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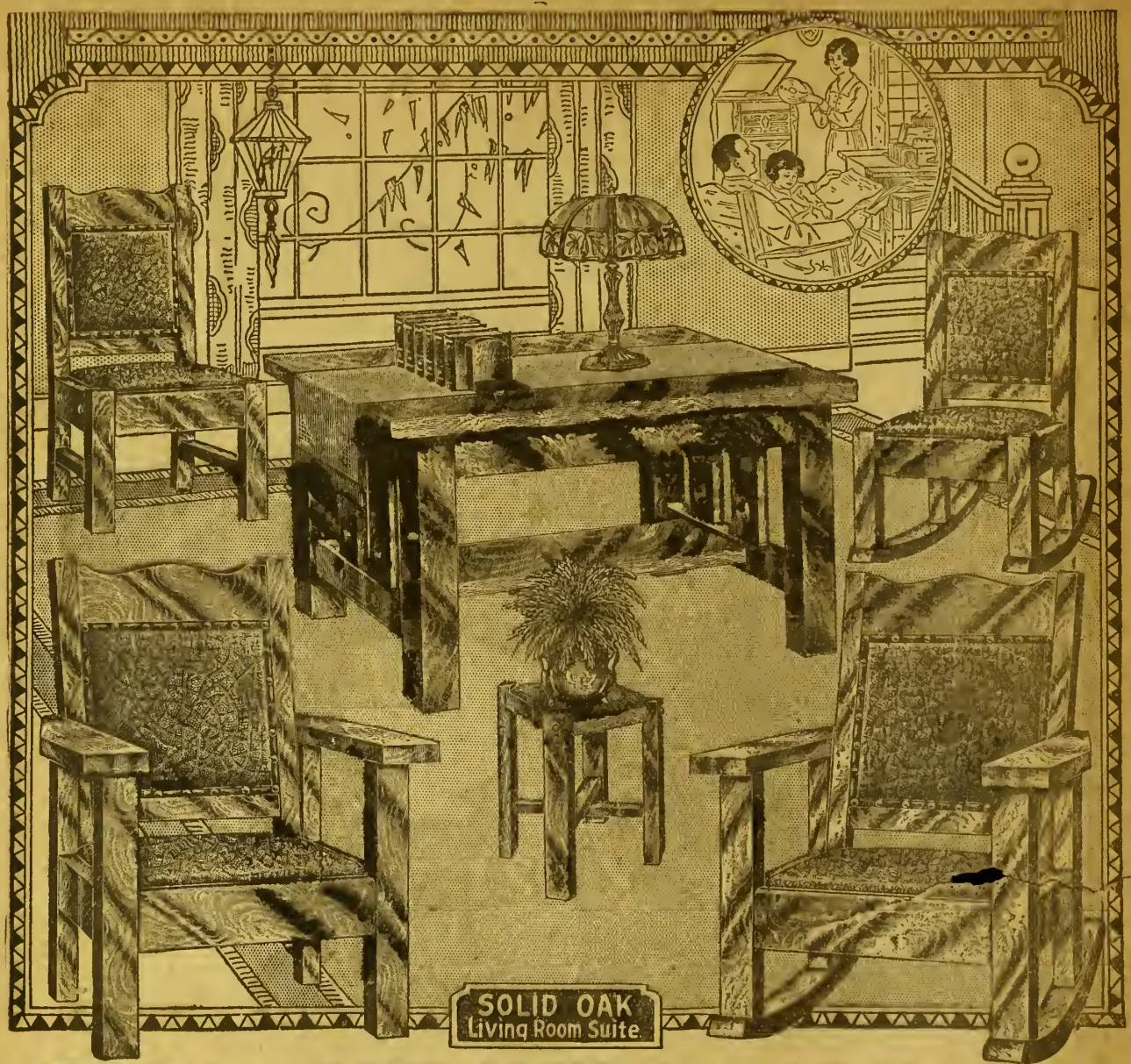

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The Last Days of the Crimea

The Story of the Fall of the Final Corner of Free Russia Before the Southward Sweep of the Bolshevik Armies

By JOHN PALMER CUMMING

THE accompanying article, describing the evacuation of Sevastopol, following the Bolshevik break-through at the Perekop, the narrow neck of land connecting the Crimea with the mainland of Russia, reached this country soon after the arrival of Mr. Cumming's previous article, "The Bolsheviks Are Coming!" written from Sevastopol when the Wrangel lines were still holding, and published in last week's issue of this magazine. When the earlier article was received, the author's fate was unknown. The present graphic account of the last days of Sevastopol is written from Constantinople.

The last detachments of the shattered Wrangel forces awaiting the order to embark at Sevastopol. As rapidly as detachments arrived, General Wrangel himself greeted them and congratulated them on sustaining the Bolshevik attack long enough to permit the evacuation of civilians

A FEW last boats arriving from Kertch, in the Crimea, have filled the port of Constantinople with the floating remains of the old Russian Empire—at least of the last of the Anti-Bolshevist governments set up on Russian territory.

More than 150,000 refugees are living on board fifty-two cargo vessels, so closely packed in many instances that they cannot lie down. They clamber as best they can to the gangway at the sight of every approaching launch, and Constantinople, wicked, heartless city that it is, is draining its purse that these people may at least have bread and water.

Just what will become of them no one knows. You will have read the advance cable despatches in which that problem will have been solved before you read this. Suffice it to say that in all history no charitable organizations have been faced with a disaster more appalling than the present, more certain to soften the hardest of hearts.

The story of their rescue is the story of a great tragedy. Overnight the situation culminated, and overnight the whole of Crimea was rushed out upon every available boat. Wrangel's army, aboard the Russian battleship *Korniloff*, turned toward unknown waters, and Wrangel's last message stated, "We do not know where we go." But now, as one turns from his window in Stamboul, across the strait from Constantinople, and looks out toward Marda between the outlet of the Bosphorus and the Isles des Princes, where for five days those fifty ships have lain, we cannot but feel that after all, it was not a rescue.

MANY of the people there would be glad to be back in Sevastopol, in Simferopol and Yalta today. Already they feel bitterly toward the French, who have done everything to assist them, because they refuse to permit them to land on French soil. Already they are criticising America because she did not come to their assistance in the last few days of the Crimea with sufficient troops to drive the Bolshevists into Siberia. The British have long since been accused of double dealing, and the Greeks and Italians have done nothing by which the Crimeans could feel that they had a cause in common against the Bolshevist.

Here in Constantinople one looks about him and realizes that he is in the very hotbed of international complications. Rumors fly from lip to lip, and nations and the principles of nations are discussed over every cup of Turkish coffee—the Venezelos-Constantine election in Greece, the threatened fall of Batoum and Samsoun within the week on the Black Sea, the rumored ultimatum of the Bolshevists to Roumania that she must cede the province of Bessarabia to the Soviets, the reports of more and more disorders in Italy, and the fact that people are beginning to say that Germany has secretly set afire more residue from which the whole world might be inflamed and over which she may, when the time comes, exercise her power over the Soviets and reach the goal of world dominion she had once dreamed. They say that the next stroke will be toward India; they say that Egypt is growing more and more dissatisfied every day; they say, they say, they say—

On the evening of Sunday, November 14th, one of those tranquil dusks that are so inclined to fall on Sunday evenings, the U. S. S. *Overton*, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander E. S. Bristol, slipped out of the harbor of Sevastopol, bearing Admiral McCully, the Red Cross contingent, and the writer, with a few of the last remnants of his corporation's stocks, to join the fleet of vessels that already had cleared the harbor.

We searched the skylines of the city of Sevastopol, and far out over the roads of the northern hills found with our binoculars the first approaching elements of what all seemed to think were advance Soviet cavalry. Turning those glasses around the city, we saw the boulevards still filled with people making the circle of the promenades. The little pavilion over the sea was completely deserted. There was not a rowboat in the harbor. Only one derelict barge that had saved a few tons of American merchandise under the guns of a few local Bolshevists drifted back to its old moorings like a horse that turns homeward from his pasturing at twilight.

THE landings were clear. The park in the center of the city just north of Grafskia Pristan looked as if a circus had been held there the day before and had left all its debris behind.

There Wrangel had stepped cut among his men to the last minute, walked calmly through the streets of Sevastopol, and remained until he had seen the last of his Don Cossacks aboard a transport. Thirty-two ships were anchored just outside of the port as we, on this last ship in

the harbor, steamed out to meet them.

The U. S. S. *Edwards* glided into the group, and the *St. Louis*, the cruiser stationed at Constantinople, patrolled the sea in the offing. The megaphone on our bridge was raised to hail the *Edwards:* "Lower your motor sailor and proceed with armed guard to landing on your starboard, and report conditions; if refugees are there, report the number who wish to be evacuated. Send an officer."

A barge slipped alongside an English destroyer and a hundred wounded were placed on board, then alongside the *Humphreys*, then the *Edwards*. Here and there boats began to lift their anchors and proceed to the unknown ports.

Morning came, and through our portholes we saw the mountains behind the little village of Yalta, where the idle rich of old Russia had their play. To the right, embedded in evergreens, were the late Czar's wine cellars, but the days of entertaining there were done. Someone ventured the remark that three good Scotchmen, two of them brothers, were entrapped in the cellars and should be saved, and that was the only light moment—Johnnie Walker and the Brothers Haig were abandoned to the Bolshevists.

The glasses turned to the left, to the Czar's favorite palace, Livadia, and back again to the sea wall, beyond which lay the quiet little summer resort that is known all over Europe as the center of the Russian Riviera.

Boats were lowered and we proceeded ashore. Three Russian transports were at the piers, already loaded with a mass of humanity that could not move, or sit or lie down, and along the wharves the street gamins grabbed the bridles of deserted cavalry horses and led them away. One soldier sold his horse for fifty thousand Wrangel rubles—rubles that could not buy the paper they were printed upon; another, wiser still, parted with his favorite mare, after patting her affectionately on the cheek, for ten Turkish piastres, the equivalent of seven cents.

DOWN the hillside streets a throng of people were running toward the warehouses. There was a sudden crash and groaning of iron bars. A warehouse door gave to, and the maudlin crowd began their plunder; in a moment, back they came, separating into all directions, each with some loot on his shoulder—cases of milk, boxes of safety matches, ten-gallon tins of gasoline and kerosine, salted herring, anything they could get their hands on.

Women, men, old and young, children and even babies kept this up the whole morning long. Now and then someone fired a shot into the air and the multitude scattered for a moment, and back they came, and the pillaging continued.

AT noon rescue offices were established under Major Ryden of the Sevastopol office of the Red Cross, and real work began. There were three lines of guards through which the refugees passed. "Have you a passport that will permit you to land on foreign soil? Are you in danger of being killed if you remain with the Bolshevists? Are there any wounded, any children, any sick? Have you any contagious disease?"—and all day long the sorting continued, until at dusk, when everyone who wished to go had been given some kind of passage on one of the ships.

That was at Yalta. Back at Sevastopol, in such a whirr of events, it was hard to remember just when and where it had all begun. We sat together in the Swallow's Nest on the evening of November 11th, 1920. There was Kospoth, of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, there was Major Ryden, of the Red Cross, Admiral McCully, Chief of the American Mission, Colonel Cox, chief of the Military Mission, the French correspondent of *Le Matin*, and just beyond the many chance acquaintances that become such good friends when thrown together in small towns in foreign waters.

The orchestra shrieked and cried out at us in the low-ceiled room. The place was filled with beautiful girls, with Cossack soldiers wearing their long sweeping coats, with red trousered Dons, with a variety of uniforms and gold braid that such cities as Paris and Berlin must have known during the war in gay restaurants, where staff officers came to play.

Wine bottles, for the first time in long days, were opened publicly and left upon the tables instead of being shoved beneath the chairs and into dark corners so that the glasses might pass as soda or lemonade. The battle of Vodka raved on into the small hours of the night, and the throng joined in the choruses of old Russian songs. It was the revelry of Rome, with Nero at his fiddle while the city burned. But even then the people did not know—they only felt that the end was near.

THAT morning there had come a little note for me. It said simply: "Admiral McCully wants to see you. Better come at once. Dole."

Dole was the Admiral's aide, and we were sitting together there at the café discussing that morning's conversation with the Admiral. Like the note, it had been very simple. "Prepare a list of all Americans here in commercial business, their addresses and the people to be notified in event of emergency. Pack your baggage and get it on an American destroyer at once. Report to me twice daily for instructions, first after collecting all Americans of your party together and having them wait until you return with instructions as to their individual movements, which you will transmit to them."

Three days before, people had said, "Wrangel is at the Perekop for winter quarters, just where he planned to be. The Bolshevik cavalry has made a rush down from Poland, and they have not yet brought up siege guns. They will require thirty days for bringing up guns, thirty days for attacking and ten days in which to reach Sevastopol. There is no occasion for worry."

But overnight all had broken. We walked out of the little restaurant and decided to go home, regardless. On every corner some Russian was standing, and it seemed as if at any moment

(*Continued on page* 17)

WILL IT COME TO THIS?

"Good-bye, Jim, take keer o' yourself"

Casuals of Misfortune

Here Are Some of the Flesh-and-Blood, Intensely Human "Cases" That Go to Make Up the Glib Statistics of the Disabled Situation

By J. W. RIXEY SMITH

ONE fine morning, some three years ago, John Claude Kellar of Olean, New York, slung his pack on his back, marched aboard a transport and put to sea, just as many thousand other good Americans did the same week. France, rest camps and training sectors and marching and mud and the trenches and then gas and influenza and the Armistice—that was the war diary of Kellar, as it was of many thousand more.

Finally Kellar came home. He was discharged from the Army and went to work. He soon found that his lungs were going bad on him. He stopped work and went to a hospital. He put in a claim for compensation from the Government.

The Government granted him about one-half the amount he thought he was entitled to under the law. Kellar protested. He protested in person to the Government agents whom he could see; he protested in writing to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance in Washington. Weeks passed, and months. He was moved from one hospital to another, eventually being sent to one at Washington. His health was not improving. Worry and uncertainty over his claim for compensation aggravated his condition.

Finally, early last month, his claim was allowed in full. The Government, in effect, admitted its error. There had been a technicality in the law. The point required a hair line ruling by the Treasury Department. The Treasury Department, after pondering the matter for a year or two, had reached its decision. The day after Kellar's claim was granted—but before word reached him—Kellar walked into the ten-story headquarters of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, in Washington, to make a last desperate personal appeal for his cause. Before he could voice his claim he was seized with a pulmonary hemorrhage and died.

Now it is just an accident that Kellar died in the headquarters of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. It would probably be grossly unfair to attribute responsibility for his death to the Bureau—or to the Treasury Department, or to Congress or to any of the agencies charged with the responsibility for this country's disabled in the World War. There are good men in all these bodies doing their level best for the disabled ex-service man. Some splendid accomplishments have been achieved. Many thousands of men are getting their compensation and insurance and hospitalization and vocational education in the orderly and undisturbed course of events.

But Kellar is dead—and there are many Kellars, casuals of misfortune, dying day by day, Kellars whom it is the peculiar duty of The American Legion to look after. They are the victims of the combination of bad laws, inadequate facilities, technicalities, red tape, lack of coordination and inefficiency which marks the Government's care of its disabled charges. Just as present conditions make possible such cases, they make impossible and fruitless any effort definitely to fix the blame for them.

That is one of the principal reasons why The American Legion is insisting that the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, the Public Health Service and the Federal Board for Vocational Education be coordinated under one responsible head in one department of the Government.

Kellar's case is conspicuous only because he died on his country's doorstep at Washington.

There are Kellars too weak to drag themselves to Washington, dying wherever their miserable lot happens to be, in almshouses, in insane asylums, in private hospitals and institutions run for profit, in tents, in cellars, in garrets, in jails.

There are Kellars sick in bed who have appealed to the Government which they fought to preserve who have received twenty-five dollars, fifteen dollars, eight dollars, four dollars and a half a month.

There are Kellars with grants of eighty dollars a month whose allowance without notice and without apparent reason has unexpectedly been cut to twenty dollars a month, to twelve dollars and even less.

There are Kellars who have appealed to the Government and who, after two, three, six, eight and twelve months, have received no answer at all.

There are Kellars who have never seen

THOUSANDS of disabled men who served in the World War are today neglected by the Government which their sacrifices preserved. Inadequate laws, red tape, incompetence, indifference, lack of central responsibility for their care are among the factors contributing to their distress, suffering—and death.

The accompanying article recounts a few typical instances of Government dereliction. It also outlines one of the remedies proposed by The American Legion, a consolidation of all ex-soldier bureaus. In the same connection the National Legislative Committee of the Legion, which is leading the fight for consolidation at Washington, has issued the following appeal:

To All Posts and Members:

Write or wire your Congressman urging the immediate passage of the Rogers Bill (H. R. 14961) for consolidation of all ex-service agencies under one responsible head in one department of the Government. Hearings are now going on before the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee of the House of Representatives on the bill.

Write or wire your Senator urging the immediate passage of the Capper Bill (S. 4613), which is the same bill in the Senate. In the Senate the bill has been referred to the Senate Finance Committee for action.

The Rogers-Capper Bill is vital to the needs of the disabled ex-service man. It strikes at the root of the whole system of red tape, muddle and irresponsibility under which, in too many cases, he is now the victim. It will put an end to buck-passing. It will hold somebody to strict accountability for the job. Congress is in a receptive mood. Get in the game. This is your chance to help.

NATIONAL LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE,
American Legion,
Woodward Bldg., Washington, D. C.

a Government check, who have never felt the sheets of a Government bed, Kellars dying whose loved ones and dependents can only sit by in destitution and want and watch them die. Kellars growing sicker day by day. Kellars without money. Kellars without hospital beds. Kellars just S. O. L.

In Public Health Service Hospital No. 41 at New Haven, Conn., fourteen disabled ex-service men, nearly all of them tubercular, died while the Government debated the technicality of whether or not they could be granted the maximum allowance for total disability. Among the thousands of cases which came to the attention of The American Legion are many similar to these.

THE story of Clarence Gleason was reported from Kentucky. Gleason unsuccessfully appealed for assistance. "About a month ago," runs the report, "Department Headquarters of the Legion took up the above case. No answer was received from the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. The final word was written on November 17th when the following letter was sent to the bureau: 'We wish to advise you that you need no longer bother about the case of Clarence Gleason. The man has passed away in poverty, and nothing that you can now do will, in any way, change the impression that he had of your bureau on his death-bed.'"

A like case is reported from another department. James A. Day applied to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance for compensation. He died eight months later. His claim was still pending. The local post of the Legion sent this letter to the Bureau: "James A. Day passed away while you were completing your investigation and making arrangements. No doubt his last moments were very happy, thinking as he did that you were so successful in obtaining nothing for him."

These cases are conspicuous among many only for the irony which marked their conclusion. A minimum of two months is nearly always necessary to get a decision on the simplest claim for compensation. If the Government, as it frequently does, demands of the applicant proof that he was injured or ill in the service, and the applicant must search the country for some former member of his military or naval unit to obtain documentary proof of such debility, it takes much longer.

At present thousands upon thousands of claims are pending in Washington which have been under consideration six months, eight months, a year. In a great group of these the Bureau of War Risk Insurance is rendering limited, temporary assistance and wittingly postponing decision because it is feared that while the men's claims are just they cannot be allowed, in the final weighing, because of defects in the laws. The situation as to hospitalization is comparable.

Deficient and inadequate laws, lack of coordination and of centred responsibility, inefficiency, public indifference —these are the things that are marring the constructive work that the Government is endeavoring to do for the disabled man. These are the things which must be set right.

The American Legion has set its hand to the job. It has been carrying on a thorough census of cases that, for one reason or another, remain unsettled and unsolved and are causing suffering, distress and death. It has thoroughly investigated the situation and as a result has asked Congress, as the first remedial step, to pass a law coordinating all Government agencies dealing with the disabled under one Cabinet officer.

Here are the facts in a few typical cases—just a few selected at random among thousands—brought to light by the Legion's activity.

Antallah Mohamad, of No. 300 North High street, Columbus, Ohio, developed tuberculosis within three months of being discharged from the Army. His claim for Government hospitalization and compensation was filed more than a year ago. Dr. E. A. Harper and Dr. G. W. Willard, both of Columbus, and Dr. Alexander Mulki, of Buffalo, N. Y., have all substantiated it. Mohamad is now in the Franklin County Tuberculosis Hospital as a county charge.

IN Washington it is just another "case." In Ohio it is a broken, disillusioned lad who, having gone through all the drill and discipline and mud and cold and danger of what some men call war and others call hell, must now suffer the crowning ignominy of dying inch by inch as a pauper patient in a county hospital. The great United States Government has neither a hospital bed nor a dollar for Antallah Mohamad.

The wife and three little children of Fred Grenrood, once of the Thirty-fifth Division, who lies flat on his back with tuberculosis in St. Margaret's Hospital, Kansas City, Mo., are still waiting for word from Washington that will mean bread and butter and warm clothes for them this winter. Grenrood developed tuberculosis within a few months after leaving the service. His claim for compensation was filed last July. He has received no money from the Government. In the meantime charity is taking care of his dependents whom justice should be proud to serve.

And Grenrood is not alone in his unhappy lot. Of twenty-one ex-service patients, all but one or two suffering with tuberculosis, in that same hospital, only two men are receiving a cent from the Government—and these two are getting $8 a month. Many of their claims have been pending since last July. One of the men, who has a wife and seven months old baby, walked out of the hospital the other day with these words: "I would rather not get well than have my wife and baby starve. I am going home to work for them even if I die in my tracks."

"WORKS for hospital care and treatment. Receives no money from the Government." These sentences are from a Legion report on another unfortunate ex-service man who is carrying around a pair of tubercular lungs as a result of his war service. Charles Rumler filed his claim for compensation on December 1, 1919. He has a little child to support. While red tape unwinds inch by inch, Rumler, without hospital treatment or money from the Government, works in Bailey's Sanitarium, Lincoln, Nebr., where he gets some relief for his parched lungs, and some money for the kid.

With an appearance more like that of a wild man of the stone age than of a shell-shocked veteran of the World War, J. W. Neece recently was found in a county hospital for the poor near Chattanooga, Tenn. One day last June he was arrested on the streets of Chattanooga and thrown in jail, but upon being identified as a shell-shocked ex-service man he was sent to the county hospital. There he stayed without Government compensation or care. When found through efforts of the Legion he had not had a haircut since he was sent to the place, and his hair was eight or ten inches long. He is now in the State Insane Asylum as Knoxville, Tenn.

Hear the strange story of George H. Fagan, machinist's mate and second class aviator, U. S. Navy, suffering from curvature of the spine, dislocation of the fourth and fifth vertebra, motor paralysis of the right arm and partial paralysis of the right leg, as the result of a fall in the hatch of a ship. What is Fagan getting from the Government? He was first awarded $16 a month and that was raised on March 6 to $35. He took up vocational training, but on August 1 was forced to give it up because of his physical condition. Since that time he has got nothing. He has a dependent wife.

(*Continued on page 20*)

Adventure

By Berton Braley

SOME men go round about the world
And though, by splendid chance,
Through war and love and hate they're hurled,
They never sense Romance;
Their lives are melodrama sheer,
Tense with both good and ill,
And yet they play from year to year
And feel no throb or thrill.

AND other men live quiet lives
Yet greet each new-born day
As brave adventure that arrives
Accoutered for the fray;
And so in every new event
However dull or small,
They find strange magic evident
With glamour over all.

ALL true adventure's in the heart
Which gains a warmer glow
From every touch life may impart
Of action, swift or slow;
I'd rather play a humdrum game
Which made my spirit flare
Than move through battle, flood and flame
Unstirred and unaware!

Compliments of the Season

By A. B. BERND

HISTORIANS may disagree whether the greatest American push occurred at St. Mihiel, between the Marne and the Aisne, or in the Argonne. To those who fought the war in the base ports of France, the greatest push of all came during the holiday season of 1918.

In Bordeaux, the push reached its height in the Rue Ste. Catherine the day before New Year's. On a two-hour leave from the place we pompously called "the office," we had consumed more than half that time in jostling through push-carts, packages and uniforms. When we finally achieved the Nouvelles Galeries, we had almost forgotten what we came in search of.

The toy department was on the third floor.

"Des petits soldats américains," we announced to the girl who commanded several tin armies. "We want lead soldiers in American uniform."

SHE assumed a mournful expression; we knew at once that the American armies had been wiped out.

"I am so sorry, messieurs; there was a great demand; we sold the last three days ago, and there is nothing left but English, Italian and these." And she pointed to a nondescript group of papier mache figures which in face and portliness inclined toward the boche.

She had black eyes, a round face, and something about the lips which made us careless whether we got the soldiers or not. Just then we chiefly wanted conversation.

"It is damage," we said. "We had planned to give the soldiers as New Year's gifts."

"Would not the English do?" she asked. "The uniform is very similar. Or these others?"

"No, we must have something distinctively American. We shall tell you why."

Whereupon, to the great annoyance of various elderly ladies who wanted to be waited on, we told our story. There were fifty French and Spanish women at the American laundry, we said, and the enlisted personnel felt that the season was fitting to present a slight souvenir to each.

We had decided that every employe should get a memento of America as she filed out that night. Recent crap games had provided the price; all that lacked was the gift.

"And," we concluded, "we could think of nothing so suitable as toy American soldiers. It is damage that we cannot get them. What's the French for S. O. L?"

Mademoiselle pondered, not on our last question, but on a way out of the difficulty. Even the elderly ladies had forgotten their impatience in an effort to be of service. From one of them the solution finally came.

"Get these soldiers," she said, pointing to the nondescripts, "and glue a breast sash of red, white and blue ribbon across them. You can buy the ribbon downstairs. It has white stars worked into the blue filament. That will do just as well."

Though we were not anxious to hurry back, our time was almost passed, and we accepted the suggestion. With two regiments under our arms and rolls of half-inch ribbon bulging our pockets, we pushed through the crowds about the doorway, braved the ire of M. P.'s by seeking the comparative quiet of forbidden "Spanish town," and got back to the office not more than half an hour AWOL.

Lucie, Leonie and Marie tried unsuccessfully to peep through the glass windows and see what the Americans were doing in the office. Something mysterious must be happening if the doors are closed. M. le Colonel is not there, for no automobile stands outside in the Rue Ste. Croix.

NOR is there a game going on, for no one can hear the strange ejaculations which are always audible when the dice are rolling. Stranger than anything else, M. le Sergent has asked that everyone pass through the office as she leaves that evening.

At seven, Madame Dorleac came first. To her was presented the General, sole figure which rode a horse. Her surprise was complete.

"It is for the New Year," we told her. "We have a soldier for each worker. Tell us what to say as we give them out."

"Comme c'est mignon!" Madame exclaimed. "Say 'Bonne année.'"

So we bonne-annéed each girl as she left. To Lucie went the Captain, who flourished his sabre. But to the others we could give only simples soldats, since the toy army was very properly composed mostly of privates.

Albanie, who had three crying youngsters at home, begged for two more soldiers than she had been allotted; otherwise, she said, there would be war in her house. Juana Garcia wanted an extra one to send to her sister's boy in Spain. Leonie promised to place hers on the shelf above the mangle, as a constant reminder that the Americans were watching and that she should not forget her work. Cleo and Berthe giggled as we mispronounced "Bonne année." Cerila, Nacisa, Rose, Marguerite, Jacqueline and the rest of the fifty all expressed the gratitudinous thanks that French women can give so gracefully.

They had gone, and we were closing for the night, when Monsieur Dorleac entered.

There were the usual salutations, a few words of thanks, and then:

"I have just opened a bottle of 1885. Come upstairs and drink with me."

SOMEONE had once told us that a Frenchman was insulted if a friend refused to drink with him. Feeling that we were representatives of America in that quarter of Bordeaux, we could not run the chance of insulting so affable a Frenchman.

When we came downstairs again, the husband of Albanie was waiting for us at the door.

"You will come with me to Madame Francois'?" he asked, almost wistfully. "Just a nip before you leave."

Here again was the chance of insult, and we were chary of precipitating another war. After we had upheld our country's honor, we prevailed on monsieur to accept a small drink at our expense. Perhaps he realized that the fair name of France was at stake; he accepted.

At the door we were met by a brother of Juana.

"You will drink with me, messieurs? It is to the New Year."

We ran risk of insulting Spain; we had to concur. And Spain, later, must wash away the memory of the Cuban war by a glass of wine at the hands of the United States.

By this time husbands, brothers and sons began to arrive in battalions. The laundry workers had returned home, shown their little souvenirs to male members of the family, and prompted immediate impulses to show the gratitude of France by buying drinks. Madame Francois' small café was soon crowded to the doors. We took white wine with Albert, red wine with Charles, a nip of cherry brandy with Edouard, and anisette with Jean. Paul desisted from importunities of Benedictine only when we announced that we expected to spend the evening at a theatre, instead of with the M. P.'s at the Casino de Lilas.

WHEN eight o'clock came, we were already fitted for welcoming the New Year. The sergeant and Rogers sat at the large table, surrounded by bottles and Frenchmen. The rest of us were still able to lean against the counter, mutter "Merci" and "Assez," and shake hands with the parting hosts.

At eight-thirty the crowds had thinned sufficiently. We felt that we could leave. We went back to rouse the sergeant.

He sat at the table with Henri, who was talking to him in swift French.

"Les Américains," Henri was saying, "les Américains, bons amis."

"No compree," countered the sergeant.

"Bons amis!" shouted Henri. "Vous, bon ami! Tous les Américains, bons amis!"

"No compree," answered the sergeant. "Un autre vin blanc."

Henri drew a pencil stub from his pocket.

"Regardez," he said, beginning to scribble on the table-cloth. "Vous," he wrote, "bon ami."

The sergeant took a sleepy glance at it.

"Ah, oui," he said, "ah, oui. Moi, Bonn Amy. And vous, Sapolio. Oui, oui, oui! Vous, Sapolio!"

Henri heartily concurred.

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 Paramount Obligation

TOO much importance cannot be read into the Consolidation Bill, designed to co-ordinate and centralize the three chief agencies concerned with the welfare of the disabled veteran, described elsewhere in this issue. It is to be hoped that the members of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce and of the Senate Finance Committee will be so impressed with the necessity for its enactment that they will not only recommend it favorably and have it placed on the calendars of both bodies, but that they will make an earnest effort to have it brought to a vote under a special rule, as this is practically the only way in which any bill can be passed in the jam of legislation at this short session of Congress.

Busy as this short session may be, it can consider no business more vital and more momentous than the welfare of the disabled.

Balance on Hand

THE higher cost of passports, coupled with the heavy post-war demand for them, has made the State Department a self-supporting institution. Fines and penalties totaling $4,000,000 collected by the Department of Justice have not altogether converted this branch of the Government into a dividend-paying corporation, but have at least brought in an amount equal to the ordinary cost of running it. The Post-Office Department, with more than fifty thousand retail branches and a business that runs into the hundreds of millions, actually in normal times does pay dividends—into the United States Treasury.

The first concern of the Government is not to make a profit, but to govern. But how much pleasanter it is to turn an honest penny doing it than to go into the hole!

The Need Has Not Passed

THE parable of the Good Samaritan still glows as a modern doctrine of fair play, but there are certain opponents of any form of adjusted compensation for veterans who probably would revise the parable to make it fit their conception of "good business," as opposed to such old-fashioned considerations as humanitarianism and justice.

These compensation opponents argue that Congress should not pass a bill for the benefit of former soldiers now because the necessity for it has passed. Granted, they say, that the boys might have been able to use more than the $60 handout given them when they were discharged from the Army, why should Congress two years later give them several hundred dollars each, when they have already demonstrated that they can "get along" without assistance?

Those who reason thus probably would have hesitated before going to the assistance of any man from Jerusalem who had fallen among thieves on his way to Jericho. They would have beheld him sorely wounded, but would have restrained any impulse to bind up his wounds. For, let alone, he undoubtedly would not have bled to death. And they would later have resisted any generous inclination to help him get safely aboard the train back to Jerusalem, because he had shown that he could walk alone.

But how glaringly false is the assumption of these modern non-Samaritans that the need for adjusted compensation has passed! Consider the facts. The men of our wartime Army and Navy were discharged during a period of prosperity. There were more jobs than men. Every able-bodied veteran got a job, but for most of them, were these the jobs they had wanted, or trained for, or at the wage rates they would have received had they stuck to work instead of going to war? No. In most cases they were makeshift jobs, taken merely to keep the wolf from the door while the worker sought to regain his civilian bearings.

America has now reached the stage in post-war deflation when there are more men than jobs. The service man who took the first thing offered, in the hope of getting something better later, must be among the first to suffer in any present unemployment crisis. Read the news—wage cuts, layoffs, the inevitable slackening of the abnormal activity of modern super-industrialized war. Does it sound as if the ex-service man's need has passed?

The Ways of Fame

IN 1807, Robert Fulton's *Clermont* sidled out of her New York moorings, pointed her awkward nose up the Hudson, and began the adventurous argosy that brought her to Albany, 150 miles distant, thirty-two hours later.

Nine years earlier, a Connecticut Yankee named John Fitch, who had built the first steamboat in America and seen it operate successfully on the Delaware River, took his own life rather than submit to the more tedious extinguishing process of starvation.

A thousand Americans have heard of Fulton to one who remembers the name of Fitch. It is not, however, a case of Fulton's having received more credit than was his due, but of Fitch's having received less.

History has neglected more completely one phase of Fulton's activity, which, in the opinion of most engineers of our day, exhibited his extraordinary inventive talent in far greater degree than did his adaptation of the ideas of his forerunners when he constructed the *Clermont*. Here is what Fulton wrote in 1813 at the end of a specification paper detailing a device "for injuring or destroying Ships or Vessels of War":

"Any attempt to fire any kind of ordnance under water in attacks on vessels of war or maritime combat will be considered a violation and purvey of my invention."

Did the shade of Robert Fulton hover over the peace table at Versailles in a vain effort to be remembered in the German indemnity? And did the shade of John Fitch look on and smile?

A WOMAN doctor in Omaha thinks the time will come when everybody will live to be a thousand years old. Once that happy day arrives, the loving uncle who deposits a dollar to the credit of his newly-born nephew to do the handsome thing by him can pass on assured that if the youngster leaves the money on deposit at four per cent. he can buy himself a pair of real leather shoes in his hale old age.

SCENE: THE OLD MILL STREAM. TIME: WINTER

BURSTS and DUDS

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

Enforced to the Limit

Arrest all frogs, the edict goes, until this tumult stops. The evidence most plainly shows that they are full of hops.

Close up the churches right away. The issue stands out clear. For at the funerals, so they say, they pass around the bier.

Why, Mr. Daniels!

From Publication 3, Historical Section, Navy Department:

July 11, 1919. An act authorizing and appropriating for expenses of N. R. F. schools . . . "and 'enlisted men' shall embrace women enrolled in the naval service."

Strange, Watson, Strange

(From the Trenton, N. J., *Times-Advertiser*)

Lost: Set of black and white pups, 6 months old, 18 inches high, answers to name Nell. Heavy strap on neck. Phone 6676-J."

The Genuine Article

West: "Why do you call Curtiss a diplomat?"

North: "He was able to explain satisfactorily to a private soldier why he should salute an officer."

Most Inconvenient

In the departed days a somewhat befuddled guest appeared unsteadily before the desk of a smart hotel and demanded in thick but firm tones that his room be changed.

"I'm sorry," the clerk humored him. "But all the rooms are taken."

"Mush have 'nother room," insisted the guest.

"What's the matter with the room you have now?"

"Well, if you mush know," explained the dissatisfied tenant, "ish on fire!"

Supe: "Say, I thought I was to be the leadin' man with Anita Stewart in this fillum?"

Director: "You said it. You're to lead the horses out to the track."

Absolutely!

"Hereafter there will be absolutely no smoking in barracks at any time," bellowed a captain in Raritan Arsenal, New Jersey, after a fire caused by a forgotten butt had been quelled. "Absolutely! Not at any time!"

Then he paused and added as an afterthought in a louder bellow even than before:

"Especially at night!"

The Worst Pun

"Funny thing happened the other day," related Jones. "I was in one of those near-beer places and absentmindedly asked for a manhattan cocktail."

"Did you get it?"

"No. The manhattant any."

Drawn for THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY *by Marcel Arnac of Le Rire, Paris*

"What! You let an American tourist kiss your wife and not say a word?"
"What do you want me to say? I can't speak English."

New Man, By Jove!

"You can't really imagine how stoical and Spartanlike my Archie has become since his return from the war," declared the prominent member of the Association of Mothers of Veterans of the Battle of Paris. "Would you believe it, my dear, he rode all the way from New York to Philadelphia in a day coach and never complained—just said it was all part of the day's work!"

Desired Privilege

"Well, what did you think of my acting?" asked an amateur player of a truthful but diplomatic member of the audience.

"I can say this," replied the spectator frankly. "I have a friend who I am confident would have given $500 to have heard you."

"Who is it?" asked the embryo Booth, highly pleased.

"Well, you wouldn't know him. But he's deaf as a post."

Tempus Fugits

The traveler raced his fastest to the one-horse railway station and missed the train by the most vexatious of narrow margins.

"When is the next train in that direction?" he asked, pointing to the receding cars.

"Tomorrow," answered the station agent.

"At what time?"

"Jest one minute sooner than right now."

For the Defense

Father: "This thrashing I'm going to give you will hurt me more than it will you, Johnny."

Youthful Offender: "Well, don't be too rough on yourself, pop. I ain't worth it."

Military Secret No. 10,001

One of the foremost correspondents of the war wrote intimate stories of life in the A. E. F. while sojourning at the National Press Club in Washington. One day his heart-throb stuff had taken longer than usual, so long that he was in peril of missing a dinner engagement.

Dashing over to the telephone, he demanded: "What time is it?"

"I'm sorry, but we have not been allowed to give the time since the war started," replied a sweet voice.

"Oh, these military secrets!" groaned the harassed correspondent, hanging up.

A Bit Late

"Mrs. Biggs never seems to be able to keep quite up with the procession."

"So I have noticed. It was just last week that she joined the W. C. T. U."

The Fatal Metaphor

The young man was telling his sweetheart how he had been attracted to her.

"You were a lovely flower and I was a bee," he explained to her. "I was a mouse and you were a piece of cheese."

And then he wondered why she rose and left the room.

Reassurance

"Look here," demanded the new patron of the Dizzy Hour lunch room. "When do I get that order."

"Control yourself," snapped Romeo the waiter. "The cooks are on strike, but I think they'll come to an agreement 'most any hour now."

CARRYING ON

News of the American Legion in the Nation, Departments and Posts

What is your Post doing? News and photographs for this department are welcomed from all Legion and Women's Auxiliary members

MISS Floe Bert, of the "Cinderella on Broadway" company, seen here with William Q. Setliffe, adjutant of the Department of Illinois, and other members of the company gave entertainments in the hospitals for disabled veterans to help the Illinois Legion drive for $50,000 to bring cheer to disabled veterans

AMERICANISM COMMISSION MEMBERSHIP ANNOUNCED

HENRY J. RYAN, of Boston, Mass., has been selected as chairman of the new National Americanism Commission. Mr. Ryan has established offices at National Headquarters in Indianapolis where he is laying the groundwork for furthering the objects of the commission effectively inaugurated by Arthur Woods, of New York, the retiring chairman.

Other members of the commission are: To serve one year—Fiorello H. La Guardia, New York City; William B. Follett, Portland, Ore.; E. K. Bixby, Muskogee, Okla.; Edgar H. Baird, Philadelphia; Garland W. Powell, Cumberland, Md.; Richard F. Beirne, Richmond, Va. To serve two years—Peyton H. Hoge, Jr., Louisville, Ky.; A. H. Gansser, Bay City, Mich.; Colonel Gordon Johnson, U. S. A., chief of staff to General Leonard Wood, Fort Sheridan, Ill. To serve three years—Will Percy, Greenville, Miss.; Dwight Davis, St. Louis, Mo.; F. O. Horton, Des Moines, Ia.; Lindsey Blayney, Houston, Tex., and Leonard Withington, Honolulu, Hawaii.

It will be the Legion's aim under Mr. Ryan to coordinate and consolidate the Americanism activities of the Y. M. C. A., Red Cross, Knights of Columbus, Masons, Salvation Army, National Security League and many other organizations. To this end a conference of representatives will be held in Washington on February 22.

HOSPITAL MEN WARMED BY RAYS OF LEGION'S CHEER

AS progress is being made in the nation-wide campaign of the Legion to bring cheer and comfort into the lives of the veterans suffering in hospitals, tangible proof is afforded of the need and value of the great work being done. Bedridden ex-service men are taking a renewed interest in life. They are learning that they are not forgotten by their former comrades-in-arms and America in general. At the same time the effort to dispose of all outstanding compensation claims against the Government is bearing fruit, and every day sees scores of such cases settled.

Posts and visiting committees have found their attention so much appreciated that it already is certain that their interest in the disabled will continue long after the present campaign is closed and the memory dim on the observance of the recent holiday season.

Many striking instances of forgotten and dreary sufferers are coming to light. A more or less typical one was reported by Guy H. May, adjutant of the Department of Tennessee, who recently visited the Soldiers' Home at Johnson City in that State. In the home are 400 ex-soldiers.

Speaking of the tubercular patients who are isolated from the others and never allowed out of the grounds, he said:

"It seems a sad thing that these men must live the dreary life of recluses, but unquestionably it is best for them. It seems that I was the first person that had ever visited them, and they seemed to look upon me as some sort of an angel from another world. The care of these 400 men, too big a job for one, or a few posts, is being accepted as a trust by the entire Tennessee Department."

An Eastern post reported another interesting incident. A committee visited some patients in a nearby hospital to extend an invitation for an evening's entertainment. The health of the men permitted of the acceptance of the invitation, but they had to decline because they were without overcoats and winter clothing. They had entered the hospital in the early summer, and the only clothes they had were the light summer ones in which they had arrived. The only headgear one of them owned was a straw hat. When this case was reported to the post a subscription was taken up and sheepskin coats and other clothes were provided.

Early reports at National Headquarters show that the hospital campaign is well under way in at least half of the departments in the Union. Nebraska, Massachusetts, California, Colorado, North Carolina, Louisiana, Iowa, Maine, Connecticut, Vermont, Maryland and South Dakota report satisfactory progress in preliminary surveys, the assignment of hospitals to posts and the appointment of visiting committees.

Every department which had reported to National Headquarters up to the third week in December told of elaborate plans for a Legion Christmas in all hospitals housing veterans.

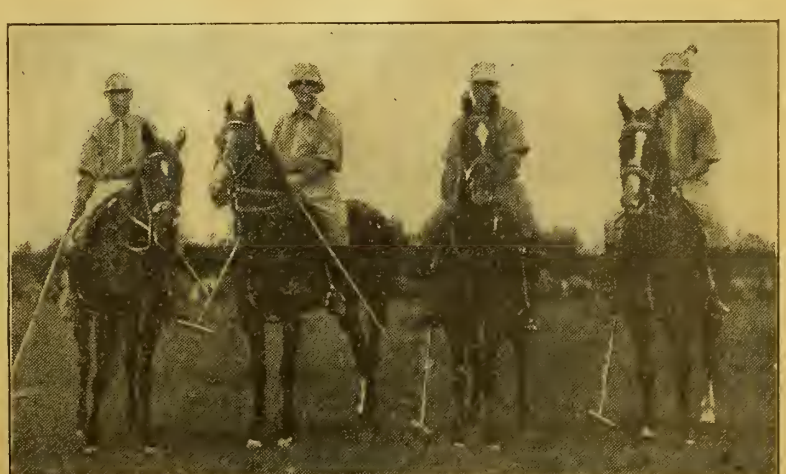
THOUSANDS OF MEMBERS SOUGHT IN STATE DRIVES

THE first day of the New Year was seized upon by a number of departments as an auspicious date for starting membership drives. New York State, which leads the Legion with 934 posts at last reports, is now holding a spirited campaign to increase its membership from 75,000 to 150,000 within the month. The Department of Nebraska, with 280 posts and 20,000 paid up members, is out to corral as many as possible of the 30,000 Nebraska veterans not yet in the Legion. With some forty auxiliaries already formed the Nebraska Legionnaires are driving to establish 100 more units. A unique band of Legion recruiters is Silas Kitto Post of Santee which is composed entirely of Indians.

The Department of Arkansas also is engaged in a recruiting campaign begun on January 1. The Departments of Colorado, Minnesota and Oklahoma have been conducting membership drives and Cuyahoga County, O., was among the county organizations which strove by intensive campaigning to start the new year with as large a membership as possible.

NINE MORE WAR ORPHANS SURE OF YEAR'S COMFORT

NINE more French war orphans now are assured of food, clothing and shelter during the winter through the generosity of Legion posts and individuals.



MEMBERS of the polo team of Kauai Post, of Hawaii, own their own mounts and equipment. Left to right: W. F. Horner, J. M. Spalding, Marcus Monsarrat, Philip L. Rice. The team recently defeated the Seventeenth Cavalry

Two orphans were adopted by Mrs. L. W. Hubbell of Palmetto, Fla. Mrs. Mary E. Jewell, of Annapolis, Md., contributed the money for the support of an orphan through Guy Carleton Partlett Post, of Annapolis, with the request that the adoption be made in the name of her deceased son, Joseph Pierce Jewell, who served in France.

The latest Legion posts to adopt one mascot each are the Evanston, Ill., Post; Bay Shore, L. I., Post; Henry H. Houston Post, Germantown, Pa.; Marlette, Mich., Post; James Moseley Post, Glen Ridge, N. J.; and George P. Vanderveer Post, Toms River, N. J. The Evanston Post had adopted another orphan previously.

Posts or individuals may adopt a French war orphan for a year for $75. Remittances should be sent to the French Orphan Fund, National Treasurer, American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind. The money will then be turned over to the Red Cross which will assign the children and supervise expenditures.

New Organization Head

EDWARD H. PRELL, of Spokane, Wash., now is directing the Organization Division at National Headquarters. He was appointed recently to take over duties formerly under the supervision of Russell G. Creviston, who is now Assistant National Adjutant. Mr. Prell served overseas with the 146th Field Artillery and participated in two major operations.

Robert A. LeRoux, who played a prominent part in the organization of the Legion in the Department of Washington and who, as adjutant of Hoquiam Post, brought that Post to the front on the Western coast, has been appointed a field organizer for the Legion. He has gone to Nevada to begin organization work under the direction of National Headquarters. Mr. LeRoux, who served in France with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, is one of several field organizers who will supervise organization work of the Legion.

For Post Accountants

A COMPLETE post accounting set, devised to meet the need for a quick, easy, accurate and uniform method of Legion bookkeeping, has been prepared by a special committee and now is ready for delivery. The set is guaranteed to eliminate work and worry from the duties of post finance officers and to prevent misunderstanding and financial tangles. The price is $5 for posts of 100 members or less. Special sets have been devised for posts of more than 100 members. The Emblem Division of National Headquarters is filling orders for them.

Officials of the Department of Massachusetts have started a sweeping investigation into the reported swindling of veterans and gold star relatives by unscrupulous lawyers who demand exorbitant fees for obtaining compensation in cases of injury and death. The widow of one man, it was declared, had paid a lawyer's fee of ten percent of the $10,000 due to her through the death of her husband overseas. The War Risk Act prohibits any lawyer receiving more than $3 as a fee for pressing a compensation claim.

The kind of jazz the Army took with it to France will soon be making itself felt in Japan where the Tokoyo-Yokohama Post will give a big minstrel show. The Post has a dramatic committee and intends to give regular entertainments to raise funds for Post activities.

How to keep the membership in touch is a problem that has been satisfactorily solved by P. B. Marzoni, Adjutant of the Department of Alabama, and William Sell, Adjutant of Birmingham Post No. 1, who conduct *The Alabama Legionnaire*, a page of Legion news in a Birmingham Sunday newspaper. Many Legion posts in all parts of the country now are conducting Legion pages and columns in their local press with gratifying results, keeping their members informed on post, department and national news and boosting the Legion tremendously in their communities. The American Legion News Service, 627 West Forty-third street, New York City, will on application provide news of the organization each week free of charge to all editors of Legion pages and publications.

Offer to Police New York

THE services of from 500 to 5,000 members of The American Legion in greater New York as volunteers to aid the police to cope with the crime wave in the city were offered recently to Mayor John F. Hylan by William F. Deegan, first vice-commander of the Department of New York. The offer followed a conference attended by National Commander Galbraith and other Legion officials.

"We would choose the finest machine gunners, riflemen and military police of which our organization boasts if the chief magistrate of the city but called on us," declared Mr. Deegan. In a letter to the Mayor offering the services of the Legionnaires Mr. Deegan said: "This offer is made recognizing the responsibility of the individual members of the Legion as citizens and does not contemplate the assistance of the Legion in any matters involving industrial disputes."

Some time previously the St. Paul, Minn., Post of the Legion made a similar offer to organize volunteer police patrols on account of the increase in crime in St. Paul and Minneapolis. Sufficient policemen were added to the force to handle the situation, however, and the Post's offer was declined with thanks.

A Post of Blind Buddies

UNIQUE among posts of the Legion is the Evergreen Post of Baltimore, Md., composed entirely of ex-service men who lost their sight in the war. When the National Commander heard of the formation of the Post he wrote to the commander, Charles Fear, commending the men on the spirit shown in organizing the Post.

A local theatre will house The American Legion and the Boy Scouts of Manitowoc, Wis. The building was purchased for $18,000 by a business man on behalf of the Boy Scouts and the Legion. A gymnasium for the high school also is provided.

To increase interest in their part of the Oklahoma membership drive, the Dewey County Post chose up sides with the agreement that the side gaining the most recruits for the Legion was to have a dinner at the expense of the other.

Wouldn't Break Law

WHEN the members of Warren Townsend Post of Hot Springs, Ark., were asked to form a basketball team for Sunday games which would be certain to bring money into the post's treasury, they turned down the proposal in favor of living up to the Legion pledge of law and order. Sunday sports are illegal in Arkansas, although the law is winked at.

The Legion is well represented in the Wyoming forest service by the members of the Jackson's Hole Post. Several buddies are rangers in the Teton National Forest.

A "Kansas City or Bust" Club has been formed by Phillips-Elliot-Hodges Post of Saginaw, Mich., to send a big delegation to the next national convention. Members of the club pay dues of fifty cents a week and the money is banked for the railroad fare. The post, which sent thirty-two men to Cleveland, intends to have sixty-four at Kansas City.

Not many dull minutes for the members of Herbert Warriner Post No. 70, of Philadelphia, Pa. The Post has a rifle team, a firing squad which turns out for all Post military funerals, a secret order known as the Military Order of the Mochas, four basketball teams, a glee club, an orchestra, a show and "feed" every meeting, a growing clubhouse fund of more than $1,000 and an active unit of the Women's Auxiliary which is raising "a mile of pennies" for the women's section of the proposed clubhouse. The meeting rooms of the Post are in the Carnegie Library in South Philadelphia.

Recruiting Entertainers

THE post activities and entertainment committee of Robert E. Bentley Post, of Cincinnati, O., recruits talent for entertainments and sports through a questionnaire. Each member is asked to tell whether he can play a musical instrument, sing, act, entertain, play basketball, baseball or football, and to give the name of anyone who will entertain the Post.

Objection to the use of the German language in the presentation of the "Konzert," a play for the benefit of German and Austrian women and children, was voiced in a resolution passed by the Inter-Post Council of The American Legion of Los Angeles, Cal. The mayor was requested to withhold a permit for the concert unless it should be given in English.

"Farthest from a railroad of any post in the United States," is the claim of Phillips-Edwards Post of Pinedale, Wyo., which is 110 miles away from the nearest railway line. There are thirty-five members in the Post which represents a territory of 500 square miles. "Let the boys shoot at that," challenges the Post.

As a single instance of Legion efficiency more than 200 cases were handled by the war risk insurance officer of the Norfolk, Va., Post between January and November of last year. In addition $446,000 worth of insurance was reinstated and $19,000 worth converted. Compensation was allowed in sixty-three out of sixty-six cases pressed, twelve claims for allotment and allowances unpaid under the War Risk Act were successfully prosecuted, and ten men were located for the Federal Board of Vocational Education when the board was unable to find them.

G. A. R. Head Is Guest

THE first meeting of the West La Fayette, Ind., Legion Post in its new clubrooms, were attended by General W. A. Ketcham, National Commander of the G. A. R. He urged all veterans of the World War to unite in one body.

Camp Stafford Post, of Alexandria, La., held a box supper to help its treasury, and earned $208. Box suppers were auctioned off, the highest selling for $56. The next celebration of the Post will be a minstrel show.

Roxbury, Mass., now has another public square named in honor of a war hero, Maurice H. Freeman, who was killed in the Chateau-Thierry drive. The dedication exercises were held under the auspices of Roxbury Post, which has participated in more than twenty funerals and in the dedicatory exercises of seven public squares named in honor of dead heroes.

Four Years, Seven Months in War

FOUR years and seven months is the time put in in the war by Henry L. Norton, recently appointed organizer of the Department of Vermont. He served from 1914 to 1917 with the Canadian engineers and while on furlough resigned from the Canadian army to take a commission in the American forces. He went back to France in March, 1918 with the 372d Infantry and was discharged in February 1919 at 49. A brother, Paul J. Norton, first commander of the Springfield, Mass., Post, was in the Twenty-Sixth Division and two nephews lost their lives in the war.

To advertise their minstrel show the Legionnaires of the Charleston, S. C., Post, bought a page of space in a local newspaper, sold four columns of advertising on the page to merchants at special

(*Continued on page* 22)

THE
Ex-Service
REVIEW

A Digest of News of Interest to the Former Soldier and Sailor

NEW STATE LEGISLATURES TO PASS ON BONUS BILLS

ENCOURAGED by the fact that twelve States are paying bonuses to their World War veterans, advocates of compensation in many parts of the country are preparing to make new efforts for beneficial legislation before several State legislatures.

In Iowa, The American Legion conducted a canvass which showed most of the State legislators favor a bill to award veterans of that State $15 a month for each month of service. Connecticut, the only New England State which has not yet passed a compensation bill, may join the ranks of its sister States when the legislature takes action on a bill that would give each veteran $100. A bonus bill previously passed in Connecticut was vetoed as unconstitutional by the Governor.

World War veterans of Michigan are confident that a bonus bill will be enacted. Petitions for a vote on the bonus law have been circulated widely. The law proposed would give $15 for each month of service, with a maximum of $250. Passage of the law was recommended in a resolution adopted at the annual Convention of the Michigan Department of The American Legion.

Prospects for the passage of a State bonus law by the Pennsylvania legislature are regarded as good, in view of a statement by Governor Sproul that the failure of the Federal Government to provide adequately for discharged service men makes State action imperative. At a meeting of veterans of several societies in Pittsburgh recently, arrangements were made to urge a State bonus at the next session of the legislature.

Veterans in Cleveland and Columbus, O., have opened a campaign for enactment by the legislature of a bill for "additional State compensation," that would award to each veteran $10 for every month in the service up to a maximum of twenty-five. Franklin Post of The American Legion at Columbus has appointed a committee to prepare a bill for presentation to the legislature.

Twenty-five dollars for each month of service is the proposal for a State bonus advanced by veterans in Oregon, where public sentiment is believed to have been favorably impressed by the adoption of a bonus bill in Washington.

The State legislatures of California, Oklahoma, Maryland and Missouri also are expected to consider compensation bills, and further efforts for a bonus may also be made in Alabama, Delaware and Tennessee, where previous bills failed of enactment.

Christmas on the Rhine—American doughboys in Germany helped make Christmas happy for the little children of the occupied cities by contributing to a fund raised by *The Amaroc News.*

CONGRESS BUSY ON MANY BILLS TO AID VETERANS

THE legislative fate of most of the bills before Congress affecting former service men still is in the hands of various committees of the House and Senate.

The proposed plan to combine the three ex-service men's agencies into one bureau under the Department of the Interior, backed by The American Legion and introduced in the House by Representative Rogers of Massachusetts and in the Senate by Senator Capper of Kansas, has a good legislative start. The House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce already has begun hearings on the bill, and it also will be heard in the Senate Finance Committee.

F. W. Galbraith, Jr., National Commander of The American Legion; Abel Davis of Chicago, Ill., chairman of the Legion's Committee on Hospitalization and Vocational Training and members of the Legion's National Legislative Committee are to appear in behaf of the bill. The heads of the three present Government bureaus also will be called.

The House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds has reported favorably on the bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to lease for ten years the $3,000,000 hospital to be constructed by New York State for the care of mentally afflicted veterans. The bill should be a law by the time this appears in print. As amended, it authorizes leasing of hospitals similar to the New York one which other States may construct. Massachusetts and Oklahoma have signified their intention to build such hospitals.

David F. Houston, Secretary of the Treasury, long an opponent of adjusted compensation for veterans, has appeared before the Senate Finance Committee and indicated his opposition to the Fordney Bill. Other persons may be heard on this measure for adjusted compensation before the Senate Committee decides in secret session the report it will return to the Senate. Veterans of the country should know definitely within the next few weeks what action the Senate will take at this session.

The Wason Bill, providing for the establishment of branch offices of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance to bring the service of the Bureau to ex-service men, still reposes in the hands of a sub-committee of the Senate Finance Committee. Although hearings have been promised, no dates have been set.

The Stevenson Bill, providing the privilege of retirement on three-quarters pay for disabled emergency officers of the World War, has been awaiting action from a subcommittee of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce in the House, of which Congressman Sweet of Iowa, an advocate of the bill, is chairman. In the Senate the bill is in the hands of the Military Affairs Committee.

HOUSE MAY DRAW OUT DRAFT DESERTERS' LISTS

THE House Judiciary Committee at Washington is expected to make overtures to the War Department which may result in early publication of the lists of draft deserters and dodgers, following charges registered recently before the committee by representatives of ex-service men's organizations, headed by William C. Murdock, Pennsylvania Department Adjutant of The American Legion.

Mr. Murdock told the Congressional Committee that the War Department had "done nothing but promise prosecutions" of the 150,000 draft evaders and deserters. He submitted facts concerning the repeated delays which had followed each announcement that the publication of the lists would be forthcoming.

Chairman Volstead indicated that he would request Secretary Baker to supply the Committee with information on the subject.

Hearings on the Watson Bill, designed to set aside the statute of limitations in the prosecution of draft deserters and delinquents and to give the Government the right to prosecute violations of the Selective Service Act within six years, were held before the Judiciary Committee of the House on December 16. Probable death of the bill was forecast on the ground that it is superfluous, attorneys asserting that draft deserters are punishable under the Articles of War, and hence are not shielded by the statutory limitation, and that delinquents are being acted against by the Department of Justice, which is filing information against them in court, equivalent to indicting them so far as the statute of limitations is concerned.

Ex-Aviator Kills Himself—Patrick O'Brien, formerly aviation lieutenant, whose thrilling escape from the interior of Germany after being taken prisoner in 1917 made him a National figure, took his own life recently in Los Angeles, Cal., after failure of efforts at a reconciliation with his wife, a one-time motion picture actress to whom he was married after his return from France.

Navy Reveals Mystery Boat—Designed to form an important part of America's coast defense, a motorboat which carries a 21-inch torpedo and has 600 h. p. engines, was recently launched. The new craft, known officially as "Type A-3, sea hornet," was held a Navy secret during the war. When in operation the sea hornet sinks until but little more than one foot of hull is visible above the water. It carries a crew of four. The motorboat can be carried on battleships as a service launch or used independently as a torpedo boat.

England to California in One Flight—A non-stop flight from England to California will be attempted by the world's largest airship in May, if plans of the United States Navy are carried out. The huge craft which would be used in the flight is the ZR-2, now nearing completion in England, where a special crew of American naval aviators is learning to operate it. The ship has been purchased by the United States Navy from the British Air Ministry. It is one-third larger than the R-34, the British air ship which twice crossed the Atlantic last year.

War Mothers to Go to France—Alice M. French, of Indianapolis, president of the National War Mothers, has announced that plans are afoot to charter a ship next June to carry mothers of American soldiers in the World War to view the battlefields and cemeteries of France and Belgium. Mrs. French, in conference with Secretary Baker recently, was advised that she should take up the matter of the proposed trip with the new administration.

Notables Hold Converted Policies—Among the high ranking Army and Navy officers who have converted their War Risk Insurance policies to Government peace-time insurance are General Peyton C. March, Rear Admiral Henry T. Mayo, Maj. Gen. W. M. Wright, Col. Charles W. Whittlesey, Brig. Gen. William Mitchell, Rear Admiral Robert M. Kennedy, General Tasker H. Bliss, Rear Ad-

BALKS AT OWN FUNERAL

LIEUT. John C. Gramstorff of Lynn, Mass., doubted reports of his death which the War Department kept sending him. But when he received a notice that his body was being forwarded to him for burial, he began to doubt his own doubts. Convinced, however, that he is still alive, Gramstorff will try to assist the War Department to clear up the mystery of the wrongly identified body.

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miral Cary T. Grayson, Maj. Gen. John A. Lejeune, of the Marine Corps, Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord and Admiral Robert E. Coontz.

Monument to Honor Americans—General Mangin is arranging for the collection of subscriptions for the erection of a monument in Paris in memory of American volunteers who fought with the French Army. The monument will cost $100,000, and no foreign contributions will be accepted. A public ceremony in honor of the American volunteers will be held before the monument each year.

Transfer French Bodies—Bodies of French soldiers are now being transferred from graves on battlefields to the burial places of their families or to the national cemeteries. Over each grave is placed a marker inscribed with name, rank and organization and the words, "Mort pour la France."

Review Notes

The latest form of the Kitchener legend in England is the rumor that the unknown warrior who was buried in Westminster Abbey with impressive ceremonies recently is no other than that of the famous British Lord. The rumor was subscribed to by many of those persons who, during the war, refused to believe Kitchener dead and insisted that he was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy.

An industrial city of plants, factories and mills is to arise on the site of Camp Zachary Taylor, near Louisville, Ky., under plans of a contracting company that recently bid $852,000 for the entire property which cost the Government almost $8,000,000.

Former members of the 102d Infantry are behind the plan to give the village of Seicheprey, France, a new water system and a memorial fountain in memory of the New England guardsmen who occupied the town as America's first sector on the Western Front.

Eleven of fifteen new men appointed to the fire department in San Jose, Cal., recently were veterans of the World War.

Major Frank Cavanaugh, formerly of the 102d Field Artillery, and Captain Joseph Conway, formerly of the Q. M. C., head a group of Boston men who have purchased the Red Sox baseball team.

Congress has passed a bill authorizing medals of merit for officers and men who served in the United States Merchant Marine during the World War.

Daniel J. Callahan, of Washington, D. C., supreme treasurer of the Knights of Columbus, has been made a knight of the Order of St. Gregory, by Pope Benedict XV, in recognition of his services in handling $40,000,000 in relief funds for his organization during the war.

Harry D. Simmons was arrested in Salt Lake City, Utah, recently, charged with defrauding the Government, after Department of Justice officials alleged he had obtained free hospital treatment from the Public Health Service by representing himself as suffering from illness incurred in the Army and entitled to hospital treatment, whereas he had been dishonorably discharged and was not entitled to free treatment.

The Ohio Society, Sons of the American Revolution, recently adopted a resolution voicing "insistent approval to every measure of service that will prove to the wounded heroes who escaped death but still bear the marks of suffering that the Republic is neither ungrateful nor forgetful."

A counterfeit American $10 bill, circulated in Germany recently, was easily detected because America was spelled with a "k" instead of a "c."

THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Responsibility is disclaimed for facts stated or opinions expressed in this department, which is open to all readers for discussion of subjects of general interest. Because of space demands, all letters are subject to abridgement.

"Let No Guilty Man Escape"

To the Editor: It is said that for nearly a year there have reposed in the files of the Intelligence Bureau in Washington, D. C., charges and proofs of felonies, treasons and looting affecting 324 war industries.

The evidence was obtained by Government inspectors at Government expense, only to be suppressed. In a minor instance, a Democrat of National fame was squelched when he suggested a particular inspector's report be referred to a Federal Grand Jury.

It is likely that politics will obstruct recovery suits and prosecutions no less with the incoming administration. Contrast these cases with the whiskey ring frauds of Grant's first administration. A dozen convictions and $3,000,000 recovery was the answer to Grant's famous words: "Let no guilty man escape." Punishment was meted out to petty rascals then, but decorations are conferred upon colossal rascals now.

Why can't The American Legion get bodily behind these cases? If it can procure conviction of the guilty, despite their rank, and recovery of stolen funds, the boys will certainly have rendered their country a service in peace next to that rendered by them at arms.

To further this purpose and remove the issue from politics, the administration should appoint a Legion nominee for Attorney General. The loot recovered would go a long way toward buying for every soldier a one-family-supporting farm in the locality of his choice.

CLINTON L. CALDWELL

St. Louis, Mo.

The War Grafter

To the Editor: I have read the letter from the ex-soldier of Philadelphia regarding war grafters. Right you are, brother. The Legion ought to get after the war grafter, as well as the slacker. If we ex-service men will run down the grafter, there might not be so many in any future war, and I believe if profiteering were taken out of war, there might not be so many wars.

C. O. A.

Walford City, N. D.

A Bond Cancellation Drive

To the Editor: Do you remember the great Liberty and Victory Loan drives? We used to be thrilled by the thought that America was willing and able to raise so much money to back us up. But now our beloved country is in debt by nearly the amount she raised during the war in the loan drives. American citizens and corporations prided themselves on the fact that they were 100 percent Americans because they loaned money, while 4,000,000 service men were giving their time and money and often their lives to win the war.

The thought occurs to me—what an inspiring and 100 percent American thing it would be for those same people who subscribed to the bond drives to have another big drive to raise money to help pay the debt of our country. How easy it would be for a man or woman who stayed home during the war to show his love of country now by giving his Liberty or Victory Loan Bond back to the United States Treasury. It would sort of square things up with the ex-service men and women, and it would show that they really intended to give their money as we gave our time, money and lives. I feel that there are thousands of ex-service men so situated that they would be willing to join with other citizens in giving gladly $50, $100, $500 or $1000 to free the nation from debt. If only somebody would start the ball rolling!

W. OGDEN SAYER

Middletown, N. Y.

Bony and Bellecourt

To the Editor: The veterans of the Thirtieth Division will be the last to find fault with their heroic comrades of the Twenty-Seventh Division. Death cemented

tics between them on the bloody fields of Flanders, and later memories have made the memories of those fighting days more binding.

So delightful have the relations been that little criticism has been aroused by the recent announcement that the Twenty-Seventh would spend $200,000 to show that it, and not the Thirtieth Division, broke the Hindenburg Line. But now comes word that the War Department will lay out four American cemeteries in France, one of them to be known as "Flanders Field" at Bony, and that all American dead thereabouts will be moved to Bony.

Bony is a little town on the Hindenburg Line in Picardy, known to fame chiefly because it was at Bony that the Twenty-Seventh did not break the Hindenburg Line. A mile away is Bellecourt, where the Thirtieth did break the Hindenburg Line. More than 300 boys of the Thirtieth today sleep along the hillside overlooking Bellecourt. It occurs to us that Bellecourt would be the proper place for a cemetery, if, indeed, the men who fell at the Hindenburg Line are to be gathered together. Bony means nothing to the boys who broke that line. Our boys may be moved to Bony, but their story will linger behind them at Bellecourt. So long as this generation lives, there is little to fear, but sooner or later great monuments will rise in the cemetery at Bony. The casual visitor then may not learn what really happened at Bony and what really happened at Bellecourt.

FRANK P. BOWEN
Secretary, Old Hickory Association
Knoxville, Tenn.

One of Many

To the Editor: Seventeen months ago I was somewhere in France. Now I am somewhere in debt.

Before the war I was a farmer. As I was returning from my twenty-three months overseas, I and my buddies were given cards reading: "Back to the Farm, Why not?" The Government gave them to us.

I married the girl who had waited for me, rented a piece of ground, and paid top-notch prices for my farming equipment and feed. I have had a fair yield this season, but the price of produce is now far below the cost of production. I am not a knocker, but I am doing some serious thinking. I am no longer a buck private. I am a daddy now—have a baby boy who was born on November 22.

Now, you know my problem. Is any reader of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY wise enough to offer any suggestions?

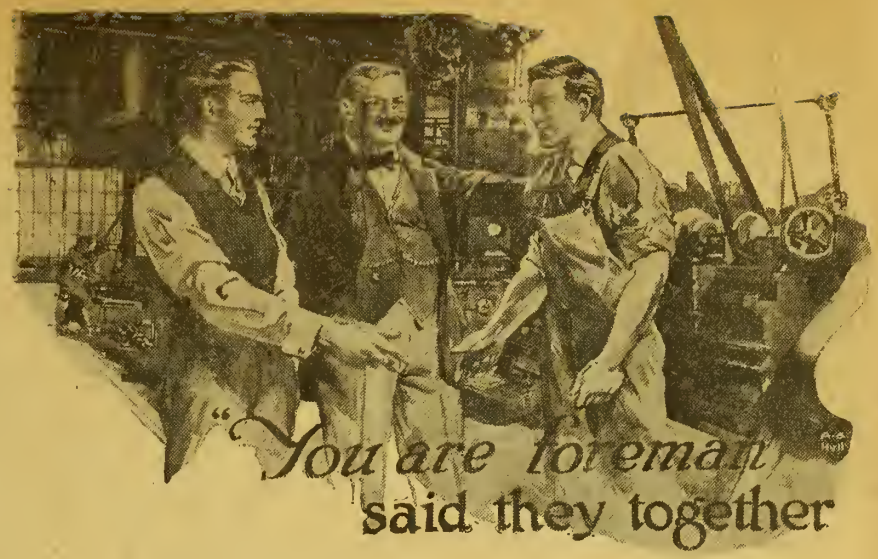
C. S.
Granville, Ia.

An Answer to Gibbs

To the Editor: As a Legionnaire of Irish birth I want to enter an emphatic protest against the statement by Sir Philip Gibbs in your issue of December 10 that "the Irish people sought alliance with the Germans when we were hard-pressed, and stabbed us in the back when the Germans looked like winning."

Ireland gave 173,772 volunteers to the British Army, and in addition 150,000, mostly of Irish birth, volunteered from Great Britain. I suppose Sir Philip Gibbs would have us believe that the Irish Guards at Mons, the Royal Irish Regiment at Ypres, the London Irish at Loos, the Dublins and Munsters at the Dardanelles, etc., etc., stabbed the English in the back. Or perhaps Lieutenant Kettle of the Dublin Fusiliers, Father Gwynn of the Irish Guards, Major Redmond of the Royal Irish Regiment, Father Fenn of the Dublin Fusiliers stabbed the English in the back. And you will remember that there were many men of Irish birth in the American Army.

What was the policy of the English Government toward the Irish during the war? The Connaught Rangers, Munster Fusiliers, Dublin Fusiliers and other Irish organizations, recruited enthusiastically, were not allowed to form an Irish Brigade and were placed under command of Ul-



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, in its issue of October 9, tells the story. He was a retiring fellow—rarely ever asserted himself. Didn't have much to say. He blushed whenever a girl spoke to him.

But he did a lot of thinking, and away back in his mind something whispered the old message "Knowledge is Power." So he began using his spare hours in studying the job above him. As he studied, he not only gained knowledge that enabled him to do his work better, but his concentrative powers and his confidence increased.

One day the foreman didn't turn up. The superintendent and the general manager came into the shop discussing the foreman's sudden death. "Where will we find a man to take his place?"

And then, like a flash, the modest young man realized the power he had been accumulating. With new-born confidence, he stepped before the bosses and explained that for two years he had been quietly preparing for a bigger job—that he could handle the foreman's work.

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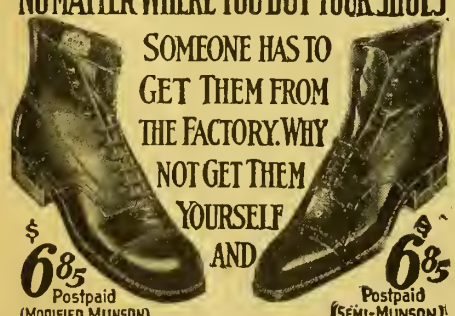

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sterites and English Unionists. Redmond, the leader of the Irish people, made an offer in 1914 that if the British army was withdrawn from Ireland, he would guarantee the loyalty and peace and order of Ireland. Redmond personally advocated recruiting. In return, the Irish and the Australians were needlessly sent to slaughter at the Dardanelles.

The "German plot" was first given to the world by Lloyd George. He is the man, you will remember, who said: "As God is our Judge, England does not want a square yard of additional territory." To date England has acquired additional territory of only 3,000,000 square miles. Lloyd George and the English Government never has been able to furnish proof to substantiate the poison gas charge against the Irish people.

I prefer to believe that THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY let the statement in regard to this plot pass, not realizing what a grave injustice it does to a gallant people who are now fighting for the holiest cause in which a soldier can fight—the cause of liberty.

JOHN P. CAROLAN

Unity Post, Chicago.

A Duty Fulfilled

To the Editor: After reading "Buddies of Many Wars," by Walter J. Wood, I feel impelled to make a slight correction. In his article Mr. Wood states that "Homes for disabled and indigent soldiers are maintained by practically every State in the Union, except the thirteen in the South." I differ from him in this. I do not know of a single Southern State which does *NOT* maintain a Soldier's Home. True, these Homes are for the men of the South who followed Jackson and Lee. But—we must consider the heavy burden which the South has borne for nearly sixty years in supporting these men with no help from the Federal Government.

Every true American should take pride in the fact that the Southern States are true to their moral obligation to these men, even if they are not able to provide for us, among them the writer, who were disabled in later wars. Let our South be true to its fighting men of another day, and when they are gone our turn will come.

CHARLES A. HARDIE

A New Hampshire Marvel

To the Editor: What do these West Virginia and Kansas people mean by making such claims for distinction for their native States? Did they ever hear of a cold New Hampshire winter? Whenever the warm-blooded men of other States, who were in my old outfit, got spinning tales of their home climates, I silenced them by telling them of a New Hampshire phenomenon chronicled by my grandfather. During an unusually cold winter, Grandfather was in the habit of giving hot water to our flock of hens. One day at feeding time he started for the henhouse with a pail of boiling hot water, but before he had covered the 200 feet between the house and the feeding place, the water had frozen. And it had frozen so rapidly that the ice was warm.

W. W. HILDRETH

Wolfeboro, N. H.

Ahoy, Flatfeet!

To the Editor: As the Gobs seem to be rather backward about advancing their opinions in the Voice of the Legion, I'll try to start something. What has become of all the good old flatfeet? Must we let the ex-soldiers do all the talking? I'd like to hear a few words from the boys of the old Sixth B. G. We have heard lots of French mud. Now let's hear about Scapa Flow, Rosyth, Dunfermlin and the rest of it. Remember high speed with no lights in all kinds of weather? Remember the "pirate ship"? the "four on and four off"? the four hour liberties? the convoy duty? the G. C.'s, S. C.'s and Decks? I guess you do. Hit the deck, sailors.

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THE LAST DAYS OF THE CRIMEA

(*Continued from page 4*)

by some signal he would notify the others and the town would fall into the hands of the local Bolshevists. But it did not.

The civilian population had not yet learned a thing. On the 12th, we quietly packed our luggage and left it at the Hotel Kist, which had not been a hotel for many months, and on the evenings of the 12th, with everything tranquil, we had a quiet dinner in our apartments.

The whole town was awake that night. Wagons, carriages, automobiles, all of them loaded with baggage, had suddenly began to move. At three in the afternoon all British subjects had been ordered on the destroyers for protection, and now the Russian government was evacuating all official families, under cover of darkness, to secret landings.

EVERYWHERE women were lugging heavy pieces of baggage. The whole of Sevastopol was on the streets. People who did not know where to go or what to do stood by with whitened faces and wondered. There was no weeping or wailing, but faces were ashen with the thought of what the coming of the Bolshevists would mean.

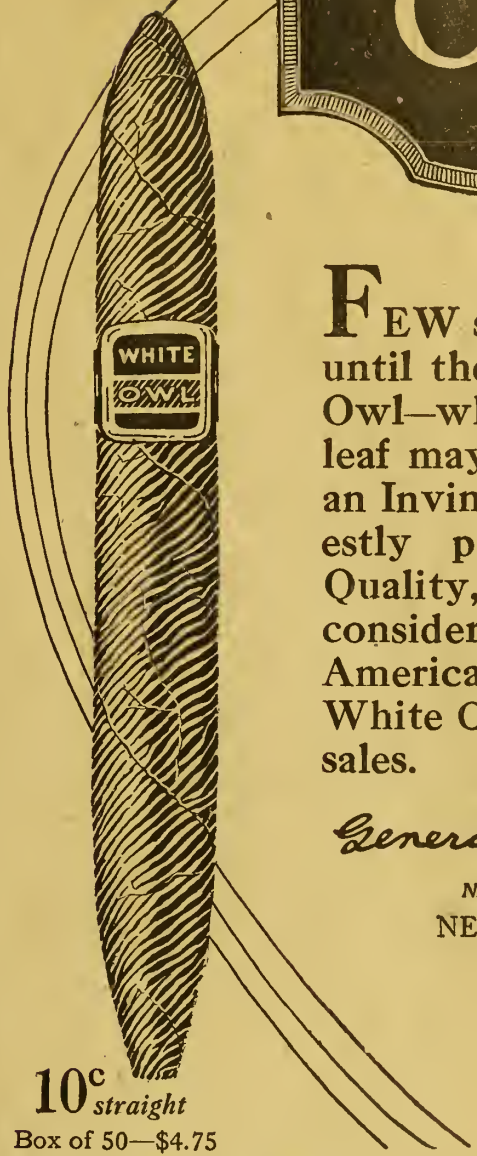
Morning came, and the streets of the city were thronged with people. No one could get a carriage, an automobile, even a rowboat. Merchants could not move a parcel of their most valuable supplies. Just how we saved our own property is another story for the commercial pages of the corporation by which I am employed.

Looting was in progress. Warehouses were broken open and the pillagers were afraid of nothing. All were eager to help themselves with what they could get their hands upon. All day long, guards tried to protect the custom house warehouses, where the most valuable supplies were stored, but still the crowd moved off with bales of cloth, with case after case of soap and milk, and the revolver shots of the guard from the *Korniloff*, Wrangel's own cruiser, failed to frighten them but for a moment, when all would duck their heads, excitedly scatter and return to continue their robbing.

All Americans except the Red Cross contingent and the writer were ordered out of the city, and at dusk on November 12th, the U. S. S. *John D. Edwards* pulled out with the last of them. Just after they had gone, we made a trip to the Red Cross warehouse far down the inlet, and found twelve Yankee sailors on guard from the *Overton*, five Russian employes, armed, and fifteen Frenchmen, all trying to hold one little double doorway entrance to the building.

A mob of more than two thousand had clustered about the doorway, and as the laborers came out from the building toward the little ship that was being loaded, only one out of every five would reach the gangplank with his load. For no sooner did a "hammal" clear the doors through the crowd than five or six near him would reach over the shoulders of the others and lift the case of milk or bale of blankets from his shoulders, and the man who got the supplies would be

WHITE OWL



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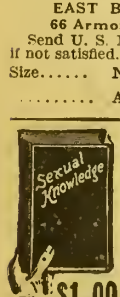

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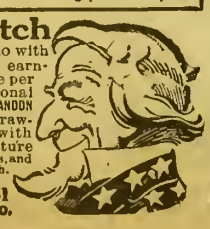

The Landon School
311 Victor Bldg. Cleveland, O.

thrown to the ground, while the others plundered it.

Unfortunately five Russians were shot during the melée at this particular point. The orders of the guards were, in any case, not to lose lives over property, a very sensible order and one that was obeyed so far as the Americans and French were concerned. The parties guilty of the shooting were the Russian guards.

At six o'clock, when darkness fell, the guards were withdrawn. The Red Cross had saved all it could from that particular warehouse. Then, with a great shout, the hoodlum mob broke down the door and flung itself upon the supplies which the Red Cross would have been so ready to distribute to the needy.

The ship sailed away and left them to their plunder. Then, in the darkness in the direction of the warehouse, we saw a gleam of light that grew more and more brilliant. Some of the fiends had set the place afire, evidently with the matches and candles that aided them.

At the landings at Grafskia Pristan (The Count's Landing), as fast as baggage accumulated, American motor launches from the destroyers would collect the refugees and their effects and take them to one or another of the many vessels in the harbor, where the people were packed, and gladly so, in the narrowest of spaces. So, when the time came, all were rescued that wished to be.

IT is possible that the story of the rescue of our own merchandises, which were in a warehouse far from the usual landings and out of sight of the destroyer, would be a little out of place. But since the American Navy had so much to do with it, and did that much so very well, perhaps it will not be amiss.

Of course, when the situation broke, there was not a vessel in the harbor that we could charter, and had we chartered a vessel the day before, the town would have gone into a panic at the knowledge that American business was evacuating. So with all employes already evacuated there was only one thing to do—get that merchandise aboard an American destroyer by the use of American motor dories, and that was what we did with the most valuable and the easier handled supplies.

Night came and we thought it was all over, but seeing another day ahead, we found a derelict barge that had not been used for ten years, and this gigantic tin box, for such it was, was towed to the warehouse and placed by nothing less than a tiny little motor dory from a destroyer.

Here, with four guards on duty and with labor scraped from destitute families that wanted to get away and who saw no possibility of passage unless they earned it, we managed almost to clean the warehouse. Russian guards, self-appointed of course, continued to molest us, and said that no supplies could be moved, but we kept on working. After a tour of the ground had been made and we had found a meeting of two hundred local Bolshevists in progress, we decided it high time to call for reinforcements, and asked for a machine gun squad and twelve additional guards. When these came, they brought orders for the barge to be towed to the S. S. *Faraby*, a mile away, where it was to

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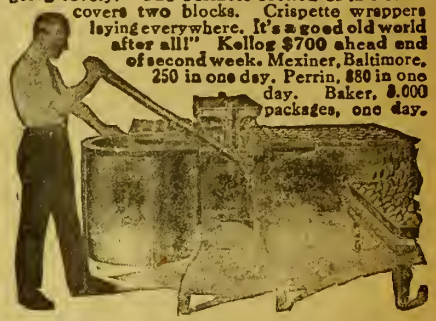

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be loaded, and once more the little motor launch went to work.

As the barge neared the center of the stream, however, quite some distance from any of the nearest points, a small motor dory hailed us, and Admiral McCully ordered that all guards descend immediately and that the laborers remain on the barge! Of course, lives were to be saved before property. It was then three p. m., and we had already been officially informed that the Bolshevists were expected at two.

The laborers aboard the barge, fourteen in number, had been separated from their families and baggage that morning at eight o'clock with promises of passage to Constantinople. Their faces were ashen. They did not understand, and as the anchor dropped and the last guard swung down the little rope ladder into the dory that hauled us, the chills ran down one American's back as they had never done before.

After I had paced that deck for an hour, pacifying, with a meagre knowledge of their language, the fourteen Russians, another barge came for me, and did the captain of that ship desert his crew? You're mighty right, he did.

OF course, an hour or so later, when all refugees, including families of the fourteen laborers, had been saved, two motor launches returned from the destroyers and towed the barge to the side of the *Faraby*, and the merchandise was loaded. But in all muddled Sevastopol, there was no scene that day more ridiculous that that of a fifteen-foot tiny motor dory towing a barge that was twenty feet high above the water, more than a hundred feet long and nearly thirty wide, loaded with soap, milk and hides and thirty men! And there was no predicament more disconcerting than turning about and looking into the eyes of those men who had worked so hard despite the threats of slit throats, all for passage to Constantinople that they were beginning to think might not materialize.

Ashore, General Wrangel walked to and fro among his troops. One by one the retreating regiments marched under the monument of Admiral Nakhimoff; the flags, furled for the last time, were saluted, and one by one the tired soldiers of a retreating army, yet an army that until the very end held back the Bolshevists that the evacuation might take place, filed by. Wrangel was very calm that last morning. He strode in and out of the corridors of the Hotel Kist as if nothing had happened. Now and then he stepped into some corner with some old staff officer and gave further directions.

History has closed her pages on the little Wrangel government. The paper rubles that were counted and horded by the hundreds of millions are now what they were in the beginning, only paper. And the struggling little army that fought until the bitter end is floating on the Marmora Sea. There is no place to land, there is no country that will claim them. But knowing them as we have known them, knowing the perseverance, the hope for the miracle that never came, that characterized them, even after the Polish peace, when they knew the end was near—after all that, wherever they may go, wherever they may be permitted to land, one cannot feel but that they will make a citizenry to be proud of in any nation that will accept them.

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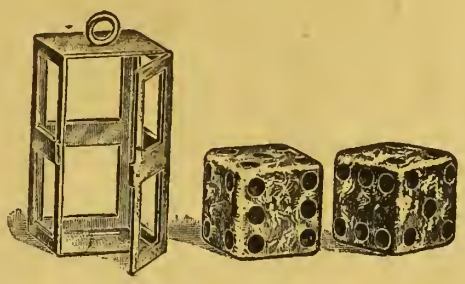

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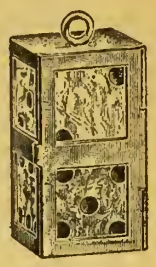
Oh, Boy! If they had only issued these in France!!!



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CASUALS OF MISFORTUNE

(*Continued from page 6*)

Wayne Mirtindale of Roseburg, Ore., was pretty well knocked to pieces on October 4, 1918, in the Argonne, when his right shoulder was mangled by shrapnel and he was badly gassed and burned. He was taken first to Base Hospital No. 31, where he got blood transfusion, then to Base Hospital 65 at Brest, where he twice underwent operations, then to the Debarkation Hospital, New York, then to the Rockefeller Institute, where he had four more operations, then to Debarkation Hospital No. 3, then to the Camp Lewis Hospital and finally to the Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, where on December 1, 1919, he was discharged.

UNABLE to work, with the wound in his shoulder far from healed and with the scars of gas and burns still on his health, Mirtindale appealed to the Government for compensation. He received $35 a month.

Mirtindale could not live on $35 a month. He had to go to work. Pretty soon the old wound opened up wide again, and on June 5, 1920, he was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, Portland, Ore. He stayed there nine days, at the end of which time he was called home by a death in his family. He is now being treated by the Public Health Service physician at Roseburg, Ore. He still is receiving $35 and he still must work, and the wound in his shoulder is still open.

Tyler C. Bullock, No. 390 Peachtree street, Atlanta, Ga., who as a corporal in the 411th Telegraph Battalion, served in the Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives, and who as a result of meningitis came home deaf in both ears, is only one of fifty-six totally deaf ex-service men who, according to reports to the Legion, are not getting a square deal from the Government. A careful investigation into thirty of these cases disclosed the fact that nineteen of the men are getting $80 a month each from the Government; two get $100 a month; two, $75; two, $40; one, $12, and four receive nothing at all.

NOT one of the men can obtain a penny from Government insurance. Travis E. Robinson, formerly private, Unit 16, Medical Corps, of Danvers, Ill., and James Ryken, formerly private, Company D, 349th Infantry, of Geyville, S. D., the two who get $100 a month as being permanently and totally disabled and who are therefore clearly entitled to their insurance, if they had any—are not getting their insurance. Robinson has been declared totally and permanently disabled since November 16, 1919, and it is said that his insurance lapsed on March 26, 1920. Ryken has been declared totally and permanently disabled since discharge, and it is said that his insurance lapsed. It is sufficient to state that a man's insurance cannot lapse when he is totally and permanently disabled. It becomes payable then.

The cases enumerated are not the worst in the Legion's files. They are only the average run. They are only a few of a long line of witnesses to prove the disabled ex-service man's bill of complaint against the Government.

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"How do we stand on the books? What's this they say about us being in bad at Department Headquarters? How about national dues? Are we square with the Weekly?"

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The matter came up at the recent national conference of department adjutants. The need for a quick, easy, accurate and uniform method of post accounting everywhere was apparent. A committee was named to devise an accounting set to meet these requirements. Their work is done. It represents the best thought and experience in the Legion on that subject. The sets are ready for delivery. The cost is $5.00 for posts of one hundred members or less. Every post should have one and have it *now*. It eliminates work and worry, prevents misunderstanding and financial tangles.

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Or write EMBLEM DIVISION, National Headquarters, Indianapolis, for more complete description.

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ROYAL SALES CO., Box 250, South Norwalk, Conn.

The American Legion says: "Something is wrong; here is the evidence that something is wrong."

In gathering this evidence to show Congress and the public that things with the disabled man of the World War are not one hundred percent perfect, The American Legion is not out with an ax to get anybody's scalp. Its purpose is constructive.

Legislation of vital necessity to the successful administration of the disabled man's affairs is now before Congress. On December 11 Representative Rogers of Massachusetts, in the House of Representatives and Senator Capper of Kansas, in the Senate, introduced the Legion's "Consolidation Bill," to bring together as one agency under one responsible head in one department of the Government the three separate and distinct Government bureaus now functioning for the disabled man. The bill—H. R. 14961—was referred, in the House, to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, and in the Senate, as S. 4613, to the Senate Finance Committee. Hearings before the House Committee are now in progress. Hearings before the Senate Finance Committee or a subcommittee have been promised for an early day.

The Rogers-Capper Bill offers the only way out of the irresponsible, loose-jointed, uncoordinated system under which at the present time cases like those cited above are clogging up the disabled man's way to rehabilitation. When the bill becomes a law, the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, the Public Health Service and the Rehabilitation Division of the Federal Board will no longer be able to shoot the buck back and forth from one to another. The disabled man's papers will no longer be scattered in two or three separate files. Disabled men will no longer be lost track of when they pass from the jurisdiction of one agency to that of another. Best of all, it will at last be possible to go to some one man, put your fingers on him and say, "Such and such is the condition. You are responsible. Get busy."

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS BULLETIN

DISTRIBUTION OF LISTS OF POSTS OR MEMBERS

SPECIAL NO. 59. DECEMBER 17, 1920

Requests for lists of posts or members of The American Legion are frequently received at National Headquarters, both indirectly from the individuals who desire to make use of them for commercial or other purposes, as well as through members of The American Legion.

The National Executive Committee by several resolutions has forbidden the use of The American Legion mailing list or of The American Legion emblem for commercial or advertising purposes.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY is one of the best advertising mediums in the country, and it is suggested that any member of The American Legion to whom a request may come for the use of an American Legion mailing list for commercial or other purposes, refer the same to the Business Manager of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, 627 West Forty-third street, New York City.

In so doing, the member will cooperate with the National Executive Committee in its efforts to protect all members of the organization from unscrupulous advertisers and will assist in bringing legitimate revenue to the organization through the sale of advertising space in our official organ.

LEMUEL BOLLES,
National Adjutant.

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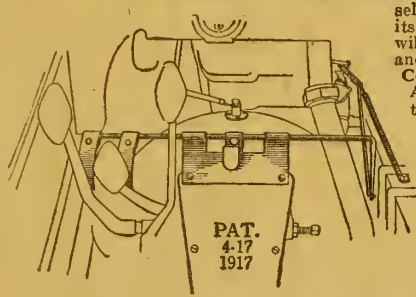

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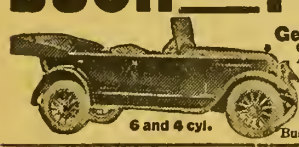

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CARRYING ON

(*Continued from page* 12)

rates and ran three columns of reading matter about the show. The post is caring for wounded men in hospital at Charleston and also is entertaining the seamen aboard destroyers in the harbor. Contributions have been made to help the Boy Scouts.

Peace Medal for Hero

A MEDAL and a cash purse will be awarded to Policeman Joe Treglia, a Legion member of Omaha, Neb., who put out a burning fuse leading to tins of gasolene and kerosene in a restaurant. The whole block probably would have gone up in an explosion if Treglia had not investigated the unlocked door of the store and found the flaming fuse.

The Nutley, N. J., Post, had cider among the refreshments at a recent meeting and a cork popped from one of the jugs with a roar that made all the old-timers flatten themselves on the floor. Action was taken at once to prevent a like occurrence at future meetings by placing a guard over the cider to hold the corks in. A guard will then be placed over the guard. The Post entertained all ex-service men of the town not members of the Legion and the town officials at a smoker.

A tree in the Victory Gardens was dedicated to the memory of David W. Gentle recently by the members of David W. Gentle Post of the Bronx, New York City. The post also contributed $100 to dedicate trees along the Grand Concourse to Bronx men who died in service.

Work on the $325,000 American Legion Memorial Tubercular Hospital at Kerrville, Tex., is nearly finished, according to a report from the Board of Control. The hospital will accommodate 300 patients.

Post Began with Nothing

STARTING out with nothing, not even a suitable hall to meet in, Benjamin Firestone Post, of Columbiana, O., has grown to be one of the leading organizations in the town. The Legionnaires revived the town fair and after five weeks of hard work put it over with such success that they laid away enough money to set them on their feet financially. Street dances and other celebrations followed, and recently the Post bought one of the best corner lots in town and now is planning to build a Legion clubhouse and an auditorium for the town.

The Legionnaires of Harold H. Bair Post, Hanover, Pa., intended to give their entertainment. "Oh! That American Legion Minstrel Show" for only two nights, but it required four nights and a matinee to meet the demand for seats. Last year the show brought in $2,700, and this year, with everything new but the title, $3,900 clinked into the box office.

Another Legion outfit to open a determined battle against the H. C. L. is the Cooperstown, N. Y., Post which is operating a local restaurant at the lowest possible prices. Stock is being sold at $10 a share.

National advertising slogans were combined with humorous original drawings to form a unique souvenir program at a recent dance of the Advertising Men's Post of Chicago.

A stand of colors, the gift of Mrs. Bella Gruber, mother of the soldier for whom the Post was named, is now in the possession of Oscar H. Gruber Post of Philadelphia, Pa.

Shades of the historic greaseball! The K. P. detail at a recent supper of Roy Vanderpool Post, of Shelbyville, Ill., was composed of three former captains and ten ex-looies.

A snappy musical comedy, "Pep," ran for a week to crowded houses in San Francisco under the direction of the San Francisco Council of the Legion.

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.

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Advertising rates: $3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch.)

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

ARE YOU GOING TO BE A "HAS" OR A "HASN'T" ???

The smiling young man in the upper left hand corner is up-to-date in the payment of his dues to The American Legion. He has reason to smile.

He has promptly met an obligation. He has done his part toward the financial success of his post. He knows that, so far as he is concerned, his post finance officer can remit without delay the 1921 per capita tax or national dues now payable through Department Headquarters to National Headquarters by every post of the Legion.

He knows that he will continue to be a member of the Legion, that he will continue to be in on all the things the Legion does locally and nationally, that he will continue to receive THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

He is a "Has" paid.

The other young man is not up-to-date in the payment of his dues.

From appearances the Legion's campaign for the care of the disabled means nothing to him. He is out of it. The Legion's fight for adjusted compensation—for him as well as for every other veteran—will have to get along without his aid. So will the Legion's compensation clean-up and census of buddies in hospitals, its Americanism program, the dozens of other big things it has under way. The Legion won't be any bigger or better at the end of this year because of his support. Maybe he will snap out of it in time, but for the present—

He is a "Hasn't" paid.

He has not met his obligation. He has not done his part toward his post's success. He is in danger of being classed as a delinquent, of losing out on the things the Legion is doing in his town and his country. He is on the verge of losing his privilege of membership, of being stricken from the mailing lists of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

Which One of These Men Are You?

BE A "HAS" PAID

The national per capita tax of one dollar for each member—the income which sustains National Headquarters and supports the AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—is due from your post. It has been due since January 1. If you are square with your post finance officer, if you are a "Has" paid—thanks, buddy, from the rest of us. If you are a "Hasn't" paid, see your post finance officer at once and settle with him. You still have time to get your 1921 dollar in to avoid being delinquent. But you'll have to hurry.

GET SQUARE TODAY

(Members of Legion posts residing in communities other than those in which their posts are located may mail their dues to their posts or to their Department Headquarters.)

NOT A "HASN'T" PAID

A Startling Memory Feat That You Can Do

How I learned the secret in one evening. It has helped me every day

WHEN my old friend Faulkner invited me to a dinner party at his house, I little thought it would be the direct means of getting me a one-hundred-and-fifty per cent. increase in salary. Yet it was, and here is the way it all came about.

Toward the close of the evening things began to drag a bit, as they often do at parties. Finally some one suggested the old idea of having everyone do a "stunt." Some sang, others forced weird sounds out of the piano, recited, told stories, and so on.

Then it came to MacDonald's turn. He was a quiet sort of chap, with an air about him that reminded one of the old saying that "still waters run deep." He said he had a simple "stunt" which he hoped we would like. He selected me to assist him. First he asked to be blindfolded securely to prove there was no trickery in it. Those present were to call out twenty-five numbers of three figures each, such as 161, 249, and so on. He asked me to write down the numbers as they were called.

This was done. MacDonald then astounded everyone by repeating the entire list of twenty-five numbers backwards and forwards. Then he asked people to request numbers by positions, such as the eighth number called, the fourth number, and so on. Instantly he repeated back the exact number in the position called. He did this with the entire list—over and over again, without making a single mistake.

Then MacDonald asked that a deck of cards be shuffled and called out to him in their order. This was done. Still blindfolded, he instantly named the cards in their order backwards and forwards. And then, to further amaze us, he gave us the number of any card counting from the top, or the card for any number.

You may well imagine our amazement at MacDonald's remarkable feat. You naturally expect to see a thing of this sort on the stage, and even then you look upon it as a trick. But to see it done by an everyday business man, in plain view of everyone, blindfolded and under conditions which make trickery impossible, is astonishing, to say the least.

* * * * * * * *

ON the way home that night I asked MacDonald how it was done. He said there was really nothing to it—simply a memory feat, the key to which anyone could easily learn in one evening. Then he told me that the reason most people have bad memories is because they leave memory development to chance. Anyone could do what he had done, and develop a good memory, he said, by following a few simple rules. And then he told me exactly how to do it. At the time I little thought that evening would prove to be one of the most eventful in my life, but such it proved to be.

What MacDonald told me I took to heart. In one evening I made remarkable strides toward improving my memory and it was but a question of days before I learned to do exactly what he had done. At first I amused myself with my newfound ability by amazing people at parties. My "memory-feat," as my friends called it, surely made a hit. Everyone was talking about it, and I was showered with invitations for all sorts of affairs. If anyone were to ask me how quickly to develop social popularity, I would tell him to learn my memory "feat"—but that is apart from what I want to tell you.

The most gratifying thing about the improvement of my memory was the remarkable way it helped me in business. Much to my surprise I discovered that my memory training had literally put a razor edge on my brain. My brain had become clearer, quicker, keener. I felt that I was fast acquiring that mental grasp and alertness I had so often admired in men who were spoken of as "wonders" and "geniuses."

The next thing I noticed was a marked improvement in my conversational powers. Formerly my talk was halting and disconnected. I never could think of things to say until the conversation was over. And then, when it was too late, I would always think of apt and striking things I "might have said." But now I can think like a flash. When I am talking I never have to hesitate for the right word, the right expression or the right thing to say. It seems that all I have to do is to start to talk and instantly I find myself saying the very thing I want to say to make the greatest impression on people.

It wasn't long before my newfound ability to remember things and to say the right thing at the right time attracted the attention of our president. He got in the habit of calling me in whenever he wanted facts about the business. As he expressed himself to me, "You can always tell me instantly what I want to know, while the other fellows annoy me by dodging out of the office and saying 'I'll look it up.'"

* * * * * * * *

I FOUND that my ability to remember helped me wonderfully in dealing with other people, particularly in committee meetings. When a discussion opens up the man who can back up his statements quickly with a string of definite facts and figures usually dominates the others. Time and again I have won people to my way of thinking simply because I could instantly recall facts and figures. While I'm proud of my triumphs in this respect, I often feel sorry for the ill-at-ease look of the other men who cannot hold up their end in the argument because they cannot recall facts instantly. It seems as though I never forget anything. Every fact I now put in my mind is as clear and as easy to recall instantly as though it were written before me in plain black and white.

We all hear a lot about the importance of sound judgment. People who ought to know say that a man cannot begin to exercise sound judgment until he is forty to fifty years of age. But I have disproved all that. I have found that sound judgment is nothing more than the ability to weigh and judge facts in their relation to each other. Memory is the basis of sound judgment. I am only thirty-two, but many times I have been complimented on having the judgment of a man of forty-five. I take no personal credit for this—it is all due to the way I trained my memory.

* * * * * * * *

THESE are only a few of the hundreds of ways I have profited by my trained memory. No longer do I suffer the humiliation of meeting men I know and not being able to recall their names. The moment I see a man his name flashes to my mind together with a string of facts about him. I always liked to read, but usually forgot most of it. Now I find it easy to recall what I have read. Another surprising thing is that I can now master a subject in considerably less time than before. Price lists, market quotations, data of all kinds, I can recall in detail almost at will. I rarely make a mistake.

My vocabulary, too, has increased wonderfully. Whenever I see a striking word or expression, I memorize it and use it in my dictation or conversation. This has put a remarkable sparkle and pulling power into my conversation and business letters. And the remarkable part of it all is that I can now do my day's work quicker and with much less effort, simply because my mind works like a flash and I do not have to keep stopping to look things up.

All this is extremely satisfying to me. But the best part of it all is that since my memory power first attracted the attention of our president, my salary has steadily increased. Today it is many times greater than it was the day MacDonald got me interested in improving my memory.

* * * * * * * *

WHAT MacDonald told me that eventful evening was this: "Get the Roth Memory Course." I did. That is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about. The Publishers of the Roth Memory Course—The Independent Corporation—are so confident that it will also show you how to develop a remarkable memory that they will gladly send the Course to you on approval.

You need not pay a single penny until you have examined the Course and found that it fully lives up to all the claims made for it. Send no money. Merely mail the coupon, or write a letter, and the Complete Course will be sent to you instantly, all charges prepaid. If after examination you decide that you do not want to keep the Course, then return it and you will owe nothing. On the other hand, if you find, as thousands of others have found, that the Roth Memory Course will do wonders for you, then merely send five dollars in full payment.

You have always wanted a good memory. Now you can have it. Remember, you pay no money until you have proved that the Course will benefit you. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose by taking immediate action. So mail the coupon NOW before this liberal offer is withdrawn.

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- ☐ Drawing, Art Cartooning Course ($5) By Chas. Lederer
- ☐ Super-Salesmanship ($5) By Arthur Newcomb
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