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For All Legion Posts—Auxiliary Units and Members

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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On the Inside Looking Out

A Hospitalized Buddy Glances the Bunch Over and Records Some of Their Characteristics and Sentiments

By a T. B. Veteran

IN this hospital which stands atop the hill and surveys the town at its feet in good-natured tolerance, there is my present world. Isolated, a thing apart, the hospital forms an entity of its own where the monotony is relieved occasionally by the visit of someone from "outside," or when I, unable longer to resist the temptation of the lights of town, venture out of its confines and go to the movies.

The life of this narrow world is a quiet one, perhaps, judged by your standards, but here I am at least out of the high rent district, and the soaring prices of milk and eggs cause me no concern.

At any rate I view my world in a much different light from what I did last summer when my physician told me that I had tuberculosis. I had feared it all along since that never-to-be-forgotten day three years ago in France when the ranking officer of the Hospital Classification Board intimated as much to me when returning me to the States for another disability, so when he pronounced his final ultimatum, "T.B., active, pulmonary, advanced," I was not a great deal surprised. My thoughts went back to the day I was discharged from service, and my last appearance before the Army Medical Board. As if it were yesterday I remember the pompous major, giving me the up and down from head to foot as I stood, bathrobe tossed aside, for him to view my gangling frame for the last time.

The major cocked one eye at me and another at a distant crack in the floor, at which he spat with mathematical precision, shifted his cigar to the extreme northwest corner of his mouth, and asked me the time-honored question, "What did *you* do before you enlisted?"

"General office man, sir."

"And your rank in the Army?"

"Cook, sir."

An English medical officer would have said, "Ah, yes, quite so," and dismissed the subject, but not my major.

"How did you happen to become a cook in the Army?"

"It was either that or paperwork, sir, and cooks do no kitchen police."

"Very well, boy. And now what?"

"I haven't decided, sir."

"Well, boy, the trade you had and the one you learned in the Army are both fini la guerre for you. Get me?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"But me no buts. You have a disability discharge. Take the matter up with the Federal Board. Pity you're so skinny. Next man."

> "SOLDIERS they were and soldiers they are, and soldiers they will be to the end," says this T. B. buddy of his hospital mates. "And their fight is made easier by the fact that they know that you of the outside are with us in the battle. A little while and we shall be out in the world again, we hope. Until that day we abide here with what patience we may, secure in the thought that you are making that outside world a finer place for us to come back to."

And so I left the Army with a disability discharge. After spending several weeks getting accustomed to trousers again, I made an attempt to follow the major's advice. In the meantime I had received at least fifty letters from my local Federal Board supervisor, and one fine day I reported to him in person for examination and vocational training. Armed with my discharge and his many official letters I anticipated no trouble. But it seemed that passing the buck was the one general order to be observed.

Finally, however, after paying my own hotel bills for several days, I was assigned to an inspired interviewer whose chief aim in life seemed to be to impress his unusual ability and discernment upon all with whom he came in contact. He informed me briefly that he had looked into my case and had already perfected arrangements with a local "business college" for my enrolment, to learn business methods and stenography. When I informed him that a course of this nature meant nothing in my young life, and that I had been in the habit of hiring and firing my own stenographers for some time previous to my entry into the Army, he immediately lost all interest in the case save to remark that he could do nothing for me as I was not disposed to follow his advice. So back home for me, until the monotony became so unbearable that I finally conceived the brilliant idea of combining my previous occupation and my acquired army one, and did so, rising phœnix-like out of the ashes of the past to become a full-fledged Shipping Board steward.

This was a great life while it lasted, but it did not last as long as might have been expected, and my only enduring memories therefrom are of several hospitals where I was dumped at various times and places by kind-hearted American consuls. Then my last ship caught fire in mid-ocean and a projected trip to the Orient merely resulted in a sound wetting. I was fed up with the sea. I must say, however, that the officers and personnel of the ships upon which I served, while "red-ink ticket" men for the most part, were real hemen, and some of the tales told at the nightly meetings of the condensed milk club I shall never forget.

On shore once more, I returned to my tread-mill existence, studying Greek as a side issue while ordering or endeavoring to order my meals from one Christos Zenophonolaptolos. I managed to support myself in a reasonably adequate manner, and to keep my doctor's car supplied with gasoline. Finally, however, I reached the stage

where I could no longer pay the upkeep charges, and then he fired the broadside which finished me, coupled with the advice that I report to the government authorities P. D. Q.

The feelings of a condemned man who has heard the death warrant read to him by the presiding judge were as nothing compared to my own feelings when this dictum of my physician had finally sunk in. I could not, I would not, believe it. That I, who had beaten typhoid and malaria in the tropics, had been in train wrecks and ship wrecks, through the war and back again, should finally succumb to the white plague! It seemed hard, and I fought it alone as long as I could before reporting to Uncle Sam with my troubles; and when I finally did report it was with a feeling that the fight was a hopeless one. In that state of mind, then, I was hospitalized in this, our domain atop the hill, and one more disabled man was added to the Federal payroll.

When I was first admitted and the kindly doctor who made the preliminary examination informed me that I had a wonderful chance for recovery *provided* I made an honest effort—I merely smiled. *I* knew better. When the reconstruction aides and the Red Cross workers visited me to ask if there was anything that they could do for me I told them no. I wanted no companionship, no human intercourse. All that I wanted was to be left alone—to die. And when the Red Cross recreation aide made tentative advances toward me she was met with a chill response. What did I care for recreation, I who was about to die?

And then gradually, so gradually as to be almost imperceptible, there came a change. Little by little I was drawn out of my shell of self-imposed reserve, and began to manifest a quickening interest in my surroundings. Soon I was writing letters for Brown to his Congressman about his claim, and cheering Smith about his improved condition. I, who had never done one unselfish thing in my whole life, was beginning to be interested in my fellow-creatures—interested in their hopes, their aims, their plans for the future. The world atop the hill had become a very real world to me.

Soon I joined in the daily discussions of such momentous questions as who won the war and the merits of the Adjusted Compensation Bill. Soon I was an interested auditor of the intelligenzia of our circle. I listened to our leading exponent of free verse quote long passages from Ezra Pound, to be answered by an adherent of the school of Verlaine and Baudelaire. I laughed at the sweeping condemnation heaped upon the disgruntled one who dared to question the ruling of "our nurse" and agreed immediately with the majority that she was the best ever.

And the comments of our justly famous group of hospital statesmen were interesting to me:

"And I says to Mr. Christian, 'Now looka here, you tell Mr. Harding that I don't like this here way he's doing about the hospitals. You tell him I said us Democrats are outa luck.'"

"And I says to Colonel Forbes, just like that. I says, 'Now, Colonel, I'm a disabled soldier,' I says, 'and I want that you should listen here while I tells you how to run the Veterans Bureau.'"

"If this hospital isn't changed a great deal in a few days *I'm* going to write *my* senator, and we shall *have* things changed. If any of you have anything on your chest just tell *me* about it, and *I'll* see that it's straightened. *My* senator will do as *I* say, believe *me!*"

Such are the conversations I hear in our recreation hut. A great many men are never present, of course. T.B. is an insidious disease, and many patients must remain constantly in bed. And most of them have real ambitions and spend most of their time carrying on with some new trade or occupation which they are endeavoring to learn. Hill, upstairs, devotes his leisure to turning out trays and bits of hardwood furniture. Hill is fortunate, for he has a wife who is a real artist, and when confronted with the problem of finding a new source of income, she gradually evolved this scheme of manufacturing trays and picture frames. She makes the designs and decorates the finished product, and now Hill has a larger income than he ever had in his life before. His wife comes to see him regularly and markets his wares for him.

Carson has evolved another way to meet the emergency equally well. With a natural talent for drawing, he has far surpassed the work of the reconstruction aide who first initiated him in the mysteries of decorative leather bindings, and the commonplace stenciled designs are a thing of the past with him. He makes his own designs to order now, and his work is so clever that he has more orders than he can fill, and is compelled to leave the purely mechanical part to his assistants so that he may concentrate on pure creative designing.

All of our world is not composed of workers, however. Some of us have not reached the stage physically where we can do anything at all, and some of us, like ex-Sergeant Jones, are not so inclined. Jones is an old army sergeant, and when compelled to leave the service he had nothing with which to fill the gap. He cannot settle down to our sedentary existence on the hill. He has no ties, no aims. His existence is bounded by the latest racing form and his favorite bootlegger. He has not the physical strength to continue the excesses which have become second nature to him, and he is dying before our very eyes, game to the last. Some day Jones will knock off forever, and we'll miss his cheery voice in the corridor as he disseminates the morning dope. "Here's a hot tip straight from the feed box—place a few megs where they'll do the most good and we'll bust old Doc Reilly tonight." Jones' motto is, "I like my rhubarb strong and my women wild"—and he endeavors to live up to it.

The other day he took two buddies with him to perform an experiment with synthetic gin, and the results were extraordinary to his younger comrades. Lane, a quiet, studious chap, astonished our dignified commanding officer by walking gravely up to him and announcing, "Doctor, this is a funny hospital, where the horses walk upstairs and go to bed and the dogs bark at strangers." Luke was affected in quite a different way. He went quietly to bed, but astonished us all about

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Why I Am Glad We Have a Legion Post in Our Town

By William Allen White

THE best thing about the Legion post in Emporia is the boys that belong to it. They have a lot of common sense.

When I read in the newspapers of Legion posts attacking free speech and running men out of town whom they disagree with about public policies, and when I read about Legion men joining the Ku Klux and setting up an invisible government over the responsible government, I am dead sure of one of two things: Either the newspapers are infernal liars or our Emporia boys are smarter than most boys in the Legion, for they have never stopped a man, no matter how radical he was, in his public utterances and they shy at the Ku Klux like a den of rattlesnakes.

Naturally men of that kind are taking leadership in all kinds of public affairs, completing in civil and private life what they started to do in the Army, so I'm all for them.

Adjutant's Call

By Fairfax Downey

AN outburst of frantic squawks, indignant squeals and grunts and frightened squeaks, punctuated by lugubrious mooing, smote through the twilight silence about to descend on Cocherel. Softened by distance, the clamor reached the Adjutant of the Umpteenth Field Artillery trotting to rejoin his command. To that officer's whimsical ears it sounded for all the world as if the drivers and cannoneers of that famed outfit had dismounted from their steeds and limbers straight into the midst of a series of well-stocked barnyards. And so they had.

Now the Adjutant had just bade his Colonel and both majors a somewhat dramatic farewell on their departure to reconnoitre a particularly subject-to-change-without-notice section of the front.

"We expect to return late tonight," the Colonel had said in a doubtful tone. "Until then the regiment is under your command and you are responsible for its good order and preparedness."

So saying, the Colonel and both majors had received the Adjutant's salute and chugged away in the royal Dodge.

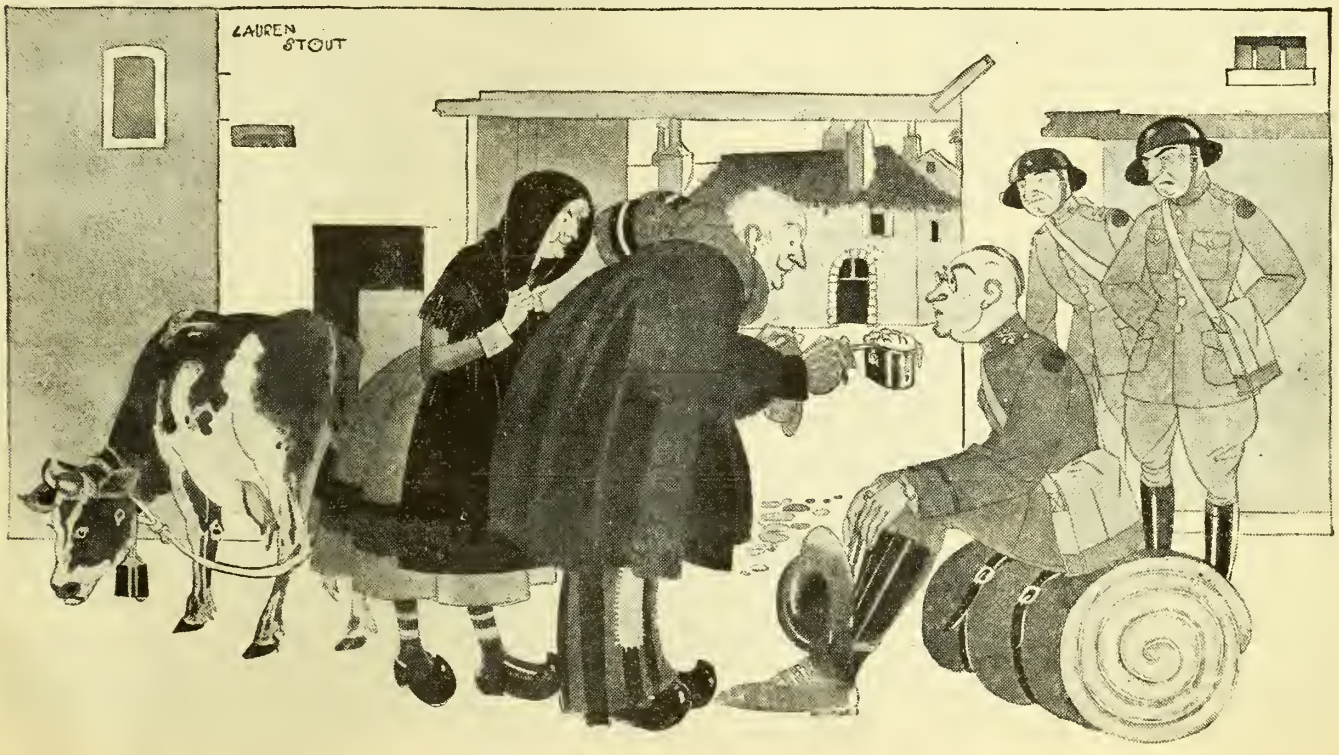
Weighed down, withal exalted, the Adjutant had ridden back, now and then easing his head of the weight of his helmet, which is hard on hair that is inclined to drop out a trifle. But as he beheld Cocherel at a distance, bathed in the light of the afternoon sun, the Adjutant so far forgot his military bearing as to become poetic—it was a failing he had and he had even been known to try and rhyme the last word in orders with the Colonel's name.

He racked his brain for an epic line or two to quote for the occasion, for it had been a race between the Umpteenth Field Artillery and the German Army for Cocherel, with the odds on the latter. The Umpteenth had come to regard the tiny dot on the map where the stated co-ordinates intersected—it didn't even rate a name—more in the nature of a target than a billet. But the regiment had not flagged. It was determined to arrive while Cocherel was yet at a good sporting range, say not more than 5,000 meters.

A detrainment in record time had been followed by two days of forced marches, at the end of the second of which Cocherel was approached, with the sound of the guns yet distant enough to show that the grade might still be made. The Colonel, cautiously motoring into the town and noting that it was still some hours out of range of the rapid German advance, had designated it as a billet, deciding the race had been won. He had been none too elated, however, and had expressed the opinion to the Adjutant that he would rather have shot at the tiny French hamlet after all. The town the Colonel had passed through just previously was graced by a château, and the Adjutant knew, like everyone else, how châteaux affect colonels.

BUT the Umpteenth Field Artillery rolling in, tired and dusty, was more sanguine. The residents of the village, influenced by uncertainty as to the destiny of the town, had moved so hurriedly that they had not had time to pack or herd any livestock physically unable to march at a cadence of 120 a minute. It was upon tempting reliques in the shape of chickens, pigs and rabbits that the Umpteenth had fallen.

It neared the hour of evening mess.



Soon a beaker of foaming rich milk was pressed upon the officer in temporary command of the Umpteenth F. A.

The march had been a hard one and the menu corned willy and hard tack. And the captain of Battery A had made a remark which was at once quoted widely, freely, throughout the regiment.

"Fried chicken, roast pig, fricasseed rabbit," he had declaimed sententiously, "are dishes which should never be allowed to grace the gross palates of the Teutonic gentlemen who, I understand, are rapidly approaching this earthly paradise."

Great is the power of suggestion. The approaching Adjutant, startled by the continuation of the plaintive barnyard noises and outcries already mentioned, was about to witness the strange spectacle of an entire regiment about to volunteer as kitchen police.

That officer, having veered from the epic to the pastoral, was exclaiming:

"A French 'Deserted Village.' 'Sweet Auburn, loveliest—'"

BUT he broke off suddenly as he noted the plenty which cheered the laboring swain being energetically pursued for the regalement of the Umpteenth F. A. Was this the good order that the Colonel had made him responsible for?

With great annoyance he ordered off all marauders he met; then galloped to Headquarters Company. Within a few minutes runners were on their way to every battery commander with orders that the molestation of private property cease at once. Not very much later a provost guard had been established and commenced to patrol. At mess throughout the outfit that night there was wailing and gnashing of teeth upon beans.

The chickens of Cocherel finally ventured to go to roost, still cackling indignantly. The pigs sank trembling back in their puddles. The long ears of the rabbits assumed the position of parade rest.

The Adjutant, seated upon a bedding roll mopping a high and perspiring brow, was greeted by a protesting delegation of battery officers.

"What's the great big idea?" they wanted to know. "Are you wise to the fact you're as good as at the front now? Lay off the zone major stuff. These poor animals are apt to be gassed, eaten by the Boche or suffer some other horrible fate. The S. P. C. A. will prefer charges against you."

"Seriously, Lieutenant," the captain of Battery A addressed the Adjutant, "the Articles of War permit the appropriation of provisions in an abandoned town, and the refugees have long since left this joint."

"You know what Pershing or somebody said about an army marching on its stomach," chimed in Battery D's commander. "The roadbeds of this army are in a bad way. The owners have all given quit claims on this stock."

It was at this opportune moment that an incident occurred which saved the cornered Adjutant from his persecutors. Into the circle pushed an aged peasant and his wife, leading a large, placid, cud-chewing cow.

"OH, Monsieur le Général," they cried in fervent French, rushing to the Adjutant and kissing his hands, much to his embarrassment, "it is you we have to thank. Your orders, they have saved our dear La Hirondelle." And they turned from embracing the Adjutant to the cow.

"A great soldier he come with a knife," pursued the woman, relating a dastardly attempt on the life of La Hirondelle. "He shout—what did he shout, Gaston?"

In halting and excited English, the peasant declared: "He say, 'Come heether, Willy. Thees army ess nevaire going to corn you!' One of your gendarmes stop heem just in time."

"There! You hear that?" the Adjutant asked the officers who were retiring in a state that might have been guilty confusion and might have been hysterics. "I guess I gave just about the right orders."

The Adjutant, who by this time was

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The American Legion and the Church

By Rev. S. I. Martin

Chaplain, Department of Indiana

FIRST, let it be said that The American Legion is a cross-section of our society, which cuts through dividing lines of sectionalism and denominationalism, as well as melting together the different racial elements of our land. The World War was a great unifying agent for our country, giving birth to a more pronounced nationalism than had ever existed previously, perfecting more nearly a nation of one people and ideals.

The American Legion is in the days of its youth. The zenith of its strength and purpose will not be reached within two decades, but the mission of this great new organization representing 4,500,000 of the best blood of American youth is beginning to take shape. If it is to realize the splendid sentiment as set forth in the Preamble to its Constitution, it will need to take into consideration every organization that can help in the attainment of these high ideals and purposes.

There is no organization within our society that has been so vitally concerned and closely associated with the development and well-being of the American Republic from its beginning than the organization which represents the religious forces, the Church. There is no genuine patriotism which does not have in it a deep religious emotion. "God and Country" cannot be separated. To love and serve one is to love and serve both. Clean living and patriotism are inseparable.

The service man went into the World War led by high ideals in the defense of his country, at the sacrifice of life, health and position. He learned the lesson of devotion in a supreme fashion. To keep that spirit alive is the task of The American Legion. Our greatest work is ahead. The wrongs of the world have not been righted. Our urgent and immediate task is to "carry on."

"THIS article," writes Mr. Martin, "has been prepared after an interview with sixty of the leading representatives of nearly every denomination of Protestantism, together with Jewish rabbis and Roman Catholic priests. It is a compilation of the best ideas gathered from these interviews, as to how The American Legion and the churches of our country can most effectively co-operate"

The American Legion stands for tolerance, unity and democracy. There could be no more potent and effective combination than the unity of effort and close co-operation between the Church and The American Legion. There is not a clause in the Preamble to the Legion Constitution that is not close to the heart and purpose of the Church.

There always has existed a close relationship between the churches of the North and the South with the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans. Now that these organizations are about to fade from our national life, only visibly, but not from our memories, the Legion is their logical successor. It will find the religious forces as ready to co-operate as they were with the Civil War veterans' organizations.

The vital question which The American Legion must decide is whether it is to be interested only in sports, carnivals and fairs, from which it expects to gain large financial returns, or whether it is to become conscious of its higher and nobler objective, the welfare of the local community, the American Republic and humanity at large.

If the Legion is to have the largest response from the country and the service man as well, it must be interested in something more than the welfare of its own organization by getting behind some worthy community effort in which the Legion and the Church can join hands, such as the Boy Scout movement, playgrounds, parks, civic improvements.

Church and Legion have a common interest in patriotic days. Joint celebrations could be arranged on Lincoln's and Washington's Birthdays, April 6th,

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August Is the Camper's Month

And the Legion Is an Outdoor Outfit if There Ever Was One, Declare These In-the-Open Posts

Water is essential to a successful camp, and Lake Michigan fills the bill for these buddies at the vets' vacation camp at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. The mess hall is prepared to handle all comers

By Atwood H. Townsend

PROBABLY you remember that famous recipe for rabbit stew which begins: "First catch your rabbit." Before worrying about how to run a Legion camp, first catch your camp. And that brings us to the first big problem of camping—the selection of the camp site.

Toledo (Ohio) Post has established its summer camp on a nine-acre island in the Maumee River—incidentally, the post owns the island and welcomes as campers on it other Legionnaires and Boy Scouts. Lawndale-Crawford Post of Chicago has a permanent summer camp for its members on the shore of Loon Lake. Providence Post has a country club and considerable outdoors at Quonset Point, Rhode Island, on Narragansett Bay.

Note that these three projects have one great camping essential in common—a water frontage. Half the fun of a summer camp is in the swimming. A good deal of the other half is in boating. Cool breezes are usually more frequent near a body of water than inland. And don't forget the possibility of fishing—note the use of the word "possibility." The real dyed-in-the-wool fish-hound is often happier trolling all day long without a nibble in a place about which there is a vague, poorly-authenticated tradition that somebody once hooked a whopper that got away than he is when he has to haul them in as fast as he throws the line over.

What kind of a location you will pick for your camp depends a good deal upon just what kind of a camp you plan to have. If the camp is to be used for week-ends it must be within a reasonable distance. On the other hand, if it is primarily intended for summer vacations it may be farther away from civilization. Remember it is not so much the actual distance in miles that counts as it is the time and expense necessary to reach the camp, whether by railroad, trolley, boat, or car. Figure out how far away from headquarters you can afford to have your camp; then look for a good site within that radius.

Steer clear of swamps. They breed mosquitoes, which are not only possible carriers of malaria but also mighty unwelcome lullaby singers at night. The camp site should have good drainage so that it dries quickly after a rain—you know, just like St. Aignan and Brest. One of the most important things is a good supply of pure drinking water. The only way to feel safe against the possibility of an epidemic of typhoid or dysentery is to have the water tested for bacteria. It doesn't take many bugs of the wrong kind to ruin a good vacation. The water supply and the careful disposal of garbage and camp waste are the two essentials in the conduct of a camp from the viewpoint of health and sanitation. Finally, have a town or other base for provisions and supplies within convenient distance, preferably not more than five miles.

"Sounds fine," you may be thinking, "but camp sites don't grow on trees. They cost money." The answer to which is, "Not necessarily."

The members of the Comeback Club, an organization of ex-service men

Governor E. J. San Souci of Rhode Island, a guest at the Legion's camp on the shores of Narragansett Bay, prepares to drive one into the refreshment tent

taking vocational training at Columbia University, many of whom are Legionnaires, are enjoying the summer on a 500-acre estate at Bluefields, New York, placed at their disposal free of charge by the Interstate Park Commission. In the national and state parks throughout the country there are thousands of splendid camp sites waiting for Legionnaires to use them.

Dance Pavilion and Boats

Charles W. Whittelsley Post of Sisters, Oregon, has leased a completely equipped camp—tents, dance pavilion, boats—at Suttle Lake. This camp, reported to have lots of mountains and trout but no mosquitoes or guard duty, is being used by all the Legion posts of the Central Oregon Council. It is always possible to rent some sort of a camp, and when a bunch of men chip in for it the strain on individual budgets is not great.

More than one post has definitely gone out and bought itself a camp. For a shining example there's H. J. Henderson Post of Mountain Iron, Minnesota. Each of the forty members chipped in a five-dollar assessment, the proceeds of which were put in two lots on Lake Leander, adjacent to a splendid bathing beach. A little diplomacy secured the donation of lumber and other building supplies. The labor on the bungalow was contributed by the Legionnaires.

After you have picked your site, the next big problem of the camp is buildings and equipment. Of course, if the camp is already equipped, all you have to do is move in and spend the rest of the vacation telling the world how much better the camp would have been if you had planned it. When you set up a new camp, however, you have to do your own architecting.

A temporary camp, naturally, will be entirely under canvas. If you expect to come back year after year it will be advisable to have some permanent buildings. Probably the kitchen, with its storehouse and refrigerator, should be the first thing to be put indoors. If funds permit, it is good dope to build a mess hall large enough for the estimated capacity of the camp. This can also be used for entertainments, meetings, and the like.

For sleeping quarters tents of a great variety of styles are available. The most satisfactory and most popular types are the wall-tent and the army pyramidal tent, also known as the Sibley tent. The wall-tent has the advantage of having more headroom, so that you are not continually bumping your cranium against the roof. In large wall-tents it is easily possible to have double-deck bunks. The advantages of the pyramidal tent are that it requires only one pole, that it is quickly and easily pitched, and that it stands wind and rain better than the wall-tent.

For sleeping, various kinds of folding cots and cheap iron beds are on the market. With a moderate expenditure of time, thought, and labor this expense can be materially reduced by making your own bunks of lumber and heavy canvas. Make sure that the canvas is substantial and that it is securely fastened, for there is nothing more ruinous to a peaceful dream than having a 217-pound buddy in the bunk above rip through and plop on your stomach.

The Importance of Chow

"With good grub we stand, with bum slum we fall," is a slogan that each and every member of a Legion camp committee should stick in his pipe and puff on frequently. You know and I know that four years ago nothing ruined the old morale quicker or more effectively than a stupid cook or an inefficient mess sergeant.

Therefore, provide the best eats your finances will permit. No one but a rank tenderfoot comes to camp expecting asparagus tip salad and strawberry shortcake. Nevertheless an unappetizing, monotonous diet is the surest joy-killer a camp can have.

The three basic principles of a good mess are sufficient quantity, proper cooking and flavoring, and variety. One way to ward off complaints about the quantity is to provide unlimited seconds on bread and butter. If butter is too expensive, serve peanut butter or apple butter or our old friend confiture, which the town grocer will understand more easily if you call it jam.

For the proper cooking you will have to trust the cook. Don't let him forget the importance of flavoring and seasoning. The prime virtue of French cooks is that they can take almost any kind of commonplace dish—rice, boiled beef, stew—and by the addition of just the right kind of flavoring make it into something that will tempt the appetite of the most dyspeptic.

Must Vary the Menus

Far and away the best device for making people think they are getting better food than they really are is to vary the menus consistently. Variety is the spice not only of life but also of eats. There are dozens of ways of cooking potatoes; beef can be roasted, fried, boiled, grilled, pot roasted, served cold, or made into stew or hash; prunes and apricots are not the only kinds of dried fruits that make tasty desserts.

The cook is always the most popular man in camp, except when he's the most unpopular. The moral of which is: Make sure you get the right cook. Look around until you find a man who admits he is good; then check up by consulting some one who has eaten his stuff.

Last but not least in the planning of your camp is the program. Of course you can just hide yourself in the woods for a couple of days or a couple of weeks, sit around all day smoking one cigarette after another, and chin about second looeys you have met, the rumor that skirts are going to be longer, and what you think of Congress. As a rule, though, the camp that is successful, that men will want to come back to the next year, is the one that provides interesting things to do.

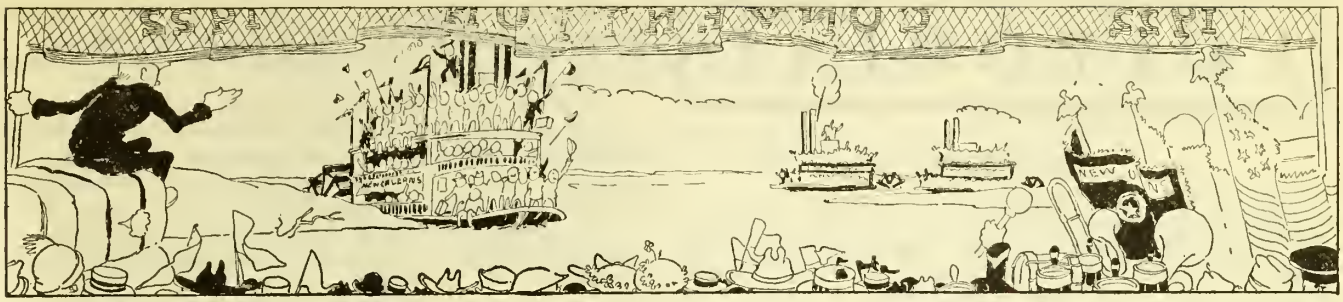
One good way to utilize the surplus energy of campers is to put them to work making improvements on the

(*Continued on page* 26)

Côte d'Azur

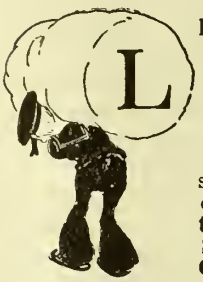
By H. I. Gilchrist

Say, life was worth the taste of it in France
On leave at Menton when the war was done,
And there was nothing much a guy could do
But wait until the peace was tested out
And we'd be let go home. Down there at Nice,
And Monte Carlo, Menton—Côte d'Azur—
It surely seemed as if we'd dreamed the war.
The sea was bluer than a sea *could* be,
And there were mountains, all gray rock and snow,
And in between the green hills and the town.
And just to help the color scheme, a troop
Of black Colonials in horizon blue,
Grinning large, white-toothed grins there in the sun
Among the orange trees and oleanders.
I perched up high and watched a dizzy brook
Come spilling down the rocks and singing loud,
And I thought then that if I didn't have
A home in North Dakota, why, I guessed
I'd never leave those hills and that blue sea.
France sure did have a way with her. Compree?



"Meet You on the Levee!"

By Ben Gunn



LISTEN, BUDDY—That's a calliope you hear, sure enough. She's soundin' off to you from a big white Mississippi River steamboat nosed in down by the levee at the foot of Canal Street in Noo O'leans. I'll meet you on the levee, old-timer, along about five bells in the afternoon, Sunday, October the 12th. I'll be the bird in the old dungarees you'll pipe on the Ostermoor watch, topside o' the bale of cotton that's closest to the gang plank.

We'll shove off half an hour later for a thirty-mile cruise up the river. You won't be in the black gang or have to stand any watches. Smokin' lamp's lit all the way, and we'll make port again at two bells of the first dog-watch, just a little before sunset.

When we come ashore we'll hoof it with our sea bags to a *chambre garnie* I've got lined up as a billet in the French Quarter. It'll make you think you're back in old Bordeaux again. We'll shift to our blues there and steam off for another place I know about in the Vieux Carré for chow. No salt horse and blind robin on this cruise. We'll lead off with Creole gumbo and some oysters à la Rockefeller.

Now listen, buddy. I know just what you're gonna mumble, you old sea lawyer. I could tell from the tone of the last chit I had from you that you weren't quite sold on the Big Idea. You acted the same way last year, and ran out on the cruise to Kay See. You let out such a roar that a fellow would think I was askin' you to ship over. You pulled that old line about the war bein' *fini*, and that you wanted to forget it, and that nobody gave a left-handed gillguy about what happened to us fellows anyway.

Well, you're all wrong on that stuff, old timer. The trouble with you is, you're bilged. Nobody's askin' you to ship over; this American Legion show ain't any heel and toe watch; it's mainly a big liberty party, a grand reunion in a leave area. Maybe the sound of that word "convention" is what gets you loco. But all the deck-swabbing in that convention falls to a watch of about a thousand official delegates. For the rest of us—and that means about 50,000 or more—nobody's pipin' us aft for any heavier duty than four or five days of shore leave. Lay aft the liberty party!

I want to tell you I never had a better time in my life than I did the week I spent ashore in Kansas City last fall. It was like the Fourth of July and Armistice Day and Thanksgiving and New Year's Eve and Old Home Week all rolled into one celebration and spread out over four or five days and nights. The travel expense was practically nothin'; I cruised all the way from the coast and back for $29.50. That's at the rate of about one sou per nautical mile. Even such a hard-boiled old sea lawyer as you are will have to admit that's a good buy. If you don't care about seein' me and a lot of the rest of your old bunkies again, you might go for the ride. The proposition this year is a round trip for the price of a one-way fare; that much is already conceded, and maybe we'll get the cent-a-mile rate again. If we do—well, it means just that much more to blow in Noo O'leans for heat and light.

And, say! Belay that stuff about nobody caring about us fellows any more. You ought to know better. Most of the people in this country of ours aren't blatherskites; they're just plain home folks, with big hearts and good memories and a heap o' savvey. Get it out of your head *pronto* that nobody cares. At Kansas City they showed they cared a lot, and they showed it in a sort of way that made you one minute want to shout, and the next minute want to cry. It got to a fellow right where he lives.

That Sunday night when the first of us began to hit the deck in Kansas City the whole town turned out to give us a quiet welcome. The minute we stepped out of the depot door somebody grabbed our sea bags and slapped us on the back. Everything from jitneys to Rolls-Royces was pouring up to that door to ride us to our billets.

No, it wasn't such a quiet welcome either. Horns honkin', sirens soundin' off, signal whistles tootin' like mad—every car in town rolled up to that door with good old home folks grinning at the wheel. What I mean by "quiet" is that they weren't throwing their hats

in the air that Sunday night and cheering. What you heard was:

"Shove that money in your pocket, buddy. It's no good here."

"Goin' uptown?"

"Goin' south?"

"Room for five! Pile in!"

That was the first time a big lump got stuck in my throat and I got a little misty 'round the lamps. There may be places where nobody cares, and I guess you live in a town like that. But these home folks, they've got some savvey. They care—and they understand us. They don't say much, and they don't weep down our necks. But they're *for* us, buddy, and they have good reasons why.

That was O. D. Day, my log shows. Olive drab uniforms, thousands and thousands of 'em, pouring out under drab skies.

But Monday morning the good old sun comes bustin' out and brightens on

a new note of color when the bluejackets and the leathernecks turn up to give a real sea-goin' welcome to Admiral Beatty and Admiral Coontz and Devil Dog Jack Lejeune. That got to this hard-boiled old shellback's heart, too, somehow. So far from tidewater—you couldn't get much farther—and yet to see all that navy blue flash out!

That afternoon the whole town began to hum, starting with a salvo of cheers in the big Convention Hall to greet Diaz of Italy and Baron Jacques of Belgium.

After dark that evening we all poured out toward the depot. Home folks and Legionnaires by the hundreds jammed into the big waiting-room, home folks and Legionnaires by the thousands filled the big plaza out in front and overflowed the clay banks beyond to welcome a little gray-haired man from France, who won a great war by "keeping calm and smoking his pipe," and a Missouri lad from Laclede, named Pershing.

The log says we didn't lay down any red plush carpet, European style, for our guests to walk on out of the train-sheds. But you'll hear tell it was a right royal welcome just the same.

(*Continued on page* 22)

EDITORIAL

The Remedy

QUARANTINE STATION, STAPLETON, N. Y., June 30—The greatest immigration armada in history bore down on New York today. A score of huge liners bringing a horde of foreigners are rushing for port or hovering just outside the three-mile limit. At the stroke of midnight the gateway to the new world will swing open to admit a new year's quota of immigrants.—*Newspaper dispatch.*

"WIDE open and unguarded stand our gates," recited American school boys of a quarter century ago, when we still had faith in the magic alchemy of the melting-pot. Last year an American law became effective limiting the number of aliens of any one nationality to be admitted to this country in any one year to three percent of the aliens of that nationality resident in the United States in 1910. Faith in the limitless capacity of the melting-pot to transform human dross into golden American citizenship has been destroyed. Today every American who has the welfare of his country at heart knows that immigration is no longer a chimerical menace, but an actual national peril.

This nation, founded upon the principle of absolute equality of citizenship rights, has been diluting its electorate with millions of men whose minds and hearts were molded under forms of government wholly inconsistent with our own, whose lives were cramped and warped by social systems which did nothing to inculcate in them the sense of individual responsibility in government. At the same time, this nation has permitted illiteracy and inadequate education among its native-born to make a mockery of the hopes of founders who believed that every ballot could be made intelligent, every voter honest.

We are surfeited with the unassimilated, and with home-grown political incompetents who are the products of our own neglect. Meanwhile we continue to Balkanize our large cities—blocks of voting districts take on the political atmosphere of areas in Europe in which humanity has gone to seed. Outside the cities, we permit dull peasants to be transformed into machines of flesh and bone to operate our mills and mines. We animalize them—but we give them votes. Under an arduous society, the fit and capable have a low and a declining birth rate. The unfit and incapable are prolific.

The immigration problem of today is one of restoring our national balance. Wisdom impels us to hold a national taking of stock. Common sense argues that weakness cannot be strengthened by added weakness—the addition of vast numbers of new aliens will not solve our problem of the politically and socially unassimilated foreign-born. The three percent limitation law is not the remedy. The United States, in all wisdom, should at the earliest moment possible adopt the recommendation of last year's National Convention of The American Legion:

Stop all immigration for a period of five years.

Now Is the Time

THERE can be no question but that member-getting activity in the Legion this summer is reaching a pitch never attained before. Various factors have operated to bring about this condition. Membership Day and The American Legion Weekly's Prize Membership Contest are only two of these factors, and by no means the most important two.

Of far greater importance than any special membership days or contests are these facts:

Three years' growth and development has made of the Legion a smoothly-running organization, from National Headquarters down to the smallest post. The Legion is now functioning so effectively that it is prepared to handle any worthwhile activity, membership or anything else.

The Legion has made it plain to the country, and to the non-Legion veteran in particular, that it can get what it wants, and that it wants only what is just and fair in the eyes of all Americans, not of a special class.

The Legion has proved to thousands of communities that the welfare of the home town is among its first concerns.

The Legion has established itself as an essential, a necessary element in American life.

Concrete achievement stands behind each of those statements. And achievement is the surest road to an increased membership. That is why this summer of 1922 is the psychological moment for a greater step forward in membership than the Legion has ever taken before.

The breaks are with the Legion—because the Legion has earned the breaks. See that your post profits by them. Get members.

The Veterans Bureau

THE Weekly's recent series of articles by Marquis James on the conduct of the Veterans Bureau has received its share of public attention. The gist of what was said has reached a large audience; it has been extensively commented on by the press and has been mentioned on the floor of Congress. The general tone of this comment has been one of astonishment, of surprise that such conditions should exist. Considering the misleading quality of some of the propaganda put out by the publicity division of the Veterans Bureau and the reassuring utterances of such public figures as General Sawyer, there is nothing to marvel at in this. In some quarters the Weekly has been charged with being unfair to the Veterans Bureau and unfair to General Sawyer. A large number of opinions, however, have found the articles too lenient in these details. The opinions have revealed a wide diversity of views on the subject, but in the great majority of cases where any knowledge of the matter was claimed by the critic the Weekly was credited with having given an accurate and unbiased account of the facts. This, naturally, is what the Weekly set out to do.

The series spoke first of the construction of new hospitals, a matter in which the hands of the Bureau were tied. An official opposition led by General Sawyer delayed and threatened the very life of a program of hospital building laid out by the nation's most eminent medical experts. Involved with this was an organized effort to tear apart the centralized authority of the Veterans Bureau and scatter it around, bringing conditions back to the position in which they became a public scandal two years ago. The articles set forth the necessity for placing in the hands of the Bureau authority and responsibility in building and operating hospitals. It must be so.

In other departments the Bureau alone has been culpable. It has blundered with vocational training where it should have succeeded. Veterans are losing confidence. Director Forbes was brusquely received when he addressed a gathering of disabled veterans in San Francisco recently. A year ago the same men would have cheered him—straws on the wind. He was confronted with a petition from trainees at the Bureau's vocational training school at Chillicothe, Ohio, recommending that the school be closed and its mismanaged affairs liquidated—strong indication of the Bureau's inability to conduct a government-owned school for veterans.

This incident is an interesting sequel to the account of conditions at the school published a week ago. It is an illuminating reflection on the ability of the men who are running the Veterans Bureau, though let us hope not a typical case. Unquestionably if Mr. Forbes had acted two months ago when he received his first authentic report of the intolerable conditions at Chillicothe the embarrassment at San Francisco would not have occurred. But he hesitated and delayed, taking refuge behind the curious statement that the school was doing finely and that students and instructors were happy and contented.

Getting down to a specific case, if the present administration of the Veterans Bureau cannot make a go of a simple and excellent thing like the Chillicothe project it is time for it to give way to one that can.

But whatever changes or corrections may be necessary must be made *within the Veterans Bureau.* There must be a further centralization of authority and responsibility, and efforts like those of General Sawyer to divide and confuse authority must be exposed and defeated. If a man has a good idea, use it; if the man himself is available, use him; but use him in the Veterans Bureau, where responsibility can be fixed as it is possible to fix it, for instance, in the case of Chillicothe.

Keeping Step with the Legion and the Auxiliary

July 1—August 31

IT'S Membership Summer. July 1st was Membership Day; July 1st to August 31st is the span of the Weekly's $1,385 Prize Membership Contest. And the Membership Breeze is blowing strong, as a handful of straws which we shall presently exhibit amply proves.

As this issue goes to press, not all the evidence is in on the results of Membership Day, July 1st. But enough dope is at hand to show that Membership Day went over bigger than any previous national membership event ever went over. By "went over bigger" we mean, of course, just one thing—that cold figures prove a greater membership gain on July 1, 1922, than was ever before recorded in Legion history.

But July 1st was a beginning, not an end. It was D day in the Weekly's contest, and member-getters who started out on that day worked with the organized strength of all Legiondom behind them. Everywhere posts are standing by their guns and laying down barrages that are combing out whole towns, cities, counties and States. Here's the proof—these are the Membership Straws we were speaking of:

Corporal Frank Coyle Post of Waterbury, Connecticut, had a hundred members on Memorial Day. Then came a post membership spurt, aided and abetted by National Membership Day on July 1st and the Weekly's $1,385 Prize Membership Contest. Result: Coyle Post has passed the 400 mark and is still hitting on all twelve.

Naval Post of Chicago wound up 1921 with 590 names on its roster. When the summer of '22 came around they were up to 771 and out after an objective just twice as big—1,500—before the end of the year.

Elkins-Oliphant Post of Trenton, New Jersey, signed up fifty men in one week and is going to work all summer—and all fall if necessary.

In Hannibal, Missouri, the Legion assembled seventy-five dotted-line signatures in a week.

C. C. Thomas Post of San Francisco, an all-Navy outfit, opened the year with 130 members. A few days ago the figure had moved up to 600, not including thirty-six names to be proposed for membership at the July meeting. At the same time 3,000 circulars were going out to as many San Francisco naval veterans, and Post Adjutant Leslie B. Newman was enlarging his loose leaf system to a capacity of 1,000.

"Does the Weekly print such dry news as the above?" modestly asks Commander L. C. Hansen of Milford (Iowa) Post in sending in one subscription card. Now one card doesn't mean so much these days (we take that back—it means a lot) but the Milford card brings Milford Post up to 100 percent membership. One hundred and twenty-four Legionnaires in a town of 975 population—we echo Commander Hansen's remark: "How's that?"

Take a little trip down South. In Columbus, Georgia, the local post finished last year with 155 members. Get pencil and paper, and you'll find that their latest reported total of 321 represents an increase of more than 100 percent. The post in Tampa, Florida, which concluded 1921 with the fine showing of 807 members, found it had done so well that its style was cramped this year—you can't round them up when you've already done it. Still, they have forged up to 897 and consider a thousand is going to be easy picking.

There is a limit to the number of new members which Aotearva Tangatahaere Post of Wellington, New Zealand, can get. There aren't so many Yanks out that way—in fact, all fifteen of them in Wellington are members of the post. But they've organized, and they count in the big total. That long name, by the way, means "Casual Post in the Land of the Long White Cloud."

Sol Sai Mar Post of Chicago has rented a booth for the coming Pageant of Progress, reasoning that as a million and a half people are expected to attend the pageant, it will provide an excellent place in which to stage a membership boom. If statistics mean anything, about 60,000 of that 1,500,000 should be World War veterans. Here's hoping Sol Sai Mar Post signs them all.

Englewood Post, on the edge of Chicago, had two booths in operation on street corners on Membership Day and signed new ones in full air, as the French say. One of the booths was operated by the post and the other by its Auxiliary unit.

And here's some good news for individual entrants in the $1,385 prize contest: A man in New York City signed up some 200 members on his two-weeks' vacation, but he isn't eligible for the prize—he's a post commander. But he certainly deserves to have his name in the paper, and here goes: Ralph Jones, Commander, Dan Tallon Post. The post is made up entirely of postal workers — mail carriers, drivers, clerks. Other Dan Talloners are

Legion Calendar

Department Conventions

Eleven are scheduled for August, twenty-three for September. It's your post's chance to get over that Big Idea.

Essay Contest

Does not close until October 6th. Every kid in the country will be writing them.

Membership Contest

We're half way down the track. Everybody is still in the running. The prizes total $1,385. The rules are on page 21.

Summer Activities

Are your track meet plans under way? Remember, the best athletes in each department compete in the National Legion Athletic Carnival at New Orleans in October. How's your Legion camp going?

Membership Day at the New York Post Office found buddies still in uniform (but neither O. D. nor blue) signing up in Dan Tallon Post as fast as a two-man detail could handle them

hard at work, and the post at last reports had 480 signed up and was practically guaranteeing a thousand by August 31st.

A few days before Membership Day, J. R. Andrews of Gifford Olson Post, Garner, Iowa, held a membership drive on his own account. He turned in a card of fifty-four as the result of three days' effort. And Garner isn't the largest place in Iowa either.

Andrews signed up twenty-five new members the first day of his drive. He did not get a single refusal. He caught them in stores and shops, he caught them on the trolleys, he caught them by holding up a passing machine and asking for a lift. He caught them at work on farms, eating dinner at night, even going to the movies after dinner.

Indiana posts made some heavy strides forward on Membership Day. The post in Bloomfield netted 104 and the post in Vincennes 150 new members on July 1st. Funkhouser Post of Evansville, with a bigger bunch to work among, took in 400 members and had a check to cover their state and national dues in the department adjutants' office on July 3d. Indiana is still counting the ballots, and is sure that a definite increase of 6,100, all new members, has already resulted from the drive. With the whole of July and August to work in before the prize contest closes, it is safe to predict that this figure will be greatly enlarged.

Posts are urged to send to the Membership Promotion Manager, care of The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City, accounts of how their membership is progressing under the impetus of the prize membership contest and local boosting. He will be especially glad to receive membership suggestions that he can pass on to other posts which want to stage local drives, and he is also anxious to supply inquiring posts with plans on drives.

A Medal Post

WE don't know whether we have the right to issue citations on our own account or not, but we're going to do it.

We want to cite, and do hereby cite, David McAllister Post of Lawrenceburg, Indiana, because

(1) When we wrote them asking for some information, they sent it to us next mail and put a special delivery stamp on the envelope, and also because

(2) When we asked them for a photograph, they sent it to us mailed *flat*.

Now It's Femmes 40, Chapeaux 8

Leaders in the Auxiliary who helped organize the new 40-8 society.

Left to right, Mrs. Ada Sangster, Michigan; Mrs. Lowell F. Hobart, Ohio; Mrs. E. Arbona, Jr., Louisiana; Miss Pauline Curnick; Indiana; Mrs. Margaret Simon, Colorado; Mrs. W. H. Cudworth, Wisconsin; Mrs. A. O. De Witt, Missouri: Miss Mae Merritt, Indiana.

BECAUSE women of The American Legion Auxiliary couldn't climb high enough to enter into the open doors of the Legion's boxcar society—Hommes Quarante et Chevaux Huit—they have gone ahead and organized a fun-making society of their own, La Société des Femmes Quarante et Chapeaux Huit—the Society of the 40 Women and 8 Hats.

Forty women and eight hats! Imagine what would happen if this was the situation at a bargain sale when the doors were opened! But the Auxiliarians declare that the society isn't out to discourage millinery. It's simply a good-time outfit, the outlet for levity after the Auxiliary has become fatigued by its multifarious serious activities.

The organization was started at the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Auxiliary at National Headquarters, Indianapolis, in June. It will be fully organized, with a new constitution and initiation ceremonies, at the New Orleans National Convention. The officers elected at the initial meeting were: Mrs. Ada Sangster, Sheboygan, Wis., grand chapeau (president); Mrs. Lowell F. Hobart, Cincinnati, O., bon chapeau (vice president); Mrs. Eugene Arbona, Jr., Bogalusa, La., secretary; Mrs. E. W. Burt, Salisbury, N. C., treasurer; Miss Pauline Curnick, Indianapolis, gendarme (sergeant at arms); Mrs. Edward Murray, Houston, Texas, judge advocate; Mrs. Margaret Simon, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. W. H. Cudworth, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Frank E. Fleming, Augusta, Ga.; Mrs. Florence Kelly, Fresno, Calif., and Miss Grace Hales Dlandreau, chairwomen of committees, and Mrs. A. O. Dewitt, Kansas City, Mo., cheer leader.

Things were rushed at the organization meeting, so the Femmes didn't finish the task of selecting French titles for all the officials. Dictionaries will be explored in order to have all the titles complete for New Orleans.

Let's Reune

SEVERAL weeks ago we relayed the suggestion that Legion posts organize and put over Veterans' Day celebrations as a part of Old Home Days and Old Home Weeks. The idea has been simmering since in our own brain, if any, and now along comes word that Bird-McGinnis Post of Marion, O., did that very thing Fourth of July week this year and their affair went over with a bang. Most of the Ohio Legion was there. So was President Harding, General Pershing, Eddie Rickenbacker and National Commander MacNider.

Marion celebrated its hundredth year, and there are a lot of other communities which are or ought to be getting ready to celebrate something before snow flies.

Here's how a Veterans' Day should be arranged for, according to the experience of Bird-McGinnis Post:

Form a general committee in your town representing all social, welfare and patriotic organizations and if possible have Legion men representing each of the organizations. Divide the general committee into sub-committees and assign each subcommittee the job of handling one part of the program.

Get citizens to arrange a basket dinner or barbecue so that free eats may be had by all.

Line up some good speakers and have these subjects covered, among others: Participation of the community during the war, work of the community since the war, possibilities of co-operation between the community and all veterans. This last subject should be handled preferably by a Legionnaire who can show that the Legion is *the* organization of veterans and that through the Legion this co-operation can be made an everyday influence for everybody's good.

Plan for plenty of music by local musical organizations, featuring any bands or drum corps that were prominent during the war.

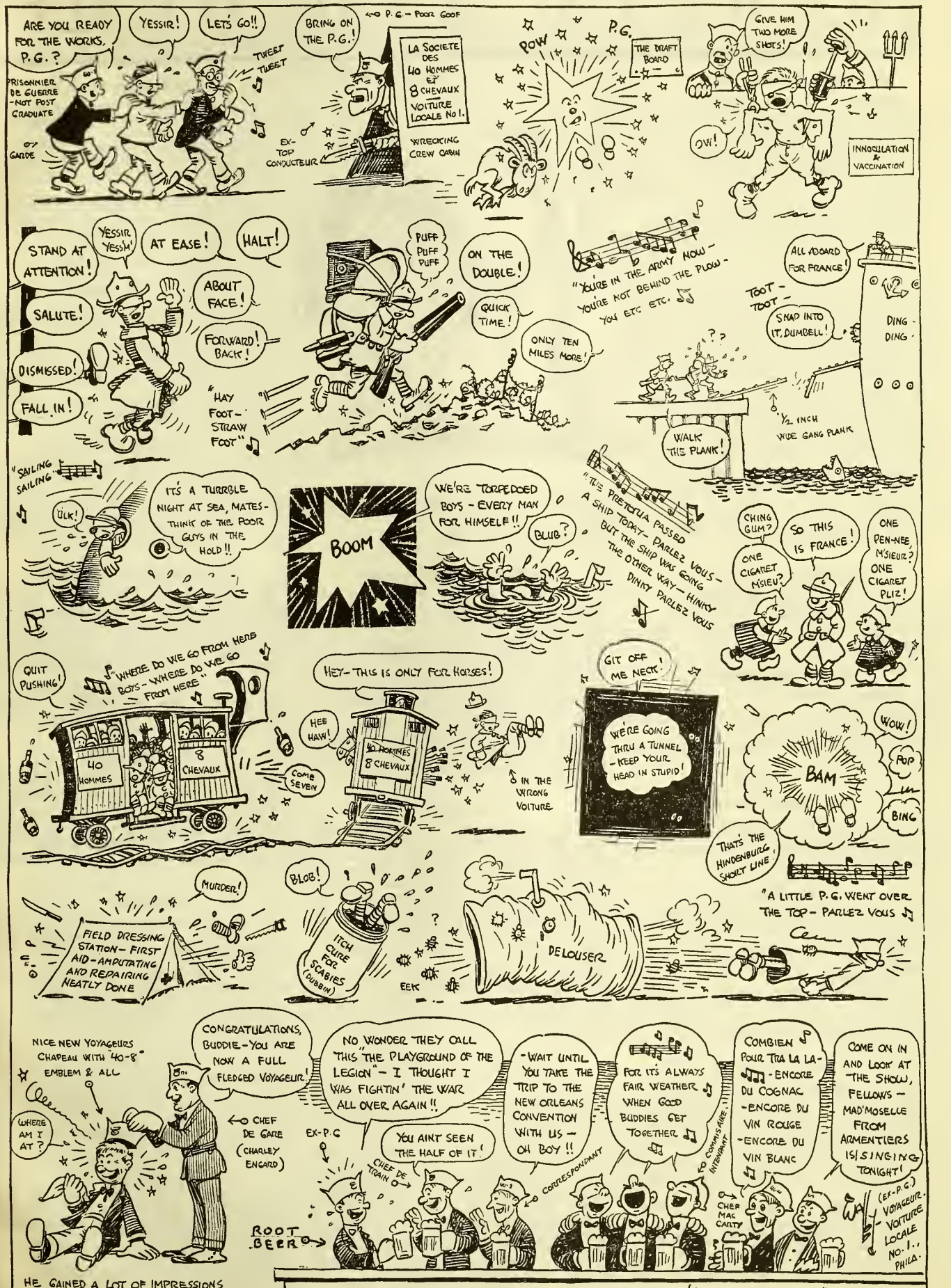
Have readings of the names of the men of your community who died while in service.

And, by all means, arrange for reunions of various units, companies, regiments or divisions or other classifications whose memberships were drawn from your territory. By train and auto old buddies will come from

(*Continued on page* 20)

After a Date with the 40-8

By Wallgren



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

In Other Words, No!

A Boston girl, with literary aspirations, took a friend into her confidence with reference to a certain personal matter.

"I got even with that editor," she said gleefully. "He always rejects my manuscripts but I got back at him."

"How did you do it?"

"I declined his son with thanks, regretting that he did not meet with my immediate requirements."

False Alarm

Down along the Miami River in Florida the natives are not usually easily scared, but one night the conversation turned to spirit manifestations and one man spoke up:

"Don't believe in them," he stated, "but I did once. One night I wakes up in my cabin and hears somethin' slooshin' across the floor. Spooks, I thinks. It was so creepy-like. Scared? Well, I reckon. But I gets the nerve to crawl out of bed an' to light a match and then I'm cert'nly plumb ashamed of myself an' I ain't never believed in spirits since.

"Why, it weren't nothin' in the world except jest a big, common, mean, sneaky rattlesnake."

"What did yo' hab las' night when de pahson had fo' aces?"

"Palpitationing ob de heart!"

Synthetic Godliness

Daughter: "The preacher just phoned and said he was coming to call this afternoon."

Mother: "Gracious! We must make a good impression. Give the baby the hymn-book to play with."

Back to Methuselah

North: "Did you attend the centennial celebration?"

West: "No, but I hope to be present at the next one."

Qualified

Marriage License Clerk: "Have your intended wife sign her name here."

Prospective Groom: "She can't write."

"Well, she can make her mark, can't she?"

"I'll announce she can! See these scratches on my face?"

So He Consented

"Josh, I hear yer hired man is goin' to marry yer eldest daughter."

"Yep, dawgone him! If he wasn't so durn lazy I'd take pity on him and not let him in fer what he's goin' to be let in fer."

When Congress Gets Its Way

C. in C.: "Where's the Army?"

Orderly: "He's playing solitaire."

C. in C.: "Where's the Navy?"

Orderly: "He's making a new pair of oars for the fleet."

How Appropriate!

Stepper: "Going to the post's Hard Times party?"

Jobless Buddy. "Hard Times party? You're tootin'."

Stepper: "What kinda costume you gonna wear?"

J. B.: "My best clothes."

Cruel and Unusual

Visitor: "And does papa punish his little boy when he's naughty?"

Small Boy (bitterly): "Yethum. He things me to thleep."

En Route

An A. of O. man had run into an ex-buck of the German Army whose face was terribly lacerated.

"Were you in the Argonne?" asked the doughboy.

"Ja, wohl."

"How come you got your face so smashed up?"

"Ach!" replied the Jerry bitterly. "I was so foolish as to look back."

Untrustworthy

A Washington woman, despairing of finding an experienced cook, at last decided to take an untrained girl and superintend her education. The very first morning the eggs came on the breakfast table boiled as hard as the proverbial brickbats.

"I told you," said the mistress, "that I wanted these eggs boiled exactly three minutes."

"But, missus," remonstrated the maid, "I ain't got no clock."

"No clock? Why, certainly, you have the kitchen clock. What do you mean?"

"But, missus, ain't you forgot you told me only this mornin' the kitchen clock was ten minutes fast?"

Accept No Substitutes

A small boy entered the grocery store and demanded in shrill tones:

"Ma wants two pounds of butter exactly like what you sent her last. If it ain't exactly like that, she won't take it."

"Some grocers," remarked the proprietor of the store blandly, turning to a group of onlookers, "some persons in my business don't like customers who are particular, but I delight to serve them."

"Be sure you get the right kind," reiterated the boy, while everybody listened. "A lot of Pa's relatives are visitin' at our house, and Ma doesn't want 'em to come again."

Whoof!

A patient, escaped from an insane asylum, was at last discovered in earnest conversation with a colored guard at a military encampment. By means of signs behind the maniac's back, the attendants were at last able to capture him. Then one of them happened to glance toward the guard and demanded in astonishment.

"Why, man, what's the matter with you? You're trembling and the sweat is pouring off your face."

"Yassir," gulped the negro. "Boss, after dat feller been talkin' to me five minutes I knowed one of us was crazy, and now I've found out it's him, I'se so relieved—so relieved!"

Suggestions of a Doughboy

Being the
Suggestions of a Doughboy on the Manner of Conducting the Next War, Together with Certain Reflections on the Conduct of the Last One.

33. That Sherman was the most truthful of men, surpassing in that respect even the Father of Our Country. The accurateness and exactness, as well as the military brevity of the language used by him in his definition of war has never been surpassed either during his time or since. It is recommended that all members of Congress be required to spend an hour each day studying his style and use of English.

(To be continued)

A Typographical Error

The circus was moving on to the next town and the tattooed man was engaged in a hot argument with the ticket agent.

"I'm telling you it must have been a mistake," repeated the latter. "You'll have to buy a full fare ticket to ride on this railroad."

"Well, it's a rotten injustice, that's all," retorted the pictorial prodigy. "Before this I've always traveled on the postage rate for printed matter."

Time to Start

The question had just been popped, and the young colored belle was blushing a most delicate violet shade.

"Jeff," she murmured, "does yo' really love me or does yo' jes' think yo' does?"

"Yas, indeedy, Mandy," he replied. "Ah really loves yo'. Ah ain't done no thinkin' yet."

Regular

A minister from a country district had just moved into the midst of a motion picture colony, and a friend was asking how he liked his new pastorate.

"Very well," replied the pastor, "I am doing very well here."

"Plenty of marriages, I expect?"

"Oh, yes," said the parson, "I have my regular customers."

How Else?

"Boy," said the hotel manager sternly to a bellhop who passed, whistling loudly, "don't you know it's against the rules to whistle on duty?"

"I ain't really whistling, boss. I'm paging Mrs. Smith's dog."

One Ray of Joy

"And what kind of a filling do you want, my little man?" asked a kindly dentist of a small boy who had been suffering a dozen martyrdoms in the chair.

It was the first cheerful word the boy had heard for an hour.

"Gimme chocolate," he replied, brightening visibly.

THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

The Editors disclaim responsibility for statements made in this department. Because of space demands, letters are subject to abridgement.

Vassar's Position

To the Editor: Certain local conditions connected with the effort to bring a rehabilitation hospital to Poughkeepsie have led to a widespread misapprehension as to the attitude of Vassar College toward the coming of such a hospital to our neighborhood. As some of this misapprehension reached the pages of The American Legion Weekly, I understand you are showing your usual fair spirit in permitting this word of correction.

The president of Vassar College, and the only trustee of the college resident in Poughkeepsie, have both had much to do with hospital and rehabilitation work. Both expressed a readiness to aid the local authorities in securing a hospital for this neighborhood and hearty sympathy with the project. One site, however, which was urged by real estate interests was less than half a mile from the college grounds. The two institutions would have been side by side in a detached rural community. Moreover, that particular site was pronounced by local health authorities to be unfit for the purpose. The president of the college and one of the trustees strongly urged against the choice of that site. Local interests carried on in the Poughkeepsie papers a somewhat bitter campaign in its favor, referring to it as "over three miles from the college" and implying that Vassar objected to a hospital anywhere in this region.

That false report seems to have carried far. I hope that this letter will come to the attention of service men who have been misled, so that they may know that Vassar College would welcome such a hospital to this general district and to any one of several sites which have been proposed. —BURGES JOHNSON, *Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*

An All-A. E. F. Saint

To the Editor: By a strange coincidence July 4th and November 11th, two days venerated by every American, especially those who fought in the World War, are commemorated in a large portion of the Christian church, especially the Anglican Communion (Episcopal churches) as Saint Martin's Day. July 4th is known as the Translation of St. Martin and November 11th as St. Martin's Day. St. Martin was a soldier of France. Unless I am mistaken it is because he took with him on the field of battle a priest for divine service that we have the military term chaplain. The tent erected for the altar was called (of course in French) the chapel and the attending priest the chaplain.

St. Martin was born at Sabaria, Pannomia (the modern Hungary), about the year 316. He was the son of a military tribune, and at an early age he was enrolled in the Imperial army at a time when his father was stationed at Pavia in Italy. The Emperor Constantine's conversion had for the first time made Christianity popular, and though a number of evils followed in the train of that popularity, among the good things accomplished by it was the influence it had upon the young soldier in the Emperor's Italian army. Martin was converted to the faith, enrolled as a catechumen, and soon after baptized.

Among the stories told of his life at this time is the legend of his tearing in half his cloak and sharing it with a shivering beggar at the gates of Amiens. The cloak afterward was preserved, as it was supposed, in the shrine of the French kings.

After his conversion Martin became discontented with the military life and after much difficulty in securing his release he became a disciple of the great Hiliary at Poitiers and for ten years, from 361, he dwelt as a hermit in the hermitage which later developed into the great Benedictine Abbey of Ligurgé.

By popular acclamation he was chosen Bishop of Tours. Instead of living in Tours after the fashion of a secular prince, already the custom with many of the bishops of great sees, he kept during his episcopate his hermit's rule, dwelling in a humble house outside of Tours. This afterwards became the great monastery of Marmoutier. He lived to be eighty years of age.

It is of St. Martin the old legend says that one day the devil came to his hut in the form of a most beautiful being clothed with light. He said he was Jesus Christ, and told the old bishop to worship him, but Martin quietly said, "Let me see thy hands and feet." The devil fled, defeated.

The Whistle Blows August 5th

We can't guarantee it, but there may be a bunk available on the S. S. *President Roosevelt* today that won't be available tomorrow. If you're interested in joining this year's Legion tour to France, write or wire the Tour Editor, The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City. Remember, the gangplank will be pulled up August 5th.

Martin's cope was the royal standard of France and was carried before the armies into battle before the oriflamme of St. Denys superseded it.

About seventy years after his death his body was buried in Tours Cathedral, which we remember as the Translation of St. Martin on July 4th. For centuries his shrine was the most venerated in France.

I often wonder how many comrades in arms who visited Tours, especially the cathedral, knew that the soldier-saint whose days coincide with our two great national festivals was buried there.—(REV.) HARRY S. RUTH, *Chaplain, Roy Kelly Post, Ashland, Wis.*

Membership Certificates

To the Editor: I am in favor of the recent suggestion about a membership certificate, but I would suggest that such a certificate be issued only to the member who has paid up for three years or more, and that such a member receive a membership card to that effect from National Headquarters. Such a plan would be a great help to traveling Legionnaires, especially if their cards are officially stamped by National Headquarters. It would also be a very good plan, I believe, if National Headquarters kept a complete service and membership record of all such members. —MYRON HAMILTON FRICK, *Tucson, Ariz.*

When the Lincoln Sank

To the Editor: In a recent issue appeared a letter from a buddy requesting information about the sinking of the U. S. S. *Lincoln* and *Covington.* I was an eye-witness to the former. The convoy, consisting of the *Rhyndam, President Lincoln, Antigone* and *Susquehanna,* had cleared the port of Brest May 29, 1918, and proceeded with the destroyer escort westward. The escort left us the night of May 30th, and about 8.30 the next morning the *Lincoln* was hit.

The first explosion occurred just forward of the bridge on the port side and was followed by another about 150 feet from the stern. The rest of the convoy scattered and we sent wireless signals to the destroyer patrol. We put on all possible speed and before the *Lincoln* was under the horizon she went down. Although hit hard she stayed afloat for about 28 minutes, the gun crews standing by the guns to the last, it seemed from our ship.

The crew and wounded troops returning home were picked up that night by destroyers, and finally were landed in the United States. They came aboard the *Antigone* for clothing and back pay while we lay in New York.

How about some of you *Antigone* gobs getting busy with the pen? You're not painting 24 hours a day now.—ALBERT S. JONES, *ex-B.M. 2c., Wareham, Mass.*

Who Was He?

To the Editor: A controversy has arisen here as to who was the first American soldier to be taken prisoner by the Germans. The party I refer to is the one who was supposed to have been given a ride through the streets of Berlin in a cage, and was abused and stoned by the population and thrown in prison and fed on cabbage leaves and black bread. Where is he now? Has he his health? A good position? I understand he was wounded several times and taken prisoner while unconscious.—CLARENCE A. DAUGHERTY, *Utica, N. Y.*

Still Grateful

To the Editor: I have been at this hospital for two years and have had many kindnesses bestowed but I had occasion lately to come across a real man and a good American. I would appreciate it if you would print the enclosed letter, which was written to me. I wrote to this party on business as I would have to any firm that I wished to do business with—well, the letter will show the kind of man he is. I believe it belongs in our Weekly to show people that everyone has not forgotten what the boys did a few years back.—R. N. BUHEN, *Oaks Sanitarium, Los Gatos, Cal.*

My Dear Sir: I take it from your letter that you have been in the service of the Government, probably in the Army, and are being treated for tuberculosis in consequence. If that is the case would like to make you a present of one of my pups. Unfortunately I cannot send you a male because the demand for them exceeds the supply, but have several beautiful female pups now and would select you an extra fine one and send it to you. There would be no charge except the express and that I would make as easy as possible by crating the pup light. Please do not make too much of this offer; it is simply one of the ways I have of being particularly grateful for what was done for me and others who could not enter the war. I did not wave as many flags around as some people, but did by bit in my own way.

Yours cordially, VIBERT KENNELS.

The Legion Soaks the Pill

Golf is getting to be as much a Legion game as baseball, basketball and football. That's what a post in Michigan decided, and this is how the decision worked out

THE title of this article does not refer to the dark-colored pill that you got when you lined up in your o. d. before the medical man; but the small white pill that goes skimming over a couple of hundred yards of grassy turf the way a machine gun bullet skimmed the Heinie trenches. And, incidentally, this story tells how one Legion post put itself on the map in a way that made the surrounding countryside sit up and take notice.

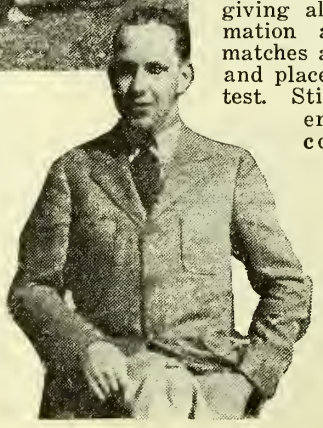
What, you say, a story about golf? Sure, why not? Perhaps you believe that the only people who play golf are the birds who wear civilian breeches cut army style. If so, you are due for a surprise, because golf is played today by all sorts of people in this country, with The American Legion represented well up among the leaders.

How one post capitalized the rapid growth of golf's popularity for its own benefit stands as a model for others to copy. If any game is good enough for the men who were in service in 1918, it is good enough for the rest of the well-known world, and these are exactly the kind of men who entered the tournament so ably conducted by Carl A. Johnson Post of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Right at the start this post went to the officers of the Highland Golf Club near Grand Rapids and explained their plans in a businesslike way. They desired the use of the clubhouse and grounds for one day, and agreed to pay the club a fixed sum for each man that used the golf course. The heads of the club were able to see that the idea had merit—just how successful it was to prove they never dreamed.

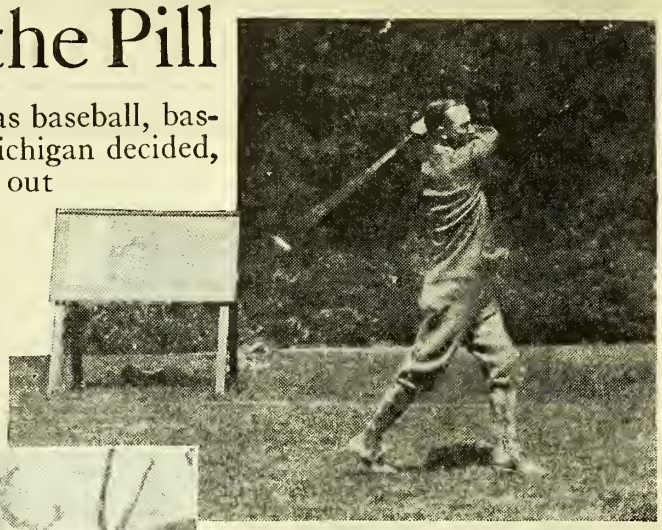
Mike Brady driving and Lewis Bredin, Michigan champion, awaiting his turn

Then the post committee got busy in earnest. Posters were printed advertising the matches, and distributed over all the nearby cities. These posters stated that the exhibition match was to take place between four leading players of the State—all Legionnaires. Meanwhile letters were sent to every Legion post in Michigan requesting entries, and giving all the information about the matches and the time and place of the contest. Still the croakers said it couldn't be done; still the committee laughed and refused to talk until it was over.



Harold Fletcher, who won the American Legion golf tournament held at the Highlands Country Club

Henry Grinnel who made a hole in one in the tournament staged by Carl A. Johnson Post of Grand Rapids



Arnold Lockerby driving

They hoped for twenty-five entries. That would have been a generous response in view of the shortness of time they had had to prepare things, and also in view of the fact that the idea was a new one. However, there were almost a hundred Legionnaires from all over Western Michigan who stepped up to the first tee during the course of the morning and drove off for the Legion's first State Championship. Included in this number were the majority of the golfing stars of the State. The actual winner, H. P. Fletcher, was a member of the local post. He received a handsome silver medal.

Now it is a curious thing that whenever the Legion wants to put anything over from a game of African golf to a game of the Scotch variety, from a three-act musical show to a ten-round fight, there is always some Legionnaire in the background who happens to be a star in that particular line and is glad to jump in and do what is possible to make the thing a success. That was what the committee of the local post counted on, and they made no mistake, for in ex-Chief Petty Officer Brady they found the man. Possibly you might not recognize him in that disguise, but everyone from Bangor to Spokane who has ever swung a mashie knows about Mike Brady, the best professional in the West, if not the best in the country. Besides Mike Brady there was Lew Bredin, former amateur golf champion of the State, Lockerby, runner-up in the same championship, and Henry Grinnel, champion of the city of Grand Rapids. A gallery of nearly a thousand people followed the four players around the course during the afternoon.

Needless to say, Brady was the star of the match. He made the eighteen holes in sixty-eight, two strokes under par; a score that has been equalled but once or twice in the history of the Highland Golf Club. Grinnel, who by the way was attached to a cruiser in the North Sea, and saw some of the people of Scotland at their native game, made the greatest sensation of the day when he drove off on the seventeenth hole and tossed his ball into the cup in one.

(*Continued on page* 26)

Pete the Clerk

By John A. Level

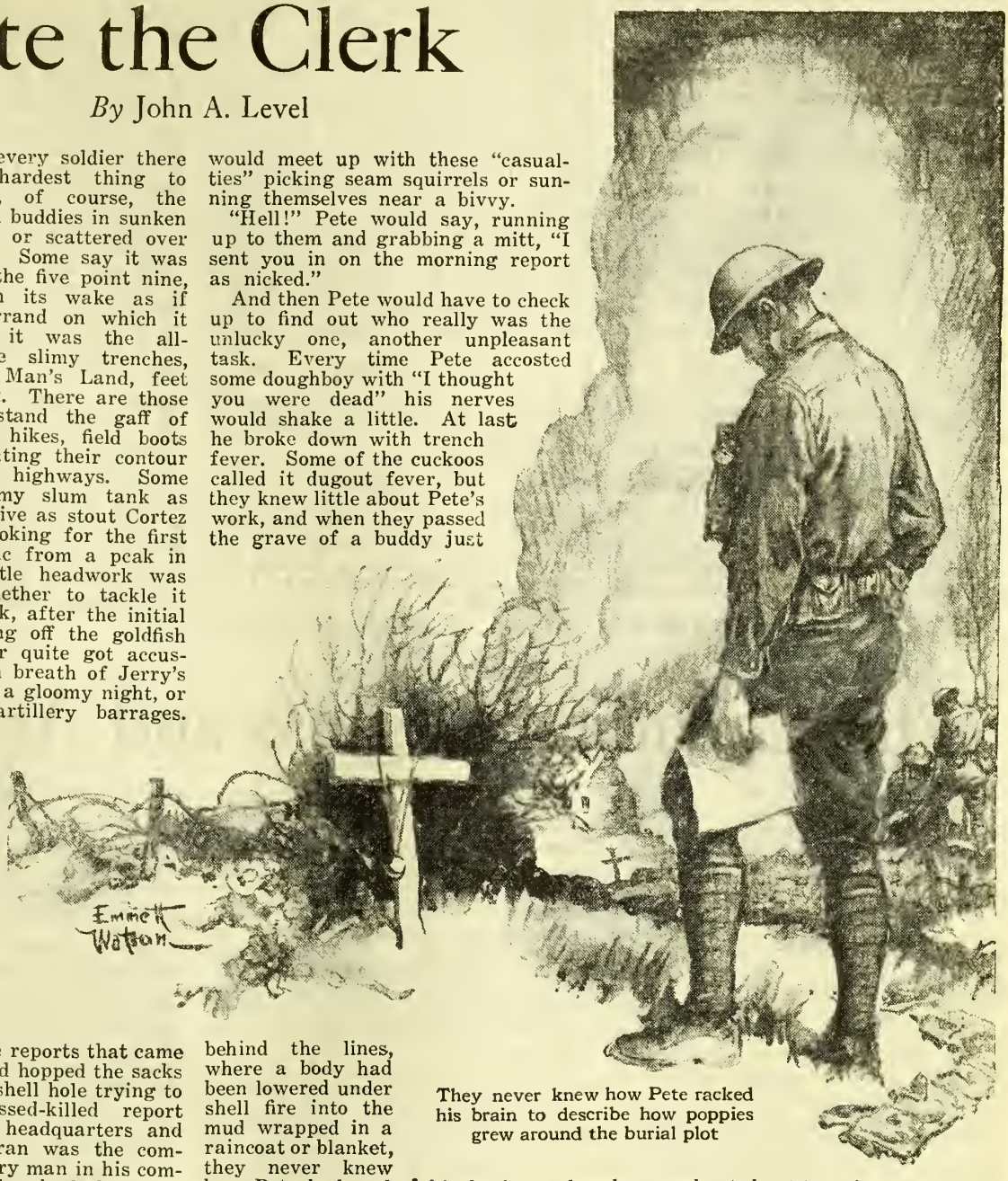
TO each and every soldier there was "one hardest thing to face"—after, of course, the sight of dead buddies in sunken roads or shell holes or scattered over the scarred terrain. Some say it was the shrill whirl of the five point nine, leaving a moan in its wake as if resentful of the errand on which it sped. To others it was the all-night vigil in the slimy trenches, eyes sweeping No Man's Land, feet planted in the muck. There are those who could never stand the gaff of weary, monotonous hikes, field boots printing and reprinting their contour on the dust-coated highways. Some gazed into the army slum tank as thoughtful and pensive as stout Cortez —rather Balboa—looking for the first time into the Pacific from a peak in Darien. Not a little headwork was required to tell whether to tackle it with a spoon or fork, after the initial movement of pouring off the goldfish juice. A few never quite got accustomed to the broken breath of Jerry's engines overhead on a gloomy night, or the earth-rocking artillery barrages. And it was no pipe to gurgle the O. D. pills or crawl away to the flax on the soggy ground in a pup tent after—and during—the rain.

Pete Doran was never born to be a soldier, yet he could face these few things with the best of 'em. What made Pete a human wreck was the casualty lists, the reports that came in after the outfit had hopped the sacks and he was in some shell hole trying to get a wounded-gassed-killed report ready for battalion headquarters and the Far West. Doran was the company clerk, knew every man in his company of over two hundred from his allotment number to the last registered letter from the home sector. And when a pal's name went into headquarters on the morning report it meant more to Pete than "Pte. Blank, 1204754, k. in a. Oct. 17." Pete even knew about the girl that was waiting back home, and hadn't he seen letters to the skipper from many of their dads, mothers and sisters asking about furloughs and whatnot, tipping the cap off to the strength and weakness of the family pride in uniform?

During Pete's first month in the lines he didn't have to record many casualties, which was very lucky for Pete and all concerned. Then came the first journey over. It was only a skirmish, but it meant the passing of three buddies, the names of whom were brought to Pete by runners, and for that reason Pete thereafter always disliked runners. They often made mistakes and would bring in the wrong name and Pete would send it in to the C. O. Hours, or perhaps days, later he would meet up with these "casualties" picking seam squirrels or sunning themselves near a bivvy.

"Hell!" Pete would say, running up to them and grabbing a mitt, "I sent you in on the morning report as nicked."

And then Pete would have to check up to find out who really was the unlucky one, another unpleasant task. Every time Pete accosted some doughboy with "I thought you were dead" his nerves would shake a little. At last he broke down with trench fever. Some of the cuckoos called it dugout fever, but they knew little about Pete's work, and when they passed the grave of a buddy just behind the lines, where a body had been lowered under shell fire into the mud wrapped in a raincoat or blanket, they never knew how Pete had racked his brain to describe in the letter to the next of kin how the poppies grew around the burial plot and the little cross with the rusty identification disc nestled under a green willow.



They never knew how Pete racked his brain to describe how poppies grew around the burial plot

PETE was down the line sick for a month, fretting all the time about the company paperwork and wondering about the casualties. He finally convinced a doctor everything was O.K. and was shipped toward the reserve with a bunch of casuals in an Hommes 40. The day's ride didn't mean much to him, though he was passing over the famous battlegrounds in the early days of Jerry's farthest-west advance. That night the train stopped just outside Péronne, and Péronne was to be the last stop, for the division was supposed to be following right on Jerry's trail and for all Pete knew had gone over and twenty or thirty buddies were R. I. P. That's why Pete was so thoughtful on the journey.

A comrade sitting next to him in the boxcar shouted out to a lieutenant passing along the tracks at a station, "Say, lieutenant, this car's darn crowded!"

It was a funny remark to most of the crowd, but Pete continued to gaze into the inky blackness without a smile; didn't even smile when the officer shouted in reply, "Never mind; there'll be plenty of room coming back!"

Pete got off at Péronne, or what had been Péronne, and amid great excitement was checked out to his regiment, three or four kilos to the east on the big brown hills from which Jerry had just been pushed back. There was great activity all around. Fritz's planes had been over the night before and part of the activity consisted in clearing the streets. The roads were clogged with transports, lorries, limbers and tanks, and now and then a British officer on horseback heading a line of German prisoners, their long gray overcoats swinging in disciplined rhythm.

"I'll gamble *chocolat* to willie the bunch have gone over and half of them been wiped out," Pete said to a buddy

from the same regiment as they sat on a hillock alongside the road and watched the passing show of 1918.

Pete had a hunch and was worried. He hailed a passing truck driver and shouted out a question about the division.

"Sure!" came back the answer. "You're just getting back in time!"

THAT settled it for Pete. If he had got back a few days sooner he would have been right in it, where he wanted to be. He knew now his pals had been in their first big push, had gone over with full strength and came back for rest and a new draft of men. And Pete could see the fellows thrown about in a sunken road, pushed back by a carefully-laid machine-gun barrage much as if they had been struck in the face as they clambered to the top of the bank out of breath.

He walked faster now and was soon lost to his detail. Smoke curled up from the slum wagons around the circle of hills. On the first great hill that rimmed the west of the valley his own outfit was pointed out, and Pete, seeing a little knot of doughboys, wondered if they were talking over the attack and who had paid the price.

One figure was moving down the hill and Pete wondered if that was the new company clerk on the way to battalion headquarters, making a change in the casualty list or posting the letters that were homeward bound with the glad tidings that all was well—at least that all was well with those who wrote. But Pete visualized the others. There was good-natured O'Meara, a sergeant any man of the lot would have died for, a kindly all-human non-com whose first thought was the welfare of his platoon—he would surely have made Pershing's All-American eleven; then the topper, hard-boiled in his way, but never too busy to listen to a complaint about a pair of galloping drawers or soleless shoes; then the three remaining officers—three were already wounded. The bucks, too, Smith and Murray—Murray was only eighteen. Surely they wouldn't stop this kid, out there in front with his own U. S. feeding a million slackers.

Pete thought about all these buddies and more as he climbed the hill, the perspiration standing out on his temples and his legs, still weakened from a long illness, giving now and then beneath the load or leading him into some shallow shellhole or bivvy rent asunder.

At last he reached the company street, if you could call that line of sheltered holes a street, and saw faces he knew, yet didn't know. The first was the old top, and Pete almost sank to his knees as he grasped the hand of his big-hearted friend.

"Who's gone?" Pete muttered as he saw dizzy faces dancing about him. He couldn't recall a single name, though he knew them all, their army numbers, their home towns and the amount of their insurance.

"Gone hell!" said the First Sergeant. "Nobody's gone. We go up the line tonight and over tomorrow morning on a three-day stunt. Get the rust off that old gat and shine up your dog tag, pick out a couple of nice hand grenades and get a shiny bandolier of clips. Inspection in a jiffy."

THE next day Pete went down about thirty yards from the kickoff with a gunshot wound in his chest. While he was trying to get out his company papers to pass on to one of the advancing line he stopped another. And when a runner came hours later to get the number on Pete's dog tag, his eyes were closed. Pete never liked runners, and he often prayed that he would never have to make up another casualty list.

The Canadian Legless and Armless

By Owen E. McGillicuddy

AMONG Canadian war veterans there is a growing feeling that comrades permanently and seriously disabled in the war have not as yet received proportionately as good treatment as have the ex-service men who came back from overseas with fewer physical handicaps.

At the present time the Canadian government, by a very efficient, but coldly methodical, annual examination, is paring down the smaller pensions of men who received injuries which time is proving able to heal. It is being pointed out at meetings of various veterans' associations throughout the Dominion that this should help bring a larger measure of generosity into play in ameliorating the condition of the amputation cases.

On April 15th there were 3,567 amputation cases scattered throughout the Dominion. Half of them were living in the province of Ontario, and about one fourth of the whole number were either living or receiving treatment in Toronto. These amputation cases were classified as follows: Left leg, 1,261; right leg, 1,173; left arm, 528; right arm, 484; both legs, 94; both arms, 7; both legs and both arms, 1; both legs and one arm, 3; both arms and one leg, 1; one arm and one leg, 15.

$900 a Year as Pension

Many of these men are obviously totally disabled and receive the full pension with bonuses, which amounts to $900 a year. None of these men gets less than a 40 percent pension. But—and this is a thing to remember—many of them have dependents, and the extraordinary conditions incident to their physical handicaps are forcing a demand for a re-survey of re-establishment features as they affect the veterans with amputations.

During last winter 150 of the 700 employable "amps" in Toronto were listed as out of employment. In Vancouver there were 50 out of 175; in Winnipeg 40 out of 150; and in Victoria, out of 80 amputation cases 25 were workless.

These are figures which do not seem to convey their full meaning either to the general public or to government officials. In fact, there seems to be a rather hazy idea as to just how real these handicaps are, even to the men who have most adapted themselves to their disabilities. Too often a man is seen with an artificial leg getting about with a fair amount of agility, and one hears the careless expression: "Why, he's as good as new." Superficially it might seem as if there was no reason why certain one-limbed men should not be as efficient as other men at most kinds of work.

This is where the big mistake occurs which veterans in Canada are now trying to rectify for the sake of their handicapped comrades and families. Most people do not begin to realize what bad weather means to an "amp"—as these cheery vets call themselves. Either very hot or very cold weather simply puts them out of business. In icy weather a one-limbed man goes about in continual peril, while in hot weather the binding and chafing of his artificial limb or harness keeps him in constant agony. Apart from all this there are the many kinds of indisposition which simply have no meaning at all for the man with all his limbs, such as bilious attacks, sick headaches, and other everyday ailments which are just enough to keep a man with one leg confined to his home.

The Amputation Association of Canada, which numbers 2,000 "amps" in its membership, is seeking certain changes in connection with the treatment of its members by both the government and industrial corporations. Their requests are being endorsed by the three veterans' organizations, the Great War Veterans Association, the Army and Navy Veterans, and the Grand Army of United Veterans.

Want Pension Confirmed

Among other things they want the present total disability pension of $900 confirmed as the permanent pension, so that the anxiety and fears of the totally disabled men may be relieved. These men are bound, in any case, to brood over their misfortune, and it is known that a declaration from the government would greatly lessen their worry regarding an assured income for the rest of their lives.

The second change requested is that the minimum pension for amputation cases be made 50 percent instead of 40 percent. An allowance is also asked for the abnormal wear and tear of clothes due to orthopedic appliances, and a further allowance for boots and shoes is also sought in place of the present issue. Every four years every man with an artificial leg is given a set of three boots.

The Amputation Association has been working for some time toward a more liberal reading of the medical regula-

tions respecting amputation cases. At present there is an arbitrary regulation in force which rules that a man may be treated by the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment in government hospitals for any cause for one year after his discharge. The obstinacy of Canadian doctors in upholding this regulation in amputation cases has been remarkable.

One case can be shown where, after putting in two years in hospital and having received his discharge, a young veteran who had lost his leg at the hip developed appendicitis. After consulting the government doctors he went to the hospital. In due course he was presented with a bill of $100 for the operation, $60 for the hospital, and $15 for the anesthetic. He had no money and no regular job, was just learning his way about in a difficult world and was still undergoing treatment for his leg. Anyone excepting an official doctor would have taken the view that appendicitis had been somehow aggravated by the amputation of the leg and the pulling of the harness which held on the artificial limb. Nevertheless, the doctors searched diligently the boy's military medical history, and finding no mention of symptoms of appendicitis, deeply regretted that the regulations did not allow for any assistance. This young veteran has not yet paid these bills and intends putting up a fight all along the line until the regulation is rectified. His case is typical of many.

For a Liberal Interpretation

One of the remedies suggested by the "amps" is that permission be granted to the local officials to give a more liberal interpretation of the regulations regarding a seriously disabled man. This could also apply to the re-training of amputations, many of whom now benefit by vocational training. The great majority of "amps" can, and are, working. Their spirit is remarkable considering their physical limitations. The Association, with its club houses, has meant a great deal to the veterans, for they all have their periods of depression—moods such as are inspired when a man who has lost an arm sees a whole man washing himself.

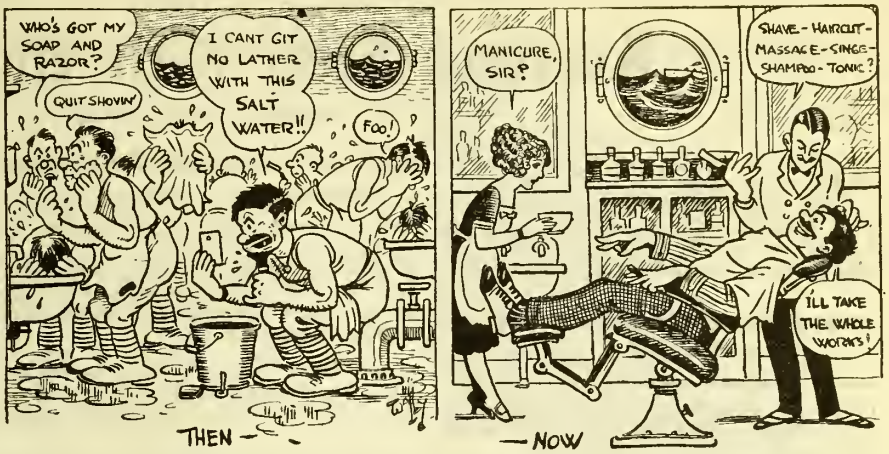
An official of the Amputation Association told me recently of waking up in the night to hear his little son screaming in the next room. Forgetting all about his lost leg he leaped out of the bed on the wrong side and fell in a helpless heap on the floor. Seeing men running for street cars, to catch trains, or doing any of the simple, ordinary things of normal life only serves to remind these men of the stern limitations imposed upon them. For that reason their grievances seem more acute, and the cause the more urgent for really generous treatment by a deeply appreciative government. The men with amputations have faith that Canada, which has led the way in the re-establishment of her veterans, will also set a high example in looking after her crippled and mutilated men.

Books Received

THE MILITARY POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES. *By Bvt. Maj. Gen. Emory Upton. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.*

ROSTER OF COMPANY G, SEVENTH AMMUNITION TRAIN, SEVENTH DIVISION. *By Sergeant Edwin H. Dorney, R. D. No. 5, Allentown, Pa., through whom copies may be obtained.*

THE AMERICAN OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUES. *Issued by the Second Section, General Staff, A. E. F.*



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Information Section B 2256 **Washington, D. C.**

Keeping Step with the Legion

(*Continued from page* 12)

hundreds of miles roundabout to be in on these reunions.

With these suggestions for a start, high tension enthusiasm and some leg and brain work by post Napoleons, any post can put Veterans Day over big.

More Essays Coming

SO the school children of America can have until October 6th to present their essays on "How The American Legion Can Best Serve the Nation." Not so bad, that idea of extending the time limit. As school teachers and superintendents and others all over the country pointed out, the extension will enable the schools to give out the essays as regular school work. Also, the extension will give the contest more publicity.

Of course the educators of the country are doing everything they can to make the contest a success. Some boards of education are offering prizes to local winners. Some Legion posts are doing the same thing. These ideas all are helping.

The principal thing left for a post to do is to see that the essays are collected and in the hands of the county school superintendent by October 6th. While the supers generally are the clearing house for essays, the posts will have to give whatever co-operation they can.

"Swe-e-e-e-et Ad-o-o-line"

ONE of the Legion's songbirds wrote this. With commendable modesty, he asks that his name be omitted from mention because:

To tell you the truth, I'm a barber shop fly. I hang around barber shops o' nights. I sing "Sweet Adeline" and "On Moonlight Bay." I don't know why, but I do. However, my weakness doesn't prevent me from accumulating a smattering of knowledge about barber shop patrons. For instance, they're inveterate readers. To watch the waiting list in a barber shop, you'd think illiteracy was unknown in this country. I watched the gang one night, sitting inside "my" shop, and they were reading some of the worst magazines in existence. Why not give them the Weekly for a change? If a fellow would leave his Weekly in a barber shop instead of just around the house after he's finished it, he'd make a pile of Legion boosters.

We agree. We may be prejudiced in favor of the Weekly, but we agree. There are other uses for the Weekly you've read, too. Some posts supply libraries, others supply clubs. But we still think that more reading goes on in the barber shop back home than in the public library.

J. R. Andrews of Garner, Ia., (on the right) signs up new members of the Legion where he finds 'em. Here he is interrupting H. P. Pueggel (the man with the hoe) just long enough to get Pueggel's name on the dotted line

Egg Showers

IN the first place, let it be understood that the title of this section has nothing to do with the drama. A better use for eggs than on hams, theatrical and otherwise, has been found. The Auxiliary of Melvin Daskam Post, Redwood Falls, Minnesota, made the discovery. Here's the discovery, as told by Mrs. N. R. Hyerson, head of the unit:

The Auxiliary at Easter time thought that the men in the Riverside Sanitarium at Granite Falls would enjoy some real fresh eggs, and instead of sending sweets and fruits sent twenty-four dozen fresh eggs. The members solicited thirty-four dozen, sold ten dozen to defray expenses, and sent the remainder. The future plan is to solicit the eggs and send all that are given, the Auxiliary paying the necessary transportation charges. Members have also inaugurated the policy of sending each man at Riverside Sanitarium a birthday cake on that man's birthday.

Incidentally, Mrs. Ryerson and the unit secretary have organized six more units in Redwood County, which is now one hundred percent organized.

Being Neighborly

WE were scurrying around for some letters, just to avoid having to write any more this morning, when we came across this bulletin, fairly old, but still good for our purposes, sent out by Adjutant Austin A. Petersen of the Department of Wisconsin. Here it is:

It has been suggested by a member of West Allis Post that committees be organized in each post in Milwaukee, to make arrangements for weekly or monthly tours during the summer months. These would be little trips by automobile, upon which as many members of the post as possible would visit the neighboring cities and villages, thereby promoting a friendly spirit between the various communities and the posts would get acquainted with each other and the public.

A Non-Spare Part

WE published last week something about the machinery for a National Convention. But we are like the boy that took the alarm clock to pieces and had seven spare parts left over after he'd put it together again.

You will remember that we had our prospective convention carried up to the point of assembling. We had a presiding officer, someone for him to preside over, and something for the presides to do. We had several hundred delegates and only one presiding officer, to be exact. The odds are pretty heavy against the presiding officer, especially as he is armed only with a .44-calibre muzzle-loading gavel. Who is going to preserve order?

Page the sergeant-at-arms. Page likewise his fifty or so assistants. Their selection this year by the departments will be as carefully made as the selection of the delegates themselves, if the wishes of National Headquarters are carried out. They will arrive at New Orleans, too, in time to study the convention hall, its exits and its entrances, its roof and (meaning no harm) its cellar. They may or may not be reinstructed in the art of advance-as-skirmishers. For Legion conventions have on the whole been orderly affairs. There is a tendency, of course, in some delegations to hold caucuses and community sings in the aisles while some vexed question is under debate, and upon such outfits as these the embattled sergeants-at-arms will politely but firmly descend. There will be no nightsticks, no teargas, no violent language—but the delegates will return quietly to their seats.

And so it will go, much on the workaday army principle of another day, another dollar. Another convention, another commander, preparing the way for still another convention, more department conventions, more delegates, right on to the distant graybeard epoch of the Legion when the little remaining handful of the faithful will meet and select, for the next convention city, Valhalla itself—the paradise of fighting men who have laid down their arms after victory.

Membership Contest Rulings

Some Problems That Prize Entrants Have Run into in the Chase for Big Money

LEGIONNAIRES and Auxiliarians who have entered the Weekly's $1,385 Prize Membership Contest in some instances have collided with puzzles which they have asked to have explained to them. Many of these puzzles are of widespread interest and doubtless affect scores of contestants. For this reason a number of questions of more than individual interest are answered herewith.

Q. I am service officer for a county organization embracing 28 posts. I meet a lot of men who are not members and so far have sent some 600 from my office through our employment division. I think that if I devoted my evenings to membership I could get many of these applicants into the Legion. If I get enough members, can I participate in the prize even though I get members for more than one post—perhaps for each of the 28 posts in the county?—A. Yes. Get members for as many posts as you can. To get credit for them in the contest, see that the commander and adjutant of each post for which you get members credit you with the new members. The names will eventually reach the Weekly office with your name on the lists, and will be credited to you as an individual contestant, regardless of how many posts the lists represent.

Q. Are post finance officers eligible to enter the contest?—A. Yes, provided they are not also post adjutants. Post commanders and adjutants are the only post officers who are not eligible to compete.

Q. May our Auxiliary unit enter the contest as a body, having new Legion members credited to the unit as a whole instead of to individual members?—A. No. Individuals only are eligible to compete.

Q. There are only three ex-service men in our town who are not members of the Legion? What chance has any member of our post in your contest?—A. It is precisely because of this angle of the situation that national membership contests of the scope of the present one have not been held before. Naturally a member of a post which has enrolled practically all the eligibles in its community, or of a post in a small and scattered community with few eligibles, has nowhere near as good a chance as a Legionnaire in a city or in a community where the post has not actively campaigned for members. Effort has been made to overcome this handicap in part by permitting contestants to get new members anywhere, and for any post. Thus, a man may campaign actively in the next town, on trains (which gives commercial traveler Legionnaires a fine chance), or by mail. He should be sure, however, to see that posts to which he assigns members give him proper credit for them.

Rules of the Contest

The contest began July 1st; it closes August 31st. First prize, for the Legion member enrolling the largest number of new members, will be $500. The seven other prizes will be for $250, $100, $50, $40, $30, $20 and $10. First prize for the Auxiliary member who gets the most new Legion members will be $200. The other prizes will be for $100, $50, $25 and $10. The Weekly contest will be independent of any other Legion membership contests which may be held, but will be a splendid added incentive to participants in the other contests.

Only members actually enrolled in The American Legion between midnight of June 30, 1922, and midnight of August 31, 1922, will count in the contest.

Any member of the Legion or of the Auxiliary is eligible to compete for the membership prizes, including new members as soon as enrolled, with these exceptions: Post commanders and adjutants, unit presidents and secretaries, department or state and national officials and members of the staffs of National Headquarters of The American Legion (including the employees of The American Legion Weekly) and of The American Legion Auxiliary.

Contestants will not enroll formally—they will simply set out to get members. They will turn the names of new members in to the commander or the adjutant of the post in which the new members are enrolled. Both the commander and the adjutant of the post must certify to each list of new members, crediting them to the proper contestant, and then forward the list and the department record cards, with the usual remittance, to department headquarters. No new members will be credited unless the remittance accompanies the department record card forwarded by the post to department headquarters. Department headquarters will then forward to the Weekly the names of contestants, together with the certified lists of new members credited to individual contestants. Records of contestants for the entire Legion and Auxiliary will be kept at the Weekly office. Names should be turned in to posts by contestants, and to department headquarters by posts, as promptly as possible.

Contestants may enroll members anywhere but must turn in the names and remittances of new members to the post to which the members are assigned.

Contestants from the Auxiliary should bear in mind the fact that the aim of the contest is to enroll new Legion members, not Auxiliary members, though an increase in Auxiliary membership is inevitable as a result of the contest. Auxiliary contestants will turn the names and dues of new members in to an official of the post, not of the Auxiliary unit, and the post commander and the post adjutant must both certify to these lists, as in the case of Legion contestants. The post will then proceed as in the case of names turned in by Legion contestants, forwarding the names to Legion department headquarters.

Contestants may enroll as new members former members of the Legion who have permitted their membership to lapse.

In case of a tie, the full amount of any prize will be awarded to all persons affected by the tie.

THERE will be thirteen awards in The American Legion Weekly's $1,385 Prize Membership Contest—eight for Legion workers and five for Auxiliary workers. The contest opened July 1st; it will close August 31st. Any Legion member enrolled between those dates counts to the credit of the man or woman enrolling him.

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We offer you a most unusual opportunity. At just one-half of the regular tuition rates you can get correspondence instruction of the highest grade and the constant attention of a competent United Y. M. C. A. Schools' Instructor, who will take a whole-hearted interest in all your problems.

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The American Legion Weekly
627 West 43d Street, New York

On the Inside Looking Out

(*Continued from page 4*)

1 a. m. the next morning by insisting on starting out at once for the West, clad only in a pleasant smile and a derby hat. All of his outer clothing was packed in a suitcase which he firmly clutched. The orderly who insisted upon removing the suitcase from his bed was to him a Pullman porter, and he remonstrated forcibly: "I don't want to get off here, I'm going to Arizona!"

There are just as many individual types here in our world on the hill as there are in the outside world which lies at our feet. We inhabitants who are discussed as an issue in Congress, in the newspapers, in the homes, we are disabled men, yes, but with just as much individuality as the same number of men would possess under other conditions.

Griffith of the Sub-Chaser

Take, for instance, Griffith. In the days before he became a blue-jacket on a North Atlantic sub-chaser, he was a consulting engineer, and a poor one. After his discharge from the Navy for the first time in his existence he settled down to the serious business of life, succeeded, married, and then, just as it seemed that his efforts were to be rewarded—presto, a hemorrhage one day and Griffith a "has been!"—no money saved, a young wife! The future—chaos!

Such was the status of Griffith when he came to our world on the hill; a potential total disability, morose, sullen, a broken, disappointed man. But to encourage him there was the sterling example of Brown in the next room. Brown was informed that he didn't have a chance, and forthwith declared that none need be given him, that he would make his own chance and win out. And he did win out, and is today on the road to recovery. Or perhaps Griffith for the first time in his life was compelled to stop and think—and who can say that character is not molded under such conditions? Griffith is coming back, and when he gets back he will be all the stronger for his enforced sojourn with us.

And still another type is my friend Cuyler, who, lacking anything else to do, writes long letters to newspapers and public officials, giving his views on the compensation bill, the farm bloc in Congress, and all the questions of the day. Cuyler would be an asset to any metropolitan daily; he is most certainly an asset to our world on the hill. What would we do without him and his corn-cob pipe, his homely philosophy?

Every stratum of society has representation here. The religious crank, the war hero, the agitator, the embryo scientist, the cosmopolite, the farmer boy and the university graduate are all with us. Each has his individual aims and aspirations, each is striving with what latent ability he may possess to rehabilitate himself for the business of life. I have found the hospital on the hill to be truly a temple of hope, and have seen day by day the efforts of those who inhabit it striving for a real rehabilitation. Soldiers they were and soldiers they are, and soldiers they will be to the end. And their fight is made easier by the fact that they know, and from them I have learned, that you of the outside are with us in the battle, and I have learned, too, as they have, that we must prove worthy of the trust which you have placed in us.

The Strength of Comradeship

We on the hill have learned the most vital truth of all, that we are not sufficient unto ourselves, that nothing worth while can be accomplished without that spirit of comradeship and feeling for our buddies which won the war. This, we think, will be more than worth all it has cost us to learn, and this lesson, brought home to us so forcibly, will serve to knit us together as a compact whole, with sectional differences and religious prejudices laid aside to the greater advancement of our nation and yours.

And so we are content, we inmates of the world atop the hill. A little while and we shall be out in the world again, we hope. Until that day we abide here with what patience we may, secure in the thought that you are making that outside world a finer place for us to come back to.

"Meet You on the Levee!"

(*Continued from page 9*)

There were four bands tooting and thumping all at once, and motor horns and cowbells making such a din that nobody knew what pieces were being played. When the newspaper photographers shot off their flash powders just outside the door, all the hills flared up suddenly with red fire. Then that huge crowd let go a roar that sounded like a broadside from the whole Atlantic Fleet.

After that, most of us shoved off for downtown again, and tried to give the home folks a notion of what Armistice Night was like in Paree in 1918. On a small scale it had Paris beat a couple of leagues for pep, and beat for noise, too. Horns and cowbells, motor sirens and cut-outs, fife and drum corps and fifty-seven—count 'em, 57!—bands, whoopees from Texas and Oklahoma buckaroos, screeches and whistles and yells. Wowie, what a din!

The downtown streets in Kansas City are so much narrower than the Paris boulevards that we didn't have half enough elbow room. In the melee the trash cans on the corners got so banged up that they looked like the tomato cans that small boys play shinny with. But the home folks didn't seem to care; encouraged it, in fact, and to give us a little more elbow room had the motorcycle cops chase all the autos off the downtown streets. The trash cans suffered heavily; and next to these our eardrums. It took a fellow about ten minutes to steam two blocks in that pandemonium. Yet so far as the eagle-eyed newspaper men could find out, only the normal number, and no more, of entries got on the log

of the city brig and the books of the local sick bay.

To cover the costs of entertainment, such as fifty miles of flags and bunting and the damages suffered by trash cans, Kansas City's home folks had dug down into their jeans for $100,000.

In addition, the town had raised more than $2,000,000 for a great war memorial on a slope right across from the depot plaza. Tuesday morning we were to dedicate that site.

So that next day started out as solemn as a Sunday or the morning of a Memorial Day. I said these home folks have big hearts and good memories. One of the reasons is a big gold star on the front of the Union Station, with a number on it—519. They haven't forgotten our pals who went West.

On Eaves, Roofs and Poles

The newspapers said that 100,000 people turned out that morning in the station plaza and on the clay banks and the buildings close around. That was a modest enough estimate, too. Not only did all the business places and all the schools close up that day in Kansas City; a good many of the smaller towns around observed the occasion also. Under bright blue Indian summer skies they packed tight into the square, swarmed all over the hillside where the great memorial is to rise, and clung even to the eaves and roof-trees of the station and the telephone poles and the tall smokestacks and the signboards every way you looked. Beyond were acres and acres black with parked motor cars.

It was like a Sunday morning, as I said, and I guess it seemed all the more impressively quiet because of the contrast that solemn hush made with the pandemonium of the night before.

Airplanes sailed over, dropping flowers, howitzers began to boom, and rockets burst aloft to set flags of all the Allies fluttering down from the skies. A medley of national airs from the bands. Then the Legion's guests began mounting to the high white rostrum to address the crowds. Jacques of Belgium first, his medals glittering in the bright sunshine against his dark O. D.; Diaz next, in his field uniform of dusty blue, at home under a sky as blue as Italy's; then Admiral Beatty, his cap at a rakish sea-goin' angle as he came up the companionway hand over hand like a skipper climbing to the bridge. He boomed out his words with a sea captain's voice that carried to tens of thousands. Then Black Jack Pershing of Missouri, quite debonair and jaunty until he looked down upon that big gold star with the 519 on it and his voice suddenly cracked.

I choked up again at that—old hard-shell me.

Finally, introduced by Pershing, appeared the little man in the suit of French horizon blue. He spoke in a tongue that not all of us understood, but he somehow touched all our hearts, home folks and Legionnaires, just as Pershing of Laclede had done. We all felt pretty solemn that morning.

That afternoon the parade. It wasn't much like the fancy parades you put on back East under plaster o' paris Victory Arches, maybe. I guess at least half of those lads who marched in old olive drab and faded blue and tattered forest green had one time or another had their hands to a plow handle.

Somehow I felt that Jack Pershing did just the right thing that day on one occasion. As his car turned from Tenth Street into Main he stood up and snapped to attention and saluted—saluted Main Street and the home folks there, in front of the Owl Drug Store and the Big White Shoe Shop and the Royal Movie Theatre. Laugh, darn you, you smart alecks who think that Main Street is so funny and so crude. Call this a riot of raw emotions if you like. I don't care. Pershing's gesture, the sight of our wounded buddies and the Congressional Medal men—it all got to me hard. And never will I forget those boys from Iowa, thousands and thousands of them, chanting as they marched up Main Street:

"I—Oh—Way! I—Oh—Way!

"That's where the tall corn grows!"

There were 40,000 of us in the parade. In Noo O'leans there ought to be a lot more. And one of the things I'm hopin' for as an ex-Navy man is that in honor of the party being given in a seaport town there'll be a raft of bluecoats and leathernecks present.

The Crowd'll Be There!

But, heck! What's the use? If you don't get the idea by this time you never will; and I wouldn't have gone into it even in this much detail if I hadn't had an idea that maybe the newspaper accounts of last year's affair, though they were conscientious enough, didn't cover the spirit of the thing. Grab off one idea of it if you can't fasten on anything else—and that is that *all the old crowd will be there!* For you, it won't be a convention; it'll be a grand reunion.

So pipe down on that chantey of the blues you've been singin' to yourself so long. Belay that stuff. Hit the deck with the rest of the old shellbacks. Come up out of the glory hole and shake a leg. Remember I'll be waitin' on the levee, "Ah said on de levee!" at five bells. We've got to have you, old-timer, because there's a rumor afloat that they're gonna shoot Charley Noble at eight bells.

Yours till the next war,

RECKLESS RED.

Beg Pardon

IN the issue of June 9th the Weekly published a photograph of Miss Amy Kaukonen, mayor of Freeport, Ohio, and a member of The American Legion Auxiliary, which showed Miss Kaukonen, who is also a chemist and a physician, holding a beer bottle in one hand and a testing tube in the other, in the act of analyzing some scized moonshine whisky. "This innocent-looking beer bottle," read the legend beneath the picture, "contains several short cuts to the hereafter." The bottle showed part of a label bearing the trade-mark of the Pabst Corporation of Milwaukee. It was not intended to charge in this legend that the Pabst Corporation had manufactured and sold a poisonous beverage; on the contrary, the bottle shown in the photograph was simply being used in making the tests referred to, the showing of the label being accidental and wholly inadvertent.

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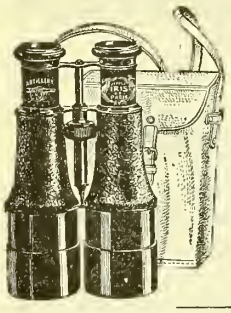

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Adjutant's Call

(*Continued from page 6*)

beginning to feel a noble benefactor, deprecated the gratitude which continued to be showered upon him. But the thanks were destined to take a more tangible form. Gaston seized the Adjutant's canteen cup, while Nanette, his good wife, took station at the flank of La Hirondelle. And soon a beaker of foaming rich milk was pressed upon the officer in temporary command of the Umpteenth F. A. and responsible for its order.

How good that milk did taste! It gurgled down the gullet of the Adjutant with waves of gustatory delight. It came as a gracious, soothing balm to a throat which had for long been but the unfamiliar and burning path of cognac and the reluctant canal to sour rivers of vin rouge. The Adjutant drank deep and the grateful couple urged upon him cup after cup.

As for La Hirondelle, she stood calmly and contentedly by. She, too, it would seem, knew her benefactor. She was ready to give till it hurt.

WHEN the Colonel motored in the next morning—perhaps, after reconnoitering the front, he had detoured to that château—he at once took notice of the abundant live stock of Cocherel.

"Well, well," he remarked jovially, "has no one taken care of all these walking rations?"

"The Adjutant wouldn't let us," answered that privileged character, the Colonel's orderly.

"What, what?" roared the Colonel. "These animals will starve—they'll be shot—the Germans'll eat 'em. Make a count, render the bill to our commission and turn over all the stock the owners of which have left to the cooks to be served up for noon mess. After that we hook in and hitch and march for the front."

The Colonel turned to the Adjutant, whose cheeks, which had begun to attain a rosy tint overnight, blanched again.

"This is war, sir, this is war! Will you try to remember that?"

The Adjutant said he would, sir.

THE Umpteenth Field Artillery was on the line. In lulls in the fighting the batteries even had had time to get set. Of a night the lookouts squinted over neat little sights for the direction of the barrage rockets of the infantry. Ready to the hands of these watchers were wires which would jangle bells in the dugouts to wake the officers and gun squads when the signals for barrage rose in the skies. Aiming lights were electrically wired, and all the modern conveniences of war arranged for.

Consequently when the Colonel heard Battery F open up early one night with a peppery barrage, he expressed decided satisfaction.

"Perfect arrangements," he commented to the Adjutant. "Our infantry down in front of Battery F feels a little nervous or perhaps it actually is entertaining a small German raiding party. An infantryman touches off a rocket. Our artillery lookout sees it. He rings his barrage bell and our guns squads spring to their posts. A few seconds—not more—and our shells are laying down a neat little barrage in front of them. What could be sweeter?"

"Nothing, sir," responded the Adjutant cheerfully.

About that time Battery E let go with its barrage.

"Well, well," the Colonel observed, "it was a raid after all. And not quite so localized. However, we are responding in a manner which I trust will be called to the attention of the Division Commander."

The Adjutant trusted it would, too.

No sooner said than Battery D let fly with all four guns.

"Hum, ahem, query Major Cotter," the Colonel nervously ordered.

BUT the major of the Second Battalion only knew that all his batteries were firing barrages apparently on signal. Before he was through talking, Battery C was chiming in, followed five minutes or so later by Battery B. An interval and another burst of fire came from the direction of Battery A.

A regiment of 75's can stage quite a little battle all by itself. But the Umpteenth was not to be allowed to solo long. Down in the trenches the rat-tat-tat of machine guns evidenced the annoyance of the infantry. And soon the deeper notes of the heavies began to blend in. It looked like a regular drive.

Agitated inquiries began to come back from the infantry supported by the Umpteenth. "We never asked for a barrage," the infantry rose to declare. "What in heck are you shooting about? You've started something."

Telephoning at the behest of his raving Colonel, the Adjutant got Battery F. Its captain admitted that his lookout had seen no rocket signal, but somebody had rung the barrage bells.

Battery E had the same phenomenon to report. Should it fire another barrage? For the love of heaven, no, and call off D, too.

Batteries C and B told of the bell ringing, but could add no more details that might solve the mystery. But Battery A had to report that somebody had asked one of their men, who had forgotten details in the excitement, where the Adjutant of the Umpteenth might be found.

The Colonel fixed the Adjutant with a horrible glare. At that very moment above the crash of exploding shells there sounded outside of the farm house that was regimental headquarters the ominous but equally the

unmistakable notes of a barrage bell.

The Colonel leaped to his feet and rushed out, trailed by the trembling Adjutant. What should meet their startled gaze but Gaston and Nanette, the home-loving peasants of Cocherel. Behind them, wagging her head and mooing a welcome, stood La Hirondelle, their trusty cow. And around her neck hung a cow bell, which still was clanging forth its brazen summons to barrage fire.

"Ah, Monsieur le Général," greeted Gaston, addressing the Adjutant. "Everywhere we search for you. We go about the whole regiment from batteree to batteree to find you. The night it ees not nice. But Nanette and I we search for you and bring La Hirondelle to geeve you drink of the milk you like so well."

While the protesting milk detail was being escorted back to the safety zone, inside regimental headquarters Adjutant's Call was being sounded.

While Adjutant's Call ordinarily is played on a bugle, some insist that colonels can render it even better vocally.

The American Legion and the Church

(*Continued from page 6*)

May 30th, June 14th, July 4th, and Armistice Day.

In the Department of Indiana, April 2d of this year was observed as "American Legion Sunday," being selected on account of its falling the closest to the date of the declaration of war; also with the idea of having a distinctive Legion Sunday.

A very hearty response came from all over the department, services being held in 250 churches, the posts attending in a body, often accompanied by the G. A. R. Favorable comment was received by Indiana's Department Chaplain from fifteen different departments—the same idea being carried out to some extent in other States. It has been suggested by many Department Chaplains and others that the first Sunday in April be set aside as the annual "National American Legion Sunday." Many of the posts experienced a fine reaction from their communities, due to the observance of "American Legion Sunday."

Posts That Go to Church

In the Department of Oklahoma, many posts have arranged to attend the local churches three or four times a year. They provide speakers for public schools, Sunday schools and churches in the local communities who deal with patriotic subjects, and the history of and courtesy due the flag.

In order that the general public may know what The American Legion stands for, the Preamble to the Constitution could be printed and framed and hung in the vestibules of churches, parish houses and public buildings.

For it would be well if the posts throughout the nation would take more seriously the Preamble to the Constitution, as to what it says about law and order. If we expect to stand for this slogan, we must do more than proclaim it. If we expect the co-operation of the churches and the better classes of citizens, we must be careful that our posts are not made a tool by cheap carnival companies that negotiate with the Legion and go into communities under cover of our fine name and reputation and stage gambling events which are an open violation of the laws of the State and the community in which they are held.

Our department and national conventions must be kept clean, and these gatherings should be the cause of inspiration that will appeal to the American public and truly reflect the real heart and purpose of The American Legion.

One hundred percent Americanism implies an impartial support of the laws of our land, without exception. This is surely needed at this particular time, when there seems to be a national tendency to disregard law if it happens to displease or interfere with individual desires.

No finer pronouncement of these high purposes could be found than in the Preamble to our Constitution. If the Legion lives up to these high ideals, so stated, it will have the hearty co-operation and support of every organization that has for its purpose the welfare of the American Republic.

Dr. Charles R. Brown, Dean of the Yale School of Theology, says: "The churches of America showed their loyalty in their deep interest in patriotic service during the war, by supporting the Government in every way and by taking the lead in raising funds for the Liberty Loans, and particularly the funds for the comfort of the soldiers. Money given for the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., K. of C., Jewish Welfare and Salvation Army, according to those who had charge of the work, shows that about nine-tenths of it, in round numbers, was given by the church people—Catholics, Protestants and Hebrews. The people outside the churches did manage to come across with about ten percent.

"It would be altogether fitting if The American Legion membership could co-operate actively with the churches of their own faith in strengthening the religious forces of the nation for our personal and corporate well-being."

A Liaison Committee

It might be well for each post to appoint a committee whose purpose would be to maintain liaison between these two organizations. Nothing can be gained by destructive criticism of each other, but power of unforeseen magnitude and progress can be gained by co-operation.

Moreover, Church and Legion stand on common ground in the matter of world peace. Again the Preamble states as our aim, "To promote peace and good will on earth." If there is one class more than another that should be interested in peace, it is that class which knows the truth of Sherman's definition of war from actual experience. The world is ready for peace. The nations are tired of bloodshed and of war's tremendous financial drain. There could be no more powerful combination in American society than the Church and The American Legion in behalf of world peace. This would hasten the day of universal brotherhood.

The fine affiliation between the Legion and the churches has already be-

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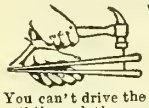

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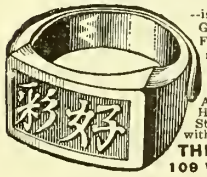

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gun, as evidenced on the part of the Legion by the wording of the Preamble and the new book of ceremonies adopted at Kansas City, and on the part of the Church by many outstanding examples of co-operation between the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish denominations with the Legion.

We must sell The American Legion in every community in the land. To do this, every Legionnaire must assume his share of responsibility. The organization is no stronger than its individual members. When we were sent as soldiers to a foreign land, we were told that we represented the United States of America and were urged to guard our actions on account of that fact. In the same way every man who wears The American Legion button represents a patriotic organization which should always accurately represent the noble principles and ambitions of the American Republic.

Let us join hands and co-operate with the religious forces of America to establish the high, patriotic principles and the religious objectives of The American Legion. We are at peace with the nations of the world, but we are not at peace with injustice and autocracy no matter where they are found. "For God and Country," let us continue to fight.

August Is the Camper's Month

(*Continued from page* 8)

camp site. Here's the report from Providence Post: "All the work of putting the camp in shape was done by volunteer workers from the Legion. Electricity was installed; a water supply and pump were put up; carpenter work, painting, and many other improvements were made by details of ex-service men. A football field, a baseball diamond, tennis courts, a trap-shooting outfit, an incinerator, shower baths, and facilities for making and serving clambakes on the shore were among the things for comfort and play installed by the Legionnaires. The camp is run at small expense, as the K.P. work during outings and over week-ends is performed by enthusiastic members who have the interest of the camp at heart. The carpenters and painters of the post have erected a large bathhouse and boathouse."

If your camp is on a body of water, you will have swimming and boating of course. But even these activities can be indued with extra pep by holding a swimming meet or a regatta from time to time. By the way, if the camp is of any size, you had better make definite provision for water safety. Swimming should be restricted to certain hours—say eleven to twelve in the morning and four to five in the afternoon—and during these hours the best swimmers should be on guard continually as a life-saving corps. As a safety precaution in summer camps the American Red Cross Life Saving Corps advocates what they call the "buddy system"—that is, the swimmers pair up, and while one of the pair is in the water the other stays on shore or in a boat and watches him.

All sorts of outdoor sports present themselves to while away the idle hours of the day. Baseball, tennis, handball, basketball—all the outdoor games may be profitably brought to camp. Basketball is perhaps the best game for camp as it does not require so many players as baseball or such carefully maintained courts as tennis.

One excellent way of varying the camp program is by making frequent trips to points of interest in the vicinity. Those who didn't get their fill of hiking in the service can sling packs on their backs and tramp through woodland trails on overnight hikes.

When you come to the end of an almost perfect day, you want some sort of celebration between supper and taps to finish it off. An evening around the camp fire may be made an occasion that will be remembered for life. One of the troubles with this last war was that bomb-dropping Jerries made bivouac fires inexpedient and thereby spoiled some of the romance of fighting as our Civil War predecessors understood it. A camp fire in the woods at night has a peculiar fascination which can be used to focus the morale of your camp. Kipling had the right dope in his poem, "The Feet of the Young Men":

Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight?
Who hath heard the birch-log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight!

The Legion Soaks the Pill

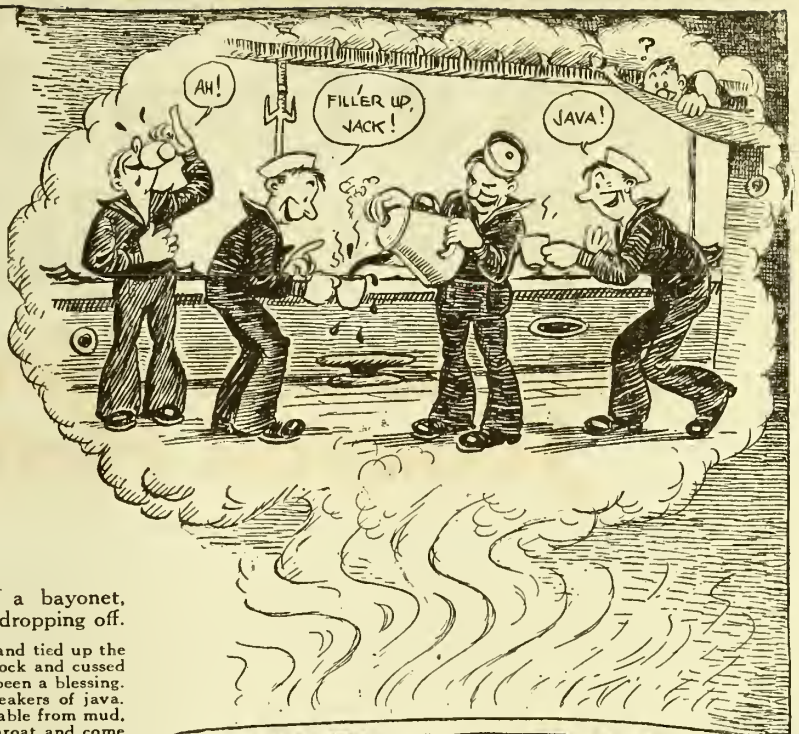
(*Continued from page* 16)

This whole thing was accomplished by a few members of one post. It should be far easier for a department to accomplish such a feat.

Such tournaments are by no means a complete innovation in Legion athletics, and in some departments—in Illinois, for example—the whole affair is conducted along proper lines. Every year, usually about two months before the tournament is to be held, State Athletic Headquarters in Chicago sends out a bulletin announcing the name of the place where it will be played and the other necessary information. The championship is competed for by teams from different posts, four men making a team and each post in the State being allowed to enter one team. The men play around the course in pairs, and the four men from a post who turn in the lowest total score are declared winners. The individual with the lowest score is the individual winner, and is declared the Legion state golf champion for the current year. Which title is won only after a struggle with the best amateur golfers in Illinois.

The winning team is given a huge silver loving cup, while each member of the team is presented with a silver medal. The individual winner receives a larger medal, and also has possession for one year of the Illinois challenge cup, with the right to keep it if he can defend his title the following year.

Next on the Butts!



Remember the mornings you lay in your hammock, your foots sticking through a mess of rope, and your throat keeping up the basso profundo for a quartet with the three next gobs on the same beam?

Remember, dimly, the ship's bell:

"Gong-gong; gong-gong."

And the bugler:

"Ta-ta, ta-ra-ra."

And the boatswain's mate, playing a peanut roaster ditty on a little pipe, and bellowing on a big voice:

"Hit the deck, you sailors! Rise and shine, you gobs!

"Lift your block and grab a sock!"

Terrible stuff. You wished you'd stood a mid-watch so you could sleep in with the idlers. Then the boatswain's mate fetched you a larrup with a bayonet, just abaft where the thirteen buttons keep deep dropping off.

You cussed, and fell out of your hammock, and dressed, and tied up the hammock with all your trick knots and stowed your hammock and cussed the hammock stower. A torpedo in the waist would have been a blessing. Until the mess-cook came along, bearing great, steaming beakers of java. Three cheers for that java! It may have been indistinguishable from mud, but it was hot, and you could stick a layer of it on your throat and come up for more. One of those hoists of galley hooch and you didn't mind swabbing decks. General quarters would have found you on deck hoping the whole German Navy was next door.

You almost forgave the boatswain's mate and the bugler and the O. D. and the ship's bell. You made the next half hour's work look like a field day.

But you can't start the day like that any more. The java makers don't see you now. They think you wake up early, take a long swig of water, and go back to bed or something. But that isn't all we gobs need. We want *Encouragement*. We want to start the day off right. We want cocoa and tea, too.

If a few java merchants would come into the Weekly, spreading the glad tidings that the Navy didn't have a corner on the market, and offer their wares, they'd help every day on the nautical almanac. All they want is *Encouragement*, too.

So ask the new mess-cook. Tell the wiff or the mater you want some coffee in the morning—Legion coffee. Ask her what's the hot dope on this civilian java. Get her favorite brand and set it down on the dotted line, right over the place where you put the salty sprawl that signed you up to love, honor and obey all jimmy-legs, boatswain's mates and ensigns.

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THEY ADVERTISE, LET'S PATRONIZE

V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. VV THE TWO, VVV THREE AND VVVV FOUR STRIPERS ARE GROWING IN NUMBER, AND THE VVVVV FIVE STRIPERS ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR

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

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Ex-Service Men Selected First

Arthur R. Patterson
Formerly U. S. Gov't Civil Service Secretary-Examiner

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I've Shown Thousands How to Become

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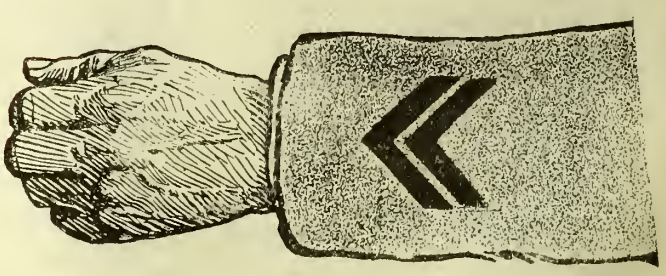

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Another point. The Advertising Manager of your Weekly has informed me that during the period in which our copy has run that not one reader has made a complaint of any sort whatever in regard to his dealings with the Patterson Civil Service School. We are mighty proud, too, of this record.