by the doctor.

"That shouldn’t be hard," he reasoned. It would give him a lot of time to do some reading that he had been postponing. But Albert soon learned that the rules meant absolutely nothing. No one checked up to see where the patients were during the day or night. Sudden and unexpected visitors in time and money caused Albert to lose sight of the main purpose of his sojourn at the hospital.

As a matter of simple fact, the boys found that they were attending what amounted virtually to a large house party and getting $50 per month for the privilege. No responsibilities, plenty of money and no restraints—what more could the average soldier of the World War desire? And be it remembered that these boys were not far removed from that status. They lived day for day in the Army, ready at all times to meet death. It was not at all difficult for them to resume such a life after only a few short months of freedom from the Army.

That, dear (Continued on page 58)
We Beg Your Pardon
(Continued from page 57)

There's a Life Insurance answer to every financial problem. Have you found the answer to yours?

John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston, Massachusetts.

John Hancock Inquiry Bureau
171 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

Please send me your booklet, "Answering an Important Question."

Name
Street and No.
City
State

We have taken a look at the physical aspect of the veteran in the 1936 Veter-
ans Administration Facility. Let’s look behind the curtain for a moment, if we may, at his mental ratiocinations and emotions.

Most of these patients, fully ninety-five percent of them, have families and loved ones back home who are waiting for their return. A large percent of them are not so fortunate financially as to be independent of worry over the loss of time from their vocation, if, in fact, the depression had not deprived them of any employment whatsoever. A great many are even concerned over the physical comfort of their families during their absence.

HERE’S A case I know of, a man absolutely incapacitated through paralysis, whose wife was stricken with pellagra while he was in the hospital. He had no relatives to care for his wife and he had been cut from the pension roll at the time I knew him. Let me mention, also, the case of a patient who became the father of a baby girl while he was in the hospital. This patient died early last January without ever having seen his last child.

Until the birth of that baby you may rest assured that he was more concerned over the condition of his wife and the future of that baby than he was over his own condition. He hoped that the baby would be normal and healthy. God grant that his friends at home would see that his wife received proper care. Incidentally, that man was a prominent member of a Kiwanis club in Florida, a typical community leader in the home town.

These are not isolated cases but are drawn from my observations and experiences in a number of Veterans Administration Facilities as typical of the average patient of the last few years representative in their physical, family and financial worries of the present day ward of the Administration. The census of the Administration hospitals includes, unquestionably, a number of those who, like Windy Stokes, are unstable and superficial.

But I believe the percentage of unstable and superficial persons is not greater in these hospitals than in the world outside.

The vastly great majority of patients are Albert Onstocks who have had their contributions to their state, nation and community interrupted. They are veterans who have been transferred, temporarily, at least, from one side of the ledger to the other, so far as their country is concerned.

The only sin these persons have committed to bring upon their head the depression of a taxpayer is that of failing to accumulate worldly goods as successfully as some of their neighbors who, perhaps, were not forced to lose step in their progress toward financial success during a very important period of life, that of young manhood.

Albert Onstock, and not Windy Stokes, is the average patient in the Administration facilities today and, Mr. Taxpayer, if you are of the opinion that Albert is a shiftless sort of “Ne’er-do-well” upon whom the Federal Government is wasting money, I beg your pardon, you are misinformed and are cruelly unjust to men and women who deserve well of their country.

You’re going through a whole winter without draining your radiator. You’ve got an anti-freeze in and you can’t drain it? So start off right. Clean out the cooling system of your car right now. Remove rust and sediment. Eliminate the sludge that clogs up circulation. You can do it yourself in a few minutes with Sani-Flush.

Pour ten cents’ worth of Sani-Flush in your radiator. (Directions on the can.) Run the motor. Drain. Flush and refill with anti-freeze. Then you’re set for the winter. Sani-Flush is safe. Cannot injure aluminum cylinder head, radiator or fittings. Most women use it in the bathroom to clean toilets. Sold by grocery, drug hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—Without Calomel—And You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning! Rarin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only make-shifts. A mere bowel movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel “up and up.” Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C.M.Co.

“Told you she lied about her age”
newBIG MONEY MAKER
Amazing new invention. Nothing like it. 2 to 3 lacy-faced, gold brooches, gold or silver, $25, with free shipping. Complete sets of 2 correctly sized, of actual gold. Dental-Stero Co., 237-1st St., Dept. B-1, Toledo, Ohio.


Dental-Stero Co., 237-1st St., Dept. B-1, Toledo, Ohio.

You Tell 'Em, Sister
(Continued from page 32)

feed this prisoner bread and water once a day. The poor fellow was locked in a stone cell with only one small barred window so high up that he could not look out and it let in only enough light to keep him from stumbling around. The door was solid iron with a smaller door through which his food was passed.

"What I mean is that it was plenty solitary, and the guard was under orders to say nothing to the prisoner and to disregard anything the prisoner might say from the inside. There seemed to be a considerable mystery as to why he was confined, how long he had been there or how much longer he had to serve.

"Although I had been instructed about
How the man was to be fed and that he was to get only bread and water, I felt so sorry for him that I went to the kitchen and got a good big meal of regular chow with a cup of hot coffee. Just as I was showing them through the small door and telling him to keep his mouth shut about getting them, I was caught red-handed by the Officer of the Day. The darned shavetail made me take the grub back to the kitchen and get the bread and water, and he then put a padlock on the small door. I got out of the jam by acting dumb and saying I did not know the prisoner should not get regular rations.

"I have often wondered about that prisoner—as to who he was, why he was under such a sentence and how long he stayed in that little dark stone room on bread and water. I wonder now if he is still alive. If he is, I presume he is still amusing the guard who shaved the meal under his nose and then snatched it back and replaced it with his regular diet of bread and water. Should he read this account, I assure him I had no intention of saying adding to his misery. If the O. D. had not caught me, the prisoner would have had at least one square meal while he was in confinement, but he could not see out of the cell and had no way of knowing what had happened.

"This was an actual happening in the A. E. F. and I would like to hear from the man who failed to get the meal I tried to give him."

OUTFIT reunions held at the Legion national convention in Cleveland are now happy memories, so we return to the regular schedule of reunions held in all sections of the country throughout the year. The 1937 national convention city will be announced in the November issue, and no doubt before long the outfits which will again meet with the Legion convention will be making announcements in these columns.

Details of the following reunions and other activities may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names and addresses are listed:

4th Div. Assoc.—Reunion of veterans in the Eastern Division of the 4th Div. Assoc. will be held in New York City, probably at the Hotel New Yorker, on Nov. 7. For details, write to Lloyd C. Gibson, 177 Hamilton Av., New Rochelle, N. Y.


30th Div. Assoc.—Organization of new Post of veterans of the 28th Div. All men in metropolitan area of New York are requested to report to Joseph F. Anselmin, 30-23 12th St., Long Island City, N. Y.

60th Div. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Blackstone Hotel, Fort Worth, Tex., Nov. 6-8, sponsored by 19th Div. Club of Texas, Ed. C. Hahn, pres., Blackstone Hotel, Fort Worth.

18th Div. Assoc.—Proposed reunion of officers this fall, also 20th anniversary reunion in Virginia, spring of 1937. Hugh J. Hannon, 847 Madison Av., New York City.


131st Irv.—79th Div.—Annual reunion, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 3. For information and reservations, report to Chairman, 313th Reunion Comm., 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore.

147th Irv. Assoc.—17th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 26, Ray Cullen, P. O. Box 5316, Philadelphia.

161st Irv. Assoc.—Co. F—1st reunion, permanent organization, election of officers and banquet, Roanoke, Va., Nov. 7.

130th Div. (10th Ill.)—10th annual reunion, Ellington, Ill., Oct. 4-6. (Reunion city changed from shivelyville.) Joe E. Harris, Paris, Ill.


374th Evans, Peirtschsey Chapman—Annual banquet, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 7.


112th F. E. B.—16th annual reunion, Chalfoun Hotel, Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 3, Dr. Chas. L. Jones, secy., Gilmore City, Iowa.

18th Inf. Regt.—Reunion—New York Secy., Oct. 3, William (Speed) Lickie, B. F. D., 1 Westing, L. I. N. Y.


Evac. Hos. No. 1—Proposed reunion, write Albert A. Prout, P. O. Box, Eau Claire, Wis.


U. S. S. Salute—Annual reunion of former shipped, Philadelphia, Sat., Nov. 7, Dr. R. A. Kern, University Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

John T. Noll
The Company Clerk

Henry Miller Tackle Office

(Continued from page 25)

"The public was led to believe that, but as the law is applied, it is sometimes easy to show the veteran is not entitled to service connection, from statements or other history made by the veteran adding up disabilities before or after discharge. When disabilities are found to have existed prior to enlistment, compensation is payable only for aggravation of that disability prior to discharge, consequently service connection recently has been broken in such cases."

"What other (Continued on page 62)"

Make Your Fall Hunting Pay Future Dividends

While hunting this fall in your favorite game cover take a census of the birds it holds. If there's a serious shortage, or no shooting surplus over the necessary breeding stock, we can tell you exactly what to do to insure future dividends in greatly improved shooting.

The Western game restoration plan has been tested and proved at our own game farms. Mail Coupon NOW for FREE "Manual of Game Management!" Complete information you've long wanted.

LAUGH AT PICKPOCKETS, HOLD-UP MEN: HYD-A-WAY SAFETY WALLET

For Men and Women

Crooks can't find the HYD-A-WAY! Safeguard your currency, valuable papers, jewelry from loss or robbery! Night and day, at home or traveling...you carry your valuables in secret safety in the HYD-A-WAY! Pin $5 bill inside. No pocket to lose. Waca Co., Box 102, San Francisco, Calif.

MAN AND WIFE VANTED to Run Local Coffee Agency. Earnings up to $240 in a Month

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50 actual photos taken behind German lines. BATTLE SCENES-TOURN. YWV RIDGE, 81-WHEEL, ARDENNE FOREST. GUN ATTACKS, INFANTRY FRONT IN ACTION-KASER INSPECTING TROUPS, ALDERGROVE PRINces VON WARNEBURG, CRUDE STREAM BATTLEFIELDS. ALL FIFTY, 65 CENT POSTCARD-

SAMPLE SET 50c. 500c. 1.00c. 2.00c. 5.00c. 10.00c. 25.00c. FREE PHOTO EXCHANGE. P. O. BOX 197, AUGUSTA, GA.

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Ex Service Men Get Preference

Mail Coupon Today-

Henry Murray

Name

Address

In the course of my work as a salesman for the Bank, I was once called upon to make a special delivery...
STOP Your Rupture Worries!

Why worry and suffer any longer? Learn about our perfected invention for all forms of reducible rupture. Automatic air cushion acting as an agent to assist Nature has brought happiness to thousands. Permits natural strengthening of the weakened muscles. Weights but a few ounces, is inconspicuous and sanitary. No oxynous sprays or hard pads. No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. 

FISTULA

For fistula or other rectal trouble permanent relief is entirely possible. Read about the mild McCleary treatment, and what it has done for thousands of former sufferers. Address

MECLEARY CLINIC
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New Adding Machine Fits Vest Pocket!

Add, subtract, and multiply like a $300 machine—yet it costs only $2.50. Write only 4 figures. Not a for-rent guaranteed workmanship. Perfect accuracy, lightning fast. Sells on sight to business men, drugstore men, housewives—all who use figures.

Write at once for Free Sample Offer and Money-Back Guarantee—Making Plan. 100% Proof.

C. W. Clay, Dept. 29, 103 W. Monroe St., Chicago

The American Legion National Headquarters
Indianapolis, Indiana

Financial Statement
July 31, 1936

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit $ 471,212.89
Notes and accounts receivable 57,477.28
Inventorys 13,999.78
Invested funds $1,389,060.57
Reserve for Investment Valuation 19,858.83 1,841,018.46
Permanennt investments:
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund 119,815.18
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation 129,597.84
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation 35,836.40
Deferred charges 17,202.65 2,196,091.17

Liabilities, Deferred Income and Net Worth

Current liabilities $ 76,404.55
Funds restricted as to use 354,588.57
Deferred income 258,030.32
Permanent trust
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund 119,815.18
Net Worth: Restricted capital $1,325,052.94
Unrestricted capital 1,841,018.46
$ 3,166,071.40

Frank E. Samuel, National Adjutant

Henry Miller Takes Office

(Continued from page 61)
benefits are paid because of service?" "Death compensation to the widow, children, dependent mother or father of a veteran who dies as a result of a service-connected disability. By widow, I mean a wife who was married to the veteran prior to July 2, 1931."

"Suppose the veteran was service connected on his heart and dies of pneumonia?"

"If the death certificate gives heart disease as a contributing cause there should be no difficulty. However, it is a well-known fact that individuals with bad hearts stand pneumonia very poorly, and as a general rule service connection is allowed for pneumonia deaths not service connected where the individual had service connection for an organic heart disease."

"Suppose death comes from disability in no way related to service?"

"Death compensation under the new Public Law 484 is payable when death follows any disability, provided the veteran at time of death had a service-connected disability (either direct or presumptive) rated or ratable at 30 percent, or more, at time of death."

"Does the 30 percent limit eliminate many cases?"

"Yes, more than one-third of those drawing compensation have less than 30 percent service-connected disabilities. Arrested tuberculosis which rates 25 percent in most cases, and gunshot wounds of mild and even of moderate degree generally are penalized. Eventually The American Legion hopes to obtain widow and orphans pension regardless of service connection, at least in cases where the dependents are in need of circumstances."

"Okay; what other benefits?"

"Funeral allowance of $100 for any honorably discharged veteran of any war, expedition or invasion—under the new regulations this allowance is not limited to those veterans whose individual estates total less than $3,000. In addition to the $100 allowance, or rather reimbursement up to that amount, United States flag for use at the funeral may be obtained from any county seat postmaster. And headstone may be obtained if grave is unmarked."

"Is there a time limit for applying for burial allowance?"

"Yes, application for reimbursement and necessary evidence must be filed within one year after burial."

"Okay; any other benefits?"

"Yes, the most important, in my opinion—free hospitalization. Under existing regulations, veterans needing treatment for emergency or serious chronic diseases are provided with railroad or bus transportation, and attendant, if needed, by obtaining prior authority for hospitalization from nearest Facility handling the type of case needing treatment. Regional offices also are permitted to send emergency cases from regional office to the nearest Facility."

"Does this apply to veterans not service connected?"

"Yes, although service connected cases have first preference."

"When an emergency arises, what should I do?"

"First, check the veteran’s eligibility. Get copy of discharge or check records at Veterans Administration or State’s military records at Adjutant General’s office. Then have the veteran’s physician telephone to the manager of the nearest Facility to explain the nature and extent of the disability, since it might be fatal to move veterans suffering from acute appendicitis, brain concussion, pneumonia or severe heart trouble."

"Will travel reimbursement be made if veteran is taken to the hospital without prior authority?"

"No."

"Then a veteran will not have to be indigent to get free treatment?"

"No, the Veterans Administration takes a liberal attitude in certifying veterans as eligible for treatment. Often we find that a veteran who has a $50 a-month job may lose it as a result of a month or so hospitalization, so it is the proof that the veteran can afford to pay for his own treatment because he happens to be employed. Also a man with even a fair salary may have so many dependents as to make it impossible for him to pay the community hospital for care. We should not encourage men of substantial means to go to government hospitals for treatment for non-service connected disabilities."

"Another thing, Henry, there are a growing number of cancer cases showing up among World War veterans, and treatment for cancer is expensive. You should be on the lookout for cancer in its early stages—old sores, moles that become irritated, and lumpy growths that steadily increase in size despite healing applications."

"Early treatment of cancer will save much suffering and many lives. When you have a cancer or suspected cancer case, have the veteran make application for treatment on Form P10. He may apply for treatment at any Veterans Administration Facility treating general medical and surgical cases, and if diagnosis of cancer is confirmed, treatment at Diagnostic Center, Hines, Illinois, or at other cancer centers now being established, will be given."

"When the Economy Act eliminated disability allowance, was any provision made for total cases whose disabilities
"I'll shove off," Miller declared, rising. "No, sit over there and listen in," Jones insisted. "Send in whoever is first."

An attractive, middle-aged woman entered.

"My name's Mrs. Myrtle Reed," she began. "I have been separated from my husband, who lives in Illinois, for twelve years. We have a child 14 years old I am supporting. I did not apply for divorce and have received nothing from my husband since the separation. What I want to know is whether I can get any of my husband's adjusted compensation money?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Reed, but you cannot, unless he should convert the certificate into bonds and dies with uncashed bonds in his possession, in which case you would come in as preferred beneficiary of the estate. If, however, he obtains the bonds and cashes them, there is nothing you can do about it. If you received a divorce with alimony, the adjusted compensation bonds could not be seized. With your husband drawing disability compensation at the time of separation?"

"Yes: $15 a month and later $30 a month pension for total disability, I was told."

"Unfortunately, compensation in an amount less than $18 a month cannot be apportioned, likewise non-service pension of $30 a month cannot be apportioned to dependents. We will write to the American Legion service officer in Illinois, however, and find out if your husband's service-connected disability has increased sufficiently to permit apportionment."

The next visitor was a young man who produced a bundle of correspondence.

"These papers indicate your brother, who was a World War veteran, killed himself in 1927," Jones announced. "Death compensation was denied because your brother was not shown to have been suffering from mental disease prior to 1925, nor from any other service-connected disability. The $60 bonus was paid at discharge, and adjusted compensation was paid to the veteran's mother as his beneficiary. No insurance was carried after discharge. Funeral allowance of $100 was paid. Government headstone was obtained. It looks as though no other benefits can be obtained."

"One of the girls is in Junior High, and soon'll be able to go to work," the man explained. "The younger girl has eye trouble. One eye is crossed and签约 most of the time. She needs an operation and glasses. I'm on relief."

"Maybe we can do something about that," Jones dailed the telephone. "Mrs. Fulton, I'm sending a man to you to apply for child welfare funds for eye operation and glasses for child of deceased World War veteran. . . . Okay, he'll be down in a few minutes."

Jones wrote a short note. "Take this (Continued on page 64)."

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**WANTED BRANCH MANUFACTURERS**

By old established firm, to sell Christmas goods, 5 and 10c Novelties, Toy Autos, Ashtrays, etc. Can be done in single lot or in quantity. No experience necessary, as we furnish full instructions with samples and small order starts you. A rare opportunity for these times, if you own 25 and you want to devote your spare or full time to profitable work write to AT ONCE! for full details. We are now closing arrangements for supply of our goods.

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**HEADACHES?**

Whelm them away with BROMO-MINT

On Sale at Drug Stores, Cafes, Fountains, Clubs and Bars.

No Narcotics. Acetanilid or Aspirin.

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...STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE...

Are you tormented with the itching torture of eczema, rashy, allergy’s foot, perpetual colds or some other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic Liquid D.D.P PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Cleans, dries, soothes and leaves skin attractive, soft and free from itch. A few drops in a base of carrier oil given at bedtime. In 15c bottles, 25c bottles, 35c silver bottle, 50c glass bottle.

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**THROUGH three generations distinguished visitors to Philadelphia have preferred the comforts of this hotel...its noted cuisine...and the spirit of its service. Rates begin at $3.50.**

**BELLEVUE STRATFORD**

One of the few Famous Hotels in America

CLAUDE H. BENNETT, Gen. Mgr.
Henry Miller Takes Office

(Continued from page 63)

note and papers to Room 14, American Legion and Auxiliary Child Welfare Committee,” he said. “Mrs. Fulton will fill out application blank for funds for the eye operation and glasses.”

“I sure thank you!”

“Don’t mention it.”

After the visitor departed, Miller asked numerous questions regarding adjusted compensation bonds, particularly regarding corrections required because of difference in the veteran’s age as shown on original application for adjusted compensation and date of birth indicated on application for bonds.

“The veteran will be required to verify his date of birth from family records, the Bible, or other means, and make a sworn statement on back of resubmitted form 1701, certifying as to the proper date of birth,” Jones explained. “This is important as the value of the adjusted compensation certificate definitely relates to the age of the veteran. For instance, a veteran who was 25 years old in 1925 with a maximum service overseas of 500 days, would have adjusted service credit of $625, and a policy based on a factor of 2.337 (representing 4.5 percent interest compounded annually for twenty years) in the amount of $1586, whereas a veteran who was 30 years old in 1925, with 500 days overseas, would have a factor of 2.242 or a policy of $1577.”

“After bond applications are corrected, and changes of address recertified, and adjusted compensation bonds are paid off, what will be the reaction of World War veterans toward the American Legion?” Miller inquired.

“Well, there may be an unusual growth in membership, or a slump that often follows a victory,” Jones predicted.

“Unfortunately, we develop strength in our efforts to obtain legislative results, and sometimes pay for victory with smug indifference on the part of many veterans who obtained greatest benefits.

“World War veterans are dying at the rate of about 80 a day—one every 19 minutes,” Jones continued. “There can be no replacements. As we decrease in numbers, and the public becomes less interested in us and our problems, we have only war veterans and their dependents as a group to band together for self-protection. Results have come in the past and will come in the future only with organized numerical strength.

“Recently, I was impressed by a chart that is in National Headquarters of The American Legion in Indianapolis. It shows by graph lines the membership of American Legion departments since 1919. ‘Pep’ Plummer, assistant national adjutant, asked me what the chart indicated and I told him that it showed during the first ten years of the life of The American Legion a rather steady upward trend, but in recent years, there was considerable fluctuation.

“Yes,” Plummer remarked, ‘but here’s the significant fact: A well balanced, well rounded program of community service does much to increase the prestige of our organization with the public in general, and at the same time catches the interest of members and prospective members. A post which puts over a well-planned community service each year has little difficulty in solving its membership problems. Membership, however, must be one of our first objectives because without membership every other objective will fail. In working for membership, therefore, we are at the same time working for the fulfilment of all of our objectives.’

“Every active organization derives its strength, its power to achieve the purposes for which it is organized, through its membership. The organized group that has a small membership, or a small number of people who subscribe to its program, cannot hope for a maximum of success in its activities. The established organization that has carried on a successful program must keep its membership growing if it hopes to attain higher objectives and do better things. Once a membership slumps and there is a decrease in the number of those who have supported the organization, then the accomplishments of that group will be diminished in like proportion.”

“I never thought of membership in that way,” Miller meditated. “I have been like other Legionnaires who are fed up asking buddies to pay their dues when they should be eager to pay without being high pressured.”

“Perhaps the time is coming when membership will come easily,” Jones sighed. “But until that time comes, veterans will have to be informed why they should pay their dues, either from the selfish standpoint of self-protection, or from an unselfish standpoint of helping those who cannot help themselves. I believe a post may achieve a big membership largely as a result of the service it renders to the community, State and nation, to disabled veterans and their dependents—unselfish service with its reward of satisfaction that comes from ‘going about, doing good.’”

“Tom, I never mentioned it, but I have a rather personal reason for wanting to do what I can as a service officer,” Miller rose to go. “‘A buddy saved my life over there and the only way I can pay the debt is by helping other members of the outfit who may need help. You’re going to be hearing from me often. So long.”

As Miller left the War Memorial Building, there was a slyness in his step and a zealous light in his eyes.
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