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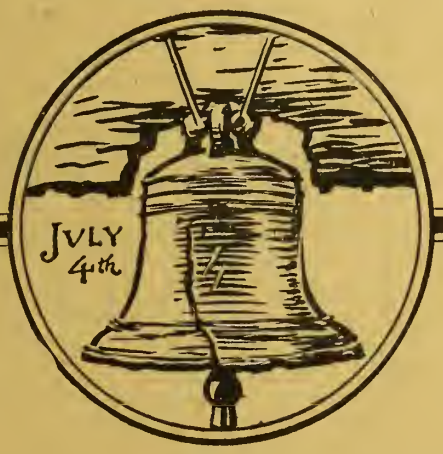

THE FOURTH OF JULY

ALTHOUGH the Fourth of July is the birthday of the nation and is close to the hearts of all citizens, I do not believe it is presumptuous to say that it is especially dear to members of the Legion

We believe we have learned a new reverence for this anniversary of the founding of the Republic, by very reason of our sacrifices for the Republic—just as we have found a new veneration for the flag and a deeper affection for our homes.

Is it not true that in years past we were prone to look on this day as simply a brief respite from business—a time for fireworks and speeches, picnics and athletic events? Had we not partly lost sight of the true glory of our flag, the real value of our partnership in the fortunes of our country?

But we know now how important it is that each succeeding birthday of the United States find it grown in achievement and greatness; that the flag shall continue to fly over a nation that is, indeed, free to all men of sound principles; that justice shall not perish from our land nor the forces of anarchy gain ascendency. We are pledged to defend these principles that the Fourth of July symbolizes.

Franklin D'Olier

National Commander

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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Humanizing Army Justice

The Legion's Plea for Revision of the Court-martial Laws Results in a Program of Fair Play for Every Alleged Military Offender

By J. W. Rixey Smith

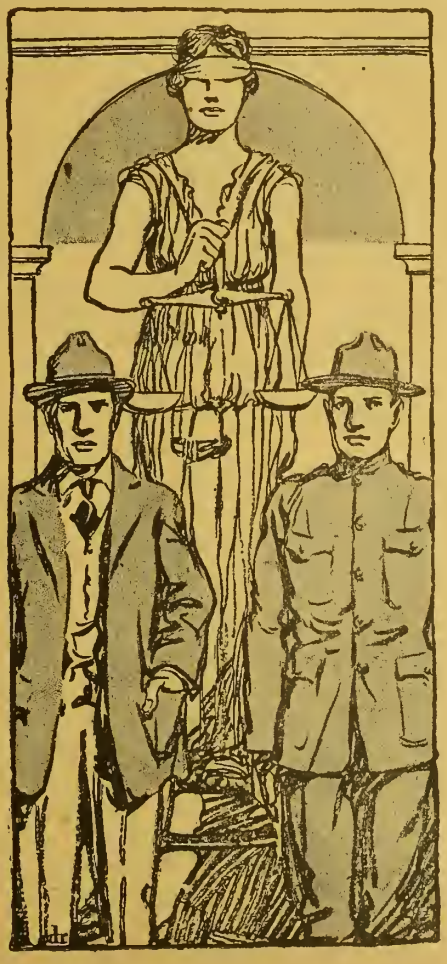
Washington Correspondent of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

THERE are far too many veterans of the late war who would subscribe to the viewpoint of the little schoolgirl, who, when quizzed as to how a certain government board was made up, unhesitatingly replied that it was composed of three members, one appointed from the Army, one from the Navy and one from civilized life.

And a large proportion of them would do so because of the great gulf they have seen between military and civil justice, between military law and its administration in the Army and civil law and its enforcement in the State. They would do so with the memory of Hard-Boiled Smith and his blood bandits still fresh in their minds; with the question of the Paris prisons and General Harts still under investigation; with, in many cases, intimate knowledge of the thousands of personally instigated, irregularly conducted and cruelly consummated courts-martial perpetrated on both sides of the water; and in thousands of instances with the iron of military injustice which they themselves have suffered still burning as well in their hearts as on their service records.

Both the little schoolgirl and the veterans have plenty of company. Long before the war was ended, distinguished lawyers in the War Department trembled with indignation before some of the court-martial records that wandered their way; the acting Judge Advocate General of the Army became the leading propagandist of the reform of Army Regulations; boards for review and clemency were set up in the War Department clothed with the temporary authority to chop right and left into the long sentences ranging downward from ninety-nine years and given by hard-boiled officers who knew little law and less mercy; members of both branches of Congress demanded that something be done; a special board was appointed within the War Department to study and report upon the advisability of sweeping court-martial changes; the American Bar Association delegated to a committee of five an investigation into the conduct of Army courts during the war; and the soldier himself came along and got his mouthful in when at the first annual convention of the American Legion at Minneapolis it was unanimously resolved "that the American Legion urges the immediate revision of the Articles of War and court-martial laws of the United States."

The Legion's position was emphatically reasserted last month when Thomas W. Miller, chairman of the National Legislative Committee, appeared before the House Military Affairs Committee and announced that the whole strength of the organization was squarely behind the movement for court-martial reform.



Verily, the mountains have been in labor. And what have they brought forth? Compromise as usual, but compromise which advocates of court-martial reform feel to be a long step in the right direction, an entering wedge into the hard-boiled circle. With the passage of legislation for the reorganization of the Army, Congress has, without a voice against it in either the Senate or the House, given the military code of the United States Army the first substantial revision it has had since the Revolutionary War.

The revision of Army Regulations as it was finally put through, carrying as it did many sweeping changes and representing a revolutionary attempt to make Army justice conform as nearly as possible to civil justice, had the approval of The American Legion, of the committees on military affairs of the House and Senate, of the extreme advocates of court-martial reform who accepted a half loaf as better than none, and—wonderful to relate—of even the War Department itself.

When the Army court was haled into the court of public opinion at the close of the war, a severe bill of arraignment could have been and was brought against its war record.

It was pointed out:

That in the Army, officers and officers only could prefer charges against a soldier.

That any officer could deprive a man of his liberty and place him in confinement by simply preferring a charge against him, and this not even under oath.

That it was left entirely to the arbitrary decision of a man's commanding officer as to whether or not he should be tried.

That the trial proceeded or did not proceed entirely without regard to whether or not the charge sufficiently alleged an offense against the United States and there was prima facie evidence to support the accusation.

That no investigation was required by statute to determine whether the

charge was justified and should be tried.

That only commissioned officers could serve on an Army court.

That commanding officers convened the court and selected whatever officers they choose to constitute it, subject only to the right of the accused to challenge, one at a time, for cause.

That the vast majority of soldiers tried were not given any real and genuine assistance of counsel.

That, bad enough, the Army court was the judge of its own rules of procedure, but that, infinitely worse, its rulings were subject to the approval or disapproval of the commanding officer, who might, and frequently did, substitute his own judgment without giving the accused man an opportunity to be heard upon the question.

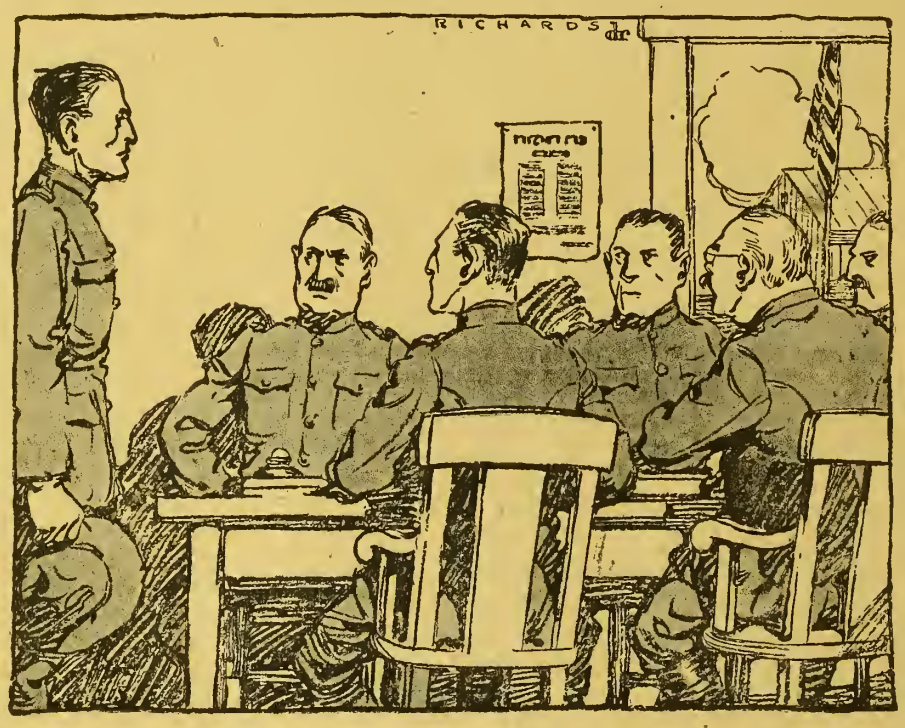
That the rules of evidence employed in civil courts need not be, and were not, applied by courts-martial.

That the great principles of the Bill of Rights and general jurisprudence for the protection of a man everywhere on trial have not been recognized as limitations upon the Army court.

That the judgment of the Army court was not effective until approved by the commanding officer and that the commanding officer might instruct the court to change its verdict, even from a finding of innocence to guilt, or to change the penalty to a harsher one, and all this without allowing the accused a hearing.

That the verdict of the Army court was a star-chamber affair, not to be revealed until after the commanding officer had an opportunity to juggle it, if he so desired; and finally, that the action of the commanding officer was final and no matter how many errors may have been committed throughout the proceedings, by the court or by him, they were absolutely beyond the power of review or correction.

The champions of the old system, in addition to having to face these indisputable indictments, found themselves called upon to buck arguments in figures, and facts arising out of court-martial records of the war of such granite-like strength that to get in the way of them, much less to stand in the way of them, would have been like butting their heads against a stone wall.



THERE were, it seems, during little more than a year of crucial warfare, 325,000 inferior court and 25,000 general court cases in the American Army. These figures indicate that one in every ten American soldiers was brought before the bar of justice—or discipline, rather. Of charges preferred against enlisted men, ninety-six percent were tried and ninety-one percent of these resulted in conviction. The average sentence was about seven years.

It is stated by the War Department, with a great deal of pride, that there are now fewer general military prisoners in military prisons and disciplinary barracks than there were on April 6, 1917, when America declared war. It is true that less than 2,000 of these men are still being held by the War Department, while there were more than that number in military prisons when the war began; and being true, it is the most severe indictment that can be brought against the system under which 20,000 men were hauled up, given sentences ranging from ninety-nine years down, and then practically all set loose with the advent of peace and good will. It proves, if any proof were needed, that the great objective before the Army court was to enforce discipline, not to administer justice.

Indeed, it has always been held within the War Department that the function of the Army court was to preserve discipline and that the Army court and the civil court were, to use the words of a Regular Army general, "as far apart as the two poles." General Pershing in his report of the A. E. F. subscribes to this view when he says: "To have the necessary deterrent effect upon the whole unit, courts-martial for serious offenses usually imposed sentences considerably heavier than would have been awarded in peace times."

The Secretary of War in his last annual report to the President confirms the existence of this Army philosophy. He says:

"During the progress of the war the operation of courts-martial led to great unevenness in the matter of penalties, and in some jurisdictions excessively severe sentences were imposed. This seemed at one time a matter of concern to the people of the country who were not aware of the fact that practically all sentences imposed by military tribunals, whatever their apparent length in years of confinement, are indeterminate, the whole system of penal administration in the Army being built on the theory of restoration to honorable service, restoration taking effect as soon as an amendment of character is sufficiently noticeable to justify confidence in the restoration of the prisoner.

"Immediately after the armistice, boards of review were set up in the office of the Judge Advocate General, which review the records of all court-martial trials of persons still in confinement. . . . These boards of review have undertaken not only to equalize and moderate the penalties imposed, but also to recommend action by way of clemency with a view to wiping out wherever possible disabilities incurred by our young men who found it impossible to conform to the rigid discipline and severe requirements of military service."

It is interesting, too, to observe what the present Judge Advocate General had to say in his last annual report concerning the work of the boards for review and clemency.

"These agencies," he reported, "had on June 30, 1919, reviewed more than 5,500 cases for this purpose. As a result of this process, a reduction in the average term of confinement was brought about equal to about seventy-five percent of the average sentence adjudged in the cases considered. In 1,636 of the cases considered the entire unexecuted portion of the sentence of confinement was remitted. In 4,727 cases clemency in some form was recommended. These results do not imply that the sentences were generally considered to have been too severe when imposed, but merely that the changed conditions have made possible an amelioration of the rigors of punishment required in war time."

The Judge Advocate General, under whom the large part of the wartime cases were reviewed for correction and clemency, has gone on record as saying: (a) that 60 percent of the general court-martial cases ought not to have been tried; (b) that according to a reasonable, common sense and untechnical standard 70 percent of the cases were not well tried; (c) that 20 percent were so poorly tried that the record cannot be relied upon at all, and (d) that in 75 percent of the convictions the punishment awarded was such as to shock the conscience.

SO it happened that the great bone of contention thrown into Congress when Army reorganization was being considered was whether or not the Army court was to continue to be an agent of discipline or an agent of justice, a servant of military command or a court of equity—whether it was to function by law and order or whether it was to be a riot of the individual

opinions and prejudices and wishes of Army officers, and particularly commanding officers.

Congress has spoken. It has decided that the Army court is a court, as the Supreme Court had on at least two occasions declared. And Congress has so revised the military code that hereafter the Army court may function as a judicial body, largely if not wholly independent of military command.

The Johnson-Chamberlain compromise, as the court-martial reform measure is generally termed, is said to be a dog-fall, and so far as the different contending elements and individuals are concerned, it may be aptly so styled, but at least it is a fall in the right direction.

Hereafter any soldier may prefer a charge against any other soldier, and it must be under oath.

There must be a thorough preliminary investigation of the charge before there is a trial.

The punishing power of a summary court is reduced to one month.

Neither a summary nor a special court may forfeit more than two-thirds of a soldier's monthly pay.

There must be one law member of every general court.

The right of the accused to counsel is fully recognized and substantially provided for.

There is finally embodied in statutory form the existing practice of requiring reference to a staff judge advocate for his action and advice before referring charges to a general court-martial.

Each side is allowed one peremptory challenge of any member of the court except the law member.

There can be no death sentence except by a unanimous vote of the court.

For convictions other than death a two-thirds vote instead of a majority vote is to be required.

All acquittals are to be announced by the court.

The rules of evidence in force in Federal courts are to be used in the Army court.

There can be no reconsideration of an acquittal and no increase of sentence on revision or new trial.

Certain convictions, under regulations, are to be announced by the court.

The President is authorized to prescribe the limits of punishment by courts-martial in times of war as well as in times of peace.

Foremost, though last, the boards of review and clemency established in the War Department during the war are legalized and made permanent, the power of appeal to have a verdict changed or set aside is established, and effective appelate power is set up.

The great outstanding feature of court-martial revision is not that any one has won a victory, or that anyone has got a black eye, but that in the Army of the future there is to be more justice and less need for clemency, more trials by law and fewer trials by personal direction, more chance for the innocent and less chance for the guilty. The Army court must hereafter play the game according to rule.

Did Bergdoll Bury Gold?

Conococheague Valley in Maryland Won't Believe it, Although It Has a Tree Carved with His Initials and an Arrow

By David Frisbie

IS a sycamore tree in the Maryland foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains the key to the spot where Grover Cleveland Bergdoll buried $150,000 in gold?

Did Bergdoll really bury this small fortune, as he says he did, and adopt a plan as fantastic as the one in "The Gold Bug," Edgar Allan Poe's story of pirates' buried treasure, in order that he might mark the hiding place of the money?

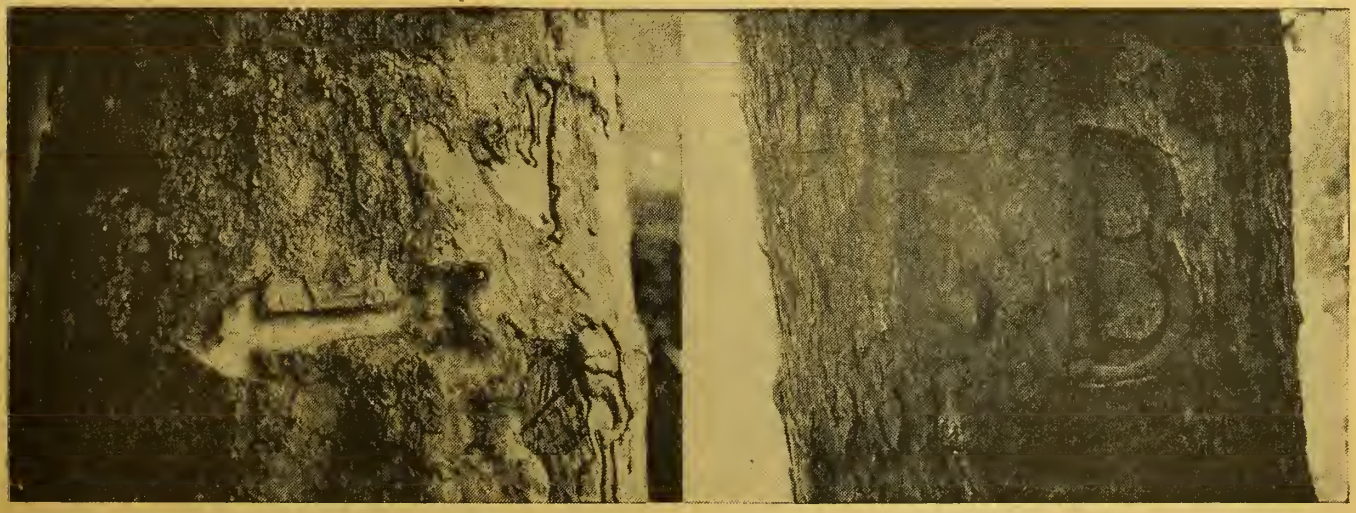
Or was it only a spirit of bravado which led Bergdoll to carve his initials boldly in the bark of a sycamore tree in Conococheague Valley, six miles from Hagerstown, Maryland, while the authorities of the whole United States were hunting for him as a draft dodger in the summer of 1918?

And is the arrow which he carved on the opposite side of the tree the starting point from which one might pace a path to the buried money if he had a chart or a secret formula, or is it just the product of an idle hour and of the ennui of constant seclusion?

Even if Bergdoll did bury a box of gold—and $150,000 would make a very weighty box indeed—there has apparently been no possibility that other hands than his might find it. For the farmers of the Maryland valley refuse to turn prospectors, and the wooded hillside, up which the horizontal arrow on the sycamore tree points, has not been touched with a spade. The underbrush is as wild and as thick as it is everywhere on the hill slopes in this region, and the scepticism of the countryside has protected it more effectively than would a barbed-wire entanglement should the gold hunt really start in earnest.

THE farmers of the Conococheague Valley lend no credulous ears to Bergdoll's own story that he buried the $150,000 in gold in Maryland as a reserve fund, while he was hiding from the law. The same story did find credulity, apparently, among War Department officials, for it was to find his buried treasure in Maryland that Bergdoll got permission to leave the Army prison at Governors Island, New York, guarded by two sergeants. It was this story of buried gold which enabled him to go to his Philadelphia home and there to slip away from his guards and disappear once more.

The story of the buried gold attracts no more attention in the Maryland region than Bergdoll himself attracted while he was living a quiet hotel life in Hagerstown in the summers of 1918 and 1919, at a time when his photo-



Hist! Likewise a covered lantern, a muffled spade and a moonless night. But Maryland folk refuse to believe the markings on the "Bergdoll tree" are anything more than the idle whim of a wildcat brain

graph, and that of his brother Erwin, also a draft dodger, were being distributed throughout the country and a price was on both their heads.

Grover Bergdoll lived in Hagerstown under an assumed name. He chose a hotel in which he was able to enter the elevator directly from the street, without passing through the lobby, and he slipped into the hotel late and out of it early, so that nobody saw him often. He kept an expensive automobile at a Hagerstown garage and spent most of his time in the Maryland hills, at places which until a few weeks ago were unknown to the authorities.

A few weeks ago, however, the favorite hiding place of Bergdoll was discovered—the valley of the Conococheague Creek. Here Bergdoll camped along a pleasant little stream in June and July of 1918 while other American young men in France were risking and shedding their life blood on the Marne and the Ourcq.

From Hagerstown to the valley the route is first along the Western Pike, the great auto highway that divides Maryland. Then it turns over to the Cumberland Road, and finally leads along a mud-rutted road that follows the creek. Roughly, the route from Hagerstown to the valley corresponds to the road from Chateau Thierry to Belleau Wood.

And it happened that while America's name was being written big on the road from Chateau Thierry to Belleau Wood, there was being written on the corresponding road of Maryland the scandal of Grover Bergdoll.

Even after Bergdoll's trial by court-martial last May, which bared the details of his life in the Hagerstown hotel, the location of his camping places in the hills had remained secret. But when Bergdoll escaped from his guards in Philadelphia several weeks ago and the newspapers republished his photograph, the farmers of Conococheague Valley identified Bergdoll, from his picture, as the man who had camped in the valley intermittently all during the summers of 1918 and 1919.

WITH the identification of Bergdoll's photograph, the farmers of the valley began to recall incidents of the stay of the draft dodgers. While authorities in Maryland, Pennsylvania and West Virginia were watching trains for the fugitive, for whom rewards aggregating $5,056 have been offered, Walter Hose, a farmer living at the end of a lane in the valley, was attaching new significance to the sycamore tree which the mysterious campers had carved with the initials "G. B." and the horizontal arrow.

The tree is one of a clump of four which stands beside the creek on the lane leading from the main road to Hose's farmhouse. On the side of the lane opposite the creek a thickly wooded hill rises, and it is up this hill that the arrow on the tree points. For months and months Hose and his family have been passing the disfigured sycamore without thought of the inscriptions on it.

But when the Hose family heard all about the short, stockily-built young man with the short, bristly moustache, Hose, his wife and their children recalled the incidents of the stay of the campers under the grove of sycamores.

They recalled the day when Walter Hose, Jr., who is twelve years old, copied down the license number of the campers' automobile and how the campers, seeing him, hastily picked up their camp and drove away.

And, recalling all these things, they were reminded of the marks on the sycamore up the lane. But, even now, Hose refuses to believe that the marks on the tree may have any cryptic meaning.

Two weeks ago, the Bergdoll tree still stood as it had stood since the summer day when the fugitive carved his initials and the arrow on it. No break in the underbrush, no broken ground on the hill, no marks of any search, no signs that anybody took seriously Bergdoll's own story of the $150,000 treasure, were evident.

"We don't take any stock in buried gold," says the farmer of Conococheague Valley. "We plant our own in the fields and we find it and a whole lot more when harvest time comes."

$5,056 FOR BERGDOLL'S CAPTURE

Rewards offered for the capture of Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, according to the Adjutant General's office, are:

Ansell, Bailey & Gibboney, Attorneys	*$3,500*
Joe Welsh Post, American Legion, Greensburg, Ind.	*500*
New York Post, American Legion	*500*
THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY	*500*
War Department	*50*
George P. Vanderveer Post, American Legion, Toms River, N. J.	*5*
William A. Kuykendall, Abilene, Tex	*1*
Total	*$5,056*

Your Victory Medal Is Ready

President Wilson Is First of 4,800,000 Veterans to Wear Bronze Decoration for Service in Great War

GET in line for the Victory Medal. Long promised and much postponed, the circular bit of bronze designed to commemorate America's part in the World War is at last being mailed out to the 4,800,000 veterans who played the game and won it.

President Wilson was the first veteran to get his medal. As Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy and as an A. E. F. gold-striper, he has pinned on the medal which the Secretary of War has already sent him, and wears it, he declares, with pride.

The War Department began the distribution of the medals on June 21. The Navy Department had its first outgoing mailing of medals ready at about the same time.

There never have been before in this country so many medals cast from a single design. The medals ought to be as good as gold, because Uncle Sam's gold-makers at Philadelphia struck them off.

It sounds like a simple proposition to hand out nearly five million medals, but each one of them must carry a clasp or clasps to explain its wearer's service, whether at home, in the A. E. F., in the S. O. S., at the front, in England, Italy or Siberia—a small fact that means a big job, since it necessitates a careful review of the war record of every man to whom a medal is mailed.

TO GET YOUR VICTORY MEDAL—Apply to the Adjutant General of the Army, if you were a soldier, or to the Secretary of the Navy, if you were a sailor or a marine, submitting with your application a certified copy of your discharge paper. If there is an Army, Navy or Marine Corps recruiting station in your city or town, take your discharge paper or a certified copy of it there, and the whole matter will be arranged for you by the recruiting authorities

Secretary Baker, in transmitting the first Victory Medal to President Wilson, gave a good background summary of its history, after which, in making the formal presentation to the Commander-in-Chief, he wrote:

"When we reached the stage of having the medal struck, I directed that the first piece from the dies should be brought to me for transmission to you as commander of the military forces of the United States, and I herewith transmit it. Permit me, in sending this medal, to express the appreciation of the Army for the support you have given it. That great Army is now demobilized, but its more than four million men will be happy to feel that you and they wear the same medal to illustrate a common service in the great cause, and I am confident that I speak the mind of all the members of the Army when I send its Commander-in-Chief a greeting of gratitude and affection."

When the President opened the little package containing the medal, or rather when the ever-mindful Mr. Tumulty opened it for him and took the medal to him, the White House veteran smiled, pinned it on, picked up his pen and wrote to the Secretary of War:

"My dear Mr. Secretary:

"I have received the first of the Victory Medals struck off to commemorate our military participation in the great war for civilization. The technical relation of Commander-in-Chief created by the Constitution does not permit me to share in the glory of sacrifices and achievements made in a purely military way by my fellow-countrymen in arms, but it does justify my treasuring this badge as a symbol of their greatness in a great cause.

"Please, if convenient opportunity arises, express to the Army my pride in its achievements, and my appreciation of its confidence.

"Cordially and sincerely yours.

WOODROW WILSON."

Men of the 315th Field Signal Battalion and the 357th Infantry, Ninetieth Division, reading in the Continental Daily Mail the news of the Argonne advance. Blercourt, Meuse, October 14, 1918. Signal Corps Photo No. 29647.

Yankee Yesterdays

By Hudson Hawley

III. "THE 'EADLINES IN THE MYLE"

With apologies to Old Kip, Lord Northcliffe, and Thomas J. Atkins

"Wot are the 'eadlines screechin' for?" asked Buck-on-Parade.
"To tell 'ow far we chysed the 'Uns," the Topper-Sargint said.
"Wot mykes yer look so cheery-o?" asked Buck-on-Parade.
"Ter think they said we cuddent foight," the Topper-Sargint said.

"For we're closin' on the bloighters, we are givin' of em 'ell
Loike we done at Shatto-Theery an' agyne at Sang Meehel,
An' it tykes the Limey printers lots o' stud-horse type to tell
'Ow we cleaned up on the 'Einies in the mornin'!"

"Wot's that yer've got yer thumb upon?" asked Buck-on-Parade.
"Hit's wot's called a communi-quay," the Topper-Sargint said.
"Now wot moight be the loike o' that?" asked Buck-on-Parade.
"Hit's bloomin' verbal cammyflage," the Topper-Sargint said.

"For it says we thrashed the Jerries, w'ich is truth, so 'elp me soul,
But it don't sye *our* division was the one wot myde the 'ole
In the center of the grye-coats—that's the wye hit shud be tol'
As to 'ow we cleaned the 'Einies in the mornin'!"

"Wot are them lines upon the map?" asked Buck-on-Parade.
"This wiggly one's w'ere we jumped off," the Topper-Sargint said.
"The farther one is w'ere we're at?" asked Buck-on-Parade.
"Ye're bleedin', blinkin', blarsted roight!" the Topper-Sargint said.

"For we've overrun hobjeck-tives all along the gory line,
An' we're drivin' Kaiser Willum roight in-to 'is proiceless Rhine,
An' the Dyly Myle o' London-town *hadmits* w're doin' fine
At our cleanin' up the 'Einies in the mornin'!"

Wild Billets and Their Ways

Not All of the A. E. F.'s Slumber Time Was Spent in Knockdown Barracks or Falldown Shelter Halves

By Robert J. Casey

THE word "billet," according to Webster's unabridged, has a variety of meanings.

But, take it on the authority of an expert, it doesn't mean any more things in Webster's than it did in France. A billet might have been and was anything from a mud-puddle to a chapel in a chateau, and the rent was the same.

Billets! Sheds in which the unwashed *vache* disputed one's tenancy, hay barns full of chiggers, home-made hammocks of picket-rope and willow twigs under the trees of the Bois de la Reine, drippy dugouts, pup tents, foxholes, comfortable ruins along the Meuse, parlors in Belgium, anything in Luxembourg, feather beds in Germany —and all of them billets.

There was one outstanding advantage of the battle-front in France as a billeting area. If one saw a house that hadn't succumbed to 210's from one side or 75's and Schneiders from the other he didn't have to argue property rights with the owners. There weren't any.

No high rent to worry about there—and no lack of apartments. True, the appointments weren't very elegant. All the windows had been smashed by shell

The billeting officer called an interpreter before he could believe his ears

fire and most of the roofs leaked. But of what use were windows and roofs to *simples soldats?*

Fuel, too, was oh, such a simple problem. After months of freezing in the lines without a spark to warm themselves by, the men had a perfect orgy of fire the minute the war blew up. Every squad had its own fire. Some had eight or nine. The Germans had left a plentiful supply of soft coal, and when that showed signs of running low it was an easy matter to pull down a couple of houses and burn them stick by stick. Right there, on the high-water mark of the American advance, the A. E. F. came closer to comfort than at any other time in that long stretch of months that lay between Hoboken and Hoboken.

But it was too good to last.

The outfit got a ream of march orders one snowy January day, rapidly coordinated a lot of green animals and a load of new, stiff harness, pulled the guns out of the mud and proceeded toward a country where there were no wrecked houses for either habitation or fuel.

In one Belgian town, when the proprietor of the chateau learned that the billeting officer had arrived, he made a personal request that many American soldiers be billeted with him. The billeting officer, afraid to trust to his own French in such a crisis, called an interpreter before he could believe his ears. He never had encountered such a situation before, nor did he encounter one afterward.

That one show of hospitality had to suffice for the regiment's entire service in the Army of Occupation. From that point forward there was nobody home when the billeting officer called.

In Luxembourg it was easy to find a few landlords willing to give a spare room or an attic to accommodate the bucks. They frowned a bit on sergeants, though they tolerated them. But an officer was S. O. L. the minute he began looking around for any place but a barn in which to lay his weary head. The jovial natives just wouldn't recognize them socially. They had been fed up on Prussian officers and imagined that all armies were alike.

This, of course, was a source of great amusement for the men and thus helped keep up the morale. But it was rather hard on the officers.

ONE lieutenant was received cordially by a family of French extraction and given an unfurnished front room. He thanked the people, moved in his cot and thought that he was about to be comfortable for the first time in months. That night when he came to turn in he found the door locked and the house in darkness. Finally he gave up trying to rouse his landlord and went across the river to a hotel.

He learned later that he had broken his plate with his new landlords when he brought his own cot into the room. It seems that he should have known—that any gentleman was expected to know—that his host would provide a bed. Hence his action in bringing in a bed of his own must be construed as evidence that he didn't think his host's bed would be good enough. Logical, *n'est-ce pas?*

A captain found himself in the same plight because his orderly came into his room one morning and made his bed. This gratuitous insult to the housekeeping ability of the *frau* who owned the place cost the captain a good home.

The unwritten law of the country that a bedroom should be hermetically sealed also got many an officer into trouble that he never was able to explain.

One lieutenant who prior to his enlistment had done a bit of fullbacking on a football team flagrantly violated this rule. His billet was a corner room with two windows. Each night he opened them both. For more than a week he pursued this suicidal course without drawing down the wrath of the citizenry or the attention of the *gendarmes*. But murder will out.

His landlady heard the window banging one night and, after the fashion of European landladies, marched into his room without knocking, shut out the unhealthy night air with a great deal of just indignation and read the riot act to the lieutenant before she departed. The next day the lieutenant found a new billet.

WHILE the majority of the population was decidedly anti-officer in sentiment, it was to be noted that the pro-Prussians generally took the opposite side of the argument. And here again was a font of trouble. Most of the officers wanted billets because shelter in the winter time is more of a necessity than a luxury. Few of them cherished the illusion that social amenities had anything to do with their mission in the Army of Occupation.

But the socially inclined natives looked upon the Sam Browne as their natural prey. Billets with them were uniformly well-furnished and well-kept—and uniformly equipped with a string. The string was an invitation to sup with the family and spend one's evenings about the family fire.

Usually the unsuspecting officer voiced his thanks for the courtesy of his hosts and forgot all about the invitation. After he had been reminded of it three or four times he was suddenly informed that his space was worth more than his company—or words to that effect. There were few officers in Luxembourg who didn't occupy at least one new billet a week during their stay in the duchy.

The Rents, Requisitions and Claims Department didn't allow a great deal for a billet—only a few centimes a day. But some landlords made a good thing out of it at that. They charged their tenants four dollars a cubic meter for wood and could figure out more grounds for damage suits than a shyster lawyer.

One old woman openly boasted that an unused hall chamber had brought her enough to pay her taxes for the year. She put clean sheets on the bed when the Germans started their invasion in 1914. After the departure of each succeeding officer she ironed the sheets without washing them and had them ready for a new guest. The same sheets, neatly ironed but still unwashed, were on the bed when the Americans arrived.

There are many things that seem to compensate for the high rent of a four-room, steam-heated billet in the United States.

So This Is America!

The Story of a French War Bride

will begin in next week's issue of

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

It is told in her own English, exactly as she has written it—and her own English, buddy, is a whole lot better than your own French. It begins in Paris, takes her across the Atlantic on an American transport, lands her in New York when the tide of soldier homecoming is at its height, carries her to the other side of the continent, and sets her down seven thousand miles from old Bordeaux in a Los Angeles bungalow that one proud ex-Yank and one no less proud ex-mademoiselle call home.

You were always wondering over there what a French girl would say if she could only see a skyscraper, "Paris fashions," as labeled in the U. S. A., the hustling loop district of Chicago, the Western prairies, an honest-to-goodness American Indian, and the sunshine of California. Here's a French girl who has—and she says exactly what she thinks about them.

In Honor of Them That Sleep

A New Jersey Post Holds Last Rites for a Comrade

The Firing Squad

The Funeral Cortege

AMERICAN Legion posts throughout the country have been assisting in ceremonies at the reburial of many of the approximately 1,200 bodies of overseas men that have been returned to the United States in the last three months.

A beautiful and complete ceremony recently was held by Allen Irvin Morgan Post No. 230 of Westmont, N. J., in honor of Corporal Allen I. Morgan, of Troop G, Fifteenth Cavalry, after whom the Post was named, and who died March 28, 1918, on the high seas *en route* to France. He was buried in Brest and his was the first body returned to New Jersey.

The body lay in state at the town fire hall on the Saturday night before the last rites under a military guard furnished by the Post. The coffin reposed on a caisson banked with floral designs. Hundreds of citizens paid tribute by visiting the hall.

The funeral was conducted on Sunday afternoon under the auspices of the Post. Members of other posts in the county participated in the services, meeting at the headquarters of the Westmont Post and marching to the hall, led by the band of the Third Regiment, N. G. N. J.

After services at the hall, the funeral processon moved to the cemetery while the bells of the town were tolled. As the column proceeded, three airplanes circled overhead, dropping flowers. A hollow square was formed about the grave and an open rank of guards made a path for the coffin and pallbearers.

A short service was conducted at the grave by the Rev. Mr. Fox, Chaplain Booth of the Westmont Post and the Rev. Griffith Morgan, a G. A. R. veteran. The firing squad fired three volleys over the grave and taps was sounded. About 10,000 persons witnessed the ceremonies.

Skies Brighten for Made-over Veterans

Interest Now Centers on the Co-ordination of Ex-Service Man's Bureaus Which Will be Proposed to the Next Congress

By J. W. Rixey Smith

THE recent Congressional investigation into the rehabilitation of disabled soldiers was well worth while, if for nothing else, as a liberal education in ex-service psychology for the fifteen members of Congress who compose the House Committee on Education.

From March 12 to May 15 these Representatives sat through 2,200 pages of testimony for and against the work of the Federal Board charged with the administration of the program of rehabilitation and vocational training. One of the members of the committee remarked after the hearings that, so far as he was concerned, all a disabled soldier had to do was to ask and he would receive, and this was conceded to be the unanimous feeling of the fifteen members.

The whole pitiful side of the long-drawn out wreck and waste of the human body which follow in the wake of war was shown up during the investigation in a way that brought out anew the deep obligation the nation is under to the disabled service man.

Omitting the fact that the investigation did stir up much interest in the welfare of the disabled throughout the country and did quicken in every way the already much accelerated work of the Vocational Board, nothing has come from the investigators so far except the formal and necessary report, although it is only fair to say that members of the investigating committee did during the closing days of the recent session exert what influence they could for increased appropriations for the Vocational Board in particular and for the disabled man in general.

Turning to the report of the investigation, one finds it interesting as an index of several movements which may be expected to develop at the next session of Congress. The most sweeping recommendation made by the committee is that the three ex-service man's bureaus, War Risk Insurance, the Public Health Service and the Rehabilitation Section of the Federal Board, be coordinated and established as three bureaus under the Secretary of the Interior.

The committee found, as many had long before discovered, that the administration of the Board needed to be decentralized, and recommended that a divisional office "with power to pass on cases" be established in each State of the Union. Something has been wrong with the New York and Philadelphia offices of the Board, the committee reports, and says: "It is particularly recommended that the conditions shown to exist in the New York and Philadelphia offices preventing harmonious cooperation and efficient teamwork should be remedied at once, if neces-

(*Continued on page* 22)

EDITORIAL

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 per cent. 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 comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of the American Legion.

The First Enlistment

THE fifty-six Americans who affixed their signatures to the document that brought the United States into being were not indulging in pretty verbal camouflage when, in the climactic last sentence of that stirring manifesto, they pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor in support of the cause of independence.

They were not a hot-headed group of stripling enthusiasts who had not yet learned to shave. The youngest among them was a South Carolina lawyer named Edward Rutledge, not yet turned twenty-seven, and his immediate senior, Thomas Lynch, Jr., another South Carolina lawyer, was a month and a day behind that same milestone. Eldest among them all was a benign statesman well on toward seventy-one and who had begun life as a printer—one Benjamin Franklin. The average age of all the signers was more than forty-four, almost a score of years greater than the average among America's sons of 1918.

And the signers were substantial citizens—men to whom an unequivocal pledge of their fortunes, in the hard-headed sense of land and money, was no idle offer. Twenty-six of them were lawyers, eight merchants, seven farmers and planters, six physicians—persons of parts and of property.

Only two of them were soldiers. But every one, from vigorous John Hancock, whose dashing signature will be the last to fade from the original manuscript, to the Rhode Island farmer whose quavering scrawl betrayed his age and infirmity—and who proudly declared, "I tremble, but not from fear,"—knew that he was staking his all on a hope that was by no means a certainty—a hope not to be realized until many dark days had passed and much brave blood had been spilled.

That first enlistment did not call for spiral leggins, gas masks or reveille. But it did call for the same essential willingness to "bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America" which nearly five million other Americans were to pledge more than one hundred and forty years later—and which, out of uniform though they now are, their own sacred honor binds them to maintain.

Wise Council

WE have lost much of the not very dignified and not very rational fear which assailed the world after the Armistice lest the forces of anarchy make a bid for ascendancy. Even several million men schooled in the power of high explosives gave the anarchist's bomb credit for greater destructiveness than its owner could have hoped for it in his wildest dreams of a world made over in a grenade flash. But enough of that fear lingers for us still to heed the words of the late Senator Hoar before the Massachusetts State Republican Convention of 1901. President McKinley had just died from the wounds inflicted on him by the crack-brained Czolgoez, and the shadow of that calamity hung over the nation like a pall. Said Senator Hoar:

> You and I are Republicans. You and I are men of the North. Most of us are Protestants in religion. We are men of native birth. Yet if every Republican were today to fall in his place, as William McKinley has fallen, I believe our countrymen of the other party, in spite of what we deem their errors, would take the Republic and bear on the flag to liberty and glory. I believe if every Protestant were to be stricken down by a lightning stroke, that our brethren of the Catholic faith would still carry on the Republic in a spirit of a true and liberal freedom. I believe if every man of native birth within our borders were to die this day, the men of foreign birth, who have come here to seek homes and liberty under the shadow of the Republic, would carry on the Republic in God's appointed way. I believe if every man of the North were to die, the new and chastened South, with the virtues it has cherished from the beginning of love of home and love of State, and love of freedom, with its courage and its constancy, would take the country and bear it on to the achievement of its lofty destiny. The anarchist must slay 75,000,000 Americans before he can slay the Republic.

The passage of nineteen years has altered the force of that statement in only one detail. Today the anarchist would have to slay 110,000,000 people before he could slay the Republic.

In the Public Eye

A LEGION POST in the Southwest has just brought about the termination of the tenure of office of a postmaster who had never assumed his duties. Although the appointee made the highest mark among the competitors for the place, the local post declares that "it did not require much consideration on his part to draw the conclusion that he had best terminate his connection with the Government now in time of peace, since it was known that every known method was employed by him to evade the service of his country during the war."

The moral force of public opinion is still a deadly weapon. That is why the mere mention of a slacker's name can often be turned to more account against him than putting him in jail. In many cases—when the government begins its long promised publication of the names of draft dodgers—it will probably make him wish he were in jail.

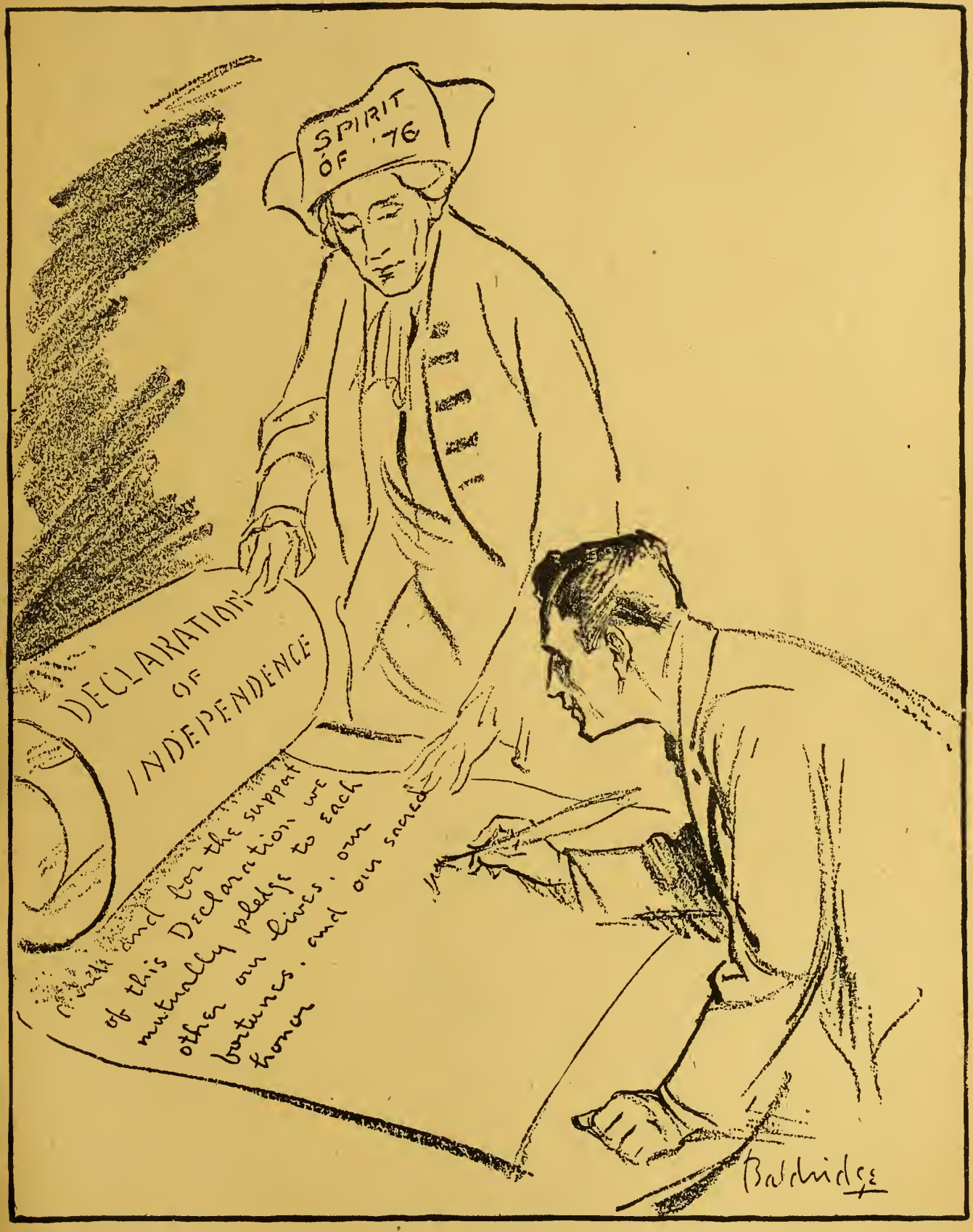
The World Moves Some More

THE heir apparent to the Spanish throne has just signed up with a Spanish infantry outfit as a buck private. This is a smashing departure from tradition, every previous heir apparent, according to news dispatches, having been commissioned a captain general at birth. Probably before that, in the good old days when autocracy was spelled with a capital A, they used to nominate all the little fellers sergeants major.

Powerful Bait

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that every member of the Legion tax himself ten cents to raise a suitable reward for the capture of Bergdoll. The chief difficulty suggested by this scheme is that the reward would reach such an imposing total that Bergdoll might be tempted to surrender and collect it himself.

In Mexican politics the dark horse is the candidate who has not yet been shot at.



WE hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. * * * *

Payment is made for original material suitable for Bursts and Duds. Unavailable jokes will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Editor, Bursts and Duds.

On the Records

"Let's have the menu," remarked the visitor, seating himself at the table in the corner lunch room.

"There ain't any, but I can tell you what we got," replied the waiter, and then obliged by reeling off a lengthy list.

"Good Lord, man, but you've got a wonderful memory," exclaimed the customer admiringly when the end was finally reached.

"No, sir," answered the other with becoming modesty. "My memory's nothing extra. I just looked at the table-cloth."

Truthful, Anyway

The two village trouble-makers had gotten into a row and the matter was up in court. Uncle Wash, an old gentleman of color, was a witness.

"Now, uncle," said the lawyer, "tell me just what conversation occurred."

"I kain't jes' remember it all," replied the candid Wash, "excep' dat each one was callin' de other what dey is."

The Sole Drawback

The village politicians were gathered in the postoffice discussing the possibilities for the coming local campaign. There was a lamentable lack of Congressional timber. None of the candidates could meet the demands of the town Solons.

Finally Lew Parker had a brilliant idea. Spitting authoritatively in the general direction of the cuspidor he remarked:

"Boys, I'll tell you the name of a good man, a mighty good man, a man we could win with. It's old Cap Ingersoll."

And then he added regretfully, "But, darn him, he's dead."

The Emergency

Two Stripes: Didja hear that Blinker signed up for overseas service again.

Three Stripes: Zatso? How long did he sign for?

Two Stripes: For the duration of prohibition.

An Extended Tour

Just before the St. Mihiel show the Germans blew up an ammunition dump near a company of Yanks. It was reported that there was a large quantity of gas shells in the dump, and as soon as the explosions began the Americans immediately made themselves scarce with great rapidity.

When the danger had passed all started drifting back with the exception of one man who did not appear till the next day.

"Well, where you been?" demanded the top kick, eyeing him coldly.

"Sergeant," replied the other earnestly, "I don't know where I been but I give you my word I been all day gettin' back."

"You'd better get the ladies out of the way—he's coming around now, an' I've heard him drive a mule-team in the army."

The Quest

The stranger stood on the station platform waiting for the 6:29. The voice of a native reached him from the haven of a baggage truck.

"Yes," the native was saying to the baggage agent. "Old Man Marsh certainly makes good stuff—makes it right on the place, too."

The stranger pricked up his ears.

"That's what I think," replied the baggage agent. "Coins a mint of money at it, too. All on account of prohibition, of course."

"Sure," replied the native.

"And only fifty cents a quart," continued the baggage agent. "I don't see how he does it."

The 6:29 rolled in—and rolled out again without the stranger.

"—safest thing to play in these wood-alcohol days," came the voice of the baggage-master as the roar of the train died in the distance.

The stranger was rounding the corner of the station in search of the town hack.

"I want to go to Old Man Marsh's place," he directed the driver.

"Cost ye five dollars. It's 'way out in the country."

"Five it is. Go ahead."

It was dark when the equipage reached the lonely little farm three miles beyond the village.

The stranger knocked tremulously at the door, smacking his lips in spite of himself. The door opened.

"I'll take ten quarts," said the stranger.

"What'll ye have?" asked Old Man Marsh, brushing the rock salt off his arms. "Vanilla or chocolate?"

Due Cause

"I hear Scarletsnoot beat up his wife yesterday."

"Yes, and it was one case where he was justified. He brought home a bunch of raisins the other night and what did that woman do but go and make raisin pie out of them."

No Argument

The day was hot and the drill was long and tiresome. Private Midnight Jackson found it especially unbearable.

"Eyes right," snapped the sergeant for something like the thousandth time.

"What's ailin' you, man?" protested Midnight. "Prob'ly you is right. Ain't nobody disputin' you, is they?"

Dead Reckoning

The biggest gale of the season was on in the Azores. The vessel was two days out of Ponta Delgada but had not yet sighted Pico. At the end of the watch the weather-weary quartermaster climbed down into the midships compartment.

"Do you know where we are now?" inquired the striker for the gunner's

mate, taking his attention momentarily from the game that is occasionally played with lumps of sugar.

"You bet," replied the Q. M. cheerlessly. "We're about five miles from bottom and making good headway."

The Probable Goal

Jones, the generously constructed traveling man, heaved his two-hundred-odd pounds onto the protesting bed in the single hotel that the village boasted. There was a groan of despair and that structure collapsed on the floor.

"Hey there, be ye all right?" yelled the agitated landlord from below.

"All right so far," called Jones in a tone of infinite foreboding. "But if you miss me in the morning you might look around the cellar."

All Right, Now How Do You Pronounce "Boches?"

Poor Kaiser Wilhelm looked a joke
When measured up with Marshal Foch,
Who stood like everlasting rock.
Firm as the hills was Marshal Foch.
All German plans were made a botch
By strategy evolved by Foch.
How could we lose with such a coach
Directing plays, as Marshal Foch?
Steins clink no more with joyful "Hoch,"
They're drinking woe since meeting Foch.
Pronounce him "le vainqueur des Boches,"
Pronounce him rightly, Marshal Foch.

Fast Color

There was a rumbling roar like an express train with several flat wheels and a half-dozen hotboxes as the big shell flew overhead and exploded a hundred yards behind the negro company. When it was over and the troops had begun to reappear from their fox holes, the sergeant gazed in wonderment at the sentry on duty.

"How come?" he demanded in surprise. "Ah done lef' a colored feller on dis post!"

"S-s-sergeant, sah," replied the sentry, "Ah-Ah-Ah *was* a colored feller befo' dat happen'."

ANOTHER TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT

What Did She Mean?

Mickey: A doctor was to school today and said I had ad'noids.

Mrs. Finnegan: An' what's them?

Mickey: They're things in yer head as has to be taken out.

Mrs. Finnegan: 'Tis not so. I've germicidal soaped yer head and fine-combed it and niver a one did I find.

Force of Habit

"We will now sing Number 158," said the minister in closing the service.

"That line is busy now. We will call you," snapped the telephone operator who just awoke out of her nap.

The Selectives

Up in Malden, Mass., the local post was taking part in the Memorial Day parade. First in line marched the uniformed members, followed by those who from principle or some other motive, wore their civvies.

As this contingent hove in sight one of the youthful spectators, whose memory went back to the days of 1918, piped shrilly:

"Look, Dad, here comes the drafted guys."

WHAT *the* POSTS *are* DOING

This department is a clearing house of ideas, where accomplishments of one post may suggest possibilities for all posts. Originality is the best recommendation of an item for this department. Photographs of Legion members who have interesting records, of Legion happenings, and of Legion clubhouses are wanted. Address Editor, What the Posts are Doing.

The sentiment of the Philadelphia posts on the escape of Grover Bergdoll is forcefully presented in a resolution adopted by the Philadelphia County Committee. The resolution demands a relentless investigation by the United States district attorney's office of the facts leading up to the escape, the prosecution of the relatives and friends of Bergdoll who were concerned in the escape and court martial for the higher Army officers who gave Bergdoll the chance to escape and the enlisted men who were directly responsible for his flight. It was further resolved that the County Committee should urge the Pennsylvania state cantonment to appoint a "Bergdoll prosecution committee." The resolution also denounces Representative Blanton of Texas, charging that he blocked a Congressional investigation of the "national scandal."

Labor unions of Fort Worth, Tex., will erect bungalow units for tubercular ex-service men as memorials for Tarrant County soldiers who died in the war. The Bricklayers Local, the Ice Cutters Union, the Painters and Decorators Union, the Oil Workers Union and the Cooks, Waiters and Waitresses Union were among the first to indorse the scheme. The bungalows will be built as a part of a sanitarium now under construction, and for which $50,000 is being subscribed by Fort Worth citizens.

Army airplanes provided by a recruiting detachment from the Indianapolis Speedway were exhibited during a street carnival given by the Columbus, Ind., Post. All those who took part in the carnival shows were residents of Columbus. The Post made $900. So successful was the carnival that the posts in Seymour, Shelbyville and Madison, Ind., gave similar carnivals.

While Seattle, Wash., Post was giving a dance, a squad of policemen made a raid on the dance hall and arrested the post commander and the adjutant. The prisoners were rushed before a magistrate, where the commander was charged with "purchasing ice cream without putting up a cash bond." The adjutant was charged with "becoming the father of twins on May 20 without proper permission from the Post." The mock trial and the mock court martial is sure fire as an entertainment feature.

The executive board of the Department of California has indorsed the plan of the California Federation of Labor to invoke the initiative in an effort to have placed on the ballot at the November election a measure to limit the fee charged by employment agencies to ten percent of the first month's wages. It is estimated that $600,000 is being made annually by California employment agencies from persons getting jobs which have no guarantees of permanency.

Referring to the revocation of the charter of the Middletown, Conn., Post by the Department of Connecticut, an action that was approved by the Legion's National Executive Committee, Lemuel Bolles, National Adjutant, has forwarded a statement to the Connecticut adjutant stating that any further questions arising in regard to the revocation of the Post's charter must be settled within the Department. "There

in a proper manner provided in all Departments for adjustment of grievances which does not make it necessary for individual posts to take action which cannot but have a disintegrating effect upon The American Legion as a whole," says the statement.

George N. Althouse Post of Norristown, Pa., on June 9 celebrated the first anniversary of its founding by giving a dinner in the Norristown Town Hall. Invitations were issued to the posts of surrounding towns. The dinner was followed by a reception and dance. The Norristown Post followed up its anniversary celebration by sponsoring two performances of the show, "Over Here —Over There," produced by members of the Pottstown, Pa., Post. Profits were shared on a fifty-fifty basis.

That every post should have the opportunity to vote on questions of Legion policy, and that all the posts of the nation should meet on the same day each month for the consideration of questions referred to the posts by the national organization, is the recommendation contained in a resolution adopted by the College of the City of New York Post. The resolution states that it is impracticable to obtain a true expression of the Legion upon questions at present because posts hold their meetings at different times and the votes of individual posts carry but little weight.

Heard at the minstrel show which netted $2,500 for the Earl Faulkner Post, Everett, Wash.: "And does you know that Aurelius Davis has given his cow the most peculair name?" "Yeah? How come peculiah?" "Well, Aurelius has named his cow 'U. S.,' because she's done been dry since July 1." The show also produced a new version of "Parlez Vous," as follows:

The bonus bill is going through,
Parlez vous.
The bonus bill is going through,
Parlez vous.
The bonus bill is going through,
In Nineteen hundred and ninety-two.
Hinkey, dinkey, parlez vous.

The teamwork of the Illinois posts during the membership drive and the activity of post officials has given Illinois more paid-up members than any other State. The membership in the State now has passed 50,000. The members obtained in 1920 totalled 25,377.

Brooklyn Post of Cleveland, O., was joined by the Daughters of Veterans and the G. A. R. in a Memorial Day parade which was three-quarters of a mile long. A fife and drum corps, composed of members of the Daughters of Veterans, led the line.

An Indian band opened the Memorial Day ceremonies of the Mark A. Moore Post, Flagstaff, Ariz., by playing "The Star Spangled Banner." After songs and readings of patriotic addresses, trees were planted in the courthouse yard in memory of every Flagstaff man who died in the war. Memorial services also were held at the city cemetery.

The citizens of New Matamoras, O., honored the New Matamoras Post by asking it to conduct the unveiling and dedicating of a monument in memory of the service men of the town who were killed in the war.

Publicity was given to an announcement that the Lexington, Ky., Post had passed a resolution in opposition to the Legion's four-fold plan of beneficial legislation. Members of the Post charged that the resolution had been passed at a meeting held without advance notice, and that it did not truly express the sentiments of the Post. So another meeting was called and the intention to take up the compensation issue was advertised. The attendance at the meeting was the largest in the Post's history. By a vote of 200 to 3 the previous action of the Post was rescinded and the Post indorsed the four-fold compensation plan.

Officers and enlisted men of the First Division at Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., have formed a First Division Post of the Legion to be affiliated with the Jefferson Feigl Post of New York City, which is composed of former men of the Division and is one of the largest posts in the United States. The New York post is organizing First Division posts in Chicago, California and Louisiana, and it hopes ultimately to consolidate all the former and present members of the Division into one big post.

The Women's Auxiliary of the Morgan-Ranck Post of Ocean City, N. J., served a luncheon at the Post's smoker given for all ex-service men of Ocean City and surrounding towns.

A committee of the Tampa, Fla., Post made a canvass of all hotels and boarding houses in Tampa to insure accommodations for the delegates to the first convention of the Department of Florida, which opened June 21.

Alaska Legionnaires, at their first convention, favored Congressional action to authorize former service men to file entries in homestead land drawings by mail. The approximate distance between the Nome Post, the most northerly of the Alaskan posts, and Ketchikan, the one farthest south, is 1,400 miles by air and 2,100 by steamer. Alaska is one-sixth the size of the United States. The population is now about 65,000.

Admiral Robert E. Coontz, Chief of Operations of the United States Navy, was one of the new members obtained by Emmette J. Shields Post of Hannibal, Mo., during the recent membership drive. Admiral Coontz was born and reared in Hannibal.

The American Legion of Duluth, Minn., will give a historical pageant of Duluth on August 18, 19 and 20. From published plans and the number of committees already at work, it would seem that a general mobilization has been declared for the pageant.

A weekly get-together luncheon is held each Tuesday noon by Legionnaires of Denver, Colo., in a Denver cafe. A building at No. 244 West Colfax street has been leased as a clubhouse and meeting place for all Denver posts.

Roland Ritter Post, Muncy, Pa., with a membership of seventy-five, has bought a $4,000 home. Ninety-five percent of the Post's members wore full uniforms in the Memorial Day ceremonies.

More than 250 members attended a "good time" meeting given by Broadway Post of New York City at a New York restaurant. A demonstration of mental telepathy was a part of the entertainment.

Trenton, N. J., Post, with 1,100 members, is now the largest in the State, having passed the Newark Post after a neck and neck race. The Trenton Post has spent $4,500 for quarters, speakers and entertainment, and all the money was earned through athletic meets, a circus, a carnival and a boxing tournament. In the Trenton Memorial Day parade the Post was headed by fourteen Army nurses in their uniforms. The commander, formerly a sergeant, made all the majors, captains and looeys snap into it.

Disabled Legionnaires of Louisville, Ky., have formed a "Veterans' Rehabilitation Club," which now has 103 members. Its purpose is to give disabled men who have not been through the mill of Government training, the benefit of the experience of those who have. The club has a trust fund of $300.

Palm Beach Post of Palm Beach, Fla., in opposing the H. C. of sugar, has started a campaign to bring the price down to fifteen cents a pound. It seeks to enlist other posts in the campaign, through the headquarters of the Departments.

Every member of the Howard Gardner Post, Palestine, Texas, is said to be a member of some union affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. The Post has 126 members and is waging an active membership campaign. It will open clubrooms soon.

John W. Low Post of Dallas, Texas, has held automobile races to raise funds for maintaining clubrooms and other purposes.

Thomas McCoy Post of Goshen, Indiana, believes it has the fastest baseball team in the Legion. Eight of the men in the line-up have had big league experience, and the ninth is a Notre Dame University star. The Post has some open dates which it would like to fill with other Middle West teams. The Post's manager is Louis R. Batchelor.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

Class AA

Crewe, Va., Post
J. W. Roth Post, Lake Crystal, Minn.
Eureka, Ill., Post
Windom, Minn., Post
Nicholas Tasson Post, Diorite, Mich.

Class A

Frederick P. Helmuth Post,
Clinton, N. Y.
Byron Hook Post, Stockport, O.
Harry E. Everist Post,
Mankato, Kans.

Class B

None Reported

Hereon are listed the names of posts with the highest proportion of members among the ex-service men in their communities. In Class AA are the names of posts with a 100 per cent. enrollment—posts whose membership embraces all the former service men in their communities. In Class A are listed the names of posts with an enrollment of between 90 and 100 per cent.; in Class B, posts with an enrollment of between 80 and 90 per cent. If your post is qualified for The Roll of Honor forward its record.

But How Did the Old Man Feel?

Getting Bawled Out Is One Thing, and Hearing Somebody Else Get Bawled Out Is Another

By A. H. Thompson

Illustrations by Walgren

IT was in the old days, when there were two million troops in the rumors and three hundred thousand in France. I was a casual lieutenant of infantry, sent over to billet and staying to drill casual privates at St. Aignan. In those days of early 1918 St. Aignan was still the home of the Forty-first Division; the outfit had still its maiden name. Later on, when it changed to the First Depot Division, I had gone to the front, seen fire, tasted gas, smelt battle, been sent to rear—though not for wounds—fallen in love, gone to Germany, had the joy of bossing the Boches on their own soil, but I never got a bigger thrill than I did on February 21, 1918, on the drill ground over the bridge in little old St. Agony.

For I had been sent to a trick officers' school where for two weeks they taught me to throw hand grenades with stones, and to shoot a 37 mm. with a piece of two by four. The only thing I remembered was something I had learned before, that when it came to saluting the flag at retreat, the old I. D. R. was great stuff, but when it came to facing machine guns and walking under shrapnel, it was about as useful as a Complete Letter Writer.

Hence when I got back to St. Aignan, I started to put into practice this great idea. Not to mention the minor changes I ruthlessly introduced into the greatest military classic of our time, I decided that my brave troops should not be extended at the fifteen inches then in vogue, but at least—don't smile—five paces.

When the colonel walked onto the drill ground after his morning bath, stroking his drooping white whiskers (with which, as a sheriff in North Dakota, he had frightened the wicked and stirred his soup), my platoon was in a skirmish line which reached from one side of the field to the other. Other outfits in column of squads were marching right through our single rank as if it never existed. At its head I marched backward proudly, arms extended like a weathervane, whistle in my mouth ready to reassemble my warriors, when I heard the voice of the Old Man unquestionably directed at me, bellowing across the field, "What in hell do you think you're doing there, making a dragnet? Come over here!"

I would have assembled my men, but the colonel was insistent that I come at once, so I turned the platoon over to a sergeant, who immediately bunched them together and gave them the manual of arms.

The colonel did not appreciate my emendation of the I. D. R. He seemed to feel that my formation was hardly the thing. He insinuated that I felt myself superior to the Secretary of War, whose pet amusement and special prerogative, it appears, is to write the I. D. R.'s. He hinted that I was introducing what he dreaded most of all, innovations. "When we want innovations, young man," he said, "we'll ask for them. Until that time, we'll follow the I. D. R."

The colonel did not appreciate my emendation of the I. D. R.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you happen to know how far the I. D. R. prescribes for extended order?"

"Fifteen inches, sir."

"Then we'll have fifteen inches here, do you understand? Fifteen inches, young man, not an inch more nor less. You freshwater officers think you know more than the War Department . . . no discipline . . . no sense of responsibility."

"Colonel, your troops are rotten"

He went on for about twenty minutes in this way, and accused me of everything from being a college man to being a pro-German, and omitted only treason—perhaps because he couldn't get the requisite two witnesses. Finally he let me go, and I went back to my platoon, which was standing at ease, grinning, delighted, for they had heard every word of the bawling out.

And then, O grand and glorious feeling, O thrill of thrills, the General descended from his O. D. Cadillac, and as he and the Colonel tried to get out of my hearing, I caught from the august lips of the division commander: "Colonel, your troops are rotten. They're so damned rotten they stink. They'll never get away with that at the front. Why don't you teach them something new? Look at that officer there with his men in a skirmish line with hardly elbow room. This ain't Indian warfare. Good God, a burst of shrapnel would wipe out the whole damned platoon. Do you think you're back in the State Militia? Don't you know there's a war on? Tell that officer to extend his men."

And at the precise moment when I gave the command to extend at ten paces came the greatest thrill I ever got, before, during, or after the war.

MR. D'OLIER'S TRIP POSTPONED

THE National Commander has found that it will be impossible for him to make his contemplated tour of the Western States. This trip, which was to have taken him from St. Louis to the Pacific Coast and back by way of the northern tier of States, had long been planned. Each time Mr. D'Olier made ready to start, some press of Legion affairs in Washington or at National Headquarters made it inadvisable for him to go.

"I am sincerely sorry to have to lose this opportunity to meet Legion men in the West," says the Commander. "I realize how much good it would have done me to mingle with and talk to Legionnaires whom I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting. Balanced against the value of this trip, however, was the necessity of remaining in the East to work out administrative and executive problems that have arisen. I hope that this is to be only a postponement and not an abandonment of the trip."

THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

German Jokes and Yankee Sense

To the Editor: In your June 11th issue appeared a letter in which a post commander protested against using jokes from German papers because he believed they reflected on Americanism.

I believe this is a wrong and unwise sentiment to hold. We did indeed go to war with and fight the Germans, and by the united efforts of ourselves and our associates won a decisive victory over them, blasting their empire from the face of the earth. Our victory is complete. Their people, especially their poor people, are, perhaps, in a state of destitution. They are suffering severe punishment, and will for a long time to come. In point of courage and military skill, who can deny that we found them foemen worthy of our steel?

Let us, the veterans of the Great War, citizens of this great nation, in whose veins the blood of all races flows, hold ourselves above the racial hatreds of Europe.

Surely if using a few jokes from our vanquished foe impairs our Americanism, then our Americanism requires some more substantial remedy than the mere omission of those jokes.

Whatever we do with the Legion, let's don't be petty with it.

HENRY S. HATTON
New Bedford Post No. 1,
New Bedford, Mass.

Improving the Infantry

[*Colonel C S. Farnsworth, president of the Infantry Board, U.S.A., has asked for suggestions from members of The American Legion "looking to the improvement of the Infantry service." This magazine will publish as many constructive suggestions in line with this policy as space will permit.*—THE EDITOR.]

To the Editor: Here is my suggestion to the colonel who wants ideas on improving the infantry service:

Napoleon said an army marched on its stomach. Somebody else has said that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. A full mess-kit means better discipline and higher efficiency. Now in my day the old mess-gear was usually full enough, but as it was generally full of slum, this didn't mean much. How about teaching army cooks to make the most of the army ration, to turn out an appetizing mess with plenty of variety and palatability? How about sending the army cook to school? Think of the interest in the Army, too, that would be awakened if it were known that some of our leading culinary experts had been engaged by the Government to help all the Rorers in O. D. to qualify as expert chefs. I'd almost re-enlist myself.

H. G. B.
Newburyport, Mass.

To the Editor: I'll say I remember the Army, as I did a hitch in the Regular Service and was later in the 103d Infantry, Twenty-sixth Division. The old outfit taught us how to stand in a row and do squads right, etc., until the whole thing seemed like a sorry joke, but not a thing about how to get a can of soup to the front line.

In three years in the Regular Service I never saw a grenade. The rifle was the only weapon I had any instruction in. If a man wants to be soldier, why not teach him what a soldier ought to know? I think he should know how to use rockets, grenades, automatic rifles and machine guns, or to fire a piece of artillery as well as knowing his rifle.

Knowing how to use the tools of his trade should be more in line with what he is paid for than wearing white gloves and doing exhibition drills.

ALBERT C. BRACKETT
South Paris, Me.

To the Editor: I think one way to improve the infantry service is to preserve some of the traditions of American valor which won the doughboy glory overseas. How about ruling that the wearer of the D. S. C. is entitled to a salute from all enlisted men?

HUGH R. WALLING
New Orleans, La.

Letters submitted for publication in "The Voice of the Legion" must be about subjects that are of general interest to members. Demands of space compel the editors to impose a limit of two hundred words on communications, at the same time admitting a strong preference for those that are even shorter.

BERGDOLL AND OTHERS

To the Editor: I handled many prisoners while acting as assistant prison officer of military police at Camp Jackson, S. C., and as yet have never seen a general prisoner allowed to get from in front of a loaded rifle, as seems to have been the case with Bergdoll. It is indeed a strange thing that a general prisoner should be allowed to go hunting for buried treasure when a general prisoner is not supposed to have such a thing as money in his possession.

Also why should a millionaire be so vastly interested in $150,000? The Government has never before shown any great interest in buried treasure. Why should it show so much concern over the supposed buried treasure of the most unscrupulous draft evader in the United States?

A. A. GOODWYN
James C. Brewer Post No. 15,
Bristol, Va.

The Language Question

To the Editor: A recent letter accuses the Lutheran Church of being pro-German for the simple reason that they instruct children in the German language, but the writer fails to mention that they are also taught English, which they are in most cases.

Now a member of that church, I believe in a fair deal to all. Do not other churches outside of the Lutheran instruct and preach in the German language?

In my estimation true Americanism does not merely consist wholly in the English language, but in upholding American policies and institutions. I refer the writer of the letter I mention to the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

MARTIN E. KOOPMAN
Emil King Post No. 318,
Fulda, Minn.

To the Editor: In your issue of June 4th appears a letter from a Legion member in Wakeeney, Kans., in which he sets forth the fact that German schools were being conducted.

The same condition exists near here. I have just finished teaching a school in a strictly Boche community. They took their children out of our school to send them to their own. I am in sympathy with the man from Kansas.

This country does not have room for those who will not learn its language, customs and laws. Oklahoma laws prohibit such German schools. I am in favor of enforcing the law.

FLOYD M. HAYES
Woodward, Okla.

Land Ho! —— Not

To the Editor: I am one of the many ex-service men who went and spent time and money to get a small piece of land in this peerless Western principality, and though the "land" open to entry ought to be called mountains, I am one of the few who will not give up the idea. Tens of thousands of men, disappointed, down-hearted, without money and backing, gave up the idea thoroughly disgusted. Did those men get a square deal? "Anything they want" and so on. Ask them and get the plain answer.

Roseburg, Ore. G. L. JOELSON

Kate and Army Paper-work

To the Editor: In your issue of May 28 appears an article entitled "In Memoriam, Kate," in which the writer comments: "How Kate, the twenty-five to fifty-year-old army mule, died and what became of her remains is agitating the military establishment to the extent of expending large quantities of white paper," and adds that certain official correspondence "throws light on the important question of what the Army is doing today to kill time until the next war."

The first comment might be passed as unimportant and without special point were it not for the unwarranted reflection against the Army "system"—that system which made it possible for our wartime Army to achieve the glorious success it did—which is contained in the second comment.

To the thoughtful person, it is unnecessary to explain that, in such large enterprises as the United States Army, a complete record of all transactions, no matter how trivial, is essential and that the letter and certificate referred to as an expenditure of large quantities of white paper are nothing more or less than final records of the loss and disposition of property purchased from funds furnished by the taxpayers, who have every right in the world to have such property accounted for. It should be remembered that agents of the Government are, quite properly, required to show, in all cases involving the loss or destruction of property entrusted to their care, that such loss

or destruction occurred without fault or neglect on their part, or else reimburse the Government for the value thereof. Hence, undoubtedly, the correspondence about Kate. (I was not connected with this case and only speak from a knowledge of the established custom in such matters.)

As an Army officer, I desire to enter protest against the injustice done us by the second comment referred to above. I may perhaps be able to shed still more light on the question of what we are doing today to kill time until the next war by saying that we are quietly going ahead with plans to make the next war—which pray God may never come—an even more successful one than the last, with the means placed at our disposal by a people divided in opinion as to the meaning of the lessons taught by our latest experience. In these plans are included steps, already in operation, to make our Army a part of the people by and for whom it exists, rather than a thing apart from them to be regarded only as a thing for young men to keep away from and as a convenient means of spending Government money.

As a member of The American Legion, I protest against the comments referred to above as lacking in propriety and as exemplifying an unwillingness to meet the War Department half way in its efforts to make our Army a democratic institution. One might expect to see such remarks in a pacifist newspaper but they should not be given space in the official organ of The American Legion.

R. D. BURDICK,
Captain, Coast Artillery
Wooster, Ohio

Line of March or Sideline?

To the Editor: Decoration Day has passed. It was a grand and glorious day. The festivities were a big success. However, only a part, a small part of the ex-service men were represented in the memorial parades and exercises in the larger cities. The majority were onlookers, and left it up to their fellow-buddies to make the showing.

St. Louis, Mo. ARTHUR D. BRIX

Getting Rich Quick

To the Editor: So there won't be anything doing on adjusted compensation, land for soldiers, etc., until next December at the earliest? I should worry. I saved fifty dollars last week—that means a rate of $2,500 a year. How? I didn't buy a suit of clothes. Some day I am going to save the whole $2,500 in a wad by not buying a car. And some other day I shall save Lord knows how much by not buying a couple of tractors for my imaginary Government farm. It's a great peace.

Peoria, Ill. L. J. G.

Congress' Service Record

To the Editor: I have read with great interest William Ira Tubbs's letter entitled "Watching Congress." I heartily agree with the contents of it and again urge that some method be devised by which the average Legion member could be informed who is for us and who is opposed to us.

JOSEPH N. BENNETT
Asbury Park Post No. 24,
Asbury Park, N. J.

"*Here's Your* Hires, *Ma'am*"

BE sure you just say "HIRES" when ordering by the case from your dealer, or by the glass at the fountain. By saying "HIRES" you guard against an imitation drink which, being artificial, may be harmful.

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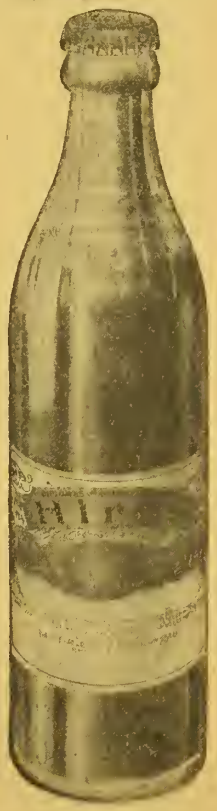
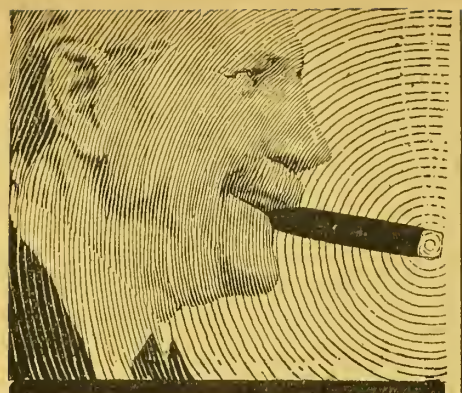


Hires

in bottles



Long Ash

You can nurse the ash of a Blackstone for a long time before it falls. And you often hear it said that clinging ash is a sign of a good cigar.

We cannot deny that there is some excuse for this smoker's superstition—if it be a superstition. For the Blackstone, with its clinging ash, has been a good cigar for three generations. Havana filler, Broadleaf binder, Sumatra wrapper — a gentleman's cigar.

No wonder that smokers, seeing Blackstone ashes cling, have said that clinging ash is a good sign.

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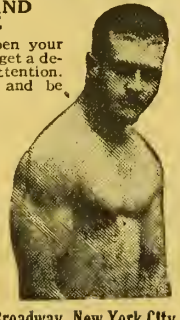

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GOLF HOUNDS AND WHEEL CHAIRS

By WARREN P. STANIFORD

BASING their protest on the axiom that a sick war veteran's wheel chair has the right of way over a plutocrat's limousine, the four hundred-odd patients at the Government hospital at Menlo Park, Cal., rebuked wealthy residents a few days ago for efforts to bar the institution. The resolutions adopted by the veterans in mass meeting were admirable not for their restraint, but for the full force of a just and wholesome exasperation.

Menlo Park is on the San Mateo peninsula, thirty miles south of San Francisco, in a region which nestles at the foot of the Coast Range between the open ocean and the bay. The climate there has been the key to many remarkable cures. Many of the invalids in the Public Health Service hospital are tubercular and gas cases, drawn from far parts of the country because the health-breeding climate of the peninsula is their option on life.

Incidentally, this garden spot is beloved of wealthy estate owners, some of whom have permitted the campaign to be started which ignores the welfare of men who became casualties in service for the common good. Their representatives stated in the plea to the Government that the hospital is a "menace to health." Officials of the Public Health Service denied the charge in pretty strong terms, and pointed out that the crowded conditions of other hospitals make transfers impossible, and that the expense of erecting a substitute hospital in a less favorable climate would be unjustifiable.

The Menlo interests are being paid back for their gross selfishness in bitter language from newspapers and the public all over the United States. Widespread response to the call of the soldier-patients was so sudden and so powerful that the only harvest the errant crusaders will reap will be, it is hoped, a blush of shame.

When the veterans voiced their indignation against the "Menlo Park Improvement Association," they found an agency close at hand to get a flood of support from all parts of the Pacific Coast and the nation, and a rain of telegrams to members of Congress. That agency was the Fremont Post of The American Legion, at Palo Alto, two miles away, with its membership of townsmen and Stanford University students.

The fact is, the hospital men and Fremont Post simulated crossed fingers ever since the Government decided to continue the base hospital at Menlo on the site of the Camp Fremont of National Army days. They worked together, and now for a second time have notified the country that the salubrious California region deserves attention for other things besides golden poppies.

The first message which received general press support was a report last February that of the 600 veterans at the hospital at that time, hundreds had received no money or information regarding their compensation claims for months. So diligently was that shameful condition carried to the attention of Washington officials that a full-time representative of the Red Cross and five stenographers are now on the job, making headway through the tangle of red tape and neglect.

Authorities of the Red Cross are responsible for the statement that this energy of Fremont Post, directed primarily for the benefit of men in the hospital away out in the Wild West, has rebounded a long way, to the joy of ex-service patients in other Government hospitals.

Now comes this case of the golf patriots, so tender-hearted that they can scarce bear to have American manhood get well so near their eighteen-hole course. In the angry words of the resolutions adopted by the mass meeting of sick men, "Our representatives in Washington know where we were to be found during the war period, and why we are inmates of this hospital at present; also, our representatives in Washington, and no one except themselves, know where these intense patriots of the Menlo Park Improvement Association were to be found during the late war."

Salvation Army Photo

"—but it's 'savior of his country' when the drums begin to roll"

Picturesque language and strong, as was also the challenge of some lusty-voiced buck: "We'll take them on, canes and crutches against their golf sticks!"

"We are aware of the fact" (added the resolutions) "that the presence of the veterans on the streets and roadways is an unpleasant reminder to those . . . who did not go to the common defense of the nation."

There is reason to believe that this Menlo incident will carry its object lesson to people in other sections who would presume (again the language of the resolution) "to knife in the back the wounded and broken ex-service men who are now playing against a stacked deck."

The editorial columns of the Fresno *Republican* stated that "the danger alleged to result from the presence of the soldier invalids is very questionable, and even if as certain as it is declared to be, the district is more important for the use of the soldiers than it is for the exclusive use of certain other persons who are now signing the petition. The tubercular convalescents of the United States Army have a right to live, to live well at the expense of the country. . . . And if, as we suspect is the fact, the residents of Menlo Park find the pres-

ence of the hospital there socially undesirable rather than a menace to public health, let them move."

The Palo Alto *Times* said: "That gratitude should be consumed by resentment, and sympathy turn to contempt, as the movement launched by the Menlo Park Improvement Association shows to be the case, is an unexpected post-war development, and one which the resolutions passed by the wounded and broken men of war last night will cause the country to pause and consider."

Far be it from the desire of a native Californian to give the impression that people such as the few of Menlo who engaged in this flivver are altogether indigenous to the sun-lapped soil of the Pacific slope. The Chamber of Commerce of Palo Alto, almost as near a neighbor to the hospital as is Menlo, sent an emissary all the way to Washington to urge the retention of a permanent institution.

This Is Our Circulation Manager—Poor Fellow

He gets this way every once in awhile and we have to tie him up with a section of picket line until he quiets down.

Its on account of letters from subscribers saying they are not getting their magazine.

Every member of the Legion, by the payment of his national dues becomes a subscriber to The American Legion Weekly. New members should receive their first copy two or three weeks after enrollment. If they do not it is because of a hitch in sending in their names. The names of new members, together with national dues, go from post to Department Headquarters and thence, through National Headquarters, to the magazine. The Post Adjutant should forward these names as soon as they are received. But some of them don't. Some of them wait several weeks.

Hence complaints about non-receipt of the magazine.

Hence dissatisfaction among new members.

Hence our circulation manager.

THERE IS YET HOPE FOR HIM. If you will check up on your adjutant and make sure that he forwards the names and dues promptly maybe we can save his mind.

Note to subscribers: Changes of address should be sent directly to this magazine. Notification should arrive three weeks prior to the date of the issue affected.

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Actual size about two and one-half inches in diameter. Made in full emblem colors—Gold, Bronze and Blue. Equipped with bolt and nut for fastening to radiator cap.

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THE LEGION LIBRARY

Through the medium of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, *the American Legion expects to assemble a complete library covering the field of American activity in the great war. It is intended ultimately to assemble this library in a room of its own, preferably at National Headquarters. Books received in the office of this magazine for inclusion in the library are listed on receipt, and thereafter in most cases noticed in brief reviews.*

Another Long Trail

HOMER is reputed to have begged his bread in seven cities. S. S. U. 585—otherwise the Yale Ambulance Unit—has Homer stopped several ways. It ate its Army punk in more than seventy places, ranging from Allentown, Pa., to St. Nazaire, France, and way stations all along the front, in Belgium and in Germany, before it began the journey home via Brest, the *Great Northern* and Camp Dix. The story of its war wanderings is interestingly set down in "Record of S. S. U. 585," edited by George Shively and seven other members of the outfit and containing contributions signed by twenty men.

The book is dedicated "in affectionate remembrance" to the 128th French Division. The poilu, in fact, rather than S. S. U. 585, is the book's hero. The "we won the war" spirit, by the way, is conspicuous in most A. E. F. outfit histories by its wholesome absence, particularly when those histories are, as they should be, the work of the outfits' members. The rare cases in which an outsider has been called on to do the writing, on the not altogether logical assumption that a professional can tell about something he may not have seen better than an amateur who saw, are more likely to be the ones which are based on the attitude: "Here you are, gentlemen. Read why the war stopped on November 11, 1918."

Writing of the poilu in 585's book, a Yank says: "We, with many others, were deceived by our first impressions. Often the poilu does not look the warrior. In his old, faded blue uniform, his nondescript leggins and his clumsy shoes he stands by his big brother from the West, little and humble, quietly watching. But when he begins to fight the revelation comes. . . .

"His courtesy is not a matter of instinct, it is a habit. Nothing ever makes him forget to do the beautiful thing. No matter how shell-torn he may be, he cannot be driven from the zone of death until he has shaken hands with *mon lieutenant* and wished all about him *bonne chance*. This practice frequently made us extremely uncomfortable, at critical moments, until we came to realize that we were watching something bigger than battles. From that moment we never tried to hinder the leave-takings of this little blue doughboy whose courtesy is beyond the fear of death."

Bird's-eyeing the War

PEOPLE, ex-service and otherwise, in whom the gambling fever runs high might well organize a pool on the number of volumes in which the most complete history of the war is going to appear. Anyone drawing less than thirty should sell his chance at a ninety percent discount.

Much can be said in a single book, and if that particular book runs to more than 400 pages, its treatment of most subjects might be called fairly comprehensive. William L. McPherson's "Short History of the Great War," dealing particularly with its military and diplomatic aspects and the part played in it by the United States, runs to 410 pages, however, but it does not aim to be anything more than a summary.

Mere space requirements, for instance, make it necessary to dismiss St. Mihiel and the Argonne in these six sentences:

"The First American Army was organized on August 10th. In cooperation with a small French force it squeezed out the St. Mihiel salient (September 12th-16th). Then it fought

A French Village at Night
From "The Balloon Section of the A. E. F."

the great battle of the Meuse-Argonne (September 26th-November 11th). About 550,000 soldiers were engaged in the battle of St. Mihiel. One million two hundred thousand fought in the Meuse-Argonne campaign. The strategical effect of the successful American drive for Sedan was to break into two groups the German armies operating in France and Belgium and to precipitate Ludendorff's request for an armistice." As a tabloid, skeletonized account of the entire war, the book is accurate and satisfactory.

It took exactly fifty-seven varieties of declarations of war to get everybody in who wanted to come, according to a table which Mr. McPherson includes in the appendix. That of Austria against Serbia, on July 28, 1914, was the first; Costa Rica's against Germany, on May 23, 1918, the last.

Encore Engineers

Farewell, captain and lieutenants,
And our dear old major, too;
When this German war is over
We will rank as high as you.

THAT happy condition has long since been achieved by the members of Company A, 314th Engineers, Eighty-ninth Division, whose story is compactly told in a booklet prepared by William S. Haswell and Charles S. Stevenson, assisted by Kenneth A. Marmon and Lawrence H. Platte. "Written in the United States, England, France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany," states the title page.

The high spot in Company A's war was Stenay, where two events made its record distinctive. It had most to do with the rebuilding of the bridge across the Meuse on which practically all of the troops who were to make up the Army of Occupation started for Germany. Second, it was the first Yankee outfit to invade the old headquarters of the German crown prince in Stenay chateau. In justice to the souvenir hounds of Company A it should be stated that the walls of the chateau are still standing.

MISSING MEN

Inquiries to this department should be addressed MISSING MEN, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. Use of these columns is restricted to relatives and friends seeking information concerning men killed, wounded or missing.

BAUM, HAROLD, Sgt., formerly of 161st Inf., Co. A.—Information about this man is wanted by the Adjutant, Walter C. Lee Post, American Legion, Walla Walla, Wash.

CAVENDER, ROY H., was last heard from in Omaha, Neb., after his discharge from the service. His sister wants to learn his whereabouts. Write Alice H. Cavender, 8 W. Delaware pl., Chicago, Ill.

DORVALL, CLARENCE, is believed to have resided in Sisseyon, Ore., before he was called into service and went overseas. His sister, Miss Gertrude Dorvall, has heard nothing from him since he enlisted. Anyone who knows his whereabouts is asked to write to her at 205 Seyburn ave., Detroit, Mich.

DOWNING, FRANK, formerly with 41st Inf., Co. C, Camp Funston, was last heard from in Topeka, Kans. As his father died in April, his sister is eager to get in touch with him. Write Gertrude Downing, 3314 S. King st., Greenville, Tex.

PARKER, FRED JACKSON, Sgt., a shell-shock victim, disappeared from the Baltimore Hotel, Kansas City, Mo., on May 21. He carries a letter of introduction from a Pittsburgh, Pa., post and also has been a member of the Bothwell Keane Post, Fort Worth, Texas. His whereabouts are sought by his wife, Mrs. F. J. Parker, Yuma, Colo.

4TH M. G. BN.—Harry L. Dillon was killed while with this outfit. Particulars of his death are wanted by his father, H. B. Dillon, Winifrede, W. Va.

59TH INF., Co. I—Pvt. Dana B. Chambers was killed in action on Oct. 11, 1918. Information about his death is desired by his mother, Mrs. M. D. Chambers, 50 Cambridge st., Akron, O.

76TH CO., 6TH MARINES—Howard A. Heil was reported missing in action and later killed in action in Sept., 1918. His buddies are asked to send details of his death to his father, Charles A. Heil, Clairton, Pa.

117TH ENGINEERS, Co. E.—Cpl. Charles T. Hiskey was reported as having died in Hospital No. 7 at Langris. Anyone with information concerning his death is requested to communicate with his mother, Mrs. J. P. Hiskey, 300 S. Gramercy pl, Los Angeles, Cal.

125TH INF., Co. M.—Pvt. Charles J. Dwyer was reported missing in action on July 31, 1918. Later message from the War Department presumed him killed in action. Information about him is wanted by his sister, Kate Dwyer, Box 153, Edgerton, Kans.

126TH INF., Co. D.—Ralph H. Allen of this outfit was reported killed in action. His mother wants buddies who were with him at the time of his death to send details to her. Write Mrs. Flora Allen, 1135 Groff ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

128TH INF., Co. F.—Pvt. Robert H. Hurst was officially reported dead of wounds on Oct. 7, 1918. Particulars of his death are sought by his sister, Mrs. O. N. Cunningham, 26 Riegel st., Dayton, O.

145TH INF., Co. D.—Pvt. Theodore Auchey was reported killed in action on Nov. 10 or 11, 1918. Details of his death and burial are wanted by his mother, Mrs. Caroline Auchey, 311 Centre ave., Schuylkill Haven, Pa.

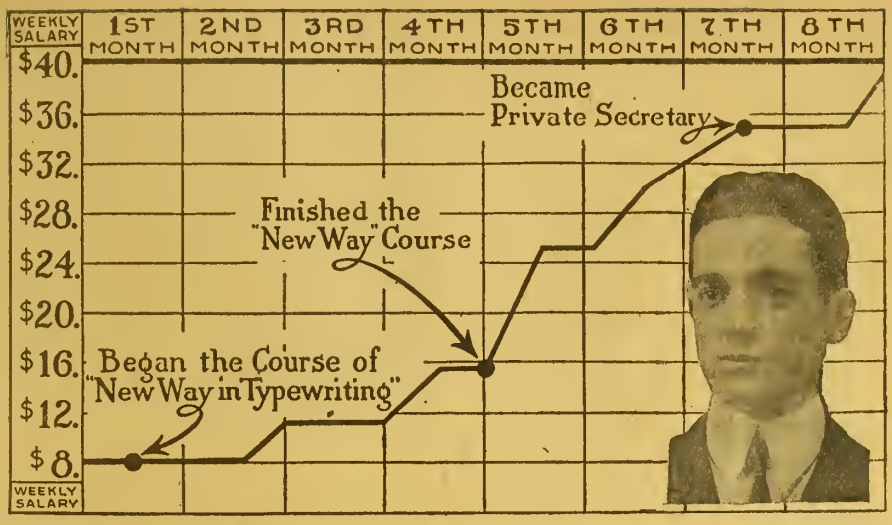
153RD INF., Co. H.—Pvt. Frank McVay, who also may have served with Co. H., 127th Inf., was killed in action. Information about his death and burial is wanted by his wife, Mrs. Dorothy McVay, 4220 Ivanhoe ave., Norwood, Cincinnati, O.

308TH INF., Co. K.—Pvt. Chris Johanneson was reported killed in action late in Sept., 1918. His relatives want to hear from Father Halligan of this outfit who buried him on Sept. 29, or from any of Johanneson's comrades who were in the outfit on Sept. 25 or before Oct. 2. Send information through F. F. Baumbach & Son, Bryant, S. D.

310TH INF., Co. D.—Sgt. James Clarke was killed in the St. Mihiel drive on Sept. 18, 1918. Information about his death is wanted by William J. Clarke, Box 35, M. A. C., Amherst, Mass.

311TH INF., Co. E.—Pvt. Clark F. Simmons was killed in action or died of wounds received in action on Nov. 1, 1918. His mother has received his effects and the location of his grave, but wants to hear from the men who were with him when he was killed. Write Mrs. Frank Simmons, Cooperstown, N. Y.

320TH INF., Co. M.—Pvt. John Kyle Smith was reported wounded on Nov. 1, 1918, and later as having been killed in action about the same time. Anyone who knows particulars of his death is asked to write to his mother, Mrs. Mary Kyle Smith, Madalin, Dutchess Co., N. Y.



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31x4	7.90	2.15	35x5	12.40	3.40
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THEY'RE CARING FOR TWO ORPHANS

THESE are three of ten *mesdemoiselles Americaines* who are to supervise the careers of the two French war orphans which National Headquarters of the Legion at Indianapolis has adopted under the Legion plan. To date a total of $375 has been pledged by National Headquarters, Legion posts and individual members for the care of five war waifs.

All ten of the young women are members of National Headquarters office staff. They were appointed to the additional post of orphan *marraines* by the National Adjutant, Lemuel Bolles.

Has your post adopted an orphan?

Advices from France are that 3,000 children, the keenest sufferers in the after-the-war distresses of the country, are threatened with actual want. Many were once the wards of A. E. F. outfits.

Posts of the Legion, or individual members or friends, may adopt a French war orphan for at least one years, contributing seventy-five dollars for the first year's support. The mascots assigned will be either orphans or the children of permanently disabled French veterans.

The money should be sent to the French Orphan Fund, National Treasurer, American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind. It will then be turned over to the American Red Cross, which will assign the children and supervise the expenditure of the money.

A specific child will be assigned to each adopting post or individual and a photograph of each mascot will be forwarded to the adopter, who thereafter may keep in touch with the ward either by direct correspondence or through the Red Cross, which will translate letters when desired.

All of the money contributed will go to the child. The Red Cross bears all expenses of administration.

SKIES BRIGHTEN FOR MADE-OVER VETERANS

(*Continued from page 9*)

sary by an entire reorganization of those offices."

In the next paragraph of the report, the Representatives report a remarkable discovery. They tell us that "there has been altogether too much red tape in the work of placing men in training" and they recommend "the immediate removal of all restrictions and requisites not absolutely necessary to determine the disabled soldier's right to training and its character."

Continuing, the report lays the law down to the Board for not paying its bills promptly and says there is no excuse for it. In the next breath it finds that the so-called hard-boiled order "was not issued by authority of the Board" and "is gratified to learn that its author has resigned."

It proceeds to recommend that civil service requirements be waived as to principal and staff officers engaged in rehabilitation work on account of the peculiar and specialized character of the work; it takes a crack at those who it is felt have been trying to hold the Government up for excessive tuition rates in schools for disabled men by recommending that a certain contract with a Pittsburg school be not renewed; it recommends the immediate appropriation of a fund of $200,000 to be used along with the Elks' revolving fund for loans to deserving disabled men in training; and it asks that benefits of the vocational act be extended to all disabled Americans who served with any of the armies of the Allies.

The committee, in its report, really hit the nail on the head in its last paragraph of conclusions and recommendations. It took a man-sized pair of shears and cut right through to the heart of things when it said that all distinction between the different kinds of training, section 2 and section 3, ought to be abolished, and that all ex service men showing a degree of disability of ten percent or more should have training with compensation.

"The committee unanimously approves of the rehabilitation idea as one of the most outstanding and progressive features of legislation induced by the war," says the report, and adds, "Its newness explains in part some of the mistakes and deficiencies, especially in the earlier stages. The committee recognizes a gradual improvement in the work and commends the increasing efficiency under the direction of the present chief, Uel W. Lamkin."

That ought to please the Board, to know that if it has stumbled it has stumbled in the right direction. On the other hand, the many sweeping and constructive recommendations made by the committee bear out in large measure and justify much of the criticism of the rehabilitation program which induced the investigation.

OUR DIRECTORY of ADVERTISERS

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad. in our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to the salesman from whom you buy their products.

AUTO ACCESSORIES — PAGE
American Legion Automobile Decorations . 20
Haywood Tire & Equipment Co.
Electric Storage Battery Co.
Serviceable Tire Corporation. 21
Tire Repair Equipment Co. 19

AUTO TRUCKS
V The Autocar Company.

BEVERAGES
Coca Cola Co. 19
Charles E. Hires Co. 17

BICYCLES
Mead Cycle Co.

BOOKS
Michelin Guide Books.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES
Honor Framing Co. 19
Thomas Shoe Co. 21

FIREARMS
V Savage Arms Corp.

JEWELRY
C. K. Grouse Co.
Harold Lachman Co.
J. M. Lyon & Co. 18
Santa Fe Watch Co.
L. W. Sweet & Co.
Tifnite Gem Co.

MEDICINAL
H. Clay Glover.
V Newskin Co.

MEN'S WEAR
B. V. D. Co.
V George Frost Co.
V Lockhart Puttees
The Manley-Johnson Corp.
U. S. National Munson Army Shoe Co. 22

METALS
New Jersey Zinc Co.
John Polachek Bronze & Iron Co.

OFFICE SUPPLIES
The O.K. Mfg. Co. 22

PATENT ATTORNEYS
Lacey & Lacey.

PHONOGRAPHS
Thomas A. Edison, Inc. 24

PHOTOGRAPHY
C. & C. Sales Co.
Schutz. 22

SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION
Franklin Institute.
The Lewis School.
Michigan College of Mines.
National Salesmen's Training Association. 22
William Chandler Peak.
Marcus Lucius Quinn Conservatory of Music. 22
Pelman Institute of America.
Sweeney Auto School. 19
V The Tuition School. 21

SMOKERS' NEEDS
General Cigar Co.
Girard Cigar.
R. J. Reynolds Co, Inc.
Waitt and Bond, Inc. 18

SPORTS AND RECREATION
C. B. Drake. 20
Earle Liederman. 18

STATIONERY
Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.

TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH
V American Telephone & Telegraph Co.

TOILET NECESSITIES
Auto Strop Safety Razor Co.
V Cudahy Packing Co.
The Pepsodent Co.
Simmons Hardware Co.

V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," issue of February 6, 1920. Readers are requested to promptly report any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City

ADVERTISING AND THE WEEKLY

"What's all this F. W. stuff?" says Comrade E. L. M. of New York. "Have been interested in your advertising talks, but as I didn't begin to get my copy of our WEEKLY until April, I seem to have lost out on what this F. W. stunt was. Please wise me up. Can't you re-publish some of your articles that ran in January and February, so that we will all be 'hep'?"

Sure we can—and will—

Because we've had a great many letters similar to yours, Comrade M. In January and February when this series of talks first started, we were at the low point of our circulation—about 100,000—

Now we're over six hundred thousand—and still going strong—

So we know that about 500,000 of our present readers didn't get a chance to see the start of this series.

Our first article, reprinted with changes to bring it up to date, from the issue of Jan. 2, follows;

We've decided to use an occasional page in our magazine in which we can have some real heart-to-beart talks on advertising.

Because we know you're interested.

Here's a letter that came in the other day that proves it.

"Advertising Department,
AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

"Try the following firms on an advertisement:

Willys Overland Co.
Champion Spark Plug Co.
Electric Auto-Lite Corp.
Toledo Bridge & Crane Co.
Haughton Elevator Co.
All of my home town, Toledo, Ohio.

"They're all good firms and I believe if you submit a copy of the WEEKLY to them they will give you their advertisements.

"These are referred to you in good faith and not for any mercenary purposes on my part whatever.

"Respectfully yours,
(Signed) W. J. M—"

Here's one of our readers who's interested deeply in this magazine—as you all are.

Otherwise he wouldn't write us, as so many others do too.

And he reads it and believes in it—as we all do—for it's our magazine.

And he wants to see it grow bigger and better—as we all do.

And he realizes that advertising revenue will make that possible. Now did you ever think of that? It's true.

And he wants to help us get more advertising. Do you?

And he's willing to do what he can to help. Are you?

And will you let us tell you how you can?

And will you consider this page is yours as well as ours and write us—as you'd talk to us—so that we can publish your letters and answer them? So that we can get acquainted and understand each other.

When we talked over this idea with a well-known advertising man recently, he was rather surprised at it, somewbat skeptical of its value. He said "Your men won't be interested; they won't read it. Besides, if you carry it out as you say, you'll have to give out a lot of valuable information broadcast to them, the public and your competitors."

We told him: "Mr. Man, you show that you don't know or understand the ex-soldier a little bit, and what's true in your case is true of a lot of other advertising men in high positions who ought to give us business—and don't. Now with some little knowledge gained from being in the service we'll tell you, if you want the American soldier with you to the limit, you've got to do two things. You've got to be absolutely fair and square with him and you've got to tell him the 'reason why.'

"And now that he's a civilian and a member of the great American Legion, he's just the same.

"If you want him with you, you've got to play fair and open the door and show him what makes the wheels go around. And he'll be interested when he knows what this advertising department means to him and his paper—and he'll read our talks, and he'll talk back.

"And we don't want to have any secrets from him, Mr. Man. We want him to know everything we are doing and why.

"And we haven't any competitors 'cause there's only one American Legion and only one AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

"And we know he'll get into the game with us with the same wholeheartedness that he tackled his job as a soldier and the same energy that he's tackling his job in civil life now.

"And he'll help us to put across the biggest advertising proposition that has ever been tackled—and with him, we'll do it—and without him, we can't."

There are a lot more like this chap, too, and they're all going to be shown.

Now you all know, in a general way at least, the importance of advertising in the business world. We are going to go into that somewhat in detail in later issues. But for the present it's enough to say that very few magazines could be published were it not for the advertising they carry.

WHEREIN THE ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT OF OUR WEEKLY OPENS THE DOOR WIDE, INVITES YOU TO COME IN, SIT DOWN AND GET ACQUAINTED.

We spoke a few minutes ago about the bigness of this advertising problem that we've got to tackle. Here are a few facts and figures on that to make you realize it.

You've read, of course, in the WEEKLY before now, that your paper was most heartily endorsed and supported at the Minneapolis Convention last year *and that the subscription price was fixed, at that convention, by your own delegates at* $1.00 *per year.* That's fifty-two copies at a little less than two cents each.

Now, due to high cost of paper and other elements entering into the manufacture of a magazine, it costs more than three cents per copy to produce your magazine as it reaches you today. That doesn't sound like much but multiply it by 600,000 copies and you'll see that it's a matter of a little loss or deficit of $6,000 a week. More than that, in fact.

For our circulation during the rest of 1920 will average 800,000 copies per week or more if we are not unduly optimistic. That's a loss of $8,000 per week or $208,000 for six months.

And, too, we don't get your entire dollar free and clear for the magazine—

Part of it goes to the support of National Headquarters.

So our loss is actually more than $8,000 per week.

Or would be, were it not for our advertising revenue.

Now do you get me?

So the advertising department has got to close a lot of business—to make up this deficit.

You've got to help.

More about how next week.

THE ADVERTISING MANAGER,
627 West 43d Street,
New York City.

This series of articles began in the issue of January 2, 1920.

Mr. Edison Proves it to Los Angeles

1,500 music-lovers cannot tell the difference between living voice and its RE-CREATION by the New Edison

SOME people, who read this account of Mr. Edison's Tone-Test in Los Angeles, are going to say that the New Edison couldn't baffle *them.*

The test was given on the evening of January 26, 1920, in Trinity Auditorium, Los Angeles, Cal. The photograph, which is reproduced here, was taken about 9 o'clock of that evening.

Marie Morrisey, a distinguished contralto, sang several selections in direct comparison with the New Edison's RE-CREATION of her voice. Only by watching her lips, could the audience tell when she was singing and when the New Edison was RE-CREATING her voice.

Then came the "dark-scene" test in which the audience had to depend on ear alone. While Miss Morrisey was singing, the lights went out. Densest black swallowed stage, singer and phonograph.

Miss Morrisey's rich contralto continued to fill the auditorium. Then the lights flashed on again. The audience gasped—rubbed its eyes.

Miss Morrisey had left the stage. Only the phonograph was standing there. While the lights were out, the New Edison had taken up her song, and no one in the audience had detected the substitution.

The Los Angeles newspapers of the following day, January 27th, said in part as follows:

"It was impossible to discern the change from the voice to the New Edison."

—*Los Angeles Record.*

"Only by watching the lips of the singer was it possible to determine when Miss Morrisey was singing and when the machine alone was producing the sound."

—*Los Angeles Express.*

"The object of the tone-test—to prove the fidelity of the New Edison in RE-CREATING the human voice—was a success.'

—*Los Angeles Times.*

This Los Angeles Tone-Test is not an isolated example. Approximately 4,000 similar tests have been given before 3,500,000 people in the United States and Canada. Representative newspapers have reported that these 4,000 tests were unqualified successes for the New Edison.

We do not believe there is any one who can listen, under proper test conditions, to a singer's voice (or instrumentalist's performance) in comparison with the New Edison's RE-CREATION of such voice (or performance), and tell, with certainty, when he is listening to the singer (or instrumentalist) and when to the New Edison.

We hereby assert, upon full information and belief, that the New Edison is positively the only phonograph (or talking machine) that is capable of sustaining this test.

Stabilized Prices

The selling price of the New Edison has been increased less than 15% since 1914—and a part of this increase is War Tax. Mr. Edison absorbed the greater portion of the increased cost of manufacture, which has occurred since the beginning of the European War, and, as a result, our profits were reduced to a very narrow margin. Mr. Edison was determined to keep the New Edison within the reach of every home and was willing to make sacrifices, which the average manufacturer would not have made. Owing to the exacting standards of workmanship and material at the Edison Laboratories and the continued scarcity of the required quality of both, it may be necessary to increase our prices during the present year. However, we shall make every effort to avoid this action.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.
Orange, N. J.

An Invitation to Talking Machine Manufacturers

We are informed that the representatives of one or more talking machine manufacturers have stated, on several occasions, that they are able to distinguish between a singer's voice, or instrumentalist's performance, and the New Edison's RE-CREATION of such voice or performance.

We hereby invite responsible representatives of any reputable talking machine manufacturer to permit themselves to be blindfolded, and to listen to such a comparison, in the presence of judges of their own choosing, indicating to the judges when they think they are listening to the artist and when to the New Edison Phonograph. There is only one condition attached, and that is—that the representatives of the talking machine company, and the judges selected by them shall sign a written statement, setting forth, in full detail, the results of the test.

The test will be made with an Official Laboratory Model, taken from stock, such as can be bought in any Edison dealer's store.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.
Orange, N. J.

The NEW EDISON
"The Phonograph with a Soul"

From actual photograph taken January 26, 1920, at Trinity Auditorium, Los Angeles, Cal. Shows Miss Marie Morrisey comparing her voice with its RE-CREATION by New Edison; 1,500 were in audience that listened. None could distinguish one voice from the other.