STRAIGHT DOWN from 4 miles up—Gehlbach tears earthward at 400 to 600 m. p. h. At the bottom of the dive—a sharp pull-out wrenches plane and pilot to the limit. Such tests make planes safer. Just a tiny flaw—and the plane can fly to pieces. But Lee Gehlbach eats heartily and enjoys his food. Note the Camel in his hand—one of the many Camels that Lee enjoys during and after meals.

"SMOKING CAMELS HELPS TO KEEP MY DIGESTION TUNED UP AND RUNNING SMOOTH"—SAYS LEE

"CAMELS set me right!" Gehlbach says. "I smoke Camels with my meals and afterward—for digestion's sake. And when I say that Camels don't get on my nerves, it means a lot."

Good digestion and healthy nerves are important assets for everyone. So make Camel your cigarette. Enjoying Camels at mealtime and after speeds up the flow of digestive fluids—increases alkalinity—helps bring a sense of well-being. For digestion's sake—for invigorating "lift" and mildness—smoke Camels!
Who Was He?

By John H. Parmelee

Illustration by J.W. Schlajker

BUT, on the other hand, we'll soon have with us a half million young Americans, laughing at death..."

While we were killing a little time in England awaiting the ship that was to take us across the channel, I read the above statement in an English newspaper. The article, while admitting recent reverses of the Allies and discouraging reports from the fronts, dropped this bit of optimism as a tonic to the tired and disheartened.

"Laughing at death"—yes, that somehow expressed it. The English and French both seemed quite puzzled at the attitude of the American soldier. Perhaps it was their swaggering levity that caused certain French generals to doubt their ability to fight.

To a majority of the American soldiers the war was a gigantic game. They were not particularly interested in making the world safe for democracy, but they did feel that their country had been challenged and they were out to meet that challenge.

"Laughing at death"—I was to see a young, healthy boy, holding a stub on which a hand had been less than an hour before, kidding about it as though it were no more than a scratch. I was to hold the head of a dying man while he cursed, prayed, and laughed himself into the next world. Others I was to see who would continue to live but never be able to laugh again.

My introduction to war was in the first great all-American offensive—St. Mihiel. The stupendous artillery bombardment preceding it gave me the greatest thrill of my life. Almost from the outset prisoners were being brought in by hundreds, and many wounded Americans were being carried along on stretchers by the prisoners. Almost without exception they were cheerful. One fellow with part of his leg missing sat upright on a stretcher holding a German helmet as a steering wheel. He was biting a cigarette to hold back the pain and tears, but grinning nevertheless. "My private car, boys!" he shouted to us.

Two weeks later we were ready for the Argonne. Another dark, rainy night—war is one game that is never called off on account of the weather.

I take a message to one of the batteries and pass along where the second line of infantry is awaiting the zero hour. They are on their toes, ready to go—restless—shadow boxing and sparring with their bayonets.

A few hours later I saw a short, tough little fellow going along by himself when he was suddenly charged by a large German who appeared from behind a gun position. The little fellow was evidently so startled he forgot what his bayonet was for. At any rate he raised his gun with both hands and flung it broadside into the German's face with such force that it knocked him down. Then, pouncing on the big fellow, he began punching him with both fists.

I stumbled forward over the shell holes trying to get to him to lend a hand, but when I looked up again the kid had his gun and was inviting his prisoner to get up. (Continued on page 47)
For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our annals by our devotion to mutual helpfulness—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

The American Legion

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* CLEVELAND put on a grand party, and did itself proud as the first city to re-enter a convention of The American Legion. A delegate who attended both the 1920 and the 1936 gatherings was moved to make comparisons, practically all of which were in favor of the latter year.

IN 1920, he said, with an attendance that was probably not more than a quarter of 1936, housing was much worse and overcrowding the rule. Such an inconvenience was in no way Cleveland’s fault. Legion National Conventions are more than local concerns and are more than locally managed. In 1920 the Legion hadn’t learned the trick—in 1936 it had. Kansas City learned from Cleveland, New Orleans from Kansas City, and so on. The result has been the pooling of a vast wealth of information on how-to-do-it. If you want to know how to run a convention, inquire of The American Legion.

ALSO, if you want to know how to run a parade, consult The American Legion. Here again the Legion has been able to profit by the experience of seventeen years. Admittedly, Legion parades have always had a swell break from the weather. At San Francisco in 1923 there were drizzle of rain just before the whistle blew, but the parade itself was conducted under skies that lived up to California’s noblest traditions—and that, as everybody knows, is some noble.

THE 1920 man started reminiscing again. In 1920, he said, quite a crowd poured out to watch the parade, but it was a light fringe of populace rather than a thick ribbon. In most places they didn’t have to stand on tiptoe to watch the procession go by.

NOW it’s to be New York. This means, among other things, that there will be a larger I’ve-been-there-before attendance than at any previous Legion National Convention. For a vast majority of the two million men and women who constituted the A.E.F. sailed from the Port of New York (and the Port of New York includes the Hoboken piers). More than a million of troops (including you, sailor) in and around the metropolitan area was larger than in any comparable section of the country. The New York district bristled with camps and cantonments and training areas—ininitely more so than the district around Paris. The New York convention will be more than a convention—it will be a sentimental homecoming.

ACCORDING to the 1920 man, the 1936 gathering didn’t seem to him to be a bonus-inspired affair. In his opinion, it was true that bonus checks paid the freight for some of the visitors, and it was this factor, he thought, that accounted for the unusually large attendance of wives and children. Moreover, he figured that New York would see the greatest turnout of wives and children in Legion history—say nothing of the greatest turnout of mere men.

AND as he turned away he said, “Okay, buddy. I’ll be seeing you—at Broadway and Forty-second Street.”


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The American Legion Monthly
When Doctors "Feel Rotten"
—This Is What They Do!

How can many of New York's busiest physicians stand up under their grueling duties? Why are their nerves so steady, their minds so clear after nights of broken sleep and days of fatiguing work?

The answer is simple. They follow rules for health described by Artie McGovern in his new book. Many not only go to McGovern's famous gymnasium in New York, but asked him to become Physical Director of the New York Physicians Club!

These doctors are too wise to fall for work-outs that leave the "patient" gasping, dizzy, exhausted, the kind of exercise that does more harm than good. And not only doctors have benefited by McGovern's safe, sane methods. Among the nationally known people who have used them are: Grover Whalen, Walter Lippmann, Vincent Richards, Babe Ruth, Gene Sarazen, Rube Goldberg, Frank Sullivan, Paul Whitman, Isaac Marcossos.

America's Greatest Trainer at Last
Reveals His Secret of Keeping Fit!

In his new book Artie McGovern gives you the "de-bunked" truth about exercise. He explodes popular fallacies. He shows you how to increase vigor, feel better, end paralysis, and either lose weight or put on solid pounds—how to get more enjoyment out of life. Your particular problem (depending upon the type of person you are) is treated as such.

Here is a book of unvarnished truth about your body, your health, your living habits. It shows the ONE safe way to control weight (the way doctors and athletes do); how to eliminate nervousness, sleeplessness; how to correct constipation without laxatives; how to tone-up your entire system, and build reserve vitality to resist sickness. And all with simple, easy exercises you can do at home—without apparatus!

Are You Overweight—Run-Down—Constipated?

Do you feel run-down? Are your muscles flabby? Are you overweight or underweight? Do you take laxatives? Do you sleep poorly? Do you wake up tired? If your answer to one or more of these is "Yes" then you owe it to yourself and family to try the McGovern method.

The exercise shown above, which may be done while you are lying in bed, is one of the best you can do! On the other hand, such stunts as bending over and touching your feet with your hands are some of the worst you can do—on a par with trick food finds and easy diets. McGovern's book shows you how to keep fit without such drudgery or exhausting exercise!

Artie McGovern doesn't make you give up smoking, cocktails, jujube calories or vitamins. He has no pills, trick reducing salts, tons or apparatus to sell you. His famous method is based upon sound scientific principles: the result of 20 years' experience in planning physical culture programs for people in all walks of life. Thousands have paid up to $800 for the McGovern course—now so clearly described in his best-seller, "The Secret of Keeping Fit"—the very same method relied upon by thousands of doctors and men important in public life.

SEND NO MONEY

The McGovern method has worked for thousands and can therefore be sold to you on the following terms:

1. Send no money with the convenient coupon below. When postman hands you your copy of Artie McGovern's new book, "THE SECRET OF KEEPING FIT," which tells in detail, the method McGovern uses in keeping doctors and famous men in all walks of life, up to par. When postman delivers it, I will pay $1.98, plus few cents postage. If, after five days' reading, you are not convinced that the McGovern Method is just what you need and want—you may return it and your money will be refunded at once.

2. If, after applying for 30 days the principles clearly given in Mr. McGovern's book, you don't feel like a new person, vibrant with glowing health and new-found "pep"—if you aren't thoroughly convinced by actual RESULTS that it is working wonders for YOU—you may even then return the book for a full refund.

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May 1936

BABE RUTH
—What the McGovern Method Did for Him

Before After

Weight 256 216

Neck 17 1/2 15

Chest 43 40

Expanded 45 1/2 47

Waist 49 1/2 38

Hips 47 41

Thigh 25 22

Calf 16 1/2 15

WOMEN

Some of the famous women who have taken the McGovern course are: Margaret O'Keeffe, Julia Herl, Babe Didrikson, Mrs. Morgan Belmont, Hattie Williams.

GENE SARAZEN
—Says:

"McGovern's Course of Health Building is the most effective, valuable exercise system I have ever experienced. In previous years I have tried various methods to keep in good trim, but none compares with yours for getting results.

"Your health-building program has been of untold value to me. I hereby recommend it to golfers—both professional and amateur, and I am also convinced that it will prove a blessing for any average man or woman."

SIMON and SCHUSTER, Inc., Dept. 1611
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Send me a copy of Artie McGovern's new illustrated book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit," which tells in complete detail, the method Artie McGovern uses in keeping doctors and famous men in all walks of life, up to par. When postman delivers it, I will pay $1.98, plus few cents postage charges.

It is distinctly understood that, if I care to, I may return the book within 5 days. It is also understood that, if paying Mr. McGovern's method into practice does not, within one month, produce the actual results I want, I am to have the privilege of returning the book. In either case my $1.98 is to be refunded at once.

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Check here if you are enclosing $1.98 herewith, thus saving postage charges, name refund privilege, supply, of course. (Outside U.S.—$2.50 Cash with order.)
Join

American Red Cross
TWICE at Cleveland The American Legion has made history. In 1920 its 845,000 members averaged twenty-eight years of age. In 1936 its 950,000 members averaged forty-four. They were—they are—in the full flower of maturity, with the time of their real accomplishment before, not behind them.

The Legion's own day of opportunity lies ahead of it. As the greatest unselfish patriotic organization in America and in the world, it has yet to write the most notable and most noble of its achievements. We have not yet got to the middle of the book.

What is that opportunity? It is of record, concise and clear, in the Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion. Read and reread those compact phrases. They are the chart and compass that guide us toward the goal of a greater, finer America.

Our task is no less than the awakening of the American people from the dangers of civic paralysis. The ism that we have most to fear in this country is no ism at all—it is just sheer laziness. Inefficiency, ineptitude, stupidity and corruption besmirch our system only if and when we let them. They do not, they cannot flourish alongside the spirit of patriotic fervor that ought to animate us, and which will animate all of us if The American Legion remains alert and loyal to its high trust.

Let us, for instance, re-examine our patriotic holidays. Was such a sacred occasion as Memorial Day set aside for basket lunches and horseshoe pitching? The Legion has helped restore this truly holy day to its original dignity. The Legion will continue to interpret these solemn occasions in the manner that their originators intended. Need we have any doubt that the American people will heed this splendid example?

We of America and of the Legion believe with all our hearts and all our souls that ours is the grandest and best form of government ever devised. But that very form of government involves a greater and a higher sense of civic and social obligation than any other system. Only a perpetually vigilant people are fit for or can be trusted with a democracy.

The American Legion stands dedicated to an abiding faith in the high destiny of America. But that destiny must be achieved—it cannot be dreamed. And the achieving involves singleness of purpose, unity of plan, organization, and work, work, work.

It will be part of my own task, as your National Commander, to interpret the Legion to the American people, not alone by appearing before large groups as your chosen representative, but also by expounding Legion doctrine to small, informal, even casual little gatherings. There is no satisfaction quite so good as that which follows a friendly exposition of the Legion to a group of critics—perhaps across a luncheon table, perhaps in a hotel room—when one of the company exclaims: "Why, I didn't know the Legion was interested in such a fine activity as that!"

Let's be up and doing. Let's tell America. Have no fear—America will then tell us, and bless the day The American Legion was brought into being.

NOVEMBER, 1936

BY HARRY W. COLMERY
National Commander

National Adjutant Frank E. Samuel pinning the badge of office on the newly-elected National Commander, while Past National Commander Ray Murphy looks on.
Author's Note: This is the story of a Gold Star mother who, as a guest of the United States Government, made the pilgrimage to the American cemeteries in France. Her only son, an eighteen-year-old boy, had served as a machine gunner in the Third Division and was killed July 15, 1918, in the heroic stand along the banks of the Marne. Her story is not altogether typical of the experiences of Gold Star mothers, yet it epitomizes the hopes and struggles of her whole generation. As one of the conducting officers detailed by the War Department to escort Gold Star mothers to the graves of their sons, it was the author's privilege to accompany Julie on her trip to the cemetery. Except for altering names the writer has endeavored to retain Julie's story so far as possible as she told it herself.

Julie Manjevic was the first of the Gold Star mothers in "Coaltown" to receive the Government's invitation to make the pilgrimage to the A.E.F. cemeteries. Officials of the railroad, officers and members of The American Legion, friends and neighbors urged her to go.

"I know I could, but I can't. Maybe I can some day. Maybe I come back, then no more job," she protested.

The manager of the office building where she scrubbed floors assured her that he would take her back. The owner promised that her pay would continue while she was gone. Still she refused.

"And my Looey. Who take care of him? My Looey got bad, bad foot."

The Government was not financing trips for Gold Star fathers. "Coaltown" citizens were not anxious to set a precedent. Both Julie and Looey stayed home.

Three years passed. Julie was still scrubbing floors. Looey was still nursing his foot. For the last time, the Government repeated its offer. Again Julie was implored to go. She wavered.

"Maybe I go, but Looey, he go too."

For the contents of her house a second-hand dealer offered $62. Julie held out the two wicker basket suitcases in which she had brought her trousseau to America almost thirty years ago and gave up her title to the rest. Looey had $46 in a savings account. In an old stocking the couple "discovered" $25. Friends lent small sums. Now there was enough to provide Looey with third-class accommodations, "Coaltown, Pennsylvania, to Paris, France, via New York." The United States Lines promised Looey a berth on the Manhattan, the very ship on which Julie was to sail first class as a guest of the United States.

Still Julie was not ready.

"Bye and bye, and me and Looey go Budapest. No like America so much now. Maybe we go home to old country like old people and maybe we no come back."

Again she counted her money. There was not enough for the trip from Paris to Budapest. But there was still one untapped source—a sacred fund which she was reluctant to touch. Out of the monthly government allotment that had come to her during the life of her son in the Army she had started a postal-savings account.

"Sometime maybe my Johnny come home and get married.
The money he’s good for him,” she told the postmaster in 1917. Only in a crisis had she turned to this fund—once when the bank closed, and again when the truck knocked Looey down.

“Why not now?” Julie argued. Certainly, if Johnny were living, he would not object. The postal-savings account was closed. Figuring closely, they found they had enough to get to Budapest and about $30 to spare.

In New York they stayed with relatives. Friends from Paterson came to wish them well. The night before sailing there was a festive dinner. Young and old joined in a polka. Accompanied by an accordion, clapping of hands and stamping of feet, they sang their native songs. Julie, still graceful and nimble, gave a solo dance in which she whirled round and round to the amazement of the younger guests. Not a word of English was spoken. Except for the occasional discordant roar of the elevated that brought them back to the realities of the Bronx, these people had been carried back to the fields of their native Hungary.

At dawn there was a brief speech by Julie’s cousin, Carol, and then came presentations—to Julie, a pair of black patent-leather shoes; to Looey, a wide-brimmed Panama hat.

What did it matter that the shoes were a bit tight or that the hat passed partly over Looey’s ears? Everyone was happy. One by one the day laborers fondly embraced their countrymen in farewell and left for their jobs. Most of the women followed. Finally, only the accordion player, two women, Looey and Julie remained. About ten o’clock all five started for the pier.

They arrived just as the Sixteenth Infantry Band had finished its medley of war songs. First came the accordion player, a stool in one hand and his precious instrument in the other; then Julie, her head high, her eyes fixed straight ahead. On each side of her, tugging at her arms but lagging behind, marched her two friends. Far behind, limping and perspiring, one wicker suitcase under his left arm and another in his left hand, his right hand pressing hard against the broad Panama hat which by this time had slid over both ears and almost covered his eyes, half-walking, half running, came Looey.

As Julie approached the gangplank, the musician dropped back a few steps, put down his stool, raised one foot to support his accordion and opened with the Blue Danube Waltz. For a moment Julie forgot herself. She held up her hands and almost completed a full sway when she tripped. Quickly she knelt, pulled a handkerchief out of her pocketbook, moistened it and feverishly polished the scar on her new patent leather shoes. Now she regained her composure, marched to the gangplank; stopped, embraced her two friends, waited for Looey, kissed him loudly on both cheeks and lips, and then stood watching him until he was aboard. She waved her handkerchief at the accordion player and majestically mounted the steps. On deck, she gained a vantage point from which she could lean over, see Looey below and her friends ashore. After each number by the band, the accordion offered a selection. Now it was a Hungarian rhapsody. Before he finished, the gangplank was raised. The hand struck up “Over There.” The accordion joined.

Slowly the ship got under way. Looey from below and Julie from above were waving at their friends ashore. A gentle breeze blew across the deck. Looey grabbed for his Panama. It was too late. The wind carried it overboard. Looey rushed to the rail, bent his body far over the side. The hat scooted so near. Suddenly strong seaman hands stretched out and pulled him back on deck. Weakly, Looey pointed to his hat.

“Too bad, fellah, no hat ain’t worth drownin’ for,” was the only consolation he got.

By this time Julie, who had been watching her friends ashore,
turned toward the spot where but a moment ago she had seen Looey. There was no Looey. Instead, she saw the prized Panama floating casually on the waters of New York harbor.

"Looey!" she cried, and swooned.

The ever-present army nurse took charge. Julie was carried to her stateroom and resuscitated. As soon as she gained consciousness she broke out in frantic yells interspersed with pitiful wails. She tried to speak English. Words failed her. She mumbled in Hungarian. No one understood her. The one word which she repeated over and over again offered little help.

"Looey, Looey," she moaned.

Captain Wilson, the officer in charge of the party, was summoned. Patiently he listened. He could not understand a word. He called on the captain and asked if there were any linguists in the crew. He sent for the records of his party. He found Julie’s, and under “Remarks,” he read:

“The husband of Julie Manjevic is a passenger, tourist class.”

He rushed down to the tourist deck to find Looey. He was not in his room. He was not on deck. There was no one who had seen him. For almost an hour Captain Wilson and the ship’s crew searched for Looey. Above, Julie had become hysterical. Stumped, Captain Wilson was about to radio the news of the tragedy back to New York when he heard loud snoring. He traced the noise. In a corner, behind a barricade of deck chairs and the two wicker suit cases, sat Looey, his head bent back, his mouth wide open.

"Is your name Looey?" asked the officer.

Looey nodded. Before he was fully awake, he was taken by the arm, hustled through the galleys and run up to the first deck.

"Looey!" shrieked Julie.

They fell into each other’s arms.

From then until the Manhattan docked at Le Havre, Julie and Looey seldom lost sight of each other. Early every morning Julie went to the tourist class to visit Looey and often did not return until after supper. Occasionally Looey came up into the first-class cabin—somehow the ship’s officials never saw him.

Arm in arm, they marched toward the special train that was to bear the Gold Star mothers to Paris

Once they missed out on their meeting engagement and Julie’s call of “Looey! Looey!” brought Captain Wilson quickly to her side.

It did not take long to find Looey this time, only about ten minutes, but long enough to worry the conducting officer. To minimize the danger of misplacing Looey again, he pinned an identification tag on Looey’s coat lapel, of the same kind worn by all the women in the party, which announced in unmistakable terms the identity of the wearer as a Gold Star mother.

Now officially a “mother,” Looey found himself a prominent figure in the party. After the Manhattan docked at Le Havre, Julie and Looey, arm in arm, marched into the first car of the special train that was to bear the Gold Star mothers to Paris. Captain Wilson checked his roster, found everyone present, including Looey, and gave the signal to start.

Several kilometers out of Le Havre the French conductor counted heads, then the tickets given him by the American officer. The passenger total exceeded the tickets by one. The discrepancy was Looey. Captain Wilson sought him out. Yes, he had a ticket and proudly presented it.

It was third class. The train was all first class. Captain Wilson
tried to interest the Frenchman in the beautiful romance of Julie and Looey. In his best West Point French he related the incident of the Panama hat. The conductor understood. He was visibly amused. But who was going to pay the difference between the first and third class fares?

Captain Wilson explained to Julie.

"Looey's ticket good ticket. I buy him myself," she insisted. The more the subject was discussed, the more involved it became. The Frenchman, slightly annoyed at the delay, asked the captain to make up the difference. Very politely, he refused. Exasperated, the conductor put his hand on Looey's shoulder and beckoned him to follow. That was too much for Julie. Forcefully she pushed the conductor away. Thoroughly aroused, the Frenchman began to gesticulate wildly. Captain Wilson stepped between Julie and the conductor. Immediately, Julie moved away. Looey opened his pocketbook and paid the difference.

For the next hour Julie and Looey mournfully counted their money over and over again. Their budget was shot. The ticket to Budapest was to cover all transportation, they claimed. Here they were not even in Paris and their money already shrank to almost one-half. She should not have bought souvenirs in New York to take back to her relatives in Budapest, Looey argued. They quarreled. The nurse, the doctor, the conducting officer, even the Frenchman tried to talk to them. It was useless.

Weary and tear-stained, they arrived at the Paris hotel. Looey understood that he was to pay his own way. He inquired the price. It was one hundred francs. Looey's money was American. He took out his pocketbook and dumped the contents on the register—three five-dollar bills and a one. Francs at that time were about sixteen for a dollar. The clerk took one five and the one. Looey reeled.

"No! No! Give me back," he muttered.

He would not stop at this hotel, nor would Julie let him go to another. They preferred to sit up all night in the lobby.

It was at this time that I was thrust into the situation. Someone had told the colonel that I spoke Hungarian. He sent for me. "I do not speak Hungarian," I protested.

"That's your hard luck," came the adjutant's reply over the telephone. "The colonel thinks you do, so come right over."

When I arrived at the hotel I found that the couple had finally gone to bed.

I planned my campaign. I knew no Hungarian, but I did know how to say "Good morning" in several European tongues. I would try the salutation first in one language and then in another in the hope that we would finally find some linguistic bond between us. At six-thirty I was in the lobby ready for my test. I did not have to wait long.

The elevator door opened. Out they came. Julie in front, limping on one foot and carrying a shoe under her arm, saw me at the other end of the lobby and nonchalantly sat down on the steps leading to the elevator and put on her other shoe. Close behind shuffled Looey, minus his coat and collar, the Gold Star mother's insignia now suspended around his neck, his eyes wandering aimlessly in the familiar lost gaze of a Ben Turpin.

I walked forward to meet them. I opened my mouth, but instead of "Good Morning" in any language, I found myself simply saying, "So you are from Budapest."

"Oh, Captain, Budapest?" exclaimed Julie, and knelt beside me and kissed my hand. Before I fully realized what was happening, Looey, too, was down on his knees, reaching for the other hand. Greatly embarrassed, I raised them to their feet and bade them sit down beside me.

In the simplest vocabulary of English I could muster, I spoke very slowly. "Budapest" had proved the charm. They understood at least that word. Soon we found other words in common. I asked simple questions. Their answers, part English, part German, part Polish, and undoubtedly a large part Hungarian, though often difficult to follow, were sufficiently like the English of a Pennsylvania mining town to be understandable.

Their wants were few. They desired to go to the cemetery, return the same day and leave immediately for Budapest. They appreciated all that the Government was doing for Julie. They realized that she would forfeit her passage back if she did not return with her party. Their money was low. The monthly insurance and pension allowances were being forwarded to their Budapest address.

I reported the facts to my commanding officer.

"All right, you take them to the cemetery. Make sure they understand everything, and stay with them until they get on the train for Budapest in the morning," were my orders.

They were delighted with the news. I telephoned ahead for a wreath for the son's grave to be delivered to the cemetery. An hour later we were on our way. In the front seat with the driver sat Julia and I. Julie appeared quite calm. Softly she hummed "Over There." She sang a Hungarian melody while Looey kept time with his head and hands. She compared the scenery of France with that of the United States. "Old country this. Old country nice for old lady," she remarked several times.

When we reached the cemetery gate we got out of the car. I took one arm and motioned Looey to take the other. We walked slowly toward the grave. Plainly marked by an American flag, encircled by a beautiful wreath, stood the simple cross of Johnny. I pointed out the spot. She pulled away from us, stretched out her arms and ran toward the grave.

"My boy Johnny," she moaned, and flung herself upon the cross. Once, twice and a third time she deliberately struck her head upon the stone.

"Stop! Don't do that!" I sternly commanded. She stopped. Startled, she looked up at me. I became ashamed of the harsh tone I had used.

(Continued on page 68)
PROMPTLY on the day when my grandmother came of age, in 1863, she started upon a career of horse-burning and mule-burning.

It did not hurt the horses or the mules to have grandmother treat them so; they had been hurt to the last, anguished extremity some months previously. A battle had been fought in the town two miles northwest of the house where grandmother was to live; the battle had spread through orchards and barley fields and spring-houses, as is the heartless fashion of battles, and the people who lived there found blood-smeared boys from other States dying under their raspberry vines or in their root cellars.

The battle spread all the way to Henry Rayer's farm and past it, and neither the rhubarb nor the cabbages nor the beans amounted to much afterward. Henry Rayer was the grandfather of my grandmother. Because when one says "grandmother" one thinks of a shriveled woman who is equally adept at digging splinters from boys' heels or making gooseberry tarts, I shall not call her "grandmother" when I tell this story. I shall call her by her name, Hester Stile, which conjures up more readily the beautiful girl that she is in our leather-bound album, and that she must have been in those days.

I have the tin-type before me now—a calm-faced girl with full, emotional lips and soft, serious eyes; her cheeks are tinted mildly pink in the picture, and there are blue ribbons on her bonnet. If she were young once more today, she would look like the youngest, prettiest clerk in our office; she would have sleek, auburn hair and a narrow waist—trim, tanned arms and legs, and she would be the kind of girl you look at twice when you see her bailing a bus at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street.

Hester was born in Maryland and orphaned early. She fell heir to the farm of her grandmother, Henry Rayer, about four months after the battle I spoke of. Henry Rayer was old and sick when the fighting happened. It is not to be wondered that his farm lay racked, just as the struggling armies left it.

The chicken-house was burned by a stray shell; the wagon-shed was saved; a spherical case-shot let sunlight into the parlor where sunlight had never come before. The cows and pigs and poultry were scattered far and wide, and not identified or assembled for several weeks, and then they were fewer in number. A row of dead horses lay in impossible postures along the garden fence—the horses of staff officers, killed one after another by the buzzing shells that dropped among them. There were three dead mules alongside the barn, and more swollen carcasses in the hay field.

Hester drove twenty miles north and became an heiress. There was inevitable legal delay, since the property could not become hers until another two weeks had elapsed, and in the meantime it had to be held in trust by her guardian, who was hard-pressed for funds in his own right.

He refused to provide money for clearing up the land and getting rid of the swollen, leather-ribbed shapes that now puffed like grotesque sheep come to the devil's own fold.

Hester lived in a cheap boarding-house until the day when she came of age. Once the deed to the farm was hers, once she could stand upon those bullet-strewn acres and say, "This is mine; I will run the farm; I will make a living, a place for myself," once this had come about, she made the fur fly.

So the neighbors said, at any rate. But it was not fur which she made fly. It was horse-flesh and mule-bone, and all the tangle of harness they had worn into eternity. She hired an old man named Brinkman because he would work for a cheap wage, and even that she could ill afford to pay. He brought his team; together, toiling like slaves in the crisp November sunshine, they dragged the half-dried, still loathsome carcasses to log-built pyres. Then Hester sent Mr. Brinkman to the village for a barrel of coal-oil, and at sunset the fires were sending their black smoke across the sky.

"Dey vill burn all de night," said old Mr. Brinkman.

"I don't care if they do," Hester told him.

The hired man warned her of danger to the barn and sheds.

"Don't fret," said Hester, bravely. "I'll watch them. I'll watch them all night, and put on more coal-oil as needed."

Brinkman shook his gray head and chuckled to his team. He warned the girl that winter would soon come. She could expect no crops this year except for the meager harvest already taken up while Henry Rayer lay a-dying.

"I'll get along," said gray-eyed Hester Stile, who had twenty-eight dollars in the bank and three dollars more in her shabby purse, and not much in the way of farm goods which could be turned into cash. Then Mr. Brinkman drove home to his supper, and between her vigil at the awful firesides the girl prepared herself an egg, and bread-and-butter, and jelly, and some tea as a special treat.

Darkness fell like a club. The moon—now in its first quarter—was caught be-
hind clouds thicker and greasier than the smoke piling aloft from that little farm. But presently the moon wrenched itself free and shone clearly if not enormously; and Hester, moving beyond the grotesque firelight, could see the disordered fences washed in chill moonbeams.

And more than that her senses brought to her; more than the scent (now familiar to that countryside) of frying fat and scorched hoofs, and the more terrible smells from the valley where not only horses had lain unburied. Her ears told her that strange and unwieldy migrations were occurring along the road bordering the farm, and along distant roads beyond.

For days these nomads had been approaching, and some of them came from very far away. Perhaps the village and the dairy pastures round about would never see so many people again. True, the whole region was recently taxed by a mingled incursion of death and humanity; when the various army corps picked themselves up and staggered away, they left enough wounded men to populate a fair-sized city. Many of the wounded had died. Many of them had been sent away to prison camps; some had gone home, or back to the army.

To this metropolis of wailing and bandaging and painful hubbub came hundreds of men and women looking for their sons—dead or alive. The narrow roads quaked beneath omnibuses, carry-alls, farm wagons. And now, in middle November, the horde increased in numbers, and changed sharply in character. These newcomers were people who appeared for a great event. They were looking forward to speeches, parades, the dignitaries in silk hats, the special railroad trains to be run from cities.

It was a funeral surely enough, but no such funeral as had happened there before. Brass bands are brass bands, for all that they may play their dirges. Fortune tellers, pickpockets, peddlers of peculiar foods, candy sellers—all would be on hand.

For two days and a night the roads had been crowded with them, and with the farm people who came to see their Government claim one part of a hillside and say, "We shall take the dead out of the hedgerows and from behind the manure piles, and see to it that people can dig for potatoes without finding something else. Here we will lay them out in rows—safely, permanently—and we will bring the greatest orator of the day, to see that all is carried off in the proper spirit."

Hester Stile leaned on the long-handled rake which she used as her implement of rehabilitation; she heard the caravans still moving along the road. She was annoyed when she found that she had been listening for another sound, consciously, even eagerly—the sound made by a man who travels on one leg and one crutch, and tries to be as bold in his steps as when he walked on two feet, without any crutch at all.

He did not come until nearly midnight. Before that time Hester Stile had convinced herself each hour that she did want him to come, and had as promptly dissuaded herself from the notion. It was during one of the barren periods of dissuasion that she first heard the unmistakable crutch, step, crutch, step echoing in the little lane behind her.

Buggies were going by, and long wagons with seats arranged lengthwise, on which whole clubs or lodges or Sunday School classes jolted toward their Mecca and the important day ahead. Such a wagon went past now, and as the sound of wheels and hoofs lessened, she heard Sutton Asherwood crossing the barnyard toward her.

Hester was tired. She sat with one of her grandfather's old coats around her shoulders, and the rake clasped in her hands. The young cripple who she had hoped and feared would come advanced purposefully into the scarlet light of the flames and stood looking down at her.

"You're not going to set out here all night?" he asked.

He was thin; seventeen weeks had gone by since the surgeons decided his left leg was no earthly use to him, and cut it off above the knee. During those seventeen weeks he had suffered a great deal, but now he was gaining daily; almost hourly, in weight and strength—regaining something of the wild, headstrong, careless look he must have worn when first he went away to war.

An almost endless procession.

Illustrations by Donald McKay.
The jacket in which he had been captured was dear to him; he wore it constantly, heedless of the dislike shown by neighbors. Ragged and none too neat, the military tunic hung loosely around him. He propped himself against his crutch, and smiled at Hester Stile.

"It's no business of yours if I sit here all night," she told him sharply.

He set the crutch at a new angle and hitched forward a bit. "We saw your fires, over there at Koppels' place, before we went to bed. The old folks reckoned that you'd be butting up this trash, but it got to worrying me."

"No worry of yours, mister," said Hester, tartly as ever.

"Well, I feared you might set your barn afire. It came to me you might be needing a man around, miss."

She shook her head stubbornly. "If I need one, it won't be you!"

His face was redder than ever, and the light from the savage oil flame and frying carcasses had nothing to do with coloring it that way. "Oh, I may be shy one leg, Miss Hester, but I can still hold my own at a lot of things." And then, when his anger went by, quickly he half turned from her. "Maybe you're right. You don't want a cripple around. Cripples are mighty disgusting to some people, I know."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," cried Hester Stile. There were tears on her hot face. "I didn't mean that I wanted you to go away just because you've lost your leg!"

Laboriously, he lowered himself to a rock next to the lichen-encrusted old boulder where the girl was sitting. "Miss, I'm plumb wore out with arguing this way! You belong to one side, sure enough. I belonged to the other. But that's no reason why you can't be kind of friendly." He bent toward her; he was about twenty-two, she had decided long before, and if a good barber had set to work on his hair he would have been much more hand-some.

"The very first time," said Asherwood, "that you ever came to this place, I was admiring you and wondering could I help you somehow." He went on eagerly, "And I did help you, didn't I? Each day when you came out from the village to feed the chickens and look to the stock, I've come over to lend a hand, haven't I? How you'd ever have got the fodder out of that barn, without me helping you, would be plumb mystifying."

"I didn't ask you to do it!" cried Hester. And then she burst into tears. "I keep thinking of Ralph," she sobbed.

Sutton Asherwood said coolly, "Sakes other side—the wrong side—I might feel different about wanting you around. But each time—I get to thinking about Ralph. Her voice trembled, and she pointed across the firelight. "Over there," she said, "right behind that ridge. That was where he was found. They've moved him now. They've moved most of them, and pretty soon they'll move the rest. He'll be up there on the hill, just across from the village cemetery where the folks are. But each time I see you, I can't help thinking that maybe—you sent him there." She stood up. "Mr. Asherwood, please go away and let me get along with my work. See—they're not burnt up yet. I've got to put some more coal-oil on."

She started for the utensil she had contrived for the purpose of bailing out coal-oil and pouring it on the fire—an old tin bucket, wired to a long pole. Sutton Asherwood tried to forestall her in the attempt, or at least tried to get his hand on the pole, and in doing so he tripped. Hester caught his arm roughly and kept him from falling.

So they stood, tangled by the shock of physical encounter which seemed half embrace, half seizure; and they looked up in alarm when they heard someone advancing toward them on the farther side of the pyre.

The stranger who came might have appeared sepulchral in the sizzling glare, had he not appeared uncouth to the point of being ridiculous. He wore the cape of an army officer, one tailored for a wider and shorter man than he, and it hung in petticoat folds from his bony shoulders. He had a flat-crowned hat with a wide brim which his face hid in shadow; there seemed something alive and wistful in his ugliness.

"Well, sissy," he said, "what seems to be the trouble?"

The voice in which he spoke was nasal and high-pitched and carried no threat, but Sutton Asherwood grapsed his crutch and stood on guard. "Where'd you come from?" he demanded.

The stranger jerked a thumb toward the northwest. "Across the field," he explained. "I saw all these fires, and kind of wondered what was happening."

"Nothing to bother anybody else," replied Sutton Asherwood, and Hester said afterward that she was amazed at herself for letting him take charge as he did.

But the tall stranger only nodded politely and walked close to the fire, staring into the greasy mess atop the rack of half-charred logs. At length he said, "It's been a good while since the battle, but I guess there was a lot of this business that had to be done."

The girl and the young man did not reply; they set about their interrupted task. Asherwood could not maintain his balance and handle the bucket and pole at the same time, so he had to stand by, seeming to help but actually letting Hester do the work.

The tall stranger exclaimed, "Hold on, there! That's not the way of it," and before they could do more than gape at him, he had come past the fire and taken the pole away from Hester. "That coal-oil will burn worthless, if you don't handle it with care. First you want to get the logs to going good again." He took the butt end of the pole and, employing it as a poker and lever, the same time, he worked some of the logs into a more favorable position, where they took courage and spouted flame anew.
He turned her face up so that he could look right into her eyes.

"Now, we'll douse them over the top. Stand back, young woman, because this stuff's apt to fly—" and he dumped a measure of the kerosene over the smoking carcasses. The pole caught fire, of course, and he had to bang it on the ground to put the fire out.

Before they could thank him or inquire just why he was troubling so in behalf of strangers, he had gone to perform further ministrations at the second homemade crematorium—the one that burned closer to the barn. They followed him, though he was half through moving the logs before Sutton Asherwood could get there, and he looked taller than ever—bat-like, with his flapping cape—wandering to and fro and beading against the greasy glare.

When he came back for another ladeful of the oil, they followed in his tracks and waited for him to rejoin them, while the spattering explosion poured aloft.

The tall man put down the pole and stood with his hands clasped behind him, examining the faces of Hester and the crippled soldier. He seemed to find them satisfactory, and people whom he liked to be with, for he smiled. "Well, sissy," was the next thing he said, "did you capture yourself a rebel?"

Asherwood tapped the breast of his army jacket with a thin hand and squared his shoulders as best he could. "Look here, mister, I've been paroled! Fair and square. And I'll wear this jacket if I want to, even—" he hesitated, and then nodded just as defiantly toward Hester Stile—"even if she don't like it."

"Then you are not—" The stranger seemed about to say "man and wife," but apparently thought it wiser to say nothing.

"I live over at the Koppel place," explained Sutton Asherwood. "I gave my parole on the field, but I was pretty badly shot up. Folks took me in to the Koppel place and I came mighty near dying, but I didn't die—"

Still standing with his hands behind him, the stranger nodded. "Just part of you died."

"Just one leg of me," said the boy. "That's how come my company of Twenty-Sixth North Carolina probably had to hunt up a new first lieutenant. I reckon they had to hunt up plenty more too. There was some mean-shoot- ing Yanks along that fence over there!"

Hester sat with the old coat drawn tight around her, and stared into the freshly-stirred fire until her eyes ached.

"Will they be taking you away to prison pretty soon, Lieutenant?"

"No, sir, I reckon not. I'm paroled, sworn not to take up arms until duly exchanged, and that don't look like it will ever happen. I haven't no kin of my own down in Carolina, and these old German folks treat me with kindness. I'm a harness maker by profession. I mended all of Mr. Koppel's harness, and lately I've been making his boy a saddle. They like me fine, but she don't," and again he tossed his head and indicated Hester Stile.

The stranger sat down on a low place in the stone fence and hooked long arms around his thin knees. "Are you referring to the young woman there? Why doesn't she like you?"

Hester stood up, trembling.

"Oh, honey, don't you go to crying again," cried Asherwood. He tried to take her arm, but when she eluded him he turned and appealed to the visitor. He said later that he didn't know why he should have talked to a stranger like that. He thought that perhaps it was because this man seemed to be from the South, like himself—he seemed unkempt and lonely, and eager for whatever friendliness folks might give him. And he had a way of speaking, also, which seemed good to Asherwood's ear; whenever he uttered the word "to" it rhymed with "hoe," and the young soldier had known Kentuckians who talked that way.

Asherwood explained, and the stranger sat there on the stone wall, listening. Sutton told about Hester and the farm, and how she had just come of age that day, and into her inheritance. He told, too, about the brother Ralph who had died beyond the ridge so close to them, and that Hester imagined her brother might have come to his grave through the compulsion of Asherwood's revolver. But that was absurd, when you figured that the One-Hundred Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania had at no time rubbed up against the Twenty-sixth North Carolina...

"And all I'm asking," he said, "is for her to let me come around and be friendly, and help her with her work, and things like that. But she's dead set against it."

Throughout this talk the stranger looked into the fire with as much intensity as had Hester Stile.

"Your kinfolks, young man," he said at last. "You say they're all dead. How did you feel when they died?"

"I can't remember them," replied Asherwood, rather sullenly. "I was an orphan and was raised by some folks named Phelps."

"Well," said the man, "I know a little bit—just a little bit—about how she feels. Some of my kinfolks have died, too. Though they didn't die, of course, in the war. I lost a boy last winter, and another some years ago. My eldest, Rob—he might very well be lost in the war, before it's done. When you stop to figure how many folks there are in this country who have lost their boys or their brothers, it sets down on you pretty hard."

He repeated this to himself a time or two, and said other words. They could hear him whispering, "Hard—oh, yes, terribly hard!" And then finally he stood up, and adjusted the cape carefully over his shoulders.

"Well, young people, I'd better be getting back to town."

"Did you come from the town?" whispered the girl, and that was the first time that she had addressed him.

He said, "Yes, I'm kind of playing hookey. I'm stay- (Continued on page 65)"

NOVEMBER, 1916
ST. NAZAIRE, 1918. It was eleven in the morning when we first heard the news. A piercing whistle from one of the steamers in the harbor, a sudden blast so loud and so startling that even the nurses in their rest camp in La Baule fifteen kilometers away could hear it. A whistle that made everyone sit up. Was it another false alarm? One hardly dared hope. Deceptions and mistakes had made us cautious. We poured into the streets; shopgirls from the Galleries and the small stores along the Rue Ville-es-Martin, doughboys and wounded on crutches from the Base Hospital, workers from the docks, French soldiers on leave, and Y girls in uniform. No, it was not false. It was true. There was the poster. A weary little old man in a cap was sticking it against a wall with a brush and a pot of paste:

L'ARMISTICE EST SIGNÉ.

That single shriek now became a roar. This was the real thing. You could distinguish the various elements composing the roar—the big steam crane on the pier which could pick up a ten-ton locomotive as you pick up a fork, the huge liners like the _Acadie_ and the _Martha Washington_ unloading in the shipyard, motorcars, trucks, dock engines, the tiny tramp steamers discharging coal from Cardiff and iron from Wales, the small boats in the Bassin—all joined in the increasing din.

By magic every house now blossomed into color. Flags were at every window, flags of France and the Allies, flags of the United States and France. The posters appeared on every street corner. They invited the populace to "pavoiser" and informed them that a parade would take place at three in the afternoon. Messieurs the citizens were requested to take part. As the streets filled with a delirious mob the noise increased. A truck load of German prisoners rolled past, apparently quite as happy as the rest of us. A big motor bus from Montoir loaded with colored stevedores, its horn tied down, careened through the Rue Thiers, missed a lamp post, almost ran down the excited traffic officer in the Place Carnot, and narrowly missed a sour-faced major general who stalked disconsolately across into the Rue du Croisic. After all, his job was through.

By noon the entire town was outdoors. Despite regulations every café in the city was open and doing business. After lunch there was a concert on the Boulevard de l'Océan by French and American bands, the latter obliging with "Where Do We Go From Here?"—a number that made a pronounced and immediate hit with the doughboys. Then came the parade. An American band led the line, next the mayor with several high American officers, then the town officials all dressed in their Sunday black. After them a heterogeneous mass of humanity. Men and women and children all carrying flags, all singing different songs at the
same time in two different tongues. Some were even sober.

Up at the Base Hospital we had to be in early, Armistice Night or not. But all through the long evening I could hear them under my window as they passed along the Rue de la Paix, French and American, black and white, sailors from the ships and solims from the big caserne on the Guerande road, women from the upper part of town and women from the buvettes and bistros of the port, all kinds, all races, drunk and sober, noisy and noisier, but everyone happy, happy, happy. Exultantly their voices rang through the misty darkness of the French twilight.

"Madelon, Madelon, Madelon . . . and I sez to her, I sez, voulez . . . mérité bien de la République . . . boy, yo' all ain't gwine get home fo' Christmas . . . Madelon . . . sure the Medical Corps'll be the last to leave . . . and I sez I'll be there at neuf heures . . . the Y. M. C. A. they won the war, hooray . . . mon fils, il est mort sur la Somme . . . what the hell if you ain't got no francs, she'll trust you . . . mais oui, chérie, mais oui . . . oh boy, oh joy, where do we go from here . . . Madelon, Madelon, Madel . . . c'est Clemenceau qui a fait ça . . . she would like hell, she . . . that old goof the Colonel, gosh, you might think he won the war himself . . . et maintenant, il faut aller jusqu'à Berlin . . . the rotten old tub can't do more than ten knots, so the skipper he said . . . had a cognac and six glasses of vin blanc, that's all . . . I gotta girl at Beachmont, about twenty minutes out by trolley . . . damn gyrenes sticking their ugly mugs into . . . Madelon . . . Madelon . . . MADELON . . .

Il Duce, one-time corporal, at the head of a group of Fascist leaders paying Armistice tribute to Italy's Unknown Soldier

London, 1928. It stands in the middle of Whitehall, that wide thoroughfare which connects Trafalgar Square with Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. Behind us are unpre-

tententious government offices, the Horse Guards and that alley called Downing Street where lives the man who more than any-

one rules the destinies of this nation—the Prime Minister.

It stands in the midst of the rush and roar of London traffic, a square monolith covered at the base with wreaths. Here is the heart of London. Here is the heart of the British Empire. This

is the Cenotaph. On it, with majestic simplicity are three words: THE GLORIOUS DEAD.

This chill November morning the Cenotaph is surrounded by serried masses of men. There are the Guards in their scarlet tunics and their huge bearskin hats, the marines in blue uniforms and white caps, the Air Force in black shakos and blue dress garb.

Yet the scene is sombre, because these soldiers are only a little square of color guarding the monument from a huge mass of civilians. Up and down Whitehall as far as one can see are thousands and thousands packed in so they cannot move.

A soldier in khaki, a little man in a British warm who wears the cap of a field marshal, comes forward with a wreath in his hand. His boots glimmer in the November sun. Behind him are his sons, also in uniform, behind them the generals and admirals of his forces, and nearby in civilian clothes Prime Minister Baldwin and the members of the Cabinet, the lords and officials of the government.

The little man in the British warm walks slowly to the base of the monument. He is a tired, a weary little man as he leans over and places his wreath beside those heaped-up flowers around the
ON a cold, damp day in November when the winter clouds hung darkly over the brooding Argonne Forest, a Bugatti car hummed over a rise on a gravel road to Vienne-le-Château and slowed down to stop before a garage on the outskirts of Placardelle. The garage was a large building of whitewashed stone and bore on its side in huge black letters the following inscription: "Joseph Bowne, Garage, Huile, Essence et Reparations." There was a single glass-topped gasoline pump in front of it, and the driver of the Bugatti backed carefully alongside and beeped his horn for service.

Inside the garage, which was without heat, Joe Bowne bent over a Citroen car putting carborundum paste on the edge of a valve which he intended to grind to a new seat. He worked mechanically, scarcely realizing what he was doing, and his eyes had an out-of-focus appearance as if he were concentrated in thought.

Which was no more than the truth, for Joe Bowne was trying to make up his mind whether he would marry the belle of Placardelle, a dark, vivacious dumpling of a girl named Renchères Thibault. It was a problem that had vexed him for some months.

Joe was a widower. Germaine Touchard, whom he had married
in 1919 when the outfit was billeted in Placardelle, had died childless two years previously and since that time he had lived alone in the small house that abutted on the garage.

Placardelle is a small town of a few hundred inhabitants and in such a place it is not well for a man to live alone. Furthermore, Joe, now touching thirty-eight, grew lonely for a woman's comfort. From a practical standpoint he needed Renchères very much; he had to hire a woman to come in and clean, which cost money, and he had to eat his meals in the Chop de l'Opéra, which cost more money. And Joe, through Germaine and fifteen years' residence in Placardelle, had acquired the frugal habits of the French peasant. It made him uneasy to see money spent in this fashion when a wife could be had for the asking.

Joe had his choice of the unwed maids of the village, for to the feminine mind he was an excellent catch. He received fifty dollars a month from the American Government (eight shrapnel bullets in the left leg that left him partly crippled) and his garage earned about twelve thousand francs a year. In Placardelle this is enormous wealth.

Joe was not bad-looking; his blue eyes were good-humored; and his square-hewn face had pleasant if not regular features. He could still put his five feet-ten of body into his war-time uniform which he did each year for the village Armistice Day memorial when the mayor, in his tri-colored sash, spoke fulsomely of La Victoire.

He had drifted to Renchères because she was pretty and young for thirty-two. She had an equable temper, cleaned scrupulously, was clever and inventive with the needle, and cooked with that instinctive artistry which needs no recipes. She loved Joe and he knew it; and he was very, very fond of her.

His only real excuse for delay was that another marriage seemed too final a step; it would anchor him in Placardelle for the rest of his life, and he was not sure that he desired this. In the back of his mind lingered the thought that he might some day return to the States. After all, he was an American.

He was thinking now, as he spun the valve-grinding tool, of what Papa Touchard had said last night over the game of la belotte.

"Mon cher Joe, I do not think you will return to l'Amérique. The peace and quiet of Placardelle are in your soul. One lives here, finds happiness and contentment and the knowledge of good work well done. What more can one ask of life?"

It was a shrewd argument, and Joe had no answer, for in the drowsy peace of Placardelle he had found life so calm and uneventful that save for Germaine's death there was neither great joy nor deep sorrow to distinguish one day from another.

And yet—

The impatient squawking of the Bugatti's horn cut sharply into his train of thought. He dropped the tool, wiped his hands on an oily rag and limped without haste toward the pump. The Bugatti horn tore the air with harsh sound endlessly.

"Doucement!" Joe, who hated noise, was scowling. But he did not increase his pace; one lived a lifetime in Placardelle without hurry. He came beside the pump and asked, "Que voulez-vous, messieurs?"

A fattish, round-faced man with graying hair spoke from behind the steering wheel. "Essence, monsieur, donnez-moi—say, Mitch, how the hell do you say twenty-five in French?"

A second man, also plump and middle-aged and verging on baldness, straightened up with the gas-tank cap in his hand. "Vingt-cinq litres," he addressed Joe briefly.

Joe, engaged in unlocking the pump mechanism, felt a sudden thrill race through him. He paused and grinned in pleased surprise.

"Why, you're Americans!" he exclaimed.

The fattish man behind the wheel gave a start and peered at Joe. "Sure, say, you sound like an American yourself."

"I hope to spit in your messkit," Joe rejoined vigorously and grinned again. A sense of joy came over him. It was the first time he had seen an American in four years. He heard the two men burst into laughter, and he with the gas tank ceps said, "By
God, I haven’t heard that line since I went back on the Levi in nineteen.” He came around the car and smiled at Joe. “What’s the name, Bud? And what outfit were you in?”

“Joe Bowne! Seventy-seventh Division, Three Hundred and Eighth Infantry, B Company,” Joe said swiftly. “I was a sergeant in—”

“Well, can you tie that?” Baldhead cried. “Harv Mitchell was in Machine Gun Company and I was with A Company. My name’s Jim Doolittle.”

They shook hands enthusiastically over this, and all thought of gasoline and haste was forgotten in the gush of memories of ’18. Did Joe remember the jump-off at Le Four de Paris on September 26th? And was the Crown Prince Rupprecht’s dugout still there? And man, the morning they took the Bois d’Apremont! Was that tough? Day by day, hour by hour, almost minute by minute they discussed the travail of the Division, through the taking of Grand-Pré, the slog through Le Mort Homme, Haricourt, Autehe and the time they got held up at Oches just before the Armistice. They took the Division right to the Meuse and the morning the last shot was fired.

Joe’s cheeks were flushed, his eyes sparkled and a sense of joyous warmth suffused him. Deep beneath the sediment of nearly seventeen years of peace and monotony the stirring days of his youth came to the top, rosy-hued, drenched in glamour, seeming now the most thrilling of his lifetime.

When Mitchell looked at his watch and called time, pointing out they wanted to see some battlefields, Joe insisted that they come in and have a drink before departure. He led the way into the parlor of his house. In here it was even damper and more chill than without, and all their breaths hung like fog on the still air, and the cold crept into the marrow. “Reminds you of billets in eighteen,” Mitchell muttered. “A frog house always was colder than a pawnbroker’s heart.”

Joe was getting out his special brandy which he uncorked only on notable occasions. He smiled good-naturedly, “You get used to it. No sense heating a room you hardly ever use.”

While he set out the glasses that Papa Touchard had given Germaine and him the Christmas of 1922, the two men stared curiously around the room. Over a marble mantle hung an enlarged, hand-tinted photograph of Joe in olive drab, and beside it one of Germaine. On the mantle itself were bits of stalactites, souvenirs of Joe’s honeymoon trip to Auxerre. The furniture was typically French peasant, and scattered here and there were nick-knacks and what-nots, the accumulation of years of married life. The room had about it that odor of being long closed with tightly drawn curtains.

The two men exchanged glances that seemed to say that if they had not heard Joe say he was an American, they could have believed him French. He limped forward with the brandy. Doolittle accepted his glass.

“I should think you’d get homesick for the States, Joe,” he said.

“I did, at first,” Joe rejoined, handing a glass to Mitchell. “But Germaine wouldn’t leave. I had no kin left in the States so we stayed on.” He paused, holding up his glass and added a little wistfully, “Sometimes I think, though, I’d like to go back.”

“You ought to,” Doolittle said. “That’s the only place after all.” He lifted his glass, laughed and said, “Well, here’s to old times.”

His head tipped back, his mouth opened wide and with a quick movement he tossed the rare old brandy into the back of his throat. His Adam’s apple rose and fell, he exhaled with a hissing sound and smacked his lips. “Wow!” his voice creaked. “That carries authority.”

Joe watched this performance in utter horror. “Why!” he exclaimed, “you never even tasted of it!”

He was thinking how Papa Touchard or André Lebeurre would have fondled and warmed the brandy with their hands, sniffing it, tasting it, adoring it, paying it the homage it deserved. Even as Joe himself was now doing.

Doolittle and Mitchell exchanged a quick glance and Mitchell, in the act of imitating Doolittle, caught himself and took a small sip, and rolled it under his tongue.

“Grand stuff, Joe!” he said.

Joe beamed, and the momentary strain was forgotten. They talked pleasantly after that, and Joe learned that the two men were partners in a garage and car distributing company in Middle City. They had long wished to visit the old battlefields where they had seen service, and returning prosperity now enabled them to do so. In talking now, Joe discovered that he had often to stop and think of the proper English word. Doolittle grinned at Mitchell.

“You’ll forget English entirely some day, Joe.”

“Not me,” Joe asserted stubbornly. “A guy don’t forget when he’s an American.”

Everything was so pleasant they had another round of the excellent brandy. And Mitchell, suddenly warming to its influence said, “Say, Joe, why don’t you come to Paris for the Armistice Day fun, next week-end? This has been swell and we’d like to take you around and show you our sights.”

Joe had been away from Placardelle only five times in fifteen years; it cost money to travel, and he had nothing to escape from, no discontent to quell. If Germaine had been alive now, or he had been married to Renchères, he doubtless would have refused. But the stirring talk
of old war days, the uncertainty about Renchères both combined to arouse a desire to go.

"Gee!" he said eagerly, "I'd like that."

"Then come on," urged Doolittle. "We'll put on the grandfather of all parties."

This idea called for another round, which reminded them of old-time parties; and gradually a new Joe Bowne emerged, sloughing off the surface mannerisms that sixteen years of Placardelle had put upon him.

He had been quite a man back in '18, doing his duty, liking the girls, liking a good binge, and spending his pay about as fast as he got it. He had, he told them, raised as much hell as any man, and maybe more. He looked back on himself as he had then been, and a wish to be young again, recapture that spirit, that talked he couldn't stare into her face. An expression of amazement and dismay swept her features.

"But dear Joe," she cried, "Paris! Will it not cost much money?"

Joe had thought about that, too. "Five hundred francs, maybe. But I've got it to spare and—"

"Five hundred francs?" she gasped. "Mon Dieu! It is enormous! Colossal! That sum. Think what could be done with it. The chimney that smokes; the new flooring in the kitchen; the leak in the roof—" swiftly she rattled off items on which the money could be better spent. As she talked she studied his face, and you knew that while, to her mind, five hundred francs was enormous, it was not so much the money she was thinking of as Joe. She loved him; even his dear (Continued on page 56)
"You are the Hope of America"

By Alexander Gardiner

If the traditional Man from Mars had happened to parachute his way into Cleveland, Ohio, early in the fourth week of last September he would have beheld a sight no other segment of this or probably any planet could have offered. For he would have seen the central portion of a great city of a million inhabitants taken over lock, stock and barrel by some hundred thousand friendly invaders who, to the delight of the million, proceeded to put on a joyous carnival in which the million were glad to have a part.

The American Legion's Eighteenth Annual National Convention in its four-day meeting starting September 21st thus ran true to form in its outward manifestations, keeping intact its reputation as America's greatest pageant. What the Man from Mars probably would have missed, in the blare and fanfare of the goings-on about the streets and in hotel lobbies, was the fact that behind this fun and frolic the serious business of the convention was being worked out, that a program was developing which would prove the Legion is still, as National Commander Franklin D'Olier called it sixteen years ago, at an earlier convention in that same city of Cleveland, "the greatest insurance policy our country could possibly have."

That it was a greater convention than any of its seventeen predecessors must have been perfectly apparent to anyone in the United States who read a daily newspaper, or got within earshot of a radio. It captured the headlines and it took over the air lanes, because what it was saying and what it was doing was news to the folks back home, and back home could be anywhere in the United States you care to mention. For the 1325 delegates who charted the Legion's course for the coming year represented, as

National Commander Ray Murphy told the opening session, a membership of 950,228, some 105,000 more than in 1935, and the 11,308 Posts to which they belong means an average of
nearly four Legion Posts to the county throughout America. The convention was, then, an individualistic American phenomenon, something no other land could have produced. Old soldiers, runs the song, never die. And when they get together age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of their reunions. It's a campaign year in the United States, and how? Where else in this country could a gathering of any sort have been held without getting into a lather about politics? The Legion didn't. It's of all parties pledged to government under the Constitution, and the property of no party. It doesn't view with alarm, but it knows where to find those who would be glad to overthrow our Government, and its membership and policy are a steadying reminder to the nation that our revolutions will continue to be by way of the ballot box rather than by bomb and barricade. That idea was in the mind of Newton D. Baker, America's wartime Secretary of War, when, after reminding the Legionnaires that war veterans have always been the custodians of the nation's traditions and liberties, he told them earnestly, "You are the hope of America and on what you do and what you teach the next generation to do will depend whether or not we continue free and continue to grow great and happy."

It was quite apparent that Mr. Baker was confident the Legion would carry on in the spirit of traditional American democracy, that the insurance policy would not lapse in the welter of clashing dictatorships that threatens to turn Europe into another shambles at any moment.

Legion Squadrums, more stirring competition for the various trophies. And the convention finished with enough in the till to pay back the State the $10,000 it had appropriated, and to reimburse the city of Cleveland and its merchants who had faith that a second national convention of the Legion would be a good thing for the city. It was all that. Karl W. Kitchen, Executive Vice-President of the Convention Corporation, estimated that delegates and visitors left behind them in Cleveland something like $2,600,000. It was a harmonious convention, too, with a unanimity and singleness of purpose truly amazing. In the election of national officers not a single contest developed, and even in the balloting for next year's convention, won by New York City, it was not necessary to finish the roll call of Departments.

As its National Commander in the coming year the Legion elected Harry W. Colmery of Topeka, Kansas, by acclamation. Colmery, native of Pennsylvania, educated in Ohio and in his native State, has had a distinguished Legion and civic career. He was a lieutenant in the air service during the war, and is a lawyer.

For the 1937 National Convention the delegates chose New York City, accepting the invitation personally proffered by Legionnaire Herbert H. Lehman, Governor of the State, and Legionnaire F. H. LaGuardia, Mayor of America's largest city, to "march up Fifth Avenue again in 1937." As National Adjutant Frank E. Samuel called the roll of Departments, New York built up a commanding lead. When Pennsylvania's votes for New York gave that city a majority, its principal competitor, Los Angeles, moved that the vote be made unanimous. Denver and Montreal, the latter of which had named a street in honor of Ray Murphy,
Awaiting the command to fall in

also sought next year's convention. New York won't have any
trouble about housing arrangements, with 136,000 hotel rooms,
91,000 in first class hotels.

As National Vice Commanders the delegates by acclamation
named Salvatore (Cappy) Capodice, Hollywood, California;
Leo A. Temmey, Huron, South Dakota; Leonard Sisk, Nashville,

She carried her waves with her

borne arms in defense of this country was an honor. To dedicate
the lessons of that service in useful citizenship for the good of
America and her people through this great organization is a mar-
velous opportunity. To be chosen as the leader of a million men,
American men-at-arms, as I know them, is a sacred trust. I
accept it, not for the purpose of fulfilling a personal ambition,

As usual, scores of locomotives

Tennessee; J. Fred Johnson, Jr., Florence, Alabama, and Jack
Crowley, Rutland, Vermont.

Rev. Dr. Bryan H. Keathley, minister of the First Presby-
terian Church of Mineral Wells, Texas, was named National
Chaplain, also by acclamation.

With the standards of all the Departments clustered around
and above him, the new National Commander told the delegates:

"To be a citizen of America is a priceless heritage. To have
"To be a citizen of America is a priceless heritage. To have
but because I see in it an opportunity through which to render a
service to my comrades and through them to my country.

"After all, under our democratic system which the outside
non-veteran groups sometimes fail to appreciate, you gentlemen
here, under the representative form of the Legion's governmental
set-up, determine its policy. My job is solely to administer and
execute the policies. . . .

"We must, I think, meet and face fair criticism with frank ad-

Past the county court house

Euclid Avenue from 'way up

And the stadium two miles away

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly
mission. We must meet and face false, libelous attacks and propaganda with courageous and straightforward action. We must be militant if for the time being it is necessary to be militant, but at the same time, because of the diversity of our program, and because of the character of our membership, we must be always ready to exemplify that clause in the Preamble to our own Constitution, that of making right the master of might, and see to it that our conduct finds justice and right as its guiding principles. I think the nation is looking for more leadership from The American Legion. I do not think either the elder generation which seems to forget or the younger one which never knew will be the millstones between which The American Legion will be ground out—our danger lies in our own apathy coupled with the fact that we have a tendency now and then to stick our nose into other people's business instead of keeping within the confines of the Legion program.

"We have a plenty big job to do within those ten clauses as set out in the Preamble to your Constitution, because I say to you frankly that the ruination of volunteer organizations comes when they try to arrogate to themselves the solution of all the moral, social, religious, and economic problems of the American civilization.

"Our job primarily is an American job. We are satisfied with America. We believe in it. We think those who founded it had an ideal. We think it is still good."

NOBODY expects to get any sleep at a Legion convention, and this time there was even less excuse than usual for
trying. Cleveland was celebrating its hundredth year as a going concern and its Great Lakes Exposition, which had been running since June, stepped up its tempo a bit and offered a thousand interesting diversions. Reunions of wartime outfits, various sorts of competition arranged by the Convention Corporation, and the thousand and one heigh-de-ho's of each day's twenty-four hours conspired to keep one on the go.

One of the most arresting diversions was the two-hour stage and radio show, in Public Hall of the Municipal Auditorium, put on the night before the convention opened, when Elsie Janis and Legionnaire Rudy Vallee strutted their stuff before a crowd of 15,000 in a program billed as "Parade of Champions," with Dan Sowers as Master of Ceremonies. It was indeed a parade of champions, and was the crowd thrilled! Elsie brought back her old A.E.F. routine, singing from the back of an army truck to a crowd of

A headline of sixteen years ago, with a detail of the 1920 Cleveland parade. Note the wartime uniforms, only two years old and still buttonable.
young National Guardsmen gathered about it who simulated her 1918 audience. In the infectious enthusiasm of the gathering, making light of the serious automobile accident she had some months ago, she not only high kicked with all the abandon of the days before the war when she was the toast of the town, any American town, but actually turned a cartwheel. Spurning at first the microphone they handed her as a device “for politicians” she yielded when it became apparent that the magnificent distances of Public Hall made the use of the public address system necessary. Elsie led the great gathering in wartime songs and won the hearts of the Legionnaires as she had eighteen years before.

Rudy sang the Maine Stein Song which long, long ago rocketed him into the first rank of the nation's entertainers, sang a lot of other songs and led the vast audience in "The Star Spangled Banner" at the end of the program. He had such a good time that he stayed on for two and a half days, marching at the head of the Maine delegation in the big parade, as he had in 1930 in Boston.

The great convention parade smashed records of all sorts, with an all-time high of 70,000 in line, the Legion and its affiliated bodies marching through a perfect Indian Summer day from 10:07 in the morning to 9:25 at night. Legion Luck prevailed here again—never but once has rain fallen on a National Convention parade. The newspapers said five hundred bands and four hundred bugle corps were in line.

There weren't half that many of course, but to anyone who watched the parade for more than ten minutes it must have seemed that four or five hundred as the case might be was a reasonable figure.

In 1920, when the Legion's second National Convention was held in Cleveland, the parade enlisted 20,000 ex-service men and women, wearing their war-time uniforms. At that time Harding and Cox were campaigning for the Presidency. General Wrangel was battling the Bolsheviks. The "Black Sox" scandal of 1919 World Series betrayal broke on the last day of the Legion convention, the day the gallant Fritz Galbraith of Cincinnati was elected for the year's term as National Commander that he never finished. It seems the world was in trouble even then.

Something like 600,000 Clevelanders and visitors sat or stood while the 1936 edition of the Legion parade flowed in a steady and colorful stream through the principal streets of the city and down to the mammoth Municipal Stadium on the lake front where National Commander Murphy reviewed the marchers. The Commander, in shirt sleeves, wore a tin helmet so long as the sun beat down on the reviewing stand, which was for about five hours. Then he put on his Legion cap and coat and kept on saluting the passing delegations until the moon was high in the heavens. The Department of Ohio, host to the convention and therefore last in line, took
two hours and five minutes passing the reviewing stand, every minute of that time under floodlights that made the stadium greensward stand out as by day.

The convention reaffirmed its belief in universal service as a means of keeping this country out of war and instructed the National Legislative Committee to press for its adoption in the coming session of Congress. The resolution, after recounting the fight the Legion has made for this measure over the last fifteen years, continued:

"Whereas, notwithstanding these years of continuous efforts by The American Legion on behalf of this principle, the only favorable action to date has been the passage of a bill by the House of Representatives of the Congress embodying, in part, the recommendations of The American Legion; and

"Whereas, The American Legion feels that the enactment of this principle into law will be a most effective contribution to the promotion and preservation of peace; therefore,

"Be it resolved, That the Eighteenth National Convention of The American Legion demands that the principle of universal service be presented to the forthcoming session of the Congress as a major point in the legislative program of this organization to the end that immediate action may be had thereon, so that the principle of 'equal service for all, special profits and privileges for none' may be enacted by the Congress and approved by the President in advance of any national emergency or war."

The Summary of Proceedings of the convention, sent by National Headquarters to every Post in the Legion, is thus available for detailed study of the resolutions and other actions of the four-day meeting in Cleveland, but here are some of the most important resolutions adopted, and toward the end of this account there is further detail of resolutions.

The Legion in convention assembled—

Provided that Americanism be continued as the major program of The American Legion.

Opposed entry of the United States into the League of Nations.

Reiterated the Legion's opposition to modification or cancellation of foreign war debts, and favored the refusal of future loans to nations that have defaulted on previous obligations.

Again urged the United States Government to maintain a strict policy of neutrality, and further urged that the United States be kept free from any alliance that might draw this country into war.

Asked for a ninety percent reduction in immigrant quotas.

Adopted a series of resolutions seeking further benefits for the disabled, and, taking cognizance of the increase of hospital cases among veterans, asked that "funds be made available immediately sufficient to permit sufficient beds for the care of all veterans in suitable localities." A further resolution called upon the National Rehabilitation Committee to keep constantly before the Veterans Administration and Congress the urgency of this situation.

Recommended provision for greater benefits, compensation or pension, for widows and/or dependents of deceased World War veterans.

Provided for the creation of a medical council of The American Legion and the appropriation of "not to exceed $25,000 for the operation and expenses of such a medical council to carry out the intent and purpose of this and thirteen other resolutions submitted from fourteen different Departments."

Asked the Director of Rehabilitation to report to the next national convention the desira-
bility of establishing a plan for annual examinations of veterans, as a national project.

Urged state legislatures to enact speedily a series of model crime laws drafted by the Interstate Commission on Crime.

Favored universal fingerprinting of the civilian population, and asked that all aliens resident in the United States be required to carry evidence of identity.

Asked the President of the United States to use the full power of the Government to investigate activities of those propagating and disseminating subversive doctrines, and to "prosecute and punish those responsible . . . including as a part of such punishment the prompt deportation of all aliens convicted."

Sought continued modernization of the Army's arms and equipment, completed plans for service of supply in major emergency, and necessary improvement in our coast defense to insure protection of our coast and foreign possessions against combined naval and air attack.

Called for continuance of the program to obtain as rapidly as possible the construction and maintenance of a Navy second to none.

Urged construction of one or more full-sized rigid airships in order to determine the full usefulness of the airship in the defense of this country.

Condemned the terrorist organization known as the "Black Legion" and asked the press in referring to that body to be careful not to confuse it with The American Legion.

FORMER War Secretary Baker, speaking before more than 15,000 people in the great Public Hall of the Municipal Auditorium in the convention's opening session, was given an ovation. Large draped photographs of former National Commander Milton J. Foreman and Lieutenant General Hunter Liggett, who had died since the St. Louis convention, occupied a conspicuous place on the platform, and National Chaplain Rev. Fr. Thomas D. Kennedy spoke feelingly of their services to the Legion and the nation, in a memorial address that followed the speech of the former Secretary of War.

Mr. Baker told the Legionnaires that theirs was a consecration of friendship and fellowship formed through sharing common danger.

"And now," he continued, "may I call your attention to this significant fact in our history: The veterans in America have always been primarily the custodians of its traditions and its liberties.

"And so now . . . as the years go by you will find your fellow citizens looking more and more to you for guidance, more and more to you for leadership, and I have no doubt whatever that both in high and moderate public office and in the intimate counsels and advices which citizens give one another the members of The American Legion will inescapably be the place to which the rising generation will look, for while they may acquire theoretical knowledge from books, you have taken life in one hand and liberty in the other and advanced against an enemy that undertook to assail them.

"Men of The American Legion must lead the people of America in the dedication of themselves to some great and exalted purpose, something that will enlist all the emotional ardor and all the fire which you showed in France.

"You are the hope of America and upon what you do and what you teach the next generation to do will depend whether or not we continue free and continue to grow great and happy."

President Roosevelt sent greetings to the convention, and General Pershing, who was in Europe, cabled acknowledgment of greetings sent him on his birthday, September 13th, and extended his cordial greetings and good wishes. M. Victor Beauregard, Treasurer of the Confédération Nationale des Associations des Victimes de la Guerre et Anciens Combattants, brought greetings from French veterans. At the conclusion of his address he conferred upon National Commander Murphy the rank of Commander in the French Legion of Honor.

Others who addressed the convention included William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, General Frank T. Hines of the Veterans Bureau, Orville C. Pratt, President of the National Education Association, Legionnaire John E. Rankin, Chairman of the Committee on Veterans' Affairs of the House of Representatives, and Legionnaire John J. Hall, Director of the Street and Highway Safety Division of the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters.

Governor Martin L. Davey welcomed the convention to the

First citizens of no mean cities—Legionnaires and Mayors La Guardia of New York and Burton of Cleveland

Legionnaires above all—Past National Commanders Hanford MacNider and Louis Johnson take a holiday from their duties with the Republican and Democratic national campaigns
Carry your grandstand with you—only two bits!

State of Ohio and the Legionnaire Mayor of Cleveland, Harold H. Burton, added his word of greeting, ably seconded by Legionnaire David S. Ingalls, President of the Convention Corporation. Department Commander Milt D. Campbell, speaking for the 50,000 Ohio Legionnaires, in a felicitous address made everybody feel at home. Past National Commander Bennett C. Clark, United States Senator from Missouri, replying, thanked Ohio and Cleveland. The Senator told the convention that the final payment of the bonus this year was simply the tardy payment on the part of the Government of a debt which had been eighteen years overdue. Praising the National Commander for his great year at the head of the organization, the Senator predicted that the next session of Congress would enact the Legion-sponsored Universal Service Act to take the profit out of war.

"It has been my privilege over the years," continued Senator Clark, "to witness the growth of The American Legion from a little group of seventeen who accidentally happened to be together on other military business and who took it upon themselves to call a caucus to form a great veterans' organization; to witness the growth of that little handful until today The American Legion is unquestionably the greatest veterans' organization in the history of the world in any land, and I look forward constantly to the day when it will be considered a disgrace to any service man or woman, anyone eligible to join the Legion, not to wear a Legion button upon his coat.

"That growth has been attained by one means, and one means only, by absolute devotion to the principles set forth in the Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion and the Constitution of the United States. Legionnaires themselves, by devotion to the ideals of service, elimination of partisanship, and subordination of personal ambition and by stern devotion to the principles of service and patriotism, have served the people of the United States in peace as in war; and as long as that idea is adhered to, The American Legion will go on and on, growing in prestige and in the affection and respect of the people of the United States, as long as the organization endures."

Fred M. Fuecker, retiring Chef de Chemin de Fer of the Forty and Eight, and Mrs. Melville Mucklestone, finishing her term as President of the Auxiliary, also spoke. Mrs. Mucklestone on the final day also presenting the new President of the Auxiliary, Mrs. O. W. Hahn of Nebraska, who pledged that organization to the same sort of whole-hearted co-operation with the Legion that it has always afforded.

In the drum and bugle corps competition, decided on Wednesday night under the floodlights of the Municipal Stadium before a cheering crowd of more than 30,000 people, Commonwealth Edison Post of Chicago won out over the champions of the preceding year, San Gabriel (California) Post, by a bit more than twenty-two hundredths of a point, the official tally reading 95.775 for the Illinois organization, and 95.55 for San Gabriel. Henry H. Houston, 26 Post of Germantown, Pennsylvania, placed third with a mark of 95.425, and Herbert F. Akroyd Post of Marlboro, Massachusetts, was fourth with 95.125.

From early in the morning until the noon hour the best crop of drum corps ever brought into Legion competition fought for the honor of breaking into the finals, scheduled for the evening hours. The judges had an exceedingly difficult job of grading in the final competition, in which for fifteen minutes under the glare of the floodlights each corps maneuvered and played for the honor of top place in the Legion. In fifth place the judges placed Hamon Gray Post of La Porte, Indiana, with a mark of 94.54; sixth, Morristown (New Jersey) Post, 94.315; seventh, East Orange (New Jersey) Post, 93.95; eighth, Curtiss G. Redden Post,

The doughboy dogs, they ain't what they used to be. Luckily, it was possible to get pushed all around the Great Lakes Exposition

Danville, Illinois, 93.72; ninth, Malden, (Massachusetts) Post, 92.88; tenth, Victory Post of Chicago, 92.65; eleventh, Tarentum (Pennsylvania) Post, 92.55; twelfth, Anderson Dunn Kochiss Post, Stratford, Connecticut, 91.975; thirteenth, Wilmington (Delaware) Post, 80.65.

In the band contest, held at the Great Lakes Exposition grounds, Musicians Post of St. Louis was first, its mark of 91.55 surpassing that of Franklin Post of Columbus, Ohio, by only three-tenths of a point. Musicians Post of Los Angeles was third and Canton (Ohio) Post fourth.

Wollaston (Massachusetts) Post won the rifle drill team contest with a mark of 95.1, Troop I Post, Buffalo, New York, finishing second with 92.66.

Harry L. Walker of Duquesne (Pennsylvania) Memo-
The prize-winning drum and bugle corps of Commonwealth Edison Post of Chicago struts its stuff before the convention. Below, National Commander Murphy bestows a cup (and a bit of paper) on Commander Gobbel of Musicians Post of St. Louis, whose band is tops in Legiondom.
When in September The American Legion assembled in national convention in the city of Cleveland, pioneers of the organization recalled an earlier convention—the Second Annual National Convention—that had been held in that same Ohio city sixteen years before. Those same memories were not possible for the delegates and visitors to the Sixteenth Annual National Convention of The American Legion Auxiliary, because its national organization had not then been formed. The Legion still lacked a vital part of itself—a part that during the succeeding years has given it much of the impetus to attain its present greatness. Those women who during the war had been of such loyal assistance to their men in the fighting services of the country were then still waiting to offer to the Legion organized co-operation and aid such as had been so generously given during the war years.

Not that the veterans in the Legion of 1926 had forgotten their women folk. At the Legion's first constitutional convention in Minneapolis in 1919, action was taken toward the formation of an affiliated women's society, although in the convention story of that year, that action was dismissed in one paragraph under the head of General Business. It read: "Authorization of the formation of the women's auxiliary of The American Legion for which are eligible only mothers, sisters, wives and daughters of the members of the Legion or of soldiers, sailors and marines who died in service during the war."

At the 1920 Legion convention in Cleveland, the report of the Committee on Women's Auxiliary stated in part: "We fully realize the importance of the Women's Auxiliary and hope that soon this organization may be completely perfected in State and nation... We recommend that a permanent department organization of the Women's Auxiliary be effected... and we further recommend that when twenty percent of State Departments have organized, it shall be the duty of the National Commander to call a National Convention of the Women's Auxiliary for the purpose of forming a National Organization." During the year of 1920, scattered units of the Women's Auxiliary had been formed and a national membership of 50,000 built up. National Commander John G. Emery had the honor of issuing a call for a national convention in 1921, and in Kansas City, in that year, The American Legion Auxiliary, as a national body, was officially organized.

From such humble beginnings, The American Legion Auxiliary during the ensuing fifteen years has grown to be the largest women's organization in the world. In Cleveland this past September the women of the Auxiliary, standing shoulder to shoulder with the men of the Legion, shared the
honors bestowed by the city which was repeating its welcome to the veterans of America. The small band of 50,000 women had grown until this year more than 420,000 women had affiliated with the Auxiliary in 8,855 cities and towns in all of the States, in the District of Columbia, in the territorial Departments and in foreign countries.

Under the guidance of Mrs. Melville Mucklestone of Illinois, National President during the past year, more than twenty thousand increase in membership over the previous year had been gained and a stupendous program of progress successfully carried out. Under her direction, 751 delegates to the Sixteenth Annual National Convention of the Auxiliary, representing the 420,000 members, carefully reviewed the progress that had been made and thoughtfully outlined the program that will carry the organization to greater heights.

National officers, chairmen of national committees and promi-
livered a message on behalf of Poland. Mrs. J. W. Macauley, Past National President of the Auxiliary and Past Inter-Allied President of Fidac Auxiliary, also spoke briefly about the Fidac’s earlier days. Past National Commander Alvin M. Owsley, now United States Minister to the Irish Free State, gave an inspiring address on “The Understanding of Nations.” During that same day were held the Past President’s Parley dinner, in charge of Mrs. J. W. Macauley, and the dinner of the Department Secretaries, presided over by Mrs. Lee Moore of Ohio.

The delegates and visitors of the Auxiliary joined with the Legion in its opening session in the huge arena of the Public Auditorium, where the National President, Mrs. Mucklestone, gave an account of her stewardship of the Auxiliary, expressed thanks to the Legion for its co-operation, and pledged the continued support of the Auxiliary to the Legion’s program. In the course of her talk she said, “In all your endeavors the Auxiliary has been your faithful ally. We have labored cheerfully because your programs of service have given us an opportunity to develop a more useful existence and to perform intelligently the duties of citizenship.”

Colorful but dignified pageantry marked the opening of the initial session of the Sixteenth Annual National Convention on Monday afternoon. The large auditorium of Masonic Temple was filled almost to capacity with the 751 accredited delegates and with many visitors who the impressive procession of present and past national officers, led by a hundred white-clad pages bearing the national colors and the official banners of all of the Auxiliary Departments, escorted the National President, Mrs. Mucklestone, to the platform. With the flags forming a fitting background for this assemblage of patriotic women, Mrs. Mucklestone called the convention to order.

Following the advance of the colors of the national organization, Mrs. Frank B. Emery, National Americanism Chairman, led the assemblage in the pledge of allegiance to the Flag. The invocation was given by Mrs. James R. Mahally, National

The champion vocal trio of Warren Townsend Unit, Hot Springs, Arkansas, which won first place. Standing, left to right, Mrs. Howell Brewer, Mrs. Ralph Teed, Miss Madge Witt; seated, Mrs. John Summers, accompanist

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The opening session of the Sixteenth National Convention in Cleveland's Masonic Hall. Mrs. Mucklestone is presiding while Governor Martin L. Davey expresses the greetings of the State of Ohio

Davey of Ohio, Mayor and Legioneer Harold H. Burton of Cleveland, David S. Ingalls and K. W. Kitchen, president and executive vice-president respectively of the Convention Corporation, from the Ohio Department Commander of the Legion, Milt Campbell, and from Mrs. W. S. DeWeese, the Auxiliary Executive Committeewoman of the host State. The National Chairman of the Auxiliary Convention, Mrs. Ralph T. Beal, upon whose shoulders rested the responsibility of making the meeting a success, was presented and in turn introduced the score of Ohio women who shared her great task.

As the comprehensive report of the National Treasurer, Mrs. Cecilia Wenz, had been made available in printed form, its reading was dispensed with upon motion of Past National President Mrs. Albin Charles Carlson. The report showed the organization in excellent financial condition.

Similarly the printed report of the National Secretary, Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell, was accepted and approved. Mrs. MacDowell was presented by the chairman and expressed her thanks to the National President and other national officers for the aid and advice that had been given in conducting the work of National Headquarters. Mrs. Robert R. Ramos, National Historian, indicated in her report a growing interest by the various Departments in compiling histories, and called attention to the fact that the national history of the Auxiliary covering a ten-year period is available and suggested that units and individuals should have this book for ready reference.

In honor of the National President, whose home is in Chicago, Governor Henry Horner of Illinois and Mayor Edward J. Kelly of Chicago were introduced and delivered speeches of greeting. Mrs. Mucklestone presented the five National Vice-Presidents, Mrs. J. B. Dunn, Mrs. Whit Y. MacHugh, Mrs. Frank H. Carpenter, Mrs. John Wayne Chapman and Mrs. James E. Paulson, who had served during her term of office. At frequent intervals during the sessions, these five women at the invitation of the National President successively occupied the chair of the presiding officer of the convention.

An interesting report of the progress and actions taken by Fidac Auxiliary at the 1956 Congress in Warsaw, Poland, was presented by Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson, National Chairman of Fidac and newly-elected Inter-Allied President. After reviewing briefly the work being accomplished by the women in the ten affiliated Allied countries in child welfare, education for adults, international peace endeavors and other programs, Mrs. Thompson announced that the Auxiliary's Fidac Medal Award will be presented to Miss Jean Schuch of Coral Gables, Florida, together with a $200 scholarship. The second award was won by Miss Marion Miller of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, and the third by Miss Polly Robinson of Falls Church, Virginia. The honors were won in the annual Fidac Essay Contest.

Greetings were brought to the Auxiliary convention by National Commander Ray Murphy of the Legion, National Adjutant Frank E. Samuel, Fred M. Fuecker, Chef de (Continued on page 30)
THE boy baseball capital of the universe has moved fifty miles south by west. Before 20,000 cheering fellow townspeople and visitors in the last days of summer the team representing Spartanburg (South Carolina) Post of the American Legion hammered out an 8 to 1 victory over the team of Leonard Wood Post, Los Angeles, California, climaxing with their bludgeoning bats the best of the ten-times-run Little World Series. Last year it was

Capt. Pepper Martin of the home team tagged out by Catcher Dapper of Los Angeles, with Umpire Bill Byron calling the play, in the fourth game. At left, the crowd at an early game

Gastonia, North Carolina. This year the hats go off to its neighbor of the Palmetto State.

What a setting and what a crowd for that final game! There is no fence around the municipal stadium in Spartanburg, which is a marvelously smooth, level stretch nestled between low hills clustered with the short-leaf pines, the beeches and maples that characterize the Piedmont section. There were seats in grandstand, bleachers and on the hill back of first base for 12,000 people, but when it came to taking care of the 8,000 additional customers it was necessary to place them deep in the outfield, where they rimmed in the playing space to an extent that required the drafting of ground rules. The sun shining on the red clay base paths and the close clipped turf, the shouts of the holiday-mood crowd and the fine playing combined to make it an occasion never to be forgotten by those who saw it.

Every record in the Legion’s Little World Series books went by the board as Spartanburg’s youngsters rose to the heights and overcame a doughty, hard battling bunch of kids from the Pacific Coast. It’s true, what they say about Dixie—they turn out top notch ball players down there. In the past six years the championship has come to rest below the Mason and Dixon line exactly five times. It’s also the home of the dyed-in-the-wool baseball fan, with this difference: Your Piedmont fan, be he ever so rabid, doesn’t want to kill the umpire.

The 20,000 people jammed into the park for the final game, when the teams were to break a tie of two victories apiece, constituted the largest crowd ever to watch a baseball game in the State as well as the biggest crowd at a Little World Series contest. It pushed the total attendance of the 1936 series up to 60,000, twice the previous record, set by Gastonia last year. Lest I make Grady Gaston and his fellow Legionnaires of Gastonia feel that I am without provocation drawing a bead on them I hasten to say that last year’s Gastonia series was a three-game affair against this year’s of five games.

Naturally, we of the Americanism Commission were delighted to see this outpouring of paying customers. It meant that with the $20,000 given again this year by the National and American Leagues the Junior Baseball program of the Commission could be carried to its proper conclusion without acquiring a deficit. But even more were we delighted to note the true sportsmanship with which the members of the two teams played. Though the crowd in the tenseness of a situation might give vent to its feelings when either Bill Byron of the National League or Dan Barry of the American League made a decision that hurt, the youngsters on the playing field knew the umps were calling ‘em as they saw ‘em, and let it go at that. The umpiring in the series was of the same uniform excellence as Byron and Barry delivered last year.

It was the second year in succession that a team from my home
Paying customers along the foul line in deep right field in the final game, which smashed a South Carolina record in drawing 20,000 people. Below, Buster Key, Spartanburg, gets back to first safely.

State of California journeyed across the continent to fight for the place at the top of the baseball tree. Last year the team of George W. Manhart Post of Sacramento represented the West when Gastonia won in three straight games. This time it was the team sponsored by Leonard Wood Post of Los Angeles that came east. And here in order are the scores of the games: Spartanburg 3, Los Angeles 1; Los Angeles 6, Spartanburg 0; Spartanburg 5, Los Angeles 4; Los Angeles 5, Spartanburg 4; Spartanburg 8, Los Angeles 1. Tight, heads-up ball throughout, as good as you'll see in the big World Series any year. Remember, none of those kids was seventeen years old when the 1936 season started.

Unfortunately, neither Judge Landis nor the presidents of the National and American Leagues were able to see the games. Legionnaire and Governor Olin D. Johnston of South Carolina pitched the first ball in the opening game of the series, putting over a strike on Ben Hill Brown, mayor of Spartanburg. Jimmy Daniel, just concluding his year as Department Commander, caught the pitch. Legion officials from both of the Carolinas graced the occasion in such numbers that it would make this story read like a telephone directory merely to enumerate them. I am sure they will understand what I mean when I say that, after all, this was the youngsters' own show.

In the festivities attendant on the playing of the games Spartanburg showed itself truly a delightful host. This hustling Piedmont city of some 30,000 inhabitants is doing a bang-up job of every-day Americanism, as you may imagine when I tell you that Spartanburg Post of the Legion with its 761 members is the largest post in the Department's history. Right here I want to pay tribute to the citizenry of Spartanburg for the fine cooperation that every element of the population gave me and Chuck Wilson in the running of the tournament, with special thanks to Post Commander Russ Lentz and Post Athletic Officer Sam Bagwell. The two newspapers gave the series top play, and the local radio station WSPA and the Charlotte station WBT broadcast the games. To all of the men back of these efficient organizations we are deeply grateful.

Every American schoolboy knows the story of Cowpens and Kings Mountain in the Revolution, of Francis Marion the Swamp Fox, whose dashing exploits shine brightly even when compared with those of Washington, Greene and Putnam. Everybody knows the men of the Palmetto State have always been ready to fight for what they hold dear. A little over a century ago citizens of this State stubbornly refused to obey mandates of the Federal Government which they could not in conscience support, and President Andrew Jackson, then at the height of his prestige and popularity, had to bring the force of the nation as a whole to bear upon the situation before they would back down. It is one of the delightful little ironies of history (Continued on page 36)
PARIS.

DEAR HARRY:

You ask me point-blank, like the hard-boiled sergeant you once were, if France has forgotten the A. E. F., and my reasoned, sincere reply to the question is—"Not yet!"

Perhaps, in distant decades to come, France will forget. I don't know. But I doubt it. In this plain-spoken letter, I shall stick to the present tense; and as of today, I can testify that the word forgetfulness—with regard to the A. E. F.—has been effectively banished from the French language.

You, Harry, are remembered individually and symbolically, if you get what I mean, for what you were yesterday and for what you represent today in many a French mind. The Lacoste family in St. Marc-sur-Seine, just north of Dijon, still recalls your one-time slimness, your noisy vocalizing, your eloquent execrable French, and your devotion to Solange, that tiny six-year-old "sweetheart" of yours. (She's married now and has a Solange of her own.) They try to visualize the getting-fattish and growing-grayish-baldish American lawyer that you have since become, and they'd like to know you better in your present, civilian incarnation.

Your rating as a letter-writer is very low, about as bad as their own—no runs, no hits, and lots of muffed balls; but, despite your silences and theirs, their affection for and their interest in you have survived the years.

True, there are physical factors in St. Marc to stimulate such remembrance. For the Lacoste family possesses what I call a diminutive A. E. F. museum. Your 1910 photo still hangs in the parlor, with our divisional insignia underneath. The snapshot of Harry Junior, his mother, and yourself has been duly placed in the family album. There are picture postcards from America, and on the piano is a Y. M. C. A. song book of the vintage of 1918 which, I suspect, you pilfered from the Y in Dijon. Should fortune or fate ever permit you to drop in for a visit, a hilarious homecoming awaits you chez Lacoste. Solange will insist on playing "Little Gray Home in the West" and "Missouri Waltz" and "Smile a While." And Grandpa Lacoste will ask if, by any chance, you have ever run into Cousin

An all-French group in solemn attendance at the solitary grave of James Pine, American soldier, at Fleury-en-Bière last Memorial Day

French schoolboys decorating graves in one of the great American cemeteries—Bony, in the Somme area, where 1832 soldiers are buried
Emile (or Brother-in-Law Raoul) who runs a pastry shop in New Orleans... it's just around the corner from Cincinnati, n'est-ce-pas? Further, you will be urged to call upon Doughboy What's-His-Name (he numbers several hundred in provincial France) who lives, with his French wife and Franco-American offspring, just seven and one-half kilometres down the route nationale.

In defiance of the fading years, in a thousand and one St. Marcs where Yanks were billeted, there are French families to cherish the bon souvenir of some particular A. E. F. soldier who wore the olive drab. This souvenir—and the word has spiritual implications in France—has been reinforced by friendly if infrequent messages from the United States. These letters are linguistic curiosities, supposedly written in French which—by intuition and guesswork—it has been necessary to "translate," sometimes with amusing and bizarre results. At all events, real friendship pierces the obscurity of ungrammatical passages, and so these messages, regardless of the date, are understood and appreciated.

So, you see, you have not been forgotten; but I warn you, they think of you most frequently, if I diagnose the situation rightly, as a symbol of the A. E. F. Don't let that go to your head; maybe you deserve it, maybe you don't. Anyhow, the fact persists that, in their thinking, you have become the human expression of the joyous youthfulness, the heroism, and the sacrifice of the A. E. F. And this is something which it is impossible for them to forget.

"Blarney!" I hear you protest. "Stop kidding me! Exaggeration!" Not at all; just a plain, factual statement of the situation as I have found it. Nor are you alone; that is what makes it really significant. For there are other symbolic doughboys, hundreds of them scattered all over the U. S. A., and every French hamlet has a Lacoste family to keep their remembrance alive. This is true whether the Yank in question be husking corn in Nebraska or running a linotype in New Hampshire; whether he be sleeping in Belleau Wood or Romagne-sous-Montfaucon. Wherever he may be, whether he survived or not, I can certify that he is not forgotten.

Of course, since the A. E. F. folded its tents and vanished, official America (this is no news to you) has had bitter disagreements with official France; she still has. Heated
accusations and poisoned adjectives have been flashed, in both directions, across the Atlantic. Even today, serious differences on matters of principle remain to be compromised between Paris and Washington. And yet, I can assure you that the real France, the France of a thousand and one villages in which we were billeted; the France of Lorraine peasants, of Picardy craftsmen, of Burgundy winegrowers—remembers, with gratitude, the A. E. F. and its contribution to the Allied victory. No matter what the peanut politicians may do (and France, alas, has her share just like the United States), no matter what the prejudiced, partisan press may print, the real France guards its fidelity, its ancient admiration, and its enduring friendship for John W. Doughboy of Hometown, U. S. A.

These workaday, frequently inarticulate friends of yours and mine, who are the backbone of France, don’t know anything about war debts; it’s just a confusing, complicated crossword puzzle to them. They know nothing about tariff duties and import quotas, and consider both a botheration. But let me read this into the record, they have somehow come to know and to understand the significance of Cantigny and Château-Thierry, of St. Mihiel and the Aronce. Further, they sense the sacred meaning of the 30,000 crosses of white Carrara marble, with an A. E. F. soldier underneath each, that punctuate the blood-soaked soil of northeastern France.

To prove my point, I could cram this letter with quotations, eloquent, sincere, and pertinent, from official speeches. I shall not do so. Instead, I shall emphasize the unofficial, little-known and usually unpublicized events, ceremonies, and other evidences which show the A. E. F. is not forgotten.

Although there are no American graves in Rouen, America’s contribution is remembered regularly. Right, Madame Victor Boret, Saumur school teacher, who on every Memorial Day places flowers on the grave of Private Peter D. Schmitt of Merrill, Wisconsin

Naturally, you would expect the grave of Quentin Roosevelt, who is buried not far from Château-Thierry in a meadow near the spot where his airplane crashed in flames in the summer of 1918, to be decorated on Memorial Day. (Also on All Souls’ Day, which the French call “The Day of the Dead,” but more of this later.) And it is so decorated—by the French, with Legionnaires from Paris assisting. I have witnessed this ceremony; it is marked by extreme brevity, simplicity, and sincerity. Certainly it is the President’s son they are honoring, but also the A. E. F. aviator who died for a caused sacrifice. If his name had been Smith or Carlson or O’Leary, his grave would be decorated in the same way, although I grant you that the news value of the act would be less.

You doubt my statement? All right, Harry. I refer you to the case of Peter D. Schmitt of Merrill, Wis. He was only a buck private (Battery F, 120th Field Artillery); he died of wounds on November 19, 1918, eight days after the Armistice, and was buried in the French civilian cemetery of Saumur. Every Memorial Day since then the grave of Private Schmitt has been decorated—by the French; for there are no Americans in Saumur, and it’s too far for American Legionnaires to make the trip in a single day, either from Bordeaux or Paris. Since we ourselves cannot place flowers upon Schmitt’s grave, this duty has been taken over, lovingly and voluntarily, by Madame Victor Boret, a school teacher of Saumur. Indubitably, no selfish motive can prompt her Memorial Day service; I can’t imagine how she gets anything out of it, in prestige or glory or anything else; I’m sure she doesn’t. The only explanation is a genuine thankfulness to a Wisconsin artilleryman who died while helping to chase the invader from France.

French gratitude, please note, makes no distinction between Lieutenant Roosevelt and Private Schmitt. On Memorial Day the French abolish military rank and civilian caste. The “Officers Only” sign has been destroyed; the sleeping heroes are equal—equal in death, equal in their sacrifice.

Thus, every Memorial Day a ceremony is arranged by the French and held in Versailles for Colonel Herman H. Harjes, but since somebody might object that he was a colonel, also an influential banker, let’s restrict ourselves to privates, cooks, etc., for the time being. For example, there is Raymond H. Runner of Indianapolis, private of the 29th Provisional Aero Squadron. He sleeps in the military plot of Chateauroux cemetery. Once a year, on May 30th, he rates a ceremony—French in conception and execution, with no Americans in attendance—and also the salute of a French general. I don’t know how many generals Runner saluted before he went west; I don’t know how he felt about this saluting business. Now, once a year, he is on the receiving end of the salute; and the officer who gives it is the commanding general of the Chateauroux military district.

Ceremony in honor of the A.E.F., French in conception and execution, at St. Quentin, in the Somme area

Although there are no American graves in Rouen, America’s contribution is remembered regularly. Right, Madame Victor Boret, Saumur school teacher, who on every Memorial Day places flowers on the grave of Private Peter D. Schmitt of Merrill, Wisconsin.

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I don’t say that every private’s grave is decorated by a general; there wouldn’t be enough generals to go around. But I do say that every grave—whether it be that of a private, a sergeant, a captain or a colonel—is decorated by somebody; by Americans, when it is possible for us to do it; if not, by the prefect or the mayor, by the village priest or the president of the ancients combatants. It doesn’t matter if the soldier’s name be Levy or Murphy, Johnson or Agostini, Bernitaky or Kalmanowitz; these names are all authentic; each represents an A. E. F. soldier who sleeps in an isolated grave “somewhere in France.” The Catholic chaplain and his Protestant colleague are honored; even Jules Antoine Biron, one-time chief cook attached to the Commander-in-Chief, who for some unknown and unexplainable reason sleeps in the Freethinkers’ Section of Cannes cemetery; but he rates his poppy, his Tri-Color, his American flag just the same.

Kiffin Rockwell, American aviator killed in Alsace while with the French Army, in Luxeuil-les-Bains; Grace L. Malloch, nurse, in Ecouves (Meurthe-et-Moselle); Virginia Brannon, Y. M. C. A. secretary, in Lamalou-les-Bains; James J. Murphy, private, in Ancy-le France—each receives the same decoration, each is equal on Memorial Day with Rear Admiral William Plummer Day, who sleeps in Nice, and Colonel Mitchell Chance Bryant, in St. Germain-en-Laye.

Unless I stop this enumeration of names, my letter will develop into a young encyclopedia, and so I’ll call a halt. One final figure, however. There are 367 isolated A. E. F. graves in France; two-thirds of them are decorated regularly by the French.

Sometimes, the French beat the Americans to it. We arrive and find the grave already decorated. This is what happened to an American consul last Memorial Day. He had graciously promised to decorate six isolated graves, including that of Lieutenant Gustave H. Kissell in the British cemetery of Pont-du-Hem, near Arras. When he reached the Kissell grave, he found it covered with flowers; upon inquiry, he learned that the mayor and the schoolmaster, accompanied by 125 schoolchildren of a neighboring village, had held a memorial service of their own. The mayor spoke; the schoolmaster read Victor Hugo’s matchless lines about those who die for home and fatherland; the children sang, and there was a minute of silence. Mind you, this ceremony had not been “sug-
AMERICAN prisoners of war are still being held in Germany, eighteen years after the armistice ending the World War was signed. Preposterous, you'll probably say. But it's true notwithstanding the provisions of the Hague War Regulations that govern the parole or exchange of prisoners.

Before your indignation and patriotism rise to such a degree that you sit down and write a letter of protest to the President or to the Secretary of State, let us hasten to explain that these prisoners of war are horses—animals that served well with the A. E. F. and fell into the hands of the enemy. One of these equine veterans, with his present German master, is shown in the accompanying illustration. The photograph came to us from Legionnaire Edward H. McClone of 1785 Columbia Road, N. W., Washington, D. C., as did this interesting story:

"The World War, now over many years, still holds many a story that has never been written and, I dare say, never told. As we know, it takes all kinds of men, animals, equipment and so on to make up an army and all of us cannot be heroes, but each and every one plays his own particular important part.

"I have read many interesting stories about heroes of the war and interesting accounts of pigeons, police dogs, etc., but very little about the horses that served. Nineteen years ago horses, like our soldiers-to-be, were leading normal lives in cities, villages or on farms. When war was declared, thousands of these animals were drafted into service, rushed to camps, trained and taken overseas—finally working their way to the front with the officers and men they served so faithfully.

"Only the boys in the thick of it can appreciate the part our horses played and how they looked to the boys for attention, not being able to understand what it was all about when they were wounded. Many of them were even taken prisoner by the Germans, taken back into Germany and exhibited in their American harness and equipment. After the Armistice, immediate plans were made to return the men to their native country, but the equine warriors were forgotten by the Government—something few people know about even today.

"There are still in Germany thirty-two American horses that had been captured. They have had to learn a new language and to serve new masters. The present German government has given these ex-American war horses the same kind treatment as the German horse veterans. Each of the German horses and the thirty-two American horses that served in the war wears an especially cast medal on the left side of its halter or bridle, thus designating it as a war hero. At the top of the medal is a reproduction of the German Iron Cross—under it, the inscription "Kriegskamerad," which means war buddy or comrade.

"Most of these horses are in the kind care of German war veterans and in such cases the medal is somewhat larger than the usual one in order to designate that the master as well as the horse saw war service. One of these American horses is shown in the enclosed picture with his master, Lorenz Bernwiefer, who served during the entire four years of the war. The animal is
reported to have served with an American artillery regiment. I wonder which one it might have been. The horse now bears the name of ‘Rappi,’ Bernwiefer was wounded, has not many worldly possessions now, and he and his family are certainly proud of owning this American-bred, captured horse.

“All of these veteran horses are assured a well-balanced ration and kind treatment for the rest of their lives by the German government through the untiring efforts of a war veteran who appreciates to the utmost the service of the horse during the World War.”

So there we learn something about some old war horses, literally speaking. Perhaps some of you can tell of instances when horses were captured by the Germans. We recall one case of a general officer of our Army who blithely rode right into the German lines north of Romagne, although the story is he had been warned that the enemy was ahead. Probably his mount is now one of the honored horses wearing the special insignia. Perhaps others of you—since-the-war tourists to Europe—may have seen these decorations on horses’ bridles and wondered what they signified. Tell us something more about our equine prisoners of war.

Incidentally, just after the St. Mihkel drive, we had occasion to ride a German horse that had been captured. Because he didn’t understand English and our German was halting, knees, hobnails and reins had to be used to guide him. To answer the question propounded in the title, we had to resort to a German dictionary, and we learn that “Whoa!” takes the form of “Brr! Halt!” (with a roll of the l’s, doubtless) in German. How about “Gee!” and “Haw!”? Anyone know?

THE newest recruit to what we might call the Women’s Division of our Then and Now Gang hails from Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, and we are glad to welcome her. You know there is a standing invitation for women Legionnaires and for women of the Auxiliary to send in their wartime pictures and supporting stories, as well as our Legion men.

Mrs. Robert W. Spear, our contributor, is the immediate past president of the 16th District of the Auxiliary in Ohio, and past president of the Auxiliary Unit of Canton, Ohio, where she retains her membership. Charles Faust Post of Cuyahoga Falls holds the membership of her husband. Mrs. Spear writes:

“Looking over the reminiscent department of the Legion Monthly inspired me to send the enclosed picture which was taken in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in late January or in February, 1918. It shows part of one of the motor truck trains that traveled through Pittsburgh during the war—trains that I understood were headed for Eastern ports for overseas shipment of the trucks.

“Sorry that I am unable to tell much about the truck trains except that most of them came through from Detroit. This particular train was composed of Packard trucks and at the time I was holding down the desk of the Packard advertising manager, who had enlisted. The only man in this group that I remember is the one cranking the truck—his name was Kennebec, I believe. The gal at the wheel, all ready to go, is myself—but they refused to take a canoe along, so I decided to stay out of the Army. At that time I was Mabel Steele.

“The only marking on the trucks was ‘QMC—USA,’ so I imagine they were not assigned to any particular branch of the service until they reached the other side. As for the men who had charge of these trains, I think they must have been Regulars, as they were much older than the average enlisted boys who had signed up for the war. When one of the men called at my office for some of the pictures that had been taken, I was out otherwise I might have learned more about their work.

“Shortly after the picture was taken, I went to work as secretary to Colonel C. A. Rook, owner-publisher of the Pittsburgh Dispatch. In that position I helped on the obits of soldiers killed in action. The casualty lists were turned over to me and as the release dates came along we tried and did get pictures of local boys who had been killed. This was done either by personal call, telephone or letter. I had charge of these pictures and it was my
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Company D, 18th Infantry, 1st Division, all set for the review and inspection by General Frank Parker just before returning to the States in August, 1919. A veteran of the company, Kostantinos Barviames, now a Legionnaire living in Augerinos, Voion, Greece, would like to hear from his wartime comrades. He supplied the picture.

job to see that they were returned. Believe me, it was most important to get those pictures back for in most cases they were the only pictures the families had. That was a heart-breaking bit of war work.

"Following the war, I was on various newspapers, being with the Pittsburgh Sun for six years, and during that period handled publicity for the Allegheny County Committee of the Legion. I married my Legionnaire, who served as second lieutenant with the 18th, 54th, 354th and 367th Infantry Regiments during the war, eleven years ago. My active interest and work in the Auxiliary followed our move to Canton, Ohio, during the year of 1926.

"I trust some of the Quartermaster Corps men who handled these truck trains will step forward and tell us something of their particular work."

HAVE you ever stopped to consider how widely the old comrades of your company or battery or detachment or crew may have scattered during the seventeen years or more since we doffed the uniform? Replacements, of course, made many localized units country-wide in their personnel. Christmas cards from men of the old gang remind you of that fact. What we want to stress though is the number of American veterans who since the war have drifted far beyond the continental limits of our country.

This may be news to you: Of the 950,000 members of the Legion at the time of the national convention in Cleveland, 4,515 of them live and belong to Legion posts in our possessions—Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Puerto Rico, Guam and Panama. But beyond that, 4,054 veterans are members of Legion posts in foreign countries. Interested in knowing where those posts are? All right: There are three posts in Cuba and three in Greece; two each in Belgium and China; one each in Argentina, Denmark, the Dutch West Indies, Guatemala, Ireland, Scotland, and London, England, while Canada, France, Italy and Mexico rate Department organizations such as our States and the District of Columbia have. It's well worth knowing this when some uninformed person asks about this Legion of ours.

In Greece, the three posts are—Athens Post, with a membership of 625; Tripolis with 100, and Patras with 93. Every so often one of our comrades in a far-off country writes to us, but we wish we would hear from more of them. From one of (Continued on page 70)
JOHN R. TUNIS has a cheerful passion for facts—finds them often unexpected, always interesting.

He still likes to chuckle over some unexpected facts he ran into in wartime—not the world-shaking facts confronting everybody then, but a couple of little personal surprises. The first—but here's the story in his own words:

"It was 1915. My friend and I, fired by Hiram Maxim's 'Defenceless America,' felt we ought to do something about preparedness. Just out of college, we could have gone to Plattsburg, but all the college men in the country were going there—we figured we'd get ahead faster if we enlisted in the national guard. So we enlisted in Company C, 8th Massachusetts Infantry, commanded by Captain H. Dwight Cushing (later advertising manager of the Legion Weekly). Three months later as buck privates we were given a free trip to the Mexican border. There we saw motormen, truck drivers, plumbers become corporals then sergeants—while we college men stayed buck privates. We came back pretty dejected! Faced facts—decided we were glad of the chance, then, to jump to Plattsburg and become 90 day wonders!"

Tunis served overseas, returned in April, 1919—and the second little incident he likes particularly to recall had to do with his going-home job in command of a detachment of Negro casuals. Part of his duty was to ask each of them about the job he wanted when he got home. Tunis was disconcerted to discover that they entertained no neat assortment of ambitions but just one burning, unanimous desire to become Pullman porters. It was an awkward fact to have to record in an official report—superior officers might suspect a joke and turn apoplectic—but Tunis thoroughly enjoyed recording it truthfully in due, official form.

We are proud to mention another fact—that Tunis sold his first piece to the Legion Weekly in 1921, and is still a valued contributor to The American Legion Monthly. His work has appeared now in nearly every magazine in the country, and he has attained fame as probably the best informed tennis writer in the land and an all-round authority on sports in general—evidence that his flair for facts is bringing well-merited reward.

"Talking about facts—here's a neat one!" reports the Advertising Man. "Do you know that readers of this magazine own 719,079 automobiles and motor trucks? To Sani-Flush, that means 719,079 radiators to be cleaned—and it's the reason why Sani-Flush has picked us as a first-class audience for their story (page 63) of safe, quick radiator-cleaning. "It's also a fact that 525,448 of our readers smoke cigarettes—with discriminating regard for quality and flavor. And that's the reason we've been selected as the right outfit to appreciate the story (Back Cover) of Lucky Strike 'It's Toasted' Cigarettes."

NOVEMBER, 1936
POINTS OF VIEW

To the Editor: With a great deal of pleasure, I read the letter from Sid C. Nyman, in the Front and Center column entitled “A Word for Hines.” It is a relief to see and hear a word of praise now and then for those who have dedicated their lives to the relief of the suffering and afflicted. It was very nice of Mr. Nyman to say all those good things about Hines, and I want to take this opportunity to say what I think about the Hospital in which I was a patient.

I doubt if there exists in the United States today a betterJ managed, finer hospital than the U. S. Veterans Hospital at West Los Angeles, California. I was a patient there from March 4, 1936, to March 21, 1936. I am suffering from the effects of a very serious heart attack (coronary thrombosis). I was previously a patient in what is generally considered the best hospital in Los Angeles. Each time I suggested to my physician that I go to the Government Hospital he talked me out of it. He is not mercenary, mind you, I’m positive of that, it is merely that some disgruntled pain-in-the-neck had told him a lot of fantastic tales about the hospital. At any rate I finally did go to the hospital against his advice. I found the physicians kind, considerate, and efficient. Many of them, I am sure, could go into private practice and earn many times the small salary Uncle Sam hands out. The nurses were of the best—experienced, kind, considerate, hard working. They work twelve hours each day. I noticed in the private hospital the nurses work only eight hours. They also could earn much more in private practice, but no, they too are willing to slave along for our boys. As for the ward attendants, they actually fall over themselves trying to outdo one another in making the boys comfortable. The food—finest I ever ate. Plain, but wholesome, of the best quality. If it became necessary for me to return to the hospital, and by some hook or crook things had changed so that it would no longer be free, I give you my word that I would willingly pay twice the rate of the best hospital in Los Angeles, and pay it to the U. S. Veterans Hospital, West Los Angeles, Calif.—JOSEPH C. WEITZMANN, former 1st Lieut., Q. M. C., Los Angeles, California.

To the Editor: In any man’s army when war breaks and the country is unprepared for it, especially when medical men are at a premium, we do the best we can. But at this late date and time of peace, one expects to find some real doctors. To my way of thinking and experience these doctors of today at Veterans Hospitals have gone stagnant waiting to be pensioned off or else they never were any good and stayed at the Veterans Facility instead of going to the old men’s home. Their interest in the patients is something that should be investigated. Sure enough a doctor makes the sick call visit every morning and asks how you are feeling. You might just as well say fine for it matters not. You know ahead of time that nothing will be done even though you are suffering, for what man can listen to the ailments of a ward full of patients and memorize them all? Out of ten weeks of hospitalization I never saw a chart for the patients. I know they have them but what good are they if they are not used? Temperatures are taken twice daily to give the nurse a little exercise, for no other reason can I see. On several occasions I was left with a thermometer stuck in my face not for minutes but for hours and the nurse never missed it so I take it that no matter what temperature you have it is recorded as normal.

As for night nurses, there just aren’t any to be seen after the lights go out for I had liked to kick the bucket one night with an attack of indigestion and it took me from 10:30 P.M. to 1:30 A.M. to get a bit of rhubarb and peppermint. The alibi I got for not finding a nurse sooner was that she had gone to dinner. It must have been a tough dinner that takes two hours and forty minutes to eat when one should be caring for one hundred sick men. At another instance I found the night nurse out in the lobby having a dance with the guard on watch. Well, after I spent ten weeks there I managed to get my discharge by request.

The reason for not going A.W.O.L. was that I needed fare home, which amounted close to a five dollar bill. Sick as ever but with luck on my side, the bonus was paid and I headed for a private doctor who X-rayed me. In fifteen minutes time the diagnosis was made and a brace was prescribed for me. The old tottering doctors at the Vets Facility took twelve days to read the X-ray I had taken at the vets hospital and then couldn’t find anything.

Here is a good one. I had curvature of the spine and entered the hospital from New Hampshire. The doctor told me that it was a common thing for people from New Hampshire to have deformed bones. “Well,” said I, “but I happen to be a New Yorker by rights, so how do you account for that?” Not knowing what to answer me after the boys gave him the horse laugh, he turned on his heels and left the ward.—OTTO LENZ, Contocook, New Hampshire.

ON THE BASEBALL ROSTER

To the Editor: In the September issue appeared a list of Legion junior baseball players who have graduated into league baseball. In Norwalk, Connecticut, we have had a junior Legion team for six years. We have had two players who have made good in pro baseball, one a pitcher and the other an outfielder. Paul (Rockie) Carpenter is the outfielder who played with the Legion team of Frank C. Godfrey Post for two years—1931 and 1932. Last year he played with the Tyler team in the East Texas league. This year he is making good with Bill Terry’s team in Greenwood, Mississippi, in the Cotton States League. Anse Bellardinelli, our pitcher in 1933 and 1934, is now with the Burlington (Vermont) team in the New England League for a trial.—C. RUSSELL DAY, Norwalk, Connecticut.

To the Editor: Having been post athletic officer for our post for the last five years, the article about big leaguers who call the Legion daddy naturally interested me. I am wondering just how the author of the article obtained his material and just what number of posts are going to write you telling the names of those that he missed.

Here is mine: On the Athletics in the American League is a young man by the name of Randall Gumpert, who in the last few days held the Chicago White Sox to two hits and defeated them 5 to 2. This young man played on the Birdsboro Post team during the seasons of 1932-3-4, starting at the age of fourteen. We do not take the credit for making him a big leaguer but for the sake of future Legion records, please add him to the list.—WILLIAM E. FORNOFF, Birdsboro, Pennsylvania.
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★ See this poster on display at your department convention. It will be ready for thirty thousand outdoor panels the first of November, through the co-operation of the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, Inc., if your Post does its part and orders the required number early. Take this order blank to your next Post meeting and get action on it. The National Organization of The American Legion has officially adopted the above design and has authorized the Morgan Lithograph Company, Cleveland, Ohio, to make, sell and distribute all Legion posters, display cards and windshield stickers bearing such design.

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NOVEMBER, 1936
FROM Round Brook, New Jersey, Adjutant Clinton F. Gluck of Giles-Biondi Post writes about a colored man who was taken to a hospital after an accident. He was not badly hurt, but he was worried. He was a simple, kindly old man, and intensely religious. He asked for pencil and paper to write a letter. When he finished it, he handed it to the doctor to mail. It was addressed to "The Lord of Heaven," and when the doctor left the ward he decided to open it. Its contents were:

"My good Lord, dear sir: will you please send me $20 right away. Please be quick as I needs it bad. You know me Lord for I belongs to the church and ain't never axed you for nothing before. Respectfully yours, Lige Jones."

The doctor was touched by the letter and decided that such simple faith should not go unrewarded. That night he read the letter at his post meeting of The American Legion and passed the hat for aid. The collection amounted to nine dollars and the doctor added another dollar to make it an even ten. His patient was delighted the next morning, and that evening had another letter for the doctor to the same address. It read:

"I thanks you, Lord, for the money you sent me, and I precipice it a lot, and it sure did help. Now, dear Lord, if I needs any more, send it thru Rev. Brown of the Baptist Church because this time the Legion done kept half of it."

DEAN HENSHAW of the University of Indiana tells of a drowsy sort of day with the class showing about half the usual attendance. The professor was calling the roll in a markedly casual manner. To each name called someone answered "Here" or "Present" until the name of Smith was called. There was a long silence, when the professor exclaimed:

"My gracious! Hasn't Mr. Smith any friends here?"

DEPARTMENT Commander Ed Scay of Kentucky is telling one about a man whose best friend and drinking companion had passed on. It was several weeks after the cremation before he saw his friend's widow.

"Please accept my sympathy," he said to her. "Your husband was such a good man, and I know you must miss him."

"Good man, indeed!" said the widow. "He never did an honest day's work in his life. But at last I've got him working for me."

"What!" exclaimed the friend. "Surely, you can't mean working—he's dead!"

"Yes, but that's him over there in that hour glass."

DEPARTMENT Adjutant Carl Moser, of Oregon, writes about a politician going into the office of a city editor and throwing a newspaper on his desk.

"I want an explanation!" he demanded. "Why, what's the matter?" asked the editor.

"I want to know what you mean by publishing my resignation in office in this way?"

"Why, I thought you gave out the story yourself," said the editor.

"I did!" snorted the retiring politician. "But, I didn't tell you to put it under the head of 'Public Improvements.'"

THE missionary had just returned from foreign fields, and according to Legonninaire G. S. Dill of Akron, Ohio, was talking to a Sunday school class.

"Just imagine, my children," he said, "in Africa there are millions of square miles where little boys and girls do not have Sunday schools. Now, what should we all put aside some of our money for?"

There was an impressive pause, until one little fellow piped up:

"So we can go to Africa."

THE wedding was the most fashionable of the season. The bridegroom had no visible means of support save his father, who was rich. When that part of the ceremony was reached where he had to repeat "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," his father whispered loud enough to be heard all over the church:

"My word! There go his golf clubs."

THE weak-voiced speaker with an inconsequential message was doing his unsatisfying best, and had been doing it for more than an hour. Some of the Legionnaires began to leave. As one slipped out the doorway, another, who had waited outside asked:

"Has he finished?"

"Lord, yes," replied the fellow sufferer. "Long ago. But he won't stop."

DR. J. E. OFFNER, of Weston, West Virginia, tells about taking a party of visitors through a hospital recently. One of the party who was evidently suffering with a slight hangover asked if the institution gave any special treatments for alcoholics.

"Yes," replied the doctor. "We have been rather successful with a six weeks' course of treatment."

"And what do you charge for the treatment?" asked the visitor.

"One hundred dollars, which includes board and necessary whiskey in tapering off the patient."

"Fine," exclaimed the now enthusiastic visitor. "But I have only a two hundred-dollar treatment that would allow the patient more whiskey?"

THEY had been on jury duty for several days. "Isn't a law suit involving a patent right the dullest thing imaginable?" one juror asked another.

"Not always," was the reply. "I once served on a jury trying a patent case that was really funny. A tall lawyer by the name of Short read an eight-thousand-word paper he called a brief."

DOVER (Ohio) Legion Post boasts a real drum and bugle corps. Floyd Bixler, who is an outstanding member of the corps, says that its activities come in for a great deal of conversation in his home, and writes that recently he returned home from the movies and remarked to his wife:

"Guy Bates Post was in that picture tonight."

"Really?" said Mrs. Bixler. "It must have quite a drum corps to get in the movies."

COMRADE Paul Webb, of Neodesha, Kansas, offers the one about a young bride whose husband was an usher in the church. She became worried during the service about leaving a rose in the oven, and wrote a note to her husband and placed it on the pulpit. Pausing in his discourse to read the note, the amazement preacher read:

"Go home and turn off the gas."

The American Legion Monthly
Who Was He?

(Continued from page 1)

and walk. He strutted on back past me with his big prisoner, proud as a peacock.

I could describe in detail other sights and some horrible sights—shell-crazed victims, their bodies half gone, entrails mixed with dirt and clay, screaming and begging to be shot; the treachery of a German prisoner, and, on the other hand, the deliberate massacre of several harmless prisoners by some Americans. But I was prompted to describe my experiences because of one particular incident, an incident I saw with my own eyes, so startling and tragic and yet so magnificent that all else I saw seemed hardly worth remembering.

Following along after the infantry through a shattered woods, I came to an abrupt pause. Just ahead was a clearing probably little more than a hundred yards wide, but extending right and left about a quarter of a mile. In the woods about me men were crouching in shell holes, behind trees—all sort of shelter they could find.

A machine gun began popping. There was a zip past my ear and I bounded for the nearest shell hole. The bullets were coming from a nest on the opposite side of the clearing and to my right. The nest was well camouflaged, and about all one could see was a little long, black slit only a few inches above the ground that spat out little puffs of smoke and fire.

I had seen many raids on machine gun nests. Americans were very resourceful when it came to stalking and flankng these, but here was an unusual situation. Evidently the infantry on both flanks had gone on ahead and this bunch had come too close to the edge of the clearing to enable them to do any flanking.

There had already been attempts to cross the clearing. I could see several men lying in the open even from my position. Occasionally one would move and attempt to rise. The men, scattered about mostly to my right, were sniping away as best they could at that little black opening, but since most of them were lying in shell holes it was almost impossible to shoot at a target so close to the ground. I tried to locate a commanding officer, but evidently the officer had been killed or misplaced.

Adding to our dilemma, a large German gun began dropping shells at short intervals into what remained of our woods. The first two shells were over and did no damage, but the third moved up a little and two men were hit by fragments.

Five men sprang up and began darting from cover to cover running parallel with the clearing and away from where I was. It was evident that they intended to try a little flanking movement. The gun never missed a chance to pop away at each man who made a move, and there was no

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Who Was He?

(Continued from page 47)

doubt, more than one gun in the nest.
One of our men went down before the
group had more than started, but the
other four managed to get far enough
away to enable them to dart from shelter
with very little risk. The men disap-
ppeared into a shell-hole about three
hundred yards beyond a point opposite
the nest. The machine gun paused a
minute or two, then suddenly the four
men sprang from their cover and started
square across the clearing. The gun
opened up again and two men went
down. The other two hesitated, turned
and ran for shelter, but before they
reached it one of them fell.
He must have been badly hurt, for
even from my position I could see him
writhing and hear him crying out in
agonv above the din. The other sprang
again from the shell-hole almost as soon
as he had reached it, dashed out to his
companion, picked him up on his shoul-
der and started back, but before he had
taken many steps both went down.
Then it happened.
Whether by command, mutual agree-
ment, or impulse I cannot say, but about
fifteen men sprang up at once from a
position directly across from the nest.
There was such an evident unity of pur-
pose in the movement that it seemed to
surprise an instant of silence even from
the machine gun.
The group started across the clearing
at top speed. Not a single man paused or
hesitated for an instant, no weavin, gob-
bing, or dodging. The gun caught its
breath and began spitting.
It all happened in less time than it
takes to tell—thirty seconds at the most.
At least five men were down before they
were halfway across. A case of "all for
one and one for all." One, two, three,
four, the others fell almost as fast as you
could count. About twenty yards to go
and only three left. What could three ex-
hausted men do if they got there? Ten
yards—and the last man. He was a big
fellow. His gun fell to the ground
and he went down on one knee, his head
rolled from side to side, but he did not
fall. The machine gun hesitated. The
soldier struggled to his feet and the guns
began again. Doctors will, of course, dis-
agree with me, but I could not and never
will be able to clear from my mind the
impression that the man was dead—a
lifeless being carried forward by sub-
conscious reflexes, or whatever you want
to call it. How could a man live with a
machine gun pouring lead into him at
that range?
It is not for me to explain how he did
it, but I can tell what I saw with my own
eyes. He staggered forward, almost
topping over with each step. Then, as
though with one last mighty effort, he
fairly flung his lifeless body lengthwise
in front of that black mouth of the machine
gun and completely gagged it.
There was an immediate dash for the
nest by our men and they reached the
pill box before the Germans could get
his body out of the way. A flash of ten
or more bayonets over and around the
mound, a few shouts and cries and the
incident was over.
Just a fine play in a big game.
If any veteran reading this article hap-
penned to witness this same incident, I
should like to hear more about it. Who
was the man? We were at the timesup-
porting the 37th Division.

Three Armistice Days

(Continued from page 15)

a British crowd to be quiet. That was
before there was an Armistice Day. For
the hum of London dies at the sound of
the gun. You can see a gull flapping
across the roofs and hear the beating of
its wings. Somewhere in the distance a
horse paws the ground and neighs. A
flag flaps in the breeze. Never such a
silence as this. A King and his people
pause sixty seconds in solemn celebration
for the dead. It is the Great Hush.

All over England, all over the Empire
today, on the ranches of Australia and
the farms of Canada, in offices and fac-
tories, in fields and forests, a people pause
and think of their dead. In every village
throughout England men and women
and children have gathered together be-
side the Norman church, grouped around
a stone cross for a service ending with this
solemn moment of silence. Everywhere
on the roads drivers stop their cars and
climb down from their seats. Expresses
that hurt themselves from London to
Scotland without a stop en route slow
down, halt while the passengers stand
silently. Throughout the British Isles all
trains, all traffic comes to an end. A
nation remembers its dead.
The moment dies at the Cenotaph.
The King and the Princes depart. The
soldiers before us form, re-form and march
away. But the tribute to the departed
has only begun. Lines form, long lines
stretching as far down Whitehall as we
can see, two abreast on each side of the
monument. Men and women, little chil-
dren by their side, pass by to lay a flower,
а poppy, a wreath or merely a tear upon
the stone. At a moderate walking pace
they come, men wearing war medals
proudly, men in silk hats and morning
coats, men in caps and tomb jackets, men
on crutches, men hobbling on canes or
supported by poorly dressed women. You
notice that some of these men have strips
of cardboard instead of medals on their
chests. Those pieces of cardboard are
carded tickets. They wear them proudly.

Down Whitehall we come to Parlia-
ment Square and Westminster Abbey.
Here again one feels the marvelous and
solemn sense of pageantry of the British
race. Four abreast, slowly, reverently,
two lines enter the Abbey. We take our
places in line. Just ahead is a group of
British Legionnaires. They are from
Bristol, a city in Somerset, and like
everyone else they are carrying wreaths
or poppies. As we near the entrance a
woman with a shawl thrown over her
head, in a shabby dress, remarks that it
takes forty minutes to enter the Abbey
and pass out the other end. Now we are
under the portico.
Without any command, by mutual
consent the hum of conversation dies
away. Once inside the Abbey there is no
noise, no sound except the shuffling of
hundreds of feet and the murmurs of the
medalled bobbies giving quiet orders,
asking the crowd to move along. "Now
then . . . please." Slowly we approach
the stone. Just a slab in the pavement
beside which the two lines diverge and
pass on either side. It is heaped with
poppies. In fact we can hardly discern
the carving on the stone because each
passer-by drops a poppy. In an hour it
will be a field of red.

Beneath This Stone Rests The Body
OF A BRITISH WARRIOR
Unknown By Name or Rank
Brought From France To Lie Among
The Most Illustrious Of The Land
And Buried Here On Armistice Day
1919

Remember, he is one of 1,045,000. The
other unknown British soldiers lie in
unmarked graves on the plains of Flanders.
We pass into the street. As we return
along Whitehall and reach the Cenotaph
in the center, the lines are still going by.
So they will go by all day long, hour after
hour. Here comes a section of the Metro-
politan police, veterans all, their war

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly
medals shining on their tunics. Next a group of veterans, and then the contents of three motor coaches with disabled men from the Legion Poppy Factory at Richmond. They receive cheers from the veterans selling poppies on the sidewalk, and they carry signs: "Pay More For Your Poppy Today." A long line of unemployed files past, caps in their hands, mufflers round their necks, socialists, communists, all sorts and conditions of men, all bearing wreaths to show they are all thinking of pals now lying on what was once the Western Front. It's a long line, a drab line, only the dark blue coats of the pensioners from the Royal Chelsea Hospital making a spot of color in the procession.

When we get up into Mayfair and Kensington traffic is moving and people are rushing about. Just another November day in a big city. No, that is not correct. Here too there are signs a nation remembers. Sandwich men bear signs: "NO MORE WAR," "WE DEMAND PEACE OF THE NATIONAL PARTY," Everywhere men and women request signatures to peace petitions. Of all crowd demonstrations anywhere in the world, this is the most spontaneous, the most moving. You feel a whole people bound together in a clearly defined fervor, in remembrance of their dead, in pursuit of peace. This is a country which detests war.

ROME, 1935. Anno xiv. War again. A nation united, solemn in its resolution that whatever the world may think, it will carry through a conflict it considers just. Here is the feeling of war on every corner; olives drab troops in the streets, pictures of Il Duce in every shop window, stepping onto the balcony of the Chigi Palace, there, fist upraised, standing on a tank. This is war. The rosticeria at the end of the Corso where we buy our provisions is closed. On the shutters is a sign in handwriting reminding us that this is a meatless day. We pass the café the terrace is filled with customers who grab at the newsmen going past with the latest edition of the Popolo Romano, turning to the casualty lists or the communiqué from the army.

"Nothing to report from the Eritrean and Somalia front." It has a familiar ring.

By eleven, the Piazza Venezia is already blocked with the Armistice Day crowd. Some have come from Turin and Milan and the cities of the North, some have traveled all night from Sicily and towns of the South, some have come afoot or by motor bus from the hill villages to the west; all are quiet, full of a kind of solemn apprehension for the future. As if to assuage this apprehension their leader now gives us a display of his might, something to hearten the most timid. An immense roar fills the space as a fleet of planes zooms overhead.

Not one fleet—ten, twenty, fifty fleets darken (Continued on page 50)
Three Armistice Days

(Continued from page 49)

the blue sky. Through the bright Tuscan sunshine squadron after squadron races along in perfect military formation, so low they almost graze the roofs of the capital. Fresh from the factory, these planes are all painted a battleship grey. Under each wing is a round, dark hole through which death and desolation will soon be hurled down over the fields of Ethiopia. The vast crowd that is packed into the Piazza stands with upturned heads and ecstatic faces. The vromb-vromb-vrombing of the engines deafens their cheers, silences completely their exclamations of joy. Then the shadows pass, the roaring diminishes in vigor. "Quattro cento, quattro cento!" shouts the blackshirt behind us. Four hundred planes at once.

Then a roar as stupendous almost as the noise of the planes. Mussolini walks out before them and stands with uplifted arm on the steps of the Altar of the Fatherland. Instantly every arm goes up, every voice cries, "Duce . . . Duce . . . Duce . . ." He turns and mounts the steps. Beside him is the King, the Crown Prince, the Duke of Spoleto, behind them dozens of Fascist officials, their hats and uniforms making vivid splashes of color among the civilians of the diplomatic corps who bring up the rear.

Military orders ring out. The crowd stands frozen. Mussolini mounts the steps and kneels before the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. He places a wreath upon it, and remains bowed. Then he rises and descends the steps. The crowd presses forward cheering, army bands burst into music: "The Hymn of the Plave." This nation is united. This man is their leader. He can ask sacrifices of them, he can tell them to tighten their belts, and they will obey.

Now a group comes pushing through the Piazza down which a line has been cleared. Fascist organizations, bands playing, flags and banners flying. Then the army, column after column of foot-sloggers, bersaglieri, colonial troops, infantry of the line, artillery of every sort, light and heavy, mountain batteries and machine guns all drawn by cars, motorized detachments of different kinds, carrier-pigeon sections, observation balloons hauled by special trucks, motorized specialists that include men in complete anti-gas outfit from head to foot. Then, as the last soldier passes, as the last tank rumbles out of sight, the throng presses to the Palace, calling again their refrain.

"Duce, Duce, Duce . . ."

Endless and eternal, they keep it at. Finally the wide French windows of the room on the balcony open. The effect is dramatic and perfectly staged. A slow drawing apart of the window by an unseen hand. The cries grow louder, more frenzied. There is a moment or two of pause. Then he steps before them, strong, confident, sure of himself and of all his people.

He wears the uniform of a Fascist corporal. On his black uniform is one medal. He leans with both hands outspread on the railing, looking down upon the cheering throng, turning his head from left to right, surveying each one. You understand why he has been able to conquer the minds and hearts of the race.

He stands a moment saying nothing. Then he starts to speak. There is silence more dramatic than the roar which greeted his appearance. He leans slightly forward. His face is tense.

"Blackshirts of all Italy . . ." The cheering breaks out again.

Yours Faithfully

(Continued from page 33)

Chemin de Fer of the Forty and Eight, Reverend Father Thomas D. Kennedy, National Chaplain, and Mrs. Lowell F. Hobart, the first National President of the Auxiliary. All of the Past National Presidents who were present were presented to the convention.

With National Vice-President Mrs. J. B. Dunn occupying the chair, Mrs. Mucklestone presented a report of her year as National President. The report, which was broadcast over a nation-wide radio hook-up, again stressed the continued co-operation with the Legion in civic and patriotic service, outlined the advancement made in the Auxiliary's program of rehabilitation and hospitalization of veterans, of community service, of special attention to the problems of disabled ex-service women, of child welfare in its various phases, of emergency relief, of national defense and Americanism. In her summation, Mrs. Mucklestone stated: "In this period of unrest, the strength, courage and guidance of the women of The American Legion Auxiliary in almost 9,000 communities in the United States to the disabled veteran, his widow and orphan, to the community, State and nation has brought faith and hope to millions." A rising vote of thanks was extended to the National President as her report was accepted.

Expediiously, the reports of the Permanent Organization Committee, given by Miss Edna Musser, Chairman; of the Rules Committee, read by Mrs. William G. Suthers, and of the Credentials Committee, presented by Mrs. Hazel F. Abdill, were brought before the convention and adopted without discussion.

In her report of the Americanism Committee, Mrs. Frank B. Emery, Chairman, offered recommendations that distribution of flag codes, especially to elementary schools, be included in the program; that in making addresses care should be taken not to make unprovable charges as the effect upon the public is harmful; that less emphasis be placed on attacking subversive groups as that merely arouses the curiosity of hitherto uninterested citizens; that the teaching of constructive Americanism is the best weapon with which to attack radicalism. The report, with the recommendations which were considered separately, was adopted.

As is true with the Legion, music plays a part in the Auxiliary, although instead of the bands and drum corps of the men, it takes the form of singing. Special musical groups have been organized by many units throughout the country and each year the competition is keen. Under the direction of Mrs. William Horsfall of Oregon, National Music Chairman, the national contests brought together several hundred Auxiliary women, grouped in trios, quartets, sextets and choruses in Public Music Hall. After four hours of rivalry, the following Unit groups were announced as winners:

Trios: First, Hot Springs, Arkansas; second, Toledo, Ohio; third, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Quartets: First, Key-
Sextets: IMPORTERS (Continued)

services: Services Stressed of children, received.

Department, substantial carried. major mendation Junior and community garden of NOVEMBER, Kent,

Committee Mrs. Movies, three other units, and rendered Community ing, the who
dent fast ruled more national
tional officers occupied the reviewing stand with officers of the Legion. National Commander Ray Murphy graciously insisted that Mrs. Mucklestone step forward to take the salute of her own Department of Illinois, which delegation alone took more than an hour to pass the reviewing stand.

The only official social function scheduled for parade day was the Aloha Breakfast to which are invited the first President of the Auxiliary in each Department and which is presided over by Past National President Mrs. Lowell F. Hobart, who was elected at the First National Convention in Kansas City in 1921.

Following the opening formalities of the second session on Wednesday morning, the report of the Committee on Community Service, Emblem, Trophies and Awards was presented by its Chairman, Mrs. George Hass. Services rendered to communities, including emergency aid, establishment of health units, the sponsorship of Girl Scouts and other girls' organizations, the promotion of civic bands, winter sports carnivals, garden clubs, athletic fields, are too numerous to list. Stressed were the Auxiliary's three C's—community children, community citizenship and community collaboration. The reports of the three Vice-Chairmen in charge of Better Movies, Junior Activities and Trophies and Awards were equally inspiring.

The special Convention Committee on Junior Activities, through its Chairman, Mrs. George Worthen, offered a recommendation that junior activities be taken from this joint committee and made a major committee. The motion to adopt carried. The report of the Membership Committee presented by Mrs. Gaylon C. Kent, Chairman, with its statement of substantial increases in almost every Department, was enthusiastically received.

Miss Ruth DeYoung, women's editor of the Chicago Tribune, after presentation by Mrs. Mucklestone addressed the convention on "Women in the Headlines." (Continued on page 52)

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NOVEMBER, 193

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M. Victor Beaugard, representative of the French government and of French veterans, and Colonel E. Lombard, French Military Attaché in Washington, were introduced and gave messages of greeting. In the speech to the Auxiliary, Miss Agnes Samuelson, superintendent of public instruction in Iowa and past president of the National Education Association, stressed four vital points as follows: “You are an agency in patriotic education. The historic function of the schools is to serve the purpose of our form of government. The place of the school in our American life must not be deflated if this historic function is to be preserved. The school is democracy in action.”

The “poppy line was carried forward” reported Mrs. A. D. Ladehoff, National Poppy Chairman, and stressed the poppy program as one of the most important of all Auxiliary activities as it was the source of revenue for the welfare, rehabilitation and educational programs. Almost 10,000,000 poppies had been sold during the past year by units throughout the country with profits of $377,239.33. Not only is this program the means of obtaining funds, but it is also the source of income for many disabled veterans who are employed in the making of poppies.

A striking advance in publicity obtained by the Auxiliary through use of radio broadcasting was reported by Mrs. William H. Corwith, National Radio Chairman. All Department chairmen have made every effort so that none but the best programs are broadcast in the name of the Auxiliary. The National President appeared on five coast-to-coast hook-ups. A contribution of more than 2,400 minutes of time for the presentation of the poppy program, alone, was obtained.

A series of six programs have been prepared on records for electrical transmission for the use of those Department that have difficulty in arranging programs. The records presented five-minute talks by Mrs. Mucklestone and Past National President Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., on Americanism, Community Service, Rehabilitation, Child Welfare, Poppy and National Defense, with music by a quartet and a large orchestra. Twenty-seven sets of records were used effectively in broadcasts from seventy-one different stations.

Following the acceptance of Mrs. Corwith's report, an unusual and interesting presentation ceremony was held. With the program being broadcast over the Columbia Network, through Station WHK, in Cleveland, Mrs. Mucklestone, after explaining that the Auxiliary desired to commend publicly valuable contributions to our national life, again presented Mrs. Corwith. In her talk, Mrs. Corwith said: “Interested in the welfare of the children of the nation, in the peace and security which our constitutional form of government guarantees us, we commend all projects that further these ends. We recognize in the pursuance of this policy the inestimable importance of the press and the radio in moulding public opinion and in fostering this program to which we are dedicated.”

After explaining that the Auxiliary at its National Executive Committee meeting early this year had authorized the presentation of an award to the sponsor of the best broadcast program during the American Legion’s second convention, she presented the Auxiliary award to the Columbia Broadcasting System for its program, “The American School of the Air.” The award was accepted by Mr. William S. Paley, president of the Columbia System, whose reply came from New York City and was broadcast to the assembled delegates and guests. Mr. Frederic Willis, assistant to Mr. Paley, had flown from New York to represent Mr. Paley and to accept the silver plaque.

There is usually tense excitement in the convention hall when the presiding officer announces that the next order of business will be the nomination of national officers and of the American Vice-President of Fidac Auxiliary. Excitement was lacking this year because there was an accord, a spirit of harmony and a feeling of confidence in the woman slated to be selected for the highest office in the Auxiliary that precluded any contest. Upon roll call, Mrs. Olga Webb, Past President of the Department of Nebraska placed in nomination Mrs. O. W. Hahn of Wayne, Nebraska, who has an outstanding record of service to the Auxiliary, both in her Department and nationally. Her eleven years of service include such responsible positions as that of Department Rehabilitation Chairman, of Department President, of National Vice-President for the Northwestern Division during the year 1934, and, during the past year, she again served the national organization as National Rehabilitation Chairman. Her nomination was seconded by Mrs. O. L. Bodenhamer of Arkansas and Mrs. L. M. Lemstra of Indiana. Although no other candidates for the office were nominated, in accordance with convention rulings the election was deferred until the final session on the following day.

The names of the five National Vice-Presidents, who are selected by their respective Divisional caucuses and whose nominations therefore are tantamount to election, were next presented: Mrs. Wilbur S. DeWeese, Troy, Ohio, Central Division; Mrs. James J. Bromley, Springfield, Vermont, Eastern Division; Mrs. J. Allison Hardy, Columbus, Mississippi, Southern Division; Mrs. Glenn A. Snodgrass, Phoenix, Arizona, Western Division, and Mrs. Ella O'Brien, Denver, Colorado, Northwestern Division.

There was but one nomination for the office of American Vice-President of Fidac Auxiliary. Mrs. John Gilmour of Kentucky placed in nomination Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn, Past National President, whose home is in Versailles, Kentucky. The nomination was seconded by Washington and California.

Mrs. Mary Ellen Macafee, Le Chapeau Nationale of the 8 and 40, brought the greetings of her organization and presented the Auxiliary with a check for a thousand dollars for its Child Welfare program. An 8 and 40 trophy was presented to the Louisiana Department for the second consecutive year for the outstanding Child Welfare report, and a trophy to Colorado for filing the greatest number of Child Welfare reports. Greetings were extended by national and state officers of a great number

Yours Faithfully
(Continued from page 51)
of veterans organizations' auxiliaries.

The report of the Constitution and By-Laws Committee was submitted by Mrs. Thomas G. Gammie, Chairman, and approved. No changes in the national constitution have been made. Mrs. Myron C. Miller, Chairman of the National Finance Committee, presented the report of her convention committee. The finances of the national organization, the report stated, are in exceptional condition, the budget balanced and funds are available for the continuation of all of the Auxiliary's activities.

According to the report of the Child Welfare Committee, submitted by Mrs. Maurice Barr, Chairman, 401,217 children were served and assisted by the Legion and the Auxiliary during the past year and two and a half million dollars expended in this work. The 40 and 8 and the 8 and 40 contributed to this program. Recommendation was made that the extensive program of child welfare be expanded wherever possible.

Mrs. Clark Hudson, Chairman of the Committee on the Education of War Orphans, reported that every effort is being made to contact war orphans so they may be advised of the opportunities that are available for them. Since few state legislatures were in session during the past year, no definite program was accomplished in the States which have not provided scholarships. The work, however, is being continued. Recommendations were made that in those States which have passed special scholarship acts limited to war orphans, efforts be made to have the acts amended to include post-war orphans; that the national act providing for the appointment of war orphans to the United States Military and Naval Academies be also amended to include post-war orphans; that Department committees investigate scholarships that may be available besides those provided by the States.

The National Publication Committee, through its Chairman, Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., made a report of splendid progress in the improvement and the distribution of the official publication, National News.

Because of the vast amount of business transacted and the great number of recommendations and resolutions approved, it is possible in this account to touch only briefly upon the various subjects considered. The Auxiliary is an established organization which during its fifteen years has developed comprehensive programs of activities to which each year it re-dedicates itself. Summaries of the proceedings of the convention in Cleveland will soon be made available by National Headquarters to all Departments and Units and to individual members who are interested in details of actions taken.

Sixteen hundred persons, including distinguished guests, national and department officers (Continued on page 54)

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NOVEMBER, 1936
of the Auxiliary and of the Legion and those in the ranks of these two organizations, paid tribute to National President Mrs. Melville Mucklestone at the States Dinner, which is always the outstanding social event of the convention. The vast Arena of Public Hall was turned into a banquet hall—resplendently decorated with the blue and gold colors of the Auxiliary, with palms and flowers—in which setting moved beautifully-gowned women. Opportunity is always taken on this occasion to visit friends. This is made easily possible as each Department's officers, delegates and guests are grouped together at a table representing that particular Department.

While most of the tables held flower centerpieces, many Departments are following the former custom of displaying decorations emblematic of their home States. Thus, corncob pipes symbolized Missouri, a miniature log fence, Kentucky; Oklahoma's table was decorated with a row of Indian tepees, while New Mexico displayed a covered wagon.

"We're here for a good time," said the honored guest, National President, Mrs. Melville Mucklestone, who presided at a speakers' table where sat fifty distinguished guests of the Auxiliary. Here were forgotten caucuses and committee meetings and convention sessions. Entertainment took the form of "Penalty Payers' Parade," which was provided by five Auxiliary Departments which had lost in membership contests with other Departments. Hawaii contributed a native song and dance, California came forward with a shepherders' band, while musical numbers were the offerings of Virginia, Texas and Florida.

In accordance with established custom and to the great enjoyment of the guests, it was a dinner entirely devoid of speeches, although the National President, National Commander Murphy and a few of the guests expressed greetings.

Presentation of trophies and awards, consideration of additional committee reports and the election of national officers were in the order of business for the final session on Thursday. In the Poppy Poster contest, winners were announced as follows: Marie Jeanblanc, 12 years old, of Lee Center, Illinois, in the grade school section; Kathleen Newman of Marion, Iowa, won the junior high school award, while Roy Edelman of Downingtown, Pennsylvania, won the senior high award. More than one hundred posters selected in 36 state elimination contests were considered in the finals.

The winning groups in the Music Contest were introduced and each sang for the convention, gaining hearty applause.

The award for the most active unit of the Auxiliary was presented to the Unit in Spartanburg, South Carolina, while the Seminole, Oklahoma, Unit, won the trophy for outstanding work with junior groups. The Department of New York won the trophy for the most constructive work in Fiddic, while Massachusetts was awarded the Toomey Historical Trophy for having compiled the best Department history.

Nine Departments received trophies for outstanding membership gains: Pennsylvania, the Biester and Cheney trophies; Nebraska, the Wirtz and McKay Junior trophies; Arkansas, the Town and McKissick trophies; Missouri, the Hobart and MacDowell trophies; Michigan won permanent possession of the Doyle trophy; Utah gained the Macrae trophy; Oregon, the McKay trophy; Alaska, the Hobart Junior trophy; Louisiana, the Waltrip trophy, and the Carpenter trophy (new) to Arkansas.

Mrs. Malcolm Douglas, Chairman of the Committee on National Defense, presented her report in which, again, the Auxiliary endorsed the Legion's full program in this activity. An educational program, with the purpose of mobilizing the opinion of women in favor of adequate national defense will be carried forward. Recommendation that the Department Defense Conferences, of which there were thirty-four held during the past year, be continued, was approved. The sale of Naval Print Plates, through which the National Committee endeavors to be self-supporting, was again called to the attention of Auxiliary members.

For the seventh consecutive year, the Auxiliary will present to The American Legion for its rehabilitation program $25,000 which is raised through contributions of Auxiliary members. This recommendation, which was approved, was included in the comprehensive report of the Rehabilitation Committee presented to the convention by its Chairman, Mrs. O. W. Hahn of Nebraska.

Another important recommendation was a request for a survey and investigation of the Public Health Hospital at Carville, Louisiana, wherein twenty-one of the four hundred patients are veterans. It will be requested that new buildings with modern living conditions be provided rather than that an attempt be made to remodel the present quarters. Another major activity will be the amplification of the work in behalf of blind veterans, including making available "talking book machines" for the blind.

It was further recommended that in view of the wide scope of the Auxiliary's program of rehabilitation, no additional projects be considered but rather that the present program be carried out fully. Mrs. Hahn's report showed that 46,604 men and women veterans had been aided during the year and that the total outlay for rehabilitation work amounted to almost a million dollars.

Again, in the approved report of the National Legislative Committee, submitted by its Chairman, Mrs. Ernest G. Karem, the Auxiliary went on record as approving and supporting the entire program of legislation as adopted by The American Legion in its national convention.

Prominent in the adopted resolutions, presented by Mrs. Louis Lemstra, Chairman of the Resolution Committee, was the following:

"Whereas, The American Legion Auxiliary was organized primarily to co-operate with The American Legion in the care of the service man and his family, and to develop a patriotic program; therefore be it resolved:

"Resolved, That we limit our major activities to Rehabilitation, Child Welfare, Americanism, National Defense and kindred subjects in a broad service, and that our co-operation be given to the Legion and other organizations, in all minor programs whenever possible. This to the end of a more simplified program and intensive..."
work.” The entire report was approved.

Resolutions of thanks to the host city and State, to the national and Department officers of the Legion, to the Legion and Auxiliary convention committees and chairmen of those committees and to all who helped to make the Sixteenth Annual Convention of the Auxiliary such a huge success were adopted. For Mrs. Mucklestone, the retiring National President, a special resolution of love, appreciation and thanks was approved.

With Mrs. O. W. Hahn the only nominee for the office of National President, Mrs. Mucklestone requested and received the consent of the convention that the National Secretary cast the unanimous ballot of the convention for Mrs. Hahn. To stirring music of the organ, led by a color guard bearing the Nebraska Auxiliary and Legion colors and escorted by a host of present and past Department officers of both organizations, Mrs. Hahn entered the convention hall on the arm of her husband, Legionnaire and ex-Naval officer O. W. Hahn. An ovation greeted her. Mrs. Mucklestone presented the new National President to the convention and bestowed upon her the badge and ribbon of the high office for which she had been chosen. National President Mrs. Hahn accepted the honor in a gracious speech, pledging her every effort to carry forward the great work of the organization.

The five National Vice-Presidents who had been selected by their respective Divisions were then formally elected by unanimous vote and were presented by the women whom they were succeeding in office. Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn was elected Vice-President of Fidac Auxiliary by the vote of the entire convention, cast by the National Secretary, presented by the National President and accepted by her in a brief but effective speech. Installation of the newly-elected national officers was conducted by Mrs. Donald Macrae of Iowa, Past National President.

In a ceremony of touching simplicity, Past National President Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn presented to the retiring National President the national colors under which she had served. Overcoming her emotion—and it is a tearful moment—Mrs. Mucklestone thanked the Auxiliary for having had the opportunity and honor of serving it during 1936.

“The Star-Spangled Banner” was sung and the Sixteenth National Convention passed into history, being adjourned by Mrs. Mucklestone, the retiring National President.

At a meeting of the National Executive Committee which was called by the National President immediately after adjournment of the convention, Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell of Iowa, National Secretary, was nominated by Mrs. Hahn and re-elected. Mrs. Cecilia Wenz of Indiana, National Treasurer, was nominated by Mrs. Hobart of Ohio, first Past National

(Continued on page 36)
President, and re-elected. Mrs. Thomas H. Johnson of McGehee, Arkansas, was appointed National Historian, and Mrs. Elizabeth C. Giblin of Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts, National Chaplain.

On Monday evening of convention week, La Boutique des Huit Chapeaux et Quaranfe Femmes—in other words, the 8 and 40, the fun-making organization composed of Auxiliary members—held its annual Pouvoir National. Mrs. Mollie Averill of Mount Vernon, Washington, was elected La Chapeau National to succeed Mrs. Mary Ellen Macafee. Other national officers elected were: Mrs. Margaret Delles, Chicago, La Secrétaires-Casserie Nationale (re-elected); Mrs. Corinne Craig of Muskogee, Oklahoma, L'Archiviste Nationale; Mrs. Alma Hunt, Mineola, New York, La Concierge Nationale; Mrs. Esther Marksbery, Dayton, Ohio, L'Aumonier Nationale. The newly-elected Les Demi Chapeau Nationaux are: Mrs. Florence Sloan, Fort Washington, Pennsylvania, Eastern Division; Mrs. Wilma Fitzgibbon, Birmingham, Alabama, Southern; Mrs. Jessie Hush, East Chicago, Indiana, Central; Mrs. Zella Scofield, De Smet, South Dakota, Northwestern, and Mrs. Jessie Pung, Honolulu, T. H., Western.

The 8 and 40 made its usual appropriation of a thousand dollars for the Auxiliary's Child Welfare program, the presentation being made by Mrs. Macafee. The same amount was also appropriated as a gift to the Jewish Tuberculosis Sanitarium in Denver, Colorado.

Limp was precious to her, for had he not received it for La Patrie?

And Paris! Would not that be but a beginning? How often Joe had said he might go back to his country far across the sea. Go away and leave her! She could not bear the thought. If Joe had been poorer than these Italians who combed the battlefields for copper and brass in the debris, still she would love him, have him against any man. She must keep him here.

She talked on rapidly, protesting. There was the Renault of Monsieur Barneveaux to repair; who would attend to the essence while he was gone? What about Caillaux's tractor? She would like to have said, also, what about the money for the honeymoon, but that was immaterial. Joe had not asked her to marry him.

But to all this Joe Bowne was oblivious. The encounter of the afternoon had suddenly presented to him a picture of his existence here in Placardelle, and he saw it as a flat monotone of nothingness. Working leisurely, quietly all day in the garage. Playing dominoes or la belotte of a night with Papa Touched or Andre or Pierre. Visiting among his friends and talking of crops and Latour's sick cow, or the depression or the to-be-feared Hitler. Discussing the community's small budget of news. Endless days of it that blurred one into the other and none seen clearly.

In the old days there had been fire and life, and excitement. The time he had stolen the skipper's bottle of Scotch and got drunker than fifty dollars. The night he and Dick Crum had picked up the blonde and brunette and shot a month's pay on a night that ended with a headache and an exhausting march to the front.

By some mental gymnastics these glorious old days became associated in his mind with the forthcoming trip to Paris. As if this Paris jaunt would of itself bring back youth and all its flame.

"I'm going!" he suddenly cried fiercely, "That's all there is to it!"

Never had he spoken so fiercely to her, and she fell silent, shocked, overwhelmed, and suddenly close to tears. He was scowling so like a little boy determined to have his own way. She thought of Paris girls, chic, well dressed. She thought of Joe boarding a ship, going away for good. The tears welled, but she forced them back.

Gently she said, "Then go, dear Joe, in God's name, and enjoy thyself."

He sensed rather than understood her mood. He was uncomfortable and wanted to go away. He rose and limped to the door. She followed and held up her face for his kiss. Joe put his arms around her. She was to him solid, the essence of the comfort and peace and tranquility he had enjoyed here for so long. It was on his lips to speak about the bans. But he held his tongue. What had Mitchell said? "The States is where you belong." And Mitchell was right.

He put his lips to hers and lifted them. "You're a grand girl, Rencheres, and—only—"

He left the rest unsaid and limped out into the night. Instead, however, of going to Papa Touched's, he returned to his house and brought out the album and stared at the pictures, all war-time and mostly of himself, and did some heavy thinking. But in the end he chuckled and laughed in memory and went to bed feeling strangely happy and young. Rencheres went to bed and prayed le bon Dieu to send Joe back to her and cried herself to sleep.

She came to the station to say goodbye to him, and they had an argument. In a strange burst of recklessness Joe had asked for a second class ticket. Rencheres gasped bewilderedly.

"One wishes only to ride to Paris," she cried. "A third class ticket permits that. To spend more is waste."

"It is a long ride," Joe protested, yet realizing the truth of her argument. "The wooden benches are hard."

"Only millionaires and fools ride second class," she demurred.

Joe's search after youth fought a battle with fifteen years of frugality and lost. "Oh, all right," he said. "What do you wish me to bring you?"

"Only thyself," she said. "I have need of nothing."

She saw that his musette contained bread, cheese, ham, and an apple, and that his leather bottle was filled with Monsieur Chartreuse's good pinard. She kissed him goodbye and said tearfully, "Thou wilt return, dear Joe?"

He couldn't tell her that when he returned it would probably be only to dispose of his business. He returned her kiss and said, "Yes, in two days' time."

He arrived in Paris at nine o'clock on the morning of the eleventh, and walked, to save taxi fare, to the spinning Hall, the American Legion's permanent home at 45 Rue Pierre Charron. He admired the stately white façade, and openly gawped at the smart young chasseur in a blue uniform with gold piping, and wearing the Legion emblem on his overseas-cut cap. Joe had always paid his annual dues; the yearly letter was a tie with the past. He was filled with happiness as he walked into the bar.

Slim Garnier, the ex-sailor, ceased vibrating a cocktail shaker above his head and held out a huge hand. "Well, by gosh, if it ain't Joe Bowne. I haven't seen you since Adam wore knee pants."

Joe visibly expanded. His face was flushed, his eyes sparkled and he was so excited he stuttered over the words of

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly
greeting. He was overwhelmed by this sudden transition from peace and solitude to a crowded bar where English droned from every side.

There were others there for him to meet and to greet, for the American veteran in France is a small group. There was Sedley Peck, he of the grand beard; white-haired Colonel Drake, who had made Pershing Hall possible, and Thorne and McElroy and all the others of Paris Post. Some there were, too, strange and shy like himself, veterans who had married French girls and raised families in small, remote villages and got to Paris only on such occasions as this. Joe enjoyed them all and felt fiercely proud that he was one of them.

They were all in uniform, for Paris Post would have its contingent in the annual memorial at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe. Joe needed no urging to join them; he had brought his uniform for that purpose. Fifteen years in Placar-delle had made Armistice Day a solemn rite in Joe's life.

As he donned his olive drab breeches and blouse, he thought of those annual gatherings, and then of Rencières. He was torn then with the wish to marry her, and take her to the States. But she would not go; he knew that. She loved all the France that Placardelle represented.

This made him sad until he reached the Place de la Concorde where the parade formed, and then he forgot everything but this spectacle and all the emotions it conjured. Joe's contingent marched ahead of the Mufilés de la Guerre and behind the Union Nationale. A dozen other veteran organizations were in line. And sturdy infantrymen in the horizon blue great coats with the flaps buttoned back, and a forest of needle-pointed bayonets rising above their blue steel helmets. Cavalry swirled and pirouetted; the brass-hel- meted Garde Républicaine dashed about, horsehair plumes flying. Bands, many of them, played martial music as only French bands can. Trumpets sounded and hob-nailed shoes beat a serenade to war. It was all like those stirring days of his youth, and Joe's blood danced and his shoulders straightened squarely.

And when he was marching on the Champs Elysées beneath the ruffled red, white and blue of the American flag, alongside it the blue and gold of the Legion departmental banner, a great lump came into his throat and his eyes misted so he could hardly see. They marched briskly up the stately avenue to the strains of the exciting Marseillaise, and Joe marched with the best of them. He thrilled to the throngs lining the avenue, so alive now with color and sound. He saw men tip their hats and in emotional ecstasy shout, "Vive la France!" "Vivent les anciens combattants!" Women waved handkerchiefs and wept. Children agitated tiny tri-colored flags and their voices shrilled excitedly.

When, finally, Joe stood at attention beneath the great arch of victory he was drunk with emotion. He scarcely heard the short dramatic speeches in lilting Alexandrine rhythms. But he did see one-armed General Gouraud touch the sword point to the eternal flame that burns over the tomb of the soldat in-

connu.

Joe's head was back, his eyes blazed with fervor. Forgotten now was everything. He was again Sergeant Joe Bowne of B Company, Young Joe Bowne!

He was still in the grip of this great exaltation an hour or so later when he changed back to (Continued on page 58)
Big Party

(Continued from page 57)

civilian clothes and went to wait for Mitchell and Doolittle. He was, however, still sure that shy, and being a man who drank sparingly as good French peasants do, he ordered a vermouth cassis, and bought a copy of L' Illustration in which he had been eagerly reading an exciting serial story. Joe loved to read, but he couldn't read now. Reading was second-hand somehow.

SO WHEN, at length, Doolittle and Mitchell arrived with shouts of welcome, he hastily pocketed the magazine and rose joyfully to greet them. It was, "How's the old kid?" "How's a frog-American?" "Me, I'm swell."

Joe cried, "Sit down and I'll buy a drink!"

He unpinced the safety pin that held the package of franc-notes inside his worn wallet.

But Doolittle shook his head. "No time," he declared; "hurry up, down the hatch with that belly wash. We've got places to go to, drinking to do."

Joe was perturbed; he saw no reason for hurry. They had all day and all night; and what difference did it make where you drank so long as the liquor was good? But Doolittle and Mitchell bounded off in nervous haste and force, he followed.

They went to the Hotel de Crillon bar. Here Joe was just working nicely on a pernod when Mitchell cried, "Drink, my hearties, onward calls the itching thirst."

Joe rebelled. "Why? The liquor here is good and it's nice and quiet."

They roared at him. "Quiet!—on a party! Lord, Joe, you sound like a frog. Come on, alley-oop!"

Bewildered, Joe was bodily dragged to a cab that had steered them toward Maxim's. Going up the grand boulevards, the din and turmoil of traffic-crowded streets pounded and thundered on his ears. The reckless driver gave him a dozen chills.

"I never knew so much traffic," he cried, thinking of the Place d'armes road where three cars would make a jam.

Mitchell laughed pityingly. "Traffic! This! Don't be foolish. Wait until you see the traffic in Middle City. Why, at a football game once, we were three hours making four miles. That's what you'd call it here."

Doolittle commented on Joe's remark about the terrific din. "This is no noise, all that horn blasting. In Middle City you'll hear noise that's noise."

Joe subsided. After all, maybe he was a hick, he thought. But this eternal haste made him nervous. They gulped a drink in Maxim's. Then Ferlee's! On to Johnny's Bar! Time to think about dinner. Joe mildly suggested the Tour d'Argent, where you could get a good pressed duck.

"We want lights and music," they chortled, "and dancing, too."

Taxi to the left bank. Café du Dome! Café Nationale! Down the hatch, we're on our way! Onward! The Café de la Paix for some food and more drink. By now Joe's interior was seething like a hot stove, and he had a glow that made everything rosy. He could forgive the noise, the traffic, the eternal haste to drink bad liquor in a dozen different bars. These were his friends—Americans!

Doolittle said whimsically, "You ought to come to the States, Joe. We'd fix you up with a job. I'll bet you're a swell mechanic and that's what we need most."

Joe was good and admitted it over the roti d'agneau. They asked him how much money he made and he figured it up in dollars and told them.

"Thirty dollars a week?" Mitchell gasped. "Why, it isn't even crap money. Listen, Joe, you come to the States like I said and we'll pay you sixty bucks a week to start, and if you're as good as I think you are, it'll soon be seventy-five."

Rapidly Joe computed seventy-five dollars into francs. "A thousand francs a week," he cried. "Fifty-two thousand francs a year!"

"Lots of guys make more than that," Mitchell assured him.

Joe thrilled. He told them he was a fast worker, really; he had once got out a valve-grinding job in two days.

They haw-hawed that. "Two days for a valve-grinding job. Listen, six hours in the States, and even less. We got machines," Mitchell smiled and added, "You'll find it's the fast worker who gets the dough. You have gotten like the French, slow and laying around on your sitzen-platz."

Before this point could be further developed the sudden yen to go places seized upon them. More drinks. Now Montmartre, then back to the Folies Bergere where the ladies of the ensemble are noted for what they do not wear.

Joe was weary, not half tight enough. When they mentioned the Montmartre again, he said, "The liquor's bad!"

"Bad. Why, compared to what we used to get in the States it's nectar. Come on."

Joe sighed and went on. The Parquet! Then Pigale's where they danced and set before Joe the vilest champagne he had ever tasted.

"It's good champagne," said Doolittle and Mitchell. "You got a frog taste, that's all, Joe."

Joe religiously stood his share of the drinks. Presently he had no thought of anything but sleep. He was too tired and too tight to care about anything. But Mitchell and Doolittle dragged him off to the Boul' Mich! Then to the Dead Rat, and the Devil's Den, and either places that passed like a blur of faces and bad champagne before Joe's fuddled eyes.

Doolittle got the idea that they exchange souvenirs, and a Levantine peddler in turban and djellab sold three very bad rugs for a very good price. More champagne until Joe's eyes swam like two peas in pale soup.

"I want some peace," he muttered. "Noise and lights and bad wine! Let's go home."

But they didn't. The pale dawn, cool and gorgeous, found them at the Market drinking onion soup. Joe bent over the table trying to read the serial in L' Illustration, and Doolittle and Mitchell on either side were saying gravely, "Joe's going with us. Yes sir. He's been dead for years and don't know it. But we'll wake him up."

"Yup," said Joe and collapsed on the copy of L' Illustration.

HE WOKE up in the Hotel Montaigu, though he didn't know it at first. Indeed, it took him some time to realize he was alive. His heart pounded, his head throbbed and the Ethiopian army had marched across his tongue in the night.

He groaned stentoriously for a while, and finally fragments of the night came to mind. With a feeling of alarm he climbed out of the bed and took stock of his finances. He found three pink one-hundred franc notes, a twenty and a ten and some brass francs. He had brought fifteen hundred francs with him to be on the safe side. Hastily he searched again. No secret cache. He had spent nearly thirteen hundred francs in a night. He stared in horror. Fifteen years of acquired frugality sat in judgment and found him guilty of mad extravagance.

He racked his head trying to remember how it had gone. He was still trying when the concierge, groaning and muttering, informed him that two Americans waited below for him. Joe put on his clothes, saw the dirtied copy of L'Illustration and remembered he hadn't read this exciting installment. He jammed it in his pocket and went below.

Heartily Doolittle and Mitchell greeted him. "Ready for some of that ol' hair?" Mitchell said jovially. "Hurry up, we've got places to go to."


From the outside the noise beat upon his poor head with pounding force. The motor cars flashed by in an endless stream and the sight made him sick.

"Sure, places," said Mitchell. "We haven't started yet to cover this man's
that modern research has determined that Old Hickory was born in South Carolina rather than in North Carolina as he himself and five full generations of Americans have believed.

So much for the kind of people that inhabit South Carolina, a State which boasts a higher percentage of native-stock Americans than any other in the Union. While our baseball series was being played I read an Associated Press dispatch which set forth that in the month of July South Carolina's cotton mills had more active spindle hours than North Carolina, which was far ahead of New England, once the leader in cotton goods manufacture. If cotton is again kulg its kingdom is wholly under Southern control.

In THE opening game, which drew 12,000 people, Pitcher Jim Thomas of Spartanburg poked in Center Fielder Guy Hughes from second to give the home team the run that was later to prove sufficient to win the game. Score 3-1. Bryan Stephens, six feet, four was the Los Angeles twirler.

Los Angeles came right back in the second game, sewing things up in the first inning when Bud Malone's triple with the bases filled provided more than enough runs to win, 6-0. Wilbur McElroy twirled for the Westerners, Furman Dobson and Pete Fowler for Spartanburg. Attendance, 10,000.

More than 8,000 were on hand to see Spartanburg take the third game by a 5-4 score, a double steal by Guy Hughes and Ray Linder in which Hughes scored providing the margin of victory. In the eighth inning of this game Elias Morjoseph, husky third baseman for Los Angeles, hit a tremendous smash into deep left field and trotted around the bases for the only home run of the series. Svein Wright pitched for the winners, Bill Weaver and Wilbur McElroy for Los Angeles. That evening O. K. Jones, manager of the western team, had the mothers of his boys gather at the home of one of them, so that when he got the telephone connection between the Hotel Cleveland, where the boys were staying, and Los Angeles, each boy was able to talk to his mother.

Rain held up the fourth game a day, and when play was resumed Los Angeles tied up the series at two-all by winning, 5-4. Spartanburg got sixteen hits to five for the winners, but the Westerners made every hit count. McElroy, who relieved Stephens as the Los Angeles pitcher in the fifth inning, drove a single down the third base line, scoring Morjoseph with the winning run. Thomas and Wright pitched for Spartanburg. Attendance, 10,000.

The final game was all Spartanburg, Los Angeles not scoring until the eighth, by which time the home team had tallied all of its eight runs. Wright pitched for the new champions, and McElroy and Weaver for Los Angeles. Score, 8-1.

The tumult and the shouting dies for this season of 1936, but the more than 400,000 boys who had a part in the Legion's Junior Baseball Program will go on to profit from the lessons in fair play, tolerance and mastery of self that they (Continued on page 60)
It's True About Dixie
(Continued from page 59)

have learned. The Los Angeles lads will have memories of some grand trips and stirring contests, and each will carry a fine watch as a souvenir of his taking part in the finals. The Spartanburg youngsters didn't do quite as much traveling, but they will have satisfactory trophies of their success, the most important, of course, the Howard P. Savage Cup whose possession by the Department of South Carolina stamps these kids as the tops in the boy baseball world. Also they will have memories of the first two games in the World Series in New York between the Giants and the Yankees.

On its way up to the top Spartanburg took its state championship from Ben- netsville, won the Georgia-South Carolina title from Carrollton, and in turn whipped Charlotte, North Carolina, New Orleans and Nashville in the sectional series at Charlotte. On their own home field they then disposed of Man chester, New Hampshire, two games to one. Several of the boys work in mills about Spartanburg, while the rest go to school. Their prowess is a splendid tribute to the great work done by their coach, Sergeant W. P. Hughes of the Regular Army.

Los Angeles defeated Stockton to take the California championship, moved on to Tucson to win the right to represent Arizona and its own State at the sectionals in Bismark, North Dakota, and there polished off Holdenville, Oklahoma, Omaha and Seattle. This placed them in the finals, as they drew a bye while Spartanburg and Manchester were fighting it out. They visited Indianapolis, and when Manchester was eliminated set out for Spartanburg, where 5,000 cheering people greeted them as they got off the train. All but one of the team are students at the Washington High School in Los Angeles, the one exception being in junior high. They are a credit to Manager Jones and their coach, Mike Catron, and California may well be proud of them.

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(Continued from page 29)

2. The deportation of any alien who has been convicted in the United States within five years of the institution of deportation proceedings against him of a crime involving moral turpitude or a felony.

3. The deportation of any alien who has knowingly encouraged, induced, assisted, or aided anyone trying to enter the United States in violation of law.

4. That all persons entering the United States illegally shall upon apprehension be immediately deported.

5. That our border patrol of the Immigration Service be increased to the point that efficient service will reduce illegal alien entry.

6. That designated persons holding supervisory positions in the Immigration and Naturalization service be given power to issue warrants of arrest for persons believed subject to deportation.

7. That the deportation of any alien who has been engaged in espionage for a foreign government.

8. That the present quota for immigrants from those countries granted quotas be reduced by ninety percent.

9. The deportation of all aliens who are anarchists or communists, or aliens who are affiliated with any organization associated directly or indirectly with the Third Internationale. Provided that no alien shall be deported who has prior to the passage of this Act lived continuously in the United States for at least ten years and has living in the United States a dependent spouse or dependent child who is a citizen of the United States, and is of good character.

10. That the administration of all alien and immigration laws enacted by Congress be strictly enforced according to their provisions. We recognize, however, the possibility of meritorious exceptions arising and the necessity of judicial interpretation of appeal from strict enforcement of the foregoing deportation provisions, and therefore recommend the power to exempt from deportation be vested in the judges of the respective federal District Courts before whom all such appeals should be heard.

11. Legislation providing that the ability to read English as well as speak it be made a prerequisite to naturalization.

12. That Congress appropriate sufficient funds to carry out the purposes of this resolution.

Assembled National Headquarters of the Legion to require that all graves committees collect after sixty days, flags placed on graves.

Directed the National Americanism Commission to give careful study to the feasibility of financing a national oratorical contest for high school students.

Endorsed the Boys' State idea enthusiastically, requested the National Americanism Commission to seek Boy Scout co-operation for the movement, and asked that reports from the Departments sponsoring Boys' State activities be made available to all Departments.

Appauled United States Supreme Court decision that naturalization of aliens should not be permitted if petitioner is unwilling to bear arms in defense of the nation.

Provided for distribution by the National Americanism Commission to Departments and Posts, for their study and criticism, of a suggested nineteen-point program of Americanism in the schools and colleges of the United States.

That the federal Government be encouraged to make and continue financial aid to the States for public education, without imposing federal control.

That the Congress of the United States be asked to prohibit importation of American flags manufactured in foreign countries.

That the Congress be petitioned to declare November 11th, Armistice Day, a legal holiday throughout the nation.

That the National Safety Program of The American Legion be extended in every possible constructive way.

That increased effort be made in the organization of emergency relief units throughout The American Legion.

That The American Legion adopt the observance of Memorial Day with the ancient traditions in accordance with General Logan's order to the Grand Army of the Republic, carrying on this duty for the next half century.

NATIONAL DEFENSE

The convention voted to make national defense "one of its primary major objectives throughout the coming year and use all possible means to secure the necessary appropriations therefor." It instructed the National Executive
Committee to collect and send to the Departments up-to-the-minute information on this subject and that it be presented to the membership in all publications of the Legion.

For the Army the Convention reaffirmed its 1935 resolutions asking for an army of 165,000 men and 14,000 officers with appropriate enlisted reserve; a National Guard of 210,000 men and proportionate officers, with 48 paid armory drills and fifteen days of field training; a Reserve Corps of 120,000 officers available for active duty, with training for 30,000 officers annually; a Reserve Officers Training Corps in each qualified school and college desiring it, with a minimum of six weeks’ training as a requisite for graduation from R.O.T.C. and a commission in the Officers Reserve Corps; Citizens Military Training Camps with 50,000 youths trained annually.

Also: “Continued modernization of arms and equipment, with special attention to anti-tank and anti-aircraft weapons, increase and further development of mechanized forces (not as a substitute for horse cavalry, but in addition thereto) and motorized equipment. Complete plans for service of supply in major emergency with sufficient funds made available for the purpose of placing educational orders with private companies for the production of vitally important war equipment and munitions not ordinarily produced in private industry; these orders to include gauges, dies, tools, fixtures, etc.; to the end that such firms will be prepared to provide personnel and material so that war equipment and munitions may be speedily manufactured on a large scale in the event of war.”

 Asked “Necessary improvements in our coast defense to insure protection of our coastal and foreign possessions against combined naval and air attack.”

The Aviation recommendations were:

That the lighter-than-air aircraft program be resumed and very closely prosecuted, and that “one or more full-sized rigid airships be constructed in order to determine the full usefulness of the airship in the defense of this country, and familiarize officers and men in its most effective employment.”

That sufficient funds be appropriated for the modernization of all radio beam and other equipment used as aids to air navigation in use by the Department of Commerce, Aeronautics Branch, to the point of adequacy on all airways now or later to be established.

For the Navy, the Convention recommended:
Continuance of the program to obtain as rapidly as possible the construction and maintenance of a Navy second to none, with sufficient serviceable navy planes, and with sufficient officers and men to fully man the ships and stations.

A marine corps of officers and men equal to one-fifth the strength of the Navy.

Adequate Naval and Marine Reserves, at least twice the size of the personnel of the regular forces, with provisions for 48 weekly paid drills and fifteen days’ active duty each year for the fleet component and fifteen days of active duty at least once in four years for the volunteers and merchant marine components.

New Naval Reserve training ships to replace obsolete ones.

“Adequate government support should be furnished immediately to that essential Naval Auxiliary—The American Merchant Marine—to bring it up from its present dangerously inferior position to a fleet of modern fast ships, adequate in numbers and tonnage, and of suitable types to meet the national defense as well as commercial requirements of the country.”

Continuation of training Naval Aviation Cadets, instituted last year.

That Naval R. O. T. C. units be established in land grant schools where practical.

That additional nautical schools be established throughout the country and national Merchant Marine academies be instituted.

Establishment of a Naval Reserve Bureau. This Bureau to be to the Navy the same as the National Guard Bureau is to the Army.

LEGISLATION

In addition to the Universal Service resolution, quoted in full earlier in this summary of the convention’s actions, the convention adopted resolutions providing for continuance of the Legion’s effort in behalf of legislation for preference and retention of World War veterans in civil service positions; that no further civil service examinations be required for eligible veterans who have already taken civil service examinations, and who are on the eligible list; that veterans shall receive preference in the matter of employment as extras or substitutes for U. S. Postal Service for the holidays.

Voted approval of H. R. 35 and H. R. 36 to establish a committee or commission to investigate “blue discharges” from the Army or the Navy.

REHABILITATION

The convention’s Rehabilitation Committee, considering some three hundred resolutions presented to the convention, divided the resolutions into two groups; first, those requiring legislative enactment, and second, those requiring administrative action. The former group included, in addition to the hospital construction matter dealt with earlier in this account, the following:

Recommendation that definition of the word “widow” as applied to the surviving widow of a World War veteran “shall mean a person who married the veteran prior to July 3, 1931, or one who married the veteran... (Continued on page 62)
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(Continued from page 61)

That in dealing with misconduct disabilities the Veterans Administration define a misconduct disease or disability as one resulting from injury or disease proved by the Government to be due to the veteran’s own willful misconduct.

Recommending a change in the present policy to permit rating boards of original jurisdiction to be permitted to make final favorable determination without reference to the Central Office on the basis of new and material evidence following a previous rejection by an appellate agency.

Recommending inclusion of the following disabilities in the present list of constitutional diseases: Chronic bronchitis, bronchiectasis, chronic bronchial asthma, and chronic pulmonary emphysema.

Recommending that artificial limbs be provided for those veterans otherwise entitled who reside outside the continental limits of the United States.

Provided for the creation of a medical council of the American Legion, as given earlier in this account.

Reaffirmed actions of previous conventions in affirming the Legion's policy that hospital care and treatment of World War veterans in need is a responsibility of the federal rather than the state governments or subdivisions thereof.

Favored the appointment of a national hospital chairman, with committees to co-ordinate and supervise hospital programs in every Department.

That death benefits be made payable either from date of death of the veteran, or one year prior to date of application in the event the claim was filed more than one year after death.

FINANCE

THE Convention authorized the National Executive Committee to create and establish a commission to be known as the Legion Publishing and Publicity Commission and such offices as in its judgment are essential and necessary to:

“A. Publish and distribute The American Legion Monthly.

“B. Publish and distribute The American Legionnaire.

“C. Supervise and control all other publicity emanating from the National Headquarters of the American Legion or any division or branch thereof, subject to the directions hereinafter set out.”

The resolution pointed out that in this action the work being done by the National Publicity Division and by the Legion Publishing Commission would be consolidated in the to-be-formed “Legion Publishing and Publicity Commission.”

The new Commission would be composed of those members of the Publishing Commission whose terms were unexpired on the establishment of the new body, and vacancies would be filled as in the past by appointment by the National Commander in office, subject to the approval of the National Executive Committee, and the publication and distribution of said Legion publications and publicity, and the Commission and offices created in connection therewith, as a division of National Headquarters of The American Legion shall be under the control of the National Executive Committee, and nothing contained herein shall be construed to authorize or empower the National Executive Committee or any officers of the American Legion to form a separate entity or corporation for the purpose of taking over the duties of the Legion Publishing and Publicity Commission.

“That to accomplish the purposes set forth in this resolution and to co-ordinate all publication and publicity activities of the American Legion, the National Executive Committee shall be and is hereby authorized and empowered to consolidate, eliminate or abolish all agencies or offices now performing any functions or duties relating to the publication and publicity activities of the American Legion, and all previous resolutions adopted either by National Convention action or by the National Executive Committee in conflict therewith shall be null and void.”

INTERNAL ORGANIZATION

THE convention declared by resolution “that any policy adopted by the national organization of the American Legion by convention action shall be a mandate during the year of its adoption and thereafter shall continue as the national policy of the National Organization unless changed by subsequent convention action or by action of the National Executive Committee.”

Left to the National Executive Committee the matter of including in the next

subsequent to that date and who has lived with the veteran continuously for a period of three years next preceding the veteran’s death.”

Recommending greater benefits, compensation or pension, for the widows and/or dependents of deceased World War veterans.

“That we reaffirm the fourth point of the Four-Point Program, “That in no event shall widows and/or dependent children of deceased World War veterans be without government protection.”

For enactment of legislation providing that court costs be charged against the Government where the plaintiff is successful in insurance suits.

For legislation providing equal benefits for the same disabilities whether they be directly or presumptively service connected.

That burial flags be made available at all first and second class post offices, with further recommendation that this be extended to all post offices if possible.

Free hospitalization and treatment for service connected disabilities to veterans of all wars residing outside the continental United States.

Reiterated the action of the St. Louis National Convention in requesting the enactment of legislation providing for an optional statutory allowance of not less than fifty dollars per month in lieu of domiciliary care for women veterans.

The resolutions requiring administrative action included:

“That the Standing Rehabilitation Committee be instructed to continue their efforts to obtain the liberalization of permanent and total rating, instructions and policies, and that the rating boards be admonished to apply more fully and sympathetically the provision on page 5, 1933 Rating Schedule and Regulations and Procedure 1160-a.”

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budget of the national organization whatever sums may be found necessary for financing the recommended activities of the Sons of The American Legion of the various Departments.

Recommended that the National Anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," be made a part of the ritual of all American Legion post meetings and public occasions.

Referred to the National Committee on Trophies and Awards a resolution designed to set up a competition at National Conventions among junior drum and bugle corps under sponsorship of various posts of The American Legion.

That reports entered in competition for various national trophies may be submitted fifteen days prior to the National Convention, rather than thirty days.

Recommending that the National Convention Corporations grant no concessions for the sale of various types of headwear similar to Legion caps, and called this matter to the attention of the various Departments for similar consideration.

Changed the basic quota for allocations in the convention parade, housing accommodations and seating at National Conventions from that of ratio of members in a given Department to the number of veterans who enlisted from that Department, to that of the ratio of members of the Legion to the number of Adjusted Service Certificates paid in the given Department.

A resolution calling for the semi-monthly publication of The National Legionnaire, brought to the convention floor as a part of the report of the Internal Organization Committee, was declared out of order by Commander Murphy on the ruling of National Judge Advocate Gregg, who held that since the resolution in question provided for an allocation of the national dues of each member of the organization it should have been presented to the Convention Finance Committee, to which the Committee on Permanent Organization had allotted "all matters pertaining to The National Legionnaire publication as regards finances or financial policy."

CHILD WELFARE

The convention again directed that at least half of the income from The American Legion Endowment Fund be allocated to the use of the American Legion Child Welfare work, and that as in the past at least $10,000 be budgeted and allocated from other than Endowment fund income for the administrative expenses of the National Child Welfare Division.

Similarly, the convention approved again the continuance of Area Child Welfare Conferences, and that allocation of funds for special service to Departments in advancing their child welfare programs be continued in the budget of the National Child Welfare Division.

Authorized a Mother's Day and Maternal and Child Health Program to be carried on as a continuing part of the Child Welfare Program.

Recommended to Posts and Units cooperation in the organization and support of co-ordinating councils of the social activities of the community designed to prevent juvenile delinquency.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Convention affirmed its belief in the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine as a policy of peace.

Approved Fidac's efforts in the promotion of world peace.

Opposed entry of the United States into the League of Nations.

Provided for presentation to the 1937 National Convention of a peace program, by the World Peace and Foreign Relations Commission of The American Legion.

Declared in emphatic, understandable language the Legion's opposition to "modification or cancelation of foreign war debts, and we favor the refusal of future loans to all nations that have defaulted on previous obligations. Further we approve the efforts of our Government to collect said war debts without further extension or reduction."

Urged the Government "to maintain a strict policy of neutrality regarding foreign affairs" and further urged "that the United States be kept free from any alliance which might draw this country into war."

EDUCATION OF WAR ORPHANS

The Convention urged upon Legislatures of the States that have not as yet passed special scholarship acts for war orphans, passage of such acts at an early date.

Asked that States which already have scholarships acts limited to war orphans be requested to amend those acts so as to include also post-war orphans, or those whose fathers have died since the war of a service-connected disability.

Recommended that some sort of dramatized pageant be used at Department and National Conventions, in recognition of our debt to our World War orphans (Continued on page 64)
and to present a more emphatic sense of obligation to this program."

SPECIAL RESOLUTIONS

THROUGH adoption of resolutions submitted by its committee on resolutions, the convention expressed its sentiments and desires on a number of subjects not included in the foregoing summaries. Among them were the following:

Instructed the National Executive Committee and all Department Executive Committees to unite in seeking restoration by all transportation agencies of the one-way fare for the round trip to National Conventions.

Urged the Works Progress Administration to continue the project of Veterans' Graves Registration to a successful completion.

Approved the action of the National Executive Committee in instructing all Departments to "urge their respective State Legislatures to specify enact the four model acts on the subject of close pursuit of criminals, interstate extradition, the removal of witnesses from without a State for criminal trial, and the supervision of out-of-state parolees, as drafted by the Interstate Commission on Crime, or similar legislation, to the end that the law enforcement agencies of the State may better co-operate in the apprehension, conviction and supervision of criminals."

Favored universal fingerprinting of the civilian population.

Urged that a system of identification be established for all non-citizens of the United States and that such legislation be prepared by the National Legislative Committee to make effective this national policy.

Reaffirmed its previous actions in condemning mob violence and lynching throughout the United States.

Condemned the activities of the "Black Legion" and every other such organization as "utterly reprehensible because they strike at the very fundamentals upon which our Government is founded; that we urge the adoption by Congress of such actions as may be necessary to investigate the activities of such organizations.

"That the press of the country be requested and urged when referring to such organizations, to do so in such unmistakable way that the name of The American Legion will not in any way be confused and misunderstood."

Reaffirmed its previous mandate that the Secretary of War be authorized to furnish a flat stone or bronze marker for the graves of war veterans, in addition to the upright stone marker now furnished by the Government.


THE newspapers of Cleveland, rising to the occasion, gave the convention complete and intelligent coverage, assigning their feature writers to the principal events of the week that embraced the stay of the Legion guests. They didn't miss a thing. The Plain Dealer, publishing on Monday a map of the downtown section of Cleveland, showed a realistic conception of the situation by running heavy black lines about the areas to be touched even remotely by the parades, and remarked: "Within these boundary lines Cleveland belongs to The American Legion Monday night and all day Tuesday. If you just MUST drive down town bring blankets and food and make arrangements for someone to feed the cat for the next few days."

The outfit reunions during Legion Week, running all the way from companies up to Divisions, were a great success, and like the drum and bugle corps competition, are becoming increasingly important convention features as the years go on. One can't in the compass of a story such as this mention everything, but it would be reasonable in a native of Massachusetts who is now a resident of Connecticut to fail to mention that fine boulder of Connecticut granite which veterans of the Yankee Division dedicated during the convention to the memory of their beloved Major General Clarence R. Edwards, wartime commander of the Division and subsequently Massachusetts Department Commander of The American Legion, near the place of his birth in downtown Cleveland.

Nor should one fail to acknowledge the cordial hospitality of Plain Dealer Post of the Legion, which gave a great party for Legion editors and writers the night before the convention in the auditorium of the Cleveland News, with Rudy Valle, fresh from his triumph at the "Parade of Champions," starting in which he had left off. One familiar face was missing at this and other functions of the week. Philip Von Elson, Managing Editor of The American Legion Monthly, a before-the-war member of the Plain Dealer staff, who had seen and reported for this magazine every convention from that first Cleveland one in 1920, underwent a serious abdominal operation a few days before the opening of the convention and was unable to make the trip. His old buddies on the Plain Dealer and his many other Legion friends sent him a cheering message.

So for another year the Legion settles down to the day-to-day work of translating into action the policy adopted by its national convention. How better can I close this account than by quoting a short paragraph from one editorial of the many that during the week the newspapers of Cleveland published about their guests? This, from the Press:

"It is good to have the thousands of Legionnaires in Cleveland. It is good to have a million of them in the country."

THE FORTY AND EIGHT

INCREASED membership and an increasing service to the Legion featured the report which Fred M. Fuecker, retiring Chef de Chemin de Fer of the Forty and Eight, made to the Legion convention. The Boxcar organization head, repaying the greetings which National Commander Ray Murphy had presented at the opening of the Seventeenth Annual Promenade of the 40 and 8 on Sunday, said that further progress had been made during the year in diphtheria immunization, smallpox vaccination, Schick tests and in other parts of La Société's health program. The 40 and 8 had rendered assistance of a substantial sort in the hurricane and flood disasters during the year, and aid given the Legion's Child Welfare program had been continued, he said.

The Forty and Eight parade, traditionally the curtain raiser of the Legion parade, was one of the big features of Legion Week in Cleveland. Three hundred thousand people saw the most complete assembly of locomotives, boxcars and ships, marching units, bands and drum and bugle corps La Société has ever put on. The usual Wreck that follows this big parade was held in the
Municipal Auditorium after the parade, with some fifty P. G.'s being initiated.

For its Chef de Chemin de Fer for the coming year La Société named Harry E. Ransom, of West Allis, Wisconsin, who has had an active career in the Forty and Eight in the Wisconsin Voiture as well as having served terms as a sous chef de chemin de fer and as chemimot national. He is 48 years old, a veteran of the Regular Army service before the war. He had fourteen months' service in France, coming back a major. His wife and daughter have been active in the Auxiliary, and his twenty-year-old son, Harry E., Jr., was the first Commander of the Sons of the Legion Squadron of his father's Post, Milwaukee Post of Milwaukee. Chef Ransom is an alcohol tax unit agent in Milwaukee.

Other officers elected were: Sous Chef de Chemin de Fer, Lyon W. Brandon, Como, Mississippi; William Pettit, Detroit; G. W. (Jack) Carroll, Huntington, West Virginia; Clifford Ragan, Evans- ton, Wyoming; B. Fred Gentile, Cranston, Rhode Island; Heiskell Harvill, Tampa, Florida; Commissaire Intendant National, N. Carl Nielsen, Gig Harbor, Washington.


The Voiture National trophy for obtaining the largest number of Legionnaires in the year was awarded to the New York Voiture, and the Voiture National individual trophy for securing the largest number of new Legion members, to John J. Cronin of New York City. The Pelham St. George Bissell trophy for securing the largest number of new Legionnaires in proportion to its 40 and 8 membership went to the District of Columbia Voiture. The Kansas Voiture, with a 174 percent increase, won the John (Chick) Conny trophy for the largest 40 and 8 membership increase. The Charles Walker Artery, Jr., trophy for the best child welfare work went to the Arizona Voiture.

**Hester Burns the Horses**

(Continued from page 13)

ing with some folks there in the village, but the bands were playing tonight and made a lot of noise, and I had work to do, and by the time I got through I couldn't sleep at all." He chuckled and continued, "Probably they think I'm asleap, but I snuck out on them. Sometimes things seem less difficult, when you sneak out and take a walk by yourself. I don't know whose coat this is, or whose hat; I just picked them out of the hall as I came through. I must look like a Calathumpian!"

He crossed the border of firefight and stopped beside Hester Stile and, reaching down, he put his fingers under her chin and turned her face up so that her eyes looked into his. "Red hair," he whispered. "Kind of red, anyway... Sissy, I used to know a girl whose hair was just about that color." He stood for a while looking at her face, and yet Hester said that he did not seem to be seeing her at all. As for Sutton Asherwood, he had never yet presumed to put his hand under Hester's chin, although he should have liked to; and still he felt no jealousy when the stranger did it.

The man patted her shoulder and turned away, and then he swung back again. "You know," he said, "this situation reminds me of something that happened one time out West. We had a new schoolmistress come to town; she was pretty, and active, and had a mind like a whip. An old widower named Turnover took a great shine to her, and courted her the best way he could. But when he asked her to get married, she shied off and said no. She guessed not?"

He stopped suddenly and said, in a different tone, "Do you both know what a somnambulist is?"

"A person who walks in his sleep," murmured Hester.

"Well, the teacher said they couldn't ever be happy together, she and old man Turnover. He wanted to know why. She said, "Well, for one thing, I'm a somnambulist!"

The stranger chuckled in anticipation, "And then (Continued on page 66)"

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**Stop Itching**

**TORTURE IN ONE MINUTE**

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blatches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes, and other skin conditions try your Dr. Dennis' pure, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle caresses are intensively soothing and stannous—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. Buy yourTEXTBOOK OF GAME MANAGEMENTsentFREE! and complete line constantly consumed guaranteed industrial products: year around repeat orders, mail order protection; PART or FULL time, protection for story products fully. The North American Fibre Products Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
Turnover piped up and said, 'Don't let that worry you, Miss Bennett. I'm a broad-minded man, as you must know. You just go to your church and I'll go to mine!'

He smiled, and then remarked, 'Hm. This situation kind of reminds me of that. We have here two contrary schools of political endeavor. Naturally, it's not a case of open rebellion of individuals. Just contrary schools. Take my advice, young people, and each go to your own church, and maybe things will work out all right.'

HE LEFT them, then, and was gone into the darkness, and soon they heard him scrambling over the broken rail fence that edged the road. More wagons were coming by, but they imagined that the stranger would not ask for a ride in any of them.

Sutton Asherwood said, finally, that he himself would watch the fires—that he could do so very well; he could manage efficiently, now that he had been shown the proper way. He thought, he said, that it would be nice if Hester Stile would ride with him and the Koppels into the village next day to hear the speech-making, and see all the bands and people. But she'd be too tired to go unless she went and got some sleep, and let him look after the rest of the horse-burning...

So they went into town the next day, crammed with numerous Koppels in the high-wheeled rig, and Asherwood consented to wear an old frock coat instead of his gray jacket, so that he would meet with no danger from the people that didn't know him, and in turn would offer them no offense.

They stood in the great crowd on the hillside, Hester and he, near the platform where men and boys sat around the edge with their heels hanging down. There were thousands on that hillside, and they were not close enough to witness the arrival of the Chief Executive and the other government officials.

But when Everett's long oration was finished and the crowd was buzzing and whispering about it, they saw the President stand up and come forward with a little paper in his hand. They heard him say, 'Four score and seven years ago, our fathers... dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.' He spoke like a Kentuckian, saying "toe" instead of "to," and Hester Stile fainted dead away. She was glad afterward that it was Sutton Asherwood's leg instead of his arm which had been amputated, or else he would never have been able to hold her.

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**Does France Forget?**

(Continued from page 39)

Thiaucourt, as oldster and youngest priest and peasant, deputy and doctor, evoked the sacrifice of the A. E. F. dead. There was no work in Thiaucourt that morning; the schools were closed; everybody, like a Kentuckian, said "toe" instead of "to," and Thiaucourt went dead away. She was glad afterward that it was Sutton Asherwood's leg instead of his arm which had been amputated, or else he would never have been able to hold her.

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**Hester Burns the Horses**

(Continued from page 65)

gested" from above; there was nothing artificial or stage-managed about it; the mayor expected—and got—no publicity. It was simply a unit of the real France honoring an American soldier.

MORE examples? Here is another; it is the story of a French hamlet, near Château-Thierry, which stages a unique ceremony every May 20th in memory of Lieutenant Caller Landram Ovington, A. E. F. aviator whose first flying was with the Lafayette Escadrille. His grave cannot be decorated, for he has no grave; he perished, literally, in the flames of his airplane. The exact spot is unknown, but it is somewhere near the small town of Lagery.

Only a short distance away, at a crossroads, his mother has had erected a memorial which joins the practical to the artistic; it is a large, roomy, and comfortable armchair in stone, for three or four persons, properly inscribed, where passers-by may rest themselves. On May 20th (anniversary of Ovington's death) the village of Lagery holds a ceremony on this spot; his fifty flights across the enemy lines, his Croix de Guerre, and General Gouraud's citation of him are all recalled. The village band plays; the children sing; the local firemen salute, and flowers are placed about and above the memorial chair.

All of France, I repeat, remembers the A. E. F., but as we enter the battlefield zone, gratitude to the U. S. A. increases (as is normal), especially in the hamlets which were liberated by the forward surge of the American troops.

I was in Saint Mihel last year when this Meuse city celebrated the 75th anniversary of General Pershing's birth by planting a "Pershing Oak" in the public garden. (A score of other communities, also "redeemed" by the A. E. F., did likewise.) Well, let me tell you, Harry, that an American amounts to something in Saint Mihel; he is more than so many pounds of brawn and brain; he is a liberator, a conqueror, almost a savior.

We, that is The American Legion delegation to this "Festival of Deliverance," which is held every September, received a salute from every soldier; a friendly bon jour from every man; a charming smile from every winsome demeselle, plus fattened chicken, foie gras, and "laughing water" from Rheims.

All along the one-time battle line, La Chalade, Montfaucon, Nantillois, Imecourt, Buzancy (I'm sure you remember them all, Harry,) the same brand of welcome awaits the A. E. F. visitor; it is even more tangible in the communities where the American military cemeteries are located.

Memorial Day at any of them (you should arrange your next trip to spend May 20th in France) is a moving spectacle and an unforgettable experience, whether at Bony or Belleau or Romagne. I was singularly privileged, last Decoration Day, to be in Thiaucourt, where 4152 of our buddies await the bugle call of resurrection. It was a holy day in
Then, ten days later, on November 11th, the A. E. F. is remembered once again. Armistice Day has two phases in France; the first evokes the glory of the dead; the second celebrates, often with hilarity, the Allied victory of 1918. Since the French possess an uncommon sense of proportion, they are able to effect the transition with tact, discretion and dignity. Last Armistice Day, for example, I represented our Division at Ancy-le-France; I helped to decorate the grave of a Blue Ridge comrade; later in the day, with Major Clifford V. Church, our judge advocate, I was the guest at the annual banquet of the former fighters of the town. We were astonished to find two other A. E. F. veterans in attendance, two of Pershing's “orphans” living in near-by villages, and a third, we were told, was absent because of illness. If the Ancy banquet were an exception it would not be worth mentioning, but it is typical of several hundred similar banquets with A. E. F. veterans in attendance. Indeed, the ancients combattants make it a point to invite American ex-soldiers, if any are to be found within a radius of ten or fifteen kilometres.

By this time you have probably noticed the big role which French children invariably play in these tributes to the A. E. F. This is not an accident; it is part of a definite plan to teach the youngsters the significance of 1914-18 and our part in it. A Franco-American ceremony without children would be impossible; they are always part of the scenery. Further, in the schools—especially on April 6th, anniversary of our entrance into the war—there are special lessons dealing, in accurate fashion, with America's contribution to the Allied triumph. And the history books—well, to be absolutely sure of my facts, I draft the services of Jacqueline, my daughter. (by the way, Jacqueline claims that Harry Junior owes her a letter, and she adds, which is a very grave charge, that she hasn’t yet received the photo of Shirley Temple which he promised her.) Jacqueline brings me a copy of Mallet's Contemporary History, the standard textbook in the French schools. I quote a single paragraph only:

The United States brought economic, military, and moral reinforcements of indescribable value. The great American army was rapidly organized, and by the summer of 1918, almost 1,000,000 men were in the front line under Pershing. The Americans fought the war as if it were a holy crusade, a crusade for Right and Liberty.

Jacqueline, who is happy to aid in the preparation of this letter, also points out this quotation, signed Raymond Poincaré:

America’s valiant battalions sped to the combat with such a male contempt for danger and death that we, with our greater experience of the war, were inclined to counsel prudence ... The American soldiers have every right to contemplate with pride the work accomplished by their courage and their faith.

That, Harry, is what France (more quotations on tap, if you want them) is teaching her young. Yvonne and Pierre, Raoul and Leontine are no longer to be allowed to forget. If it were banquet oratory (at the Thanksgiving dinner of Paris Post, for example), I wouldn't blame you for discounting it; after all, the “communicative warmth” of banquets inclines even the most sober of us to exaggeration. But Jacqueline has been quoting from a matter-of-fact text-book, conceived in a scientific spirit, which had to pass the standards of the Ministry of Public In-

(Continued on page 68)
Does France Forget?

(Continued from page 67)

P.S. I got to squeeze in a final bit of evidence. It is from Henry Dunning, "chief of staff" of the permanent FIDAC organization. He tells me that every year he receives 150 letters from French families asking him to look up A. E. F. veterans who have been lost, strayed or stolen. He quotes a typical letter:

For many years we have been corresponding with T. O. P. Sergeant of Middletown, Pennsacola, when all of a sudden his letters stopped. For six months, we have heard nothing from him. We wonder what has happened, if he is ill, or what. Then again (may the Good God forbid!) he may have died. At all events, we are writing to ask you to find him, since we do not want the friendship, begun in 1918, to be broken.

Dunning informs me that one of these letters (maybe he was trying to pull my leg or yours) came from St. Marc and was signed J. Lacoste. Which proves, I wager, that if you haven't been forgotten you deserve to be.

Julie, She No Cry

(Continued from page 6)

"You must not do that," I pleaded more gently. "I don't think Johnny would like that."

She lowered her head and softly sobbed. "There, there, don't cry," I begged.

For a moment she dabbed her eyes. Then she tossed back her head, looked at me squarely and stopped. "All right, captain," she said, "Julie, she no cry. She never cry. She no come cemetery France, see her soldier boy Johnny's grave and cry. No, no, not Julie."

Tears continued to drop from her eyes. "Oh, those tears? You funny, captain. Those not cry tears. They sun tears. See? Now I turn around. Now sun lay on my neck. No tears in my eyes."


"Excuse me, captain. I sit down by my Johnny's grave. You know my boy Johnny? He be's a god soldier. He be's good boy, good to his mama Julie. Every month, just like the gas bill, come government check. Johnny send me money when he live. He dead long, oh, long, long time. Julie still live, and just cause Johnny be's good and make me out his insurance papers."

"My boy Johnny, he be's so good in school. Teacher say, 'Johnny going be maybe big man some time.' My boy he even go high school. "When war come, he say, 'Mama, it's all right. Don't cry.' I got go. You be proud from your Johnny. Soldier business good business."

"Johnny no stay private soldier, no sir, captain, not my Johnny. Bye and bye he be's corporal. In six months, he sergeant. Maybe, who know? Bye and bye he be's officer like you, captain. Then come July, 1918. No more Johnny. "My Johnny he's such a nice looking boy. He no Hunky like Julie. He American boy, born Pittston, Pennsylvania. Maybe he could be President."

"See, there he be's now, little fellow like, no bigger than the cross that lay on his head now. Those arms on the cross make me think from little Johnny when he hold out his hands and run for me, all the time he say, 'Here come Johnny, mama.'"

"Now I got no Johnny. I got no nothing. "It's all right, Johnny. You mama cry no more. Julie she say she cry no when you go soldier business. She no cry now. "This country, France, old country, like my Hungary. Old country good place to die. America, new country, nice place to live. I no want live no more. I stay here old country and die."

"Excuse me, captain. Excuse me, Johnny. You mama make foolish talk. She no talk like that no more. "You hear so nice, captain. You say little, but you know much. I tell you all my troubles. They begin long, long time back. Who know? Maybe thirty year. 'I be's born a Hunky and I be's a happy Hunky. I be's pretty when I be's young.'"

"You think I pretty now? Oh, captain, you talk so nice. Look at my hands. Look at my feet. Look at my face. Look at my shape. Ha! Ha! You joke poor Julie. Never mind. When I be's young"
Never, never. I no say nothing to nobody.

"Oh, captain, he look so pretty in his soldier suit. Like his pop—big, strong, light. Before he go to Syracuse, he come home three days. He take his mama motion pictures. All the girls, they look at Johnny, make eyes, and Johnny know. Aber when my Johnny be's with his mama, he got no never mind for the girls. He just hold my hand and say, 'Mama, you my girl.'"

Before Johnny go France, he call me long distance by the telephone. He say, 'Hello, my mama, I'm calling you to say goodbye. May be bye and we go over there, you know, like the song.'

"'You no come?' I say, 'You go way and you no want see you mama?'

"'Oh, mama,' he say, 'you no verstich this soldier business. I no can go.'

"I say, never mind, he got to come. He say, 'Good-bye, mama. Don't cry! I say, 'All right, and right away I cry. I no hear no more. Johnny! Johnny! I cry louder, 'Hello, hello, Johnny.' I no hear. Bye and bye the telephone lady say 'Number please?' I pull the string. I shake the hook aber I no hear my Johnny no more.

"Bye and bye come his letters, such nice letters. I proud from my Johnny. I hang flag with a star out of the window for my boy. I write sometimes every Sunday. I got letter from Johnny—one, two, three. Then just like that, no more letters. Then telegram—Oh, Gott, no more Johnny.

"Days, I no can work. Nights, I no can sleep. I go to the park, sit on the bench, look at the sky, think from my Johnny, say nothing aber cry plenty.

"One day, he be's on the man on the bench. He see me. He look at me good. He be's all by himself just like Julie. He say a funny 'Hello' and he kind of laugh. I laugh a little bit, too. We talk. He say he have no more wife, no more kids. Bye and bye in couple weeks, that he say's Looey, he (Continued on page 70)

FRANZ

69

Johnny.

I no like his boy. Franz kiss me good-bye, go America, but he leave me something. The baby he come and die. Franz gone long, long time. My mama, she say, 'No good business, plain Julie marry noble fellow.' I know my Franz. He love his Julie.

"Bye and bye in couple years, he send money and letter. 'Name's Paterson. Right away I come. He work the mine. I work the kitchen. Babies come every year right after the snow melts. First come Louisa. She die. Then come Katinka. She die. Then Annie. She live Budapest now. Then my Johnny, my soldier boy.

"Once he's four kids in the house. All live. Then they bring my Franz from the mine with no life in his eyes. He die. Right away the kids get sick. Two die. I save my Annie and my Johnny, my soldier boy who love his country more than his mama, more than the whole world.

"He no have to go fight, captain. He only seventeen years. He lie to the Government. He lie to the Army. I say, 'Johnny, I go tell captain. You too young go soldier business.' He say, 'Mama, you do that and you make for me much trouble. Mama, please no make trouble for your Johnny.'

"Me make trouble for my Johnny?"

VETERANS of the World War in the United States average forty-four years of age. At that age a person should be watchful for signs of cancer, which is in a sense the result of the wear and tear of the body tissues resulting from age. There are certain signs for which any person of more than thirty-five should be watchful.

Any sore which does not heal promptly, particularly one about the mouth.

Any lump, whether in the breast or other part of the body, which begins to grow or change.

Any unusual discharge or bleeding.

Many cancers can be cured by early treatment, and in the presence of any of the above symptoms immediate advice should be sought.

The Veterans Bureau operates special cancer clinics in some of its hospitals, where ex-service men who are unable to pay may be given treatment free. Information may be obtained from the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion, 1608 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Literature dealing with cancer may be obtained from the American Society for the Control of Cancer, 1250 Sixth Avenue, New York City, write to the New York City Cancer Committee, 150 East 83d Street.
Julie, She No Cry
(Continued from page 69)

wants take me to marriage with him.

"I laugh. Julie, she too old, I say. He laugh. 'It's going be all right. I got nice job. You no more work,' he say. Nice fellow, Looey, so I say yes.

"We live good, save money. Bye and bye I take job again, clean in the bank. Looey work the banker's garden. We get nice little house. One day man come and say, 'Tain't nice American people no got home their own. For $500, I sell you nice lot and maybe bye and bye you build your own home.' I big fool. Looey big fool. We give money Saturday and every Saturday we got to give more.

"Then come all the crazy business. Looey lose the job. We no can pay for the lot. We lose the lot. The bank, she close. I lose the job. Then my money, she tie up. Then they say, I lose everything, all the money, $2,200, all the money I saved from my life, my money, Looey's money, Johnny's money, all gone. I got nothing. Looey, he cry like baby. He tear the bank book in little bitsey pieces and throw it in the fire. He talk bad. He swear. 'Maybe better we both die,' he say. It be's good with me, aber right away, I think from my Johnny and I hear him say, 'Don't cry, mama, it's going be all right.'

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny, you mama want you so much! I no want go back New York. I no want see America country. I want to die.

"You say, Johnny no like such talk, captain? All right, Johnny. Excuse me, Johnny. No more talk like that, no more. Good-bye, Johnny, good-bye. Maybe, bye and bye, I come see you again, some time. Good-bye, Johnny. No, I no cry, Julie, she no cry, never, never, never.'

Julie knelt down and kissed the sod. Looey followed. Then both of them plucked a few slices of grass, threw them over their shoulder and arose. Without a word we got into the car. The car started. Julie looked down at her patent leather shoes and rubbed her hands over the toes.

"Captain, all right, me take off my shoes?"

"Go right ahead." She took them off, tucked her feet up under her body, and soon was fast asleep. Slowly her head dropped. Finally it dropped on my shoulder. I did not dare disturb her. Thus she remained until we reached the hotel in Paris.

Next morning Julie and Looey took the train for Budapest.

Just before the train started Julie leaned her head out of the window and whispered to me, "Maybe next week my Annie in Budapest she have a baby. Maybe he be a boy. Then maybe I bring him back to America myself to be soldier boy like my Johnny—or maybe like you, captain."

Can You Say Whoo in German?
(Continued from page 42)

those 625 Legionnaires of Athens Post, we received the picture of Company D, 18th Infantry, which is reproduced. Wonder how many of the men of that company will take time to write to this former comrade, Konstantinos Baryiam- mes, who lives now in Augerinos, Voion, Greece? How does he happen to be there? Well, we will let Comrade Baryiames tell his own story:

"I am sending to you a picture of my wartime outfit, Company D, 18th Infantry, 1st Division, which was taken three days before we left the Occupied Area in Germany for home. The company was lined up just before we passed in review before General Parker. I was in the third platoon and I certainly would like to hear from some of my old comrades.

"When in 1910, at the age of twelve, I emigrated to the United States with my father, I didn't realize that I would fight for my new country and then later return to the country of my birth. When we arrived in America, we settled in the town of Manchester, New Hampshire, where my father worked for six months in a factory. After that six months' period, my father returned to Greece. I started to work in a shoe factory and after a time, I moved from Manchester to Cincinnati, Ohio, where I opened a restaurant.

"When in 1917, we got into the war, I had to do my duty to my adopted country and so I enlisted in the Army. I was sent to Columbus, Ohio, and from there to Brownsville, Texas, with the 4th Infantry, which later moved to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. On October 30, 1917, I left for France and as soon as we reached there I was transferred to Company D, 18th Infantry, and stayed with that outfit all through the war, except for a time in hospital. In January, 1918, we were moved to the front in the Toul Sector. "Most everyone knows the fine fighting record of the First Division, but I remember particularly the fighting in the Aisne-Maze Offensive in July, 1918,
"You see, we ran out of bottles!"

when our regiment received a special commendation. When we were relieved on July 23d, there were only one officer and thirteen enlisted men left in Company D. I stayed with the outfit through the St. Mihiel fighting and was with it in the Meuse-Argonne from October 1st to 11th, when I was sent to a hospital. I returned to my company in the Army of Occupation, stayed there until August 17, 1919, and then we started for the good old United States.

"After my discharge, I returned to my previous work but on account of my suffering could not do the same work as before. Then I spent another year in a veterans' hospital and was paid compensation for service-connected disability. I was advised to return to Greece to improve my health as the climate here is dry. Now I am a married man, have three children and I expect when they grow up to bring them to the United States and if the Government needs them, I will send them to fight as their father did.

"I am a member of Athens Post of The American Legion, which post is doing everything possible to help all the American veterans in Greece."

Now suppose some more of our comrades in far-distant lands report to the Company Clerk of the Monthly with their wartime pictures and stories. We will all be glad to hear from them.

We did not agree with Legionnaire E. J. Ertel of 21 East Eighth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, in the first statement he makes in his letter—because the cavalry has been mentioned in these columns more than once—we are glad to give him the floor to tell us something more. All right, Ertel, speak up:

"Of all the pictures and stories you have published during the past several years, I do not remember a single one from a branch of the service about which little was said during or since the war—the cavalry. I venture to say that few service men or the public at large knew that the U. S. had organized cavalry outfits along with the rest.

"I was first sergeant of Troop M, 314th Cavalry, organized at Camp Owen Bierne, about two miles north of Fort Bliss, Texas."

"After we had been in camp about three months, my commanding officer decided to relieve the monotonous appearance of the camp by replacing the officers' tents with something more substantial. Since the usual home of many of the natives of those parts was a house made of mud 'dobe' bricks, it was decided to erect a row of officers' quarters of this material and so each trooper was ordered to make a thousand 'dobe bricks.'

"After each day's drill, which was scheduled to start at 7 A.M. and ended at water call for our mounts at 7:30 in the evening, we spent the remainder of the day up until 9:30 P.M. making those 'dobe bricks of mud. Pits, shovels and boxes to carry the mud in was all we had in the way of equipment and tools. Several weeks' work resulted in a row of comfortable officers' quarters, imposing for that territory."

"I would like to hear from some Legionnaires of El Paso as to what has become of this war-time back-breaking job."

IN ORDER that announcements may be published in these columns, information regarding reunions and other activities of outfit organizations must be received in this office at least five weeks prior to the month in which the event is scheduled. (Continued on page 72)
The AMERICAN LEGION

Indianapolis, Indiana
FINANCIAL STATEMENT
August 31, 1936

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit $438,472.62
Notes and accounts receivable 238,472.62
Inventories 82,326.06
Invested funds 81,384,070.58
Reserve 44,613.99
1,514,884.51

Permanent investment:
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust 189,815.18
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation 120,439.97
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation 7,041.09
Deferred charges 26,642.62
Total Permanent investment $321,324.94

Liabilities, Deferred Income and Net Worth

Current liabilities 26,874.50
Funds restricted as to use 36,977.57
Deferred income 23,471.59

Permanent trust:
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust 189,815.18

Net worth 255,996.95

Restricted capital 81,125,862.95
Unrestricted capital 438,472.62
1,514,884.51

Frank E. Samuel, National Adjutant

Can You Say Whooa in German?

(Continued from page 71)

The Legion has selected New York City as its 1937 national convention city. If your outfit contemplates meeting in conjunction with the Legion national convention it is not too early to start making plans. One organization, whose membership is scattered throughout the country, has already lined up: The National Association of American Balloon Corps Veterans. Harlo R. Hollembuck, Personnel Officer, 117 Seefol Street, Battle Creek, Michigan, is the man to contact for membership in the organization and for information regarding the reunion.

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

4th Div., Assoc.—Reunion of veterans in the Eastern Division of the 4th Div., Hotel New Yorker, New York City, Nov. 7. Lloyd C. Gibson, 157 Hamilton Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

52nd Div., Assoc.—1936 reunion, Hotel Statler, New York City, Nov. 19-21. Program to be announced.

13th Div., Assoc.—Annual reunion, Hotel Statler, New York City, Nov. 22-24. Program to be announced.


92nd Div., Assoc.—Annual reunion, Hotel Statler, New York City, Nov. 29-30. Program to be announced.

114th Div., Assoc.—Annual reunion, Hotel Statler, New York City, Nov. 30-Dec. 2. Program to be announced.

130th Div., Assoc.—Annual reunion, Hotel Statler, New York City, Nov. 30-Dec. 2. Program to be announced.

The AMERICAN LEGION

The Company Clerk
Official Recognition

To meet the insistent demand for an Officers’ citation, this brand new Warrant of Merit was officially approved by the National Executive Committee.

Beautifully done in four colors, this striking Officers’ warrant is designed for presentation to all newly elected American Legion officers.

Because of its beauty and moderate price, many Posts will make the award retroactive for all of its past officers.

Be among the first to give your incoming officers for 1936-37 this enduring evidence of the responsibility which they carry.

Mail now.

Emblem Division, National Headquarters,
American Legion, 777 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

☐ Enclosed is check for $………………… ☐ Ship C. O. D. for $…………………

Please ship the following:

.............................. ★ One Star Warrants .............................. ★★ Three Star Warrants
.............................. ★★ Two Star Warrants .............................. ★★★ Four Star Warrants

Name……………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………..
Street………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………
City………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………
State……………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………
Dept. of………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………

★ THE one star warrant is for all Post Officers.
★★ THE two star warrant is for all County and District Officers.
★★★ THE three star warrant is for all Department Officers.
★★★★ THE four star warrant is for all National Officers.

Each certificate comes in a special mailing packet, all ready to be filled in locally by hand, or by typewriter. Each Warrant is to be signed by the outgoing Commander, for either the Post, County, District or Department, as the case may be. Size 16 x 12 inches.

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Luckies—a light smoke

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