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Now-it can be Told!

When the Legion Was Fighting for Its Life

The American Legion stands today an accepted fact in the mind of the American veteran and the American public; an instrument of incalculable power; the feared and fearless champion of what it holds to be right. Its destiny will be to mould the national history of the dawning generation, and within the next decade to influence profoundly the trend of world events.

Who dreams of questioning the power or the permanence of the Legion *now?* In four short years the uncertain and unnamed project launched at a dinner at a Paris club has gone thus far.

Fifty organizations of World War veterans were in existence when the Legion entered the field. Where are they now? They are gone. Of all that early company the Legion alone survives.

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Know the Legion's marvellous story. Know the facts behind its organization in France when the menacing shadow of Bolshevism was stretching across the world. Know the obstacles that confronted the Legion when it came to America and found this country in the grip of dangers of which little has ever been told. Know the mighty influences that tried to strike the Legion down because they *wanted no American Legion* in America. Know the close calls the Legion had; the places when an unwise word or act might have spelled ruin. *Know the men* who pulled the Legion through, risking fortune, safety and even life itself to do it.

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Are You the Kind of Guest People Like to Invite?

SOME people always feel out of place at a dinner, or a dance, or a party. They are always constrained, always embarrassed. Others are so well-poised and at ease at all times—so able to mingle with the other guests and make themselves agreeable—that hostesses are eager to invite them.

Do you know all the little secrets of being a *likable guest?* Do you know what is expected of you on all occasions—how to make introductions and how to start interesting conversation after the introduction; what to wear to formal functions and to informal functions; how to make every one who comes into contact with you feel calm, at ease? The person with winning manners is always welcome. With the poise and dignity that good manners give, any one can quickly adapt oneself to every environment—can be at all times, with all people, cultured, impressive, well-liked.

Why Some People Always Feel Out of Place

HAVE you ever noticed, at any social function you may have attended, that bad manners instantly distinguish themselves? If a woman is embarrassed, constrained, ill at ease, every one knows at once that she is not used to good society. If a man uses his fork in a clumsy manner, or makes incorrect use of the finger-bowl he cannot conceal the fact that he is ill-bred.

No hostess likes to invite to her home a man or woman she knows will make embarrassing mistakes. Those who are always blundering, always doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, are never welcome. They invariably make others feel uncomfortable in their presence.

But the person with winning manners is always welcome. He—or she—knows exactly what to say to the hostess on arrival, how to mingle with the guests, how to create conversation, how to be agreeable, how to do and say the right thing at the right time.

Do You Ever Feel Tongue-Tied Among Strangers

At a week-end party, recently, one of the guests remarked secretly to the hostess that she had felt positively tongue-tied when she found herself at dinner among men and women she had never met before. "I just didn't know what to talk about," she said. "It made me feel stupid and embarrassed. Every one else seemed to be having such interesting conversations."

If she had known the important little secrets of social conversation, she would never have felt "tongue-tied." She would have known how to create conversation and how to keep it flowing smoothly, pleasantly. She would have known how to make herself agreeable, well-liked.

Do *you* ever feel tongue-tied at a party or a dinner? Do *you* ever wonder what to say after the introduction is made? Do *you* ever feel embarrassed, confused, stifled when you are among strangers?

The greatest value of etiquette is that it enables you to adapt yourself to every environment—gives you a sense of peace and security. It enables you to feel "at home" in all surroundings—to mingle with all people and feel entirely calm, at ease. It protects you from humiliation at the dinner table and in the drawing-room. It gives you a cultured, engaging manner that people recognize—and respect.

The Tell-Tale Marks of Bad Manners

There are so many little tell-tale blunders that one can make—as a guest, for instance. Do you know what to say to the hostess when you arrive? Do you know how to acknowledge introductions—whether the form "How do you do?" is correct; whether one may say "Pleased to meet you?" Do you know the correct order of precedence into the dining-room? Do you know whether olives are taken with the fingers or a fork, whether the fork is held in the left hand or the right, whether bread may be bitten into or must be broken into small pieces as eaten?

When you leave, do you know what to say to the hostess? Do you know what is meant by the "bread-and-butter" letter? If you know exactly what to do, say, write and wear at all times, on all occasions, you will never be embarrassed.

Mistakes at the table distinguish themselves at once. Little blundering errors condemn a man or woman as ill-bred. Do you know all the rules of table etiquette?

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MARCH 30, 1923

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Be Your Own Easter!

By Richard Le Gallienne

BE your own Easter, by your own will rise,
Wait not on hope, fair winds or April skies,
But in the darkest hour
Begin to flower.

TARRY not for chance,
Nor watch for circumstance,
Nor on some turn of Fortune's wheel depend;
A man has but one friend—
None else avail—
'Tis by ourselves we conquer or we fail;
Our own to bend
The stubborn fact to our purposed end,
Transform our winter into flowering spring,
And make disaster laugh and ruin sing.

LEARN from the earth herself: when all is dark
Under the clods and clouds of stern December,
With what slow patience blows she on the spark
Of the dry seed, till glows the tiny ember
That soon shall set the woodland all ablaze
With leaping green, and cressets of perfume;
Man's resurrection mounts the self-same ways.
Even as the wild-rose triumphs back to bloom,
So from the wrath and wreck of winter days
He rises from the tomb.

PURPOSE is prayer, and to ourselves we pray,
There are no hands to help us but our own,
The word of power we of ourselves must say,
'Tis our own courage rolls away the stone;
He sleeps not long who bids himself "Arise!"
Dashing the sloth of dreams from his strong eyes.

FEAR not, or nothing fear save only fear,
The world is for the stout of heart to mould,
All lead turns gold,
The unachieved draws near
To the firm eye, seas shrink and rocks are rent
By an unmoved intent.
The very stars obey
The will that strides upon its purposed way.

EACH day that from the pit of night is born
Is for the soul a resurrection morn;
Shall man be weaker than the meadow flower
That fronts grim winter with its gentle breath,
Rising betimes at its appointed hour
Up through the iron gates of seeming death?
Nay! To the strong soul mounting on its way
Himself is Resurrection, Himself is Easter Day.

Second in the New Series of Articles by the Author of "Who Got the Money?"

The Profiteer Hunt

The Cost-Plus Contract—*A* Product *of* Haste

By Marquis James

Officials Tried to Change It When They Discovered the Dent It Was Making in Uncle Sam's Pocketbook, But by That Time the Gouging Contractor Was Too Well Dug In

NATURE is providing, but sometimes she is a biased distributor of her bounties. She provided each soldier with a pair of legs, for example. To Corporal Doe of the first squad was issued a long and sturdy set, capable of sustaining the burden of that sixty-pound pack as if it were a feather and reeling off kilometer after kilometer without the slightest indication of exertion. But down in Squad No. 16 drilled Private Roe, of boy scout stature; a couple of pretty spindly pins was passed out to him. And yet, did not an identical sixty-pound pack perch upon the back of Private Roe, and when the company hiked had not his unsubstantial limbs the same number of kilos to put to heel?

One man, by the nature of his mental equipment and inclinations, becomes a doctor, another man a lawyer. The war comes and takes them both. Each marches off to camp and his practice distributes itself among the doctors and lawyers who stay at home. Thus far the adverse odds are even. A caduceus adorns the erstwhile medic's uniform—in fact, he is a medic still, practising his accustomed profession, daily growing more skilled in the arts of his chosen science. He returns from the war a no less capable physician and surgeon than when he went out. He dusts off the shingle and begins to nurse his practice back to life.

The combat forces, however, afford no such fertile field for the exercise of legal talents. The lawyer is confronted with the necessity of mastering a new and strange calling. He becomes a machine gunner. For two years he dwells in a world of mechanics and mathematics, at the end of which time his days at the bar seem far away indeed. But farther still do they seem when at last he re-enters his office. He is rusty on the law indeed—the penalty of two years' intensive labor in a different field. It is a long time before he has brushed up sufficiently to do the cause of a client justice in the courts.

So it seems that in this case, too, Nature rather played a favorite. And so she did, and so she favored or disfavored many, many others who in one form or another contributed their particle to the great and intricate effort required to fight the World War. The war enriched the meat packers. They continued their accustomed calling. Business as usual; they killed, cured, packed and sold meats. They increased their outputs and took away the trade of countless local butchers who could not follow their customers to camp. And what is true of the packers is true of all providers of food products for the Army and Navy. These dealers had their problems, to be sure—and who did not?—but their problems were of a different variety from those of the manufacturer of sewing machines who undertook the fabrication of hydropneumatic recuperators for absorbing the recoil of field guns.

Consider the Sewing Machine Maker

THE war that boomed business for the packers of beef and beans brought a slack season to the makers of sewing machines. Raw materials were scarce and dear, and besides, the thrifty housewives were investing their pin-money in Liberty bonds and War Savings stamps those days. It was a case of shut up shop or produce hydropneumatic recuperators, a highly specialized piece of mechanism of a type that had never been made before on this side of the Atlantic ocean. It meant the dismantling and storing of acres of mechanical equipment used in the manufacture of sewing machines and the designing, manufacture and installation of machinery for the production of hydropneumatic recuperators. It meant the abandonment of an old and familiar occupation to embrace in feverish haste a new and strange one. Not all of the risk and adventure of war is reserved for those who fight afield and afloat.

The war was a windfall to the harness industry that for years had been gradually petering out as gasoline replaced horseflesh as man's greatest aid as a bearer of burdens. The horse and the good army mule came back into their own, and the wheels of harness factories hummed as they had not hummed in many a long day. Makers of shoes switched to hobs and garrison tans and went on merrily. Farmers were paid the highest prices in history for the same old crops grown in the same old way, and the weavers of cloth had their outputs contracted and sometimes paid for a year ahead. Powder makers put on double shifts and built new plants, but this expansion was along lines that had been preconceived. Builders had work at big pay for every man who could swing a hammer or wield a saw. Coal was dug from the earth at a faster rate than ever before; miners toiled in the ore pits the clock around and prices went up and up and up, and wages went up apace.

These industries and numberless others were provided with strong and sturdy legs upon which to front the stresses of the conflict.

In a category roughly comparable with that of the short-legged soldier and the lawyer we find the peace-time manufacturer of water meters. He was obliged to revolutionize and turn out time fuses for artillery shells. A maker of typewriters did the same. A phonograph factory was made over for the production of aerial bomb sights, and the workers in women's cloak factories plied their needles on silk powder bags. Our survey of this scope of the war's endeavor reveals a manufacturer of corsets. Now for some little while before we were engaged in the war grave uncertainties had been crowding upon the minds of the corset kings. My lady had lately taken more avidly to tennis and golf and knickers, and the corset, woman's heritage from Elizabethan times, seemed destined for whatever repository now shelters the hoop skirt. Was the corset industry to follow the harness trade into the limbo of expiring occupations? Ah, the war! The doughboy required not corsets, to be sure, but tents he did require. Silent corset mills whirred with the sounds of industry again, and the product was Sibley shelters in the place of perfect thirty-sixes.

Thus was the fabric of industry rewoven to satisfy the requirements of

war. Thirty billion dollars were collected in taxes from the people or borrowed on their credit and expended in the operation. It follows then that the instrument, the warrant which commanded and set in motion this costly effort, is a detail not unimportant to our citizenry. That warrant was the war contract. It all narrows down to that.

In the course of a somewhat varied and extensive preparation for this series of articles your reporter has read enough about war contracts alone to fill a couple of average-sized school histories of the United States. I could tell a story about contracts that would fill this magazine and every word of it be interesting to any person who has at heart the cause that the Legion is championing.

The contract, the visible, tangible document in which Uncle Sam as the party of the first part and the contractor as the party of the second part agreed and stipulated as follows—it is the milk of understanding in the cocoanut of our discussion. I am not going to fill this magazine with a story of the war contract—what it meant and how it came about. But I am going to give the gist of that story in a few hundred words. It is essential to a proper slant on the subject at hand. I will begin by reciting a quotation:

"There is little danger of putting too much emphasis upon the importance of the war contract."

This sentence serves as the text of a chapter in the most exhaustive treatise on the industrial side of the war that has yet been written. This work, comprising four large volumes, is from the pens of Benedict Crowell, former Assistant Secretary of War, and Robert F. Wilson, a former army captain. Though it would be unjust to say that these volumes reveal a conscious tendency toward bias, they do exhibit, in essence, a sympathetic treatment of the subject—a circumstance which lends additional force to any adverse criticism they have to offer.

In normal times all government work is contracted for by competitive bids in which the contractor agrees to do the work for a fixed or lump sum which shall include his profit. This process is sound and economical but it is slow, and when the war came Mr. Crowell says it "would have been fatal to both speed and secrecy" in the procurement of supplies. Therefore, as is permissible by law in the event of a national emergency, competitive lump-sum contracts were abandoned and the government's purchasing agents were instructed to deal directly with producers on a non-competitive basis. This entailed the introduction of the cost-plus contract, hitherto not common to American business. A contractor was given a job to do and was told that the Government would pay all costs plus a percentage of these costs as profit.

Mr. Crowell defends this course on grounds of necessity, caused in part by the incompetence of the old War Department bureaucracy, which he describes as "feudal in character" if not "in antiquity." He is not blind, however, to the "vicious" nature of such contracts which he holds responsible, in part, for the high cost of living. In one of the Crowell-Wilson books this passage occurs:

> Although under the circumstances the cost-plus contract was a necessity and its advantages were many, nevertheless the form was endowed with an inherent weakness most difficult to overcome. In a lump-sum contract the profit of the contractor increased as he was able to keep down his costs. . . . In the cost-plus contract of the simplest form it was just the other way. The higher a producer's costs, the greater his profits. . . . There was no question that the elementary form of cost-plus war contract in the early months of the war added considerable impetus to the procession of higher costs of living, higher wages and higher costs again in the vicious circle.

Notwithstanding the "many" advantages possessed by this form of contract, when War Department officials began to realize what it was letting the taxpayers in for they strove to extricate the Government from its unfavorable position. An interdepartmental conference of bureau chiefs convened to discuss measures.

> This contract [writes Mr. Crowell] was vicious in principle and the conference did not approve of it. Meanwhile various contracting officers of the Government had been improving the cost-plus contract with provisions which either removed the tendency for the contractor to increase his costs or added inducements to him to keep his costs down. One of these improvements was a cost-plus form providing for a fixed profit to the contractor, regardless of what his costs might be. This form removed the incentive to increase costs. A still further refinement made it of material advantage to a contractor to keep costs down and penalized the man who was careless about costs. In this form the Government agreed to pay all costs and a fixed profit, but the contract also fixed in advance an estimated unit price for the product, this price being known as "bogey," a term borrowed from the ancient and honorable game of golf. . . . The conference approved both these forms.

Time went on and in September, 1918, the Superior Board of Contract Review promulgated twenty-four "standard contract provisions," all designed to protect the Government in its contractural relations with the industries that were provisioning the Army. These came too late to do much good, however, though, as Mr. Crowell states, "most of their requirements in substance had been written into the war contracts previously drawn." In fact, hundreds of contracts were reopened expressly for the insertion of the "substance" if not the exact terminology of these provisions.

One gains the impression not only from Mr. Crowell's unofficial history, but from the official reports on the subject as well that these corrective measures retrieved the situation somewhat and saved the public a lot of money. Doubtless there are instances where they did tend to curb rapacious contractors. But there are also instances where they failed; where they did not decrease costs, but enlarged them—or such is the contention, backed by documentary evidence, that is brought forth by the skilled investigators who are now re-examining war contracts. In these articles we shall cite specific examples in which government experts claim that the "bogey" form of contract actually enlarged the profits of contractors. We shall cite examples in which the Government now claims the "standard contract provisions" of September, 1918, did the same.

The cost-plus system is admitted to

COLONEL JOHN A. HULL

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MOST important among recent developments in the war-fraud situation is the announcement of the Secretary of War that Colonel John A. Hull of the Adjutant General's office has been detailed as executive officer in charge of all work bearing on contract audits. This action has been taken, Mr. Weeks said, not only in order to prosecute those guilty of criminality in their dealings with the Government, but also to clear many honest and loyal contractors who have come under suspicion.

Colonel Hull is not without experience with war contracts. He was vice-chairman of the claims board and as such lent his assent to numerous settlements by that board the fairness of which, from the Government's point of view, already has been questioned. His new office will find Colonel Hull in the situation of one sitting in judgment over some of his own acts, or over the acts of an organization of which he was for a time a responsible part. Yet the knowledge, the experience and the ability which Colonel Hull will carry to his new task can be of invaluable service to the public. Regarded in that light, perhaps no officer of the Army is better qualified to act in this matter than he.

Colonel Hull has a difficult task, but not an impossible one by any means—and he has a chance to make a name for himself such as does not come to every Army officer in peace times.

have been a mistake. It has been called the "greatest economic mistake of the war." Among others, Major General George W. Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal, opposed it from the start. He questioned the necessity argument, and pointed to the extravagance that would ensue. His words were unheeded, but before the war was six months old their wisdom had become apparent. The Government struggled to extricate itself, but with indifferent success. As a general thing profits to contractors were not materially diminished during the progress of the war and often they were increased. There are instances in which profits were decreased, sometimes at the contractor's instigation, as we shall show in other articles.

False Teeth and Oil Paintings

MR. CROWELL relates that early in the war the cost-plus contract was officially characterized as "vicious," but he ventures no particulars. That part of the story has since come out, and is still coming out, by slow but sure degrees. The means by which contractors were able to increase costs and thus augment their profits are as varied as the operations of the human mind itself. To find cigars, expensive dinners, tickets to amusements and entertainments added to the cost of building factories or producing airplanes is a common experience for the investigators. Charges for false teeth, loving cups, wearing apparel and oil paintings have been discovered more rarely.

The case is reported of a contractor who had orders running into millions. In his cost figures appeared an item concerning a pamphlet distributed among employes for the purpose of boosting morale. An investigation of that item disclosed these facts, according to an investigator's story: The pamphlet contained the picture of an official of the company. A photograph costing a dollar would have sufficed for the engraving. The official, however, sent for a famous portrait painter and had him make a portrait that cost $4,500, which Uncle Sam paid as a part of production costs—and on top of that he paid a stipulated percent as contractor's profit. The names in this case are withheld at the request of a government official.

Where Fraud Was Unnecessary

FALSE teeth, loving cups and even $4,500 portraits are petty matters, however. If guaranteed strict economy elsewhere the Government could have afforded to present all three to every contractor in its service. They are cited here merely as indicative of the loose system which admitted of other and greater losses. They are straws in the wind. So lax were the Government's methods, so great the war-time confusion and the inexperience of the Government's agents, that once the cost-plus system had been established it seldom was necessary for a contractor to resort to fraud or concealment to add to his profits.

Reviewing officials are aghast at the terms of the contracts themselves, and this applies to contracts executed in the last weeks of the war as well as in the early days. They assert that contracts commonly contained provisions so outrageously unfair to the Government as to have no standing in law. Scores of contractors will be sued on these grounds, if present plans proceed without a hitch. Criminal actions will be comparatively few. Granted, for sake of illustration, that contractors as a class were the biggest crooks on earth—the opposite being true, of course—there was no incentive for them to stoop to crookedness to enrich themselves because they could do so without it.

So much for a brief review of the phenomenon popularly referred to as "the mobilization of industry," and so much, more particularly, for the recruiting sergeant of that operation—the war contract. Thus far we have dealt in generalities, in odds and ends—a word about this and a paragraph about that, rather without head or tail, just to give a rough picture of the thing. Now let us come down to a specific concrete example and see how this cost-plus contract we have been talking about actually worked out in practice—in one case, anyway.

The Marlin-Rockwell Episode

THE Ordnance Department of the Army wanted to get bombs loaded. It took the matter up with the Marlin-Rockwell Corporation of New Haven, Connecticut, an old established firm of arms manufacturers which already had contracts running into many, many millions. The Marlin-Rockwell Corporation agreed to take the job on from the ground up. It agreed to design and build a plant and load the bombs. It organized a new company for that purpose and called it the Marlin-Rockwell Loading Company. The new company was incorporated expressly for the performance of the bomb-loading contract, which was executed on May 23, 1918. This contract is exceptional in that it covers both the construction and the operation of the loading plant.

The cost of the plant was estimated in the contract to be between $1,250,000 and $1,500,000, depending on the kind of explosive used. It was to be partly ready for operation "on or about" three months after the date of the contract, and entirely ready six months after the Ordnance Department had settled on the type of explosive for the bombs. The contractor was not required to advance over $125,000 of his own funds, and was to get six percent interest on any money he advanced. The Government was to pay for designing, building and equipping the plant and to pay to the contractor ten percent in addition to the cost thereof. That was to be his profit before any bombs were loaded. These and other stipulations comprised the contractor's insurance against the war's ending before the plant was ready for operation. Not all contractors had their nests so well feathered in this particular.

When production started the contractor was to draw on Uncle Sam to pay all operating costs and get a ten percent profit on these costs besides. After a certain number of bombs had been loaded satisfactorily there was to be a bonus that would have increased the contractor's operating profits to fifteen percent.

No bombs were ever loaded, though. The construction program was so messed up and delayed that the little ceremony which the company had planned to mark the breaking of ground for the first building of the plant group was rather eclipsed by a more general celebration that took place on the same day, which happened to be November 11, 1918. Still, without the first plant building even started, the company had expended not $1,500,000, which was the outside estimate of what the plant originally was to cost, but actually in excess of $4,000,000. Later estimates on the cost of the completed plant run from $6,500,000 to $10,000,000. A vice-president of the company registered a calculation of $8,500,000. He attributed the delay and increased cost to changes in specifications for the bombs.

A Straight Ten Percent Profit

WHATEVER the cost, the Government had obligated itself to pay out a straight ten percent as contractor's profits. Nominally this ten percent was paid to the Marlin-Rockwell Loading Company, constructors under the contract. The loading company soon found itself beyond its depth, however, and employed the Fred T. Ley Company, builders, to erect the plant. It agreed to split with Ley the ten percent fee on a 6¾-3¼ basis, the loading company taking the big end.

What the Ley company undertook to do to earn its money is clear. It undertook to build the plant, which it was willing to do for three and one-quarter percent of cost. What the Marlin-Rockwell company did to earn more than twice what was paid the Ley company, however, is not so clear. In October of 1918 the Secretary of War sent Major Clair Foster to the scene of operations to make a special investigation of the causes of delay. Major Foster reported that the Government was paying the Marlin-Rockwell company six and three-quarters percent "for doing absolutely nothing." Major Foster, who has returned to civil life, is an experienced building engineer.

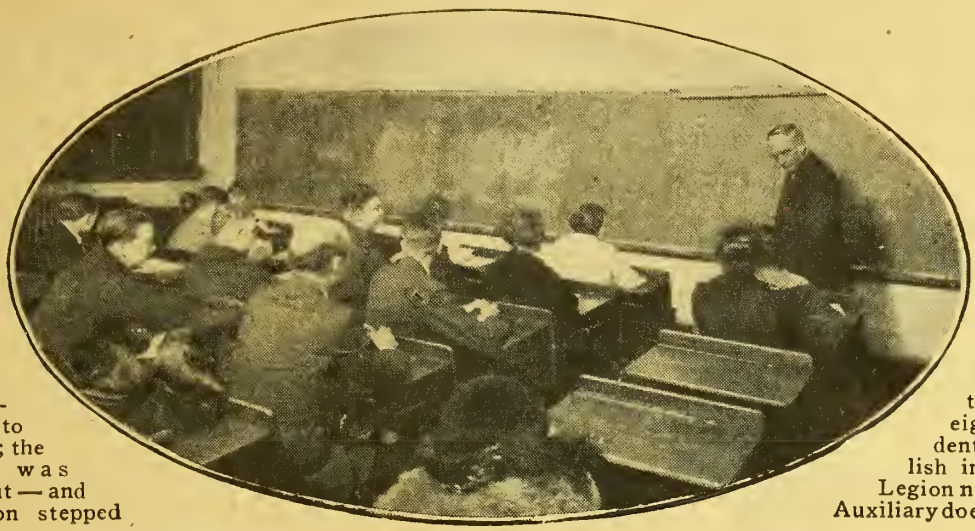
The Marlin-Rockwell contracts have not yet been reaudited by the War Department, and the Weekly was unable to learn by independent research how much in profits actually was paid to that company and to the Ley company. A little over $4,000,000 was expended. Ten percent of this would be $400,000. By a 6¾-3¼ split Marlin-Rockwell would get $270,000 and the Ley company, which did the work, $130,000. Available data indicates that this is substantially what happened.

Direct from Uncle Sam

AS a matter of fact, the Marlin-Rockwell Company started in collecting a full ten percent "for doing absolutely nothing," as Major Foster says, and continued to collect that sum until stopped by an army disbursing officer. The Rockwell company was paying the Ley company three and one-quarter percent all right, but it did not come out of their ten percent. It came out of Uncle Sam's wallet direct. So for a while the job was actually costing the Government 13¼ percent. Eventually the total fee was reduced to ten percent, out of which the Ley company was paid, and the Marlin-Rockwell company refunded what had been paid in excess of ten percent.

In 1919 the Graham committee of the House of Representatives tried to

(*Continued on page* 29)



Logansport, Indiana, had a lighthouse dedicated to American ideals; the light waned, was about to go out — and then the Legion stepped in. This picture shows foreign-born residents learning English in The American Legion night school. The Auxiliary does its share of help

The Beacon *on* Illiteracy Ledge

Women students engaged in the fascinating pursuit of the calory and the vitamine

FOR ten years the night schools of Logansport, Indiana, had been a civic lighthouse. For ten years men had come out of the big railroad shops at evening, grimy in overalls, hands and faces smudged with oil and grease, but with an inner ambition which grime and grease could not repress. They spread to their homes on either side of the wide Wabash and emerged in the transformation of pressed suits, shirts and collars several hours later, at about that time of evening when a good part of Logansport was starting for its motion-picture theaters. But when the theater orchestras were playing their overtures, these ambitious men from the railroad shops were not in the comfortable playhouse seats. They were streaming through the doors of the high school building to find less comfortable seats in classrooms or to put on overalls once more and take their places at lathes or in the laboratories.

By their sides studied men who during the day stood in the cages at the banks or worked in Logansport's busy stores. And of those who came, men and women, there were many who found the night school the threshold of American life. They had entered as strangers short years or even months before and had been too busy earning a living to learn well the language Americans speak, the customs Americans follow, the traditions which are the national inheritance of those who have had an American childhood. They came year after year, finding in the varied courses the ladder to that understanding of things which enabled them to obtain more secure places in American society, to rear their growing families or to found new families with an assurance which their less ambitious native countrymen lacked.

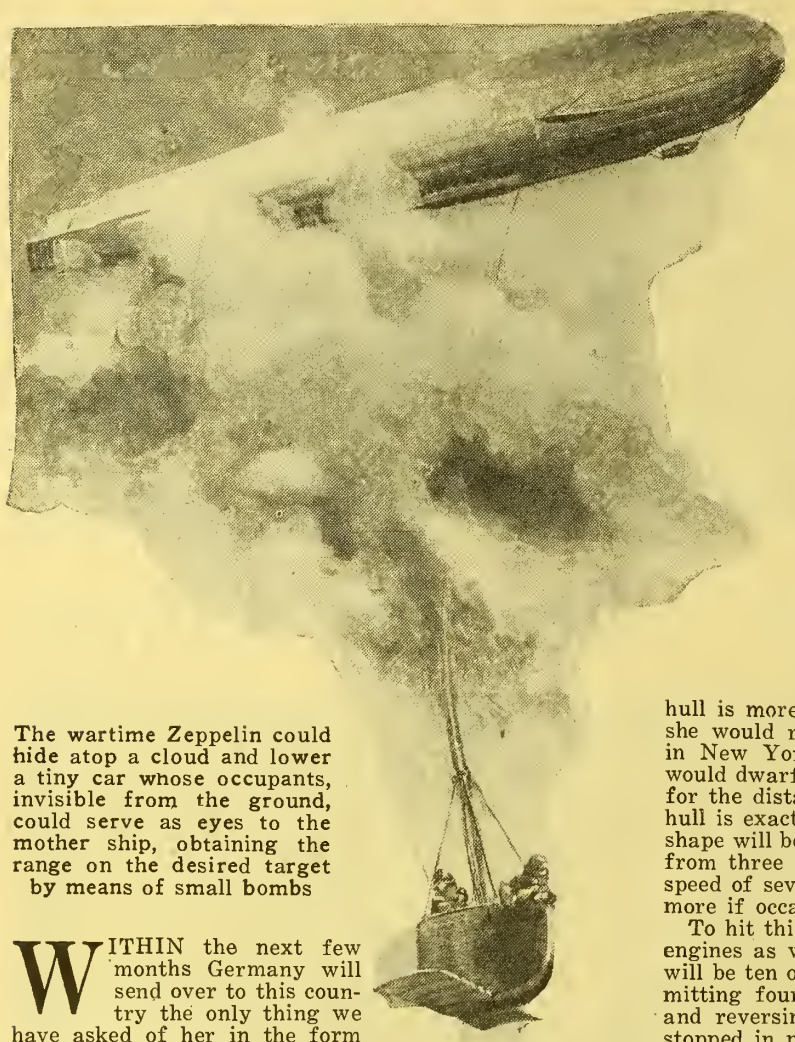
So it happened that in ten years the night school had come to mean much to Logansport. But a cloud had been gathering. School officials and tax officials had been striving to solve the problem of making stationary school income meet rising expenditures, and one day late last year the problem seemed beyond solution. The cloud thickened and threatened to blot out the night school. Curtailments must be made. The funds to conduct the night school for the winter term could not be found. Regretfully, school officials decided there should be no night school. There was no money for teachers' salaries.

Public spirit seemed at low ebb in Logansport at this time. The long-drawn-out railroad strike had left a depressing wake of distrust among the shopmen. Hundreds of the foreign-born who struck had left the city and in their places were more recent immigrants of more varied nationality. The placidity of a well-adjusted community was supplanted by a period of comparative uncertainty. The newcomers in the shops were under observation. Never did it seem that the night courses were more needed.

(*Continued on page 26*)

Coming:

By Howard Mingos



The wartime Zeppelin could hide atop a cloud and lower a tiny car whose occupants, invisible from the ground, could serve as eyes to the mother ship, obtaining the range on the desired target by means of small bombs

WITHIN the next few months Germany will send over to this country the only thing we have asked of her in the form of reparations—her latest Zeppelin rigid airship, now being completed at Friedrichshaven. Designed solely for the purpose of being turned over to the American Government, the ship has been designated the Z. R.-3, the Z denoting the serial letter assigned by the United States Navy Bureau of Aeronautics and the letter R meaning that it is of rigid type. Except for the name and the Stars and Stripes which will fly from beneath her bow even on the trial flights, the Z. R.-3 is wholly of German design and manufacture—turned out by the same skilled hands that sent a hundred or more Zeppelins over Allied countries during the war.

In this instance, however, the craft will not be used for military purposes. She will be, in fact, as unlike the Zeppelin raiders of war days as it is possible to make her and still have a rigid airship. The Z. R.-3 is the very latest creation in aerial passenger ships. And her arrival over American territory, scheduled for mid-summer, is sure to be one of the sensations of the year.

Nothing like the Z. R-3 has ever been launched. Little or nothing has been announced concerning the details of her construction; but now and then a fact or two leaks out from the Zeppelin factory, enough to warrant the assertion of her engineers that when she comes to America this country will possess the most marvelous instrument of transport yet conceived. Aeronautical experts throughout the world say frankly that they hope to learn much when once they are permitted to inspect the craft.

So far only inspectors from our own Navy Department have been permitted inside the factory on the shore of Lake Constance from which the Z. R-3 is scheduled to make her trial flights in May or June. To give her a thorough test her German crew will take her up over the Swiss Alps and back over Berlin, where the American ambassador will conduct the official inspection. Then the same all-German crew, a majority of them veterans of the Kaiser's airship corps in the war, will point her westward and set out on the long flight over France and across the Atlantic, not stopping until her arrival at the naval airship shed at Lakehurst, New Jersey.

Those who gather at Lakehurst to welcome her will be astonished at her size. Measuring 650 feet from nose to tail, the Z. R.-3 will be almost three times larger than any commercial airship yet built. Her elongated, cigar-shaped hull is more than ninety feet in diameter. Standing on end, she would rise almost to the top of the Woolworth Building in New York. Ranged alongside a modern ocean liner she would dwarf it, despite the equal length, because of her height, for the distance from the floor of the cabin to the top of the hull is exactly 101 feet and eight inches. Yet this monstrous shape will be sent cruising all the way from Berlin to America from three to four times faster than the average liner. A speed of seventy or seventy-five miles an hour is looked for—more if occasion should require.

To hit this speed the Z. R-3 will carry nearly twice as many engines as was once thought necessary for dirigibles. There will be ten of them, German Maybachs, each capable of transmitting four hundred horsepower to the whirring propellers and reversing them, if need be, so that the airship may be stopped in mid-air, backed up or turned around.

As yet it has not been decided under just what conditions the Z. R-3 will be operated. The Navy is prepared to keep her on continuous flights. The Army, too, has shown considerable interest, and officials of the Air Service have offered to operate the rigid in training regular and reserve airship crews. The idea has also been suggested that the Z. R.-3 be leased to an operating company, so that American civilian aviation may be benefited by a commercial airship line conducted under a business management for profit. Aviation and transportation men say that once an airship line demonstrates that it can be operated at a profit, and that passengers and freight can be carried reasonably, other companies will enter the field.

Certain it is that the success with which the Z. R.-3 is operated after her arrival here will have a vital influence on the future of commercial aviation in America. Nor is this fact unconnected with our problem of national defence. Military and naval men tell us they know that airships will always be able to handle themselves against airplanes or anti-aircraft batteries. At recent hear-

America's Only Spoils *of* War

ings before Congressional committees American experts stated that airships under present conditions can ascend 26,000 feet, and that it will not be long before they can rise to 30,000 feet—more than five miles above the earth. It is planned ultimately to have airships each equipped to carry a regiment from coast to coast in, say, thirty hours; experts maintain it is even now possible to build a ship to carry a thousand men. Experiments are being conducted quietly into the practicability of having airships carry airplanes which would land and depart from the larger craft, thereby making it possible for the airship to remain in the air throughout its journey while the planes dropped off here and there en route to deliver passengers or freight. There will be interesting developments along this line when the rigids start operating.

Before the war the United States did not go in for lighter-than-air development. Nor did any of the nations except Germany, for that matter, though all were familiar with balloons and the smaller semi-rigid and non-rigid types. Germany had enjoyed practically a clear field since Count Zeppelin launched his first ship in 1908. Supported by the German people and later by the government, Zeppelin experimented continuously with materials which he put into ships of increasing size, until years before the war his organization was operating commercial passenger service throughout the empire.

During the war eighty-eight Zeppelins were built and operated against the enemy. Two other airship companies contributed thirty more. Methods of construction and fabrication had by this time been greatly improved. While Great Britain was building rigids from the L-33 Zeppelin brought down in England, the Germans were using an ingenious method for evading searchlights and other means of detection. They had invented a small hollow cable of aluminum alloy known as duralumin which, incidentally, comprises the light but strong framework of all airships. Taking a stretch of this cable about six-tenths of a mile long, they wound it on a windlass attached to the Zeppelin raider. On the free end they hung a small car about eight feet long, with stabilizing fins and rudder controlled like an airplane. In this car they placed navigating instruments, telephones and other equipment. In it rode the armament officer of the Zeppelin.

Setting out on a raid, if the craft encountered atmospheric conditions which enabled it to reach its objective without being seen by the enemy, the Zeppelin would then remain out of sight in a cloud bank, or at least high enough to avoid detection. The car, with the officer in it, would be lowered through the clouds to a point just below them and near enough to enable him to scan the target and secure the range with tiny bombs. Immediately on securing the range he would signal through the wiring which ran up the hollow cable, and the bomb dropping began. There was little chance of the observation car being seen, while the great craft above easily maneuvered out of sight.

When France captured the L-49 Zeppelin intact several copies of her plans and specifications were made and distributed to all the Allies. The Germans, meanwhile, sent into Africa a rigid far better equipped than her predecessors. In September, 1917, the Kaiser's commander in German East Africa sent word to Berlin that unless he received supplies of machine-gun bullets, medicine and clothing, he could not hold out against the British advance. With deep secrecy the German admiralty planned with Count Zeppelin a super-airship to go to the relief of the colonial troops. It was built in four weeks. The Kaiser himself ordered a general of infantry to take a few weeks' training and then pilot the new ship on a trial flight. The general did as he was told, but he encountered a storm and damaged the craft so badly that it had to be destroyed to prevent the secret construction's becoming known. Another one, an exact copy of the first, was built and launched in two weeks. It was the L-59. After many strange adventures the infantry general set out from Jambol, Bulgaria, to relieve the colonials and, as he knew by the orders in his pocket, to take over the command and save the East African possessions.

The L-59 was so constructed that if there was not enough fuel remaining to bring it back to Germany, 250 feet of the rear framework could be set up as a wireless tower. The outer envelope of light duck canvas was laced on in squares so that if the ship remained in the colonies each square could be set up as a tent for the soldiers. The gas bags were marked in patterns to be made into uniforms. The tail structure, rudders, elevators and fins were so designed that they could be taken off and made into a great warehouse supported by parts of the duralumin skeleton of the ship, which was nearly a hundred feet longer than the Z. R.-3 coming to America. The gondolas housing the engines could be detached and used as motor launches.

The ship carried a crew of twenty-one, nearly the same number who will do the heavy work on the Z. R.-3. She carried twenty-one tons of gasoline as fuel for the engines. Nine tons of ma-

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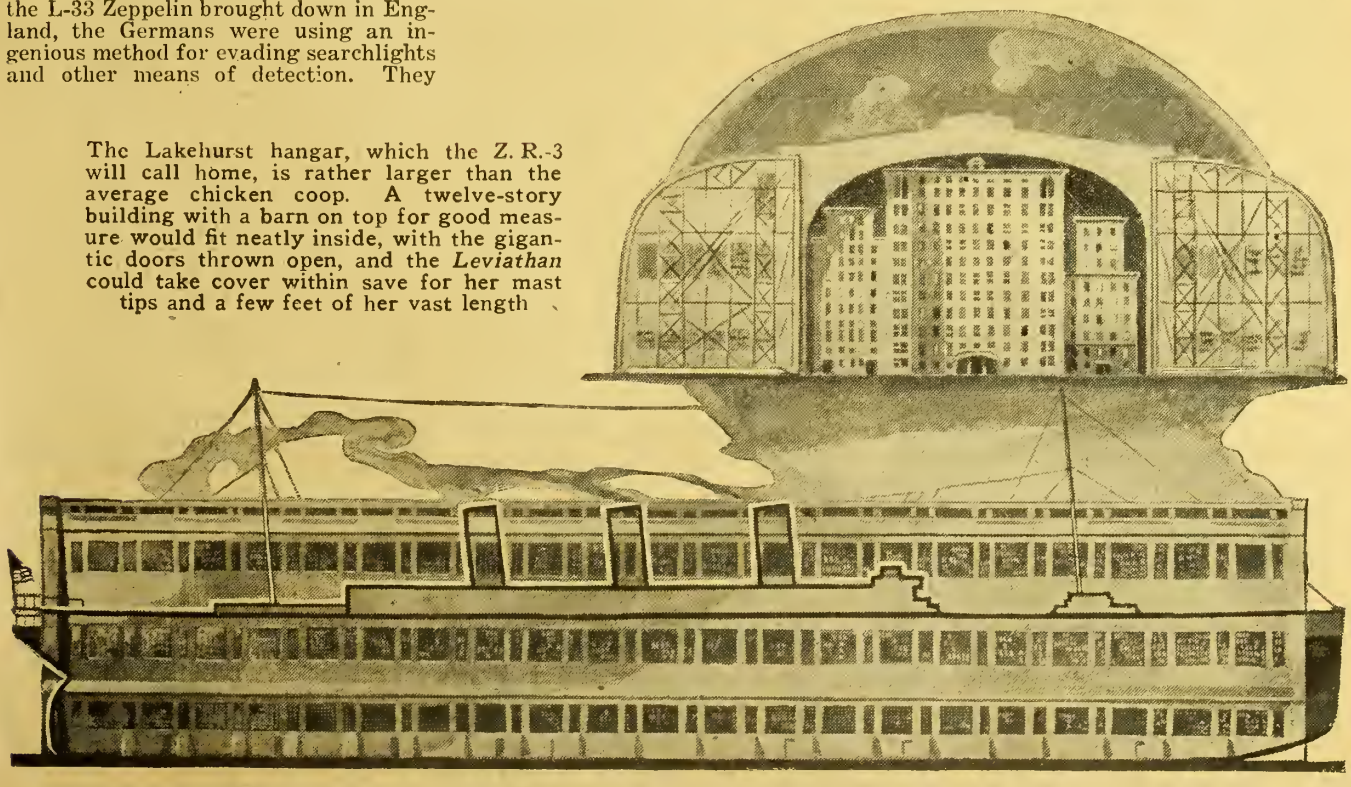


The Lakehurst hangar, which the Z. R.-3 will call home, is rather larger than the average chicken coop. A twelve-story building with a barn on top for good measure would fit neatly inside, with the gigantic doors thrown open, and the *Leviathan* could take cover within save for her mast tips and a few feet of her vast length

EDITORIAL

For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—*Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.*

For Mutual Helpfulness

(*See statement by National Adjutant Lemuel Bolles on page* 21.)

EVERY Legionnaire and post, every Auxiliary member and unit, has a direct share in the national work which the Legion and the Auxiliary are carrying on to help our sick and disabled comrades, in and out of hospitals. When the Legion and Auxiliary, after months of ceaseless effort, induced Congress in the closing hours of its recent session to adopt amendments to the Sweet Bill, which will be of incalculable benefit to thousands of men and women suffering handicaps as the result of their World War service, the credit was shared by posts everywhere. It was the Legion's systematized national effort which enabled it to set up and maintain within the organization a system to safeguard the interests of the disabled, to detect defects in existing laws and to devise remedies, at the same time assisting thousands and thousands of individual service men to obtain an adjustment of their claims.

The service and rehabilitation agencies of the Legion cover the whole country. At Washington the Legion has an office in constant and close touch with headquarters of the Veterans Bureau. At each of the fourteen regional branch offices of the Bureau scattered throughout the country, an expert representing the Legion champions the cause of justice. At National Headquarters of the Legion, in the central office of the Legion's service division, thousands of applicants are given assistance yearly.

The Legion has professed repeatedly that aid to the sick and disabled is its foremost obligation, and it has lived up to that profession. Practically every law that has been passed for benefit of the disabled veteran has been initiated by the Legion and enacted through its efforts. The Legion has forced the adoption of adequate hospital construction and vocational training programs. It has procured a scale of compensation payments for disability which enables the helpless service man to remain a self-respecting member of society. It has procured a liberalization of government insurance laws and regulations benefiting three-quarters of a million policy holders.

All this it has accomplished by united effort—by teamwork. Now it is confronted by a new test of teamwork. To carry on its vast mutual activities, money is needed. Large and generous donations have lightened the financial burden, but to insure a continuance of effort there must be additional funds. To obtain these funds, the National Executive Committee has authorized a poppy-selling campaign to be conducted throughout the Legion before Memorial Day.

The National Executive Committee has set a task which calls for the highest expression of loyalty on the part of the whole Legion. The need of funds is unquestioned and imperative. The obligation to raise those funds is shared by every post and every department. Elsewhere in this issue is a description of the plan of the poppy-selling campaign. It affords a special incentive to every post to do its share, as each post will retain the greater part of the money it raises, but even if this incentive were lacking the duty to assist in this national effort would still remain. Loyalty to the Legion, devotion to that mutual helpfulness pledged by the Preamble to the Constitution, call upon each post to do all it can.

Montana and the Japanese

THE Japanese problem is generally considered elsewhere in the country as a Pacific Coast question exclusively. Yet the Montana Legislature has just passed a bill providing that aliens ineligible to citizenship will not be allowed to buy or lease property in that State—which bill, by the way, was written and sponsored by the Montana department of The American Legion.

Montana is not exactly in New England, to be sure, but neither is it on the Pacific Coast. From Kalispell to the nearest salt water at Seattle is farther than from Philadelphia to Cleveland, and Cleveland is not generally regarded as an Atlantic port.

It may be argued that Montana really has no Japanese problem, that the chance incursion there of one or two innocent Nipponese has raised a phobia that is largely a shadow cast from California and Washington. In that case it is doubtful whether the bill described would have passed the Montana Senate by a vote of fifty to two and the House without a dissenting voice. State Legislatures do not display such singleness of opinion toward a mere child's bugaboo.

The Japanese problem is not a local issue. It is national.

Settled

WE used to wonder, those of us who were A. E. F.-ers, just how many of the little ladies we met overseas actually meant what they said. They had a little habit of voicing such singularly nice and comforting sentiments. There were times—moments of weakness—when we wondered if Colette and Franchette and Madelon and all the rest really were "sincere." It was difficult to believe that we—clever, dashing and handsome though we unquestionably were—were worthy of all the dainty verbal tidbits that were handed to us.

We wondered. Now we know. After all these years the truth is out. Those girls of France really *did* like us. Vraiment!

The other day *Eve*, a famous French weekly, put the following question to its readers: "From what country (eliminating France) would you choose your husband?" Nearly 20,000 replies were received; and, O mes braves Américains, those girls were pro-American. Nearly 14,000 of them came right out flat and said (in more cultured language), "Gimme a Yank!"

And we were once filled with doubts!

The only indication of warlike intentions on Germany's part noted to date is the report that Grover Cleveland Bergdoll has left there.

The Belgian Government is today supporting 18,800 war orphans. Of these 8,900 are children of Belgian civilians shot by the Germans, according to Belgian officials. The Belgian troops now in Germany have been accused of being somewhat harsh. Possibly they have not been as gentle and considerate as, under different circumstance, they might be. The marvel probably is, however, that, possessing memories, they have been merely "somewhat harsh."

Vital statistics from the Department of Labor: Of 12,096 families whose annual furniture expenditures were studied, 21.2 percent buy chairs, 18.5 percent bedsteads, and eight-tenths of one percent hatracks. Carried to its relentless mathematical conclusion, reports Private Cognac Lew Owen, late 165th Infantry, the dope seems to be that twenty-five out of every twenty-six persons sit down with their hats on and twenty-two out of every twenty-three go to bed that way.

Your Home Town

Making the Waste Places Bloom

By Harold S. Buttenheim
Editor, The American City Magazine

IT is not simply beets and potatoes, and corn and string beans, that one raises in his well-hoed garden: it is the average of human life.

Charles Dudley Warner

"HELLO, Hello! Hometown?" "Yes. Who's talking?" "This is Spring—Spring 1923."

"We know that here, too. We keep a calendar in the city hall."

"Oh, all right, if you want to be funny. I just called up to say if you're going to do anything about school gardens or planting those vacant lots, now's the time to get busy. I'm sending some warm winds your way and expect to have the ground ready in a week or two."

"Say, Spring, you mean well, but look here, we've got a few other things to do here. We—"

"Sorry, Hometown, but I have to call up about ten thousand other towns. No spring gardens, no summer vegetables. Good-by!"

Back in war days we learned much about ourselves and our country. Among other things we learned that whereas we had thought ourselves a pretty smart, industrious lot of people, we were making a practice of throwing away annually several millions of dollars either because we were too stupid to see or too lazy to use opportunities that lay right under our noses. Often enough we walked over those opportunities every day. Never saw them! The National War Garden Commission proved that. Charles Lathrop Pack, who was its president, referring to the vacant lots lying idle in all of our cities and villages, said, "The area of these vacant lots is amazing. Two years of successful campaign for war gardens have disclosed that this available land possesses vast possibilities for food production if properly mobilized. There is probably no community in the United States which did not have at least fifty acres of slacker land within its borders before war gardens began to thrive." In 1918, Mr. Pack states, "backyard gardens and land previously untilled yielded a food supply estimated by the National War Garden Commission, after careful survey, as having a market value of $520,000,000. This yield was produced on 5,285,000 war gardens."

Now, $520,000,000 is a good deal of money even in these days when we all love to talk in big figures, and perhaps it would be worth while to save at least half of it even in peacetime. Some of the individual cities kept careful record of what the gardens meant to them in dollars and cents. Denver, in 1917, figured it had raised more than $2,000,000 worth of vegetables and other food products in its war gardens. Norfolk, Virginia, in one year produced $70,000 worth of vegetables and other foodstuffs. But it wasn't only the money return that impressed that city. They had between 1,200 and 1,500 gardens, and these gardens were so good to look at that the following year the Commission on Beautifying the City of Norfolk prepared to quadruple the work in order to increase the beauty of the city as well as the food supply.

Philadelphia can boast that it did not have to wait for the war to open its eyes to the value of vacant-lot gardening. For more than twenty-five years the city has had a Vacant Lots' Cultivation Association. Applications for gardens are received constantly and placed on a long waiting list. Requests come from young and old, in all lines of work. This association publishes an annual report.

Besides its contribution to the food supply and the beautification of cities, the war garden experiment proved that the employment of adults and children in this work helped improve the quality of citizenship. It is healthy, outdoor work of a muscle-developing kind. It calls for persistent effort, for seeing a thing through. When groups of children are working together in group gardens the task develops respect for the rights of others, the very foundation of good citizenship. It has shown its value as an aid in the prevention of juvenile delinquency. Boys so often come into court simply because they have been looking for something interesting to do and haven't found the right thing.

This recalls the fact that Dayton, Ohio, is another city that saw the light before the war. Back in 1897 the "Boys' Gardens" were started in the south part of the city. This section was known as Slidertown and, to quote from one of the boy presidents of what later became known as the Boys' Garden Company:

"People said that all bad things slid down there. They had the graveyard, the pest house, and a lot of bad boys. These boys threw stones and broke windows. They ran across yards and tore up flowers and broke down fences. They smoked, called people names, and swore. It was so bad that nobody wanted to live there. If the boys were only at work they would not be doing these things, people said. So the ground was plowed and the boys put to work. At first they laughed about it. But when the sprouts came they were glad. Then the plants grew up. Later on the vegetables came. The boys liked it now and they told others about it. Soon forty boys were at work."

Nature had beaten them. That love of growing things that is born in everyone and the fascination of watching the maturing of the work of one's own hands had proved more powerful as a force for law and order than a dozen policemen.

"The neighborhood," adds the boy-president, "is now called South Park, instead of Slidertown. People like to live there."

Dr. P. P. Claxton, former United States Commissioner of Education, at one time suggested a teacher of gardening for every hundred children between the ages of nine and sixteen. Another educator has suggested that the city gardener be made a part of the school system. In this connection it is well to bear in mind that children's gardens, to be successful, need the assistance of a paid or voluntary garden supervisor who knows how to direct garden operations. In some cities children's gardens have been run in connection with the parks and under supervision provided by the park commissioners. Prizes for the best gardens will help stimulate interest and keep it up during the hot summer months when gardening zeal, as well as other zeals, is apt to flag.

In almost every city and village there are groups ready to co-operate in promoting the garden project. Among them are the chambers of commerce, civic associations, women's clubs, garden clubs and the real-estate men. Don't forget these last. More and more real-estate men are using the term "Garden City" in advertising lots and houses for sale. It has a very fetching quality—sounds like the kind of place anyone would like to live in. Not every town that uses the name has a moral right to it, but if we can't plan our cities so that every home has a garden, perhaps the term "Garden City" might be awarded to the town that turns all its vacant lots into gardens and makes two tomatoes grow on every spot where one grew before.

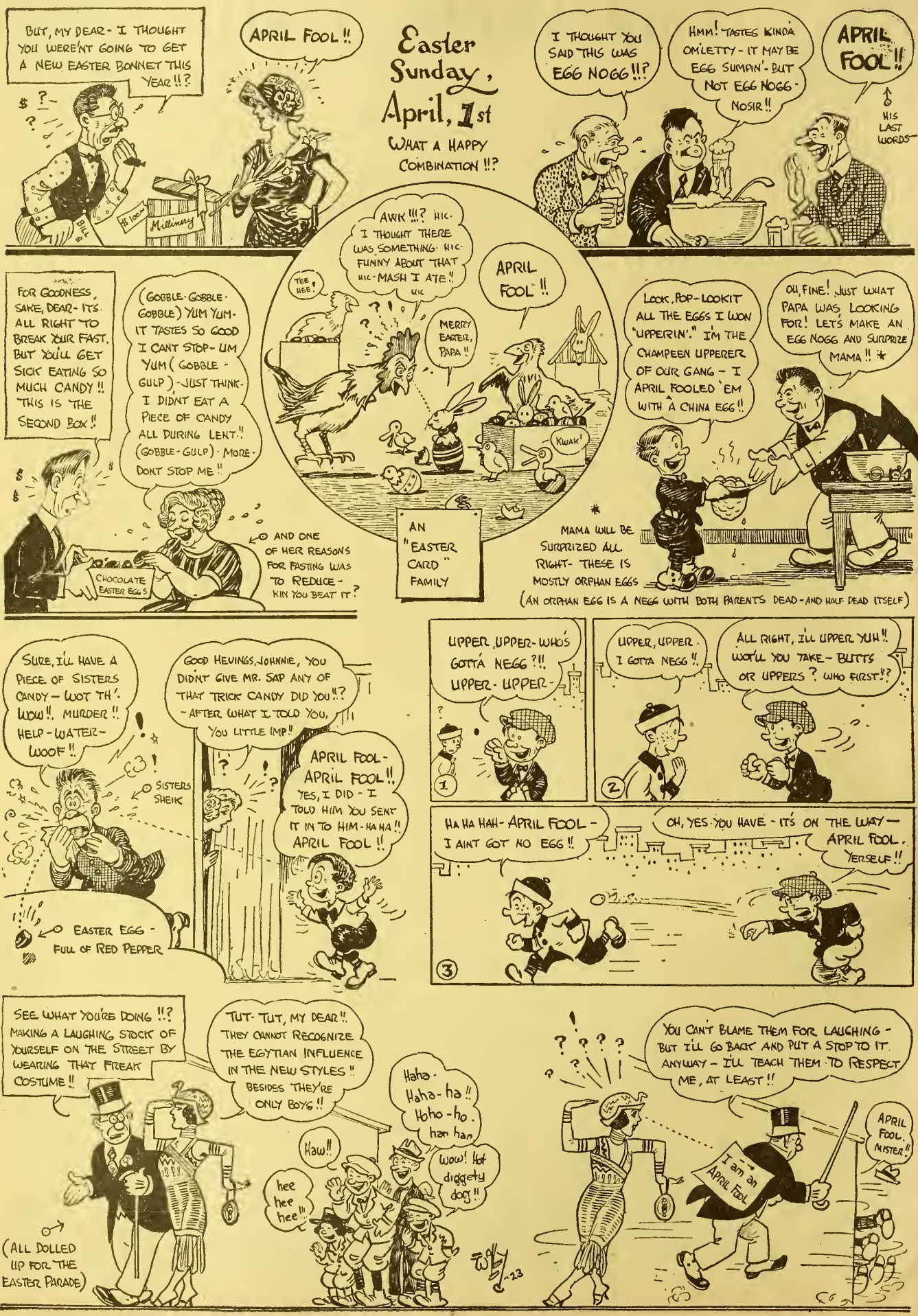
"But," someone will say, "how about those vacant lots? You can't just go and take them."

No, but you can ask for them. The fact that the movement has grown so tremendously indicates that there are a lot of vacant-lot owners who are willing to permit the use of their land for the cultivation of gardens. It is largely a matter of publicity. Usually several appeals in the local papers will bring the desired results. One New Jersey paper printed the question "Have You Offered Your Vacant Lot Yet?" every day during the month of April, and gave reasons for doing so and the address of the committee in charge. The Jamestown (New York) Chamber of Commerce printed several pages with illustrations in its bulletin. One of the legends used was: "Help make Jamestown a city of gardens. Let someone use that vacant lot of yours."

Another point worth noting is that, where community gardens are possible, they promote neighborliness and, particularly among immigrants who have come from agricultural districts in Europe, a sense of "belonging."

Just a Coincidence

By Wallgren



Another Gain *for the* Disabled

The Record of the Last Session of the 67th Congress in Veteran Legislation

By Edward McE. Lewis

THE fourth and last session of the 67th Congress, which came to an end March 4th, lasted only three months, yet it enacted a number of laws of benefit to veterans of the World War adoption of which The American Legion had urged through its National Legislative Committee. The outstanding accomplishment, the passage of the new Sweet Bill, which amends the War Risk Insurance Act, should bring direct benefit to from 15,000 to 20,000 disabled veterans whose disabilities, suffered in the service, had not yet been recognized by law.

The Congress which has just gone back home went into the November elections with a Republican majority of 167 in the lower House and one of 22 in the Senate. Its members had on the whole been sympathetic in their attitude toward new laws for the veterans—in fact, they had very nearly passed the Adjusted Compensation Bill over President Harding's veto. But the Congress which came out of the elections was a changed body of men, although practically identical in personnel. With few exceptions that personnel had striven for re-election. The feared yet hardly anticipated change in public sentiment had arrived, and 152 of them were swept out of office, leaving a bare Republican majority of fifteen in the lower House. Under the law these representatives did not lose their seats until March 4th, continuing during the interval in positions where they could mould the destiny of much legislation of vital interest to the service man.

With some notable exceptions, these lame ducks lost their zeal for veteran legislation. Many whispered to each other what they failed to declare openly, "The soldier vote beat me." They attributed (whether rightly or wrongly the writer will not venture an opinion) to the President's veto of the Adjusted Compensation Bill and his veto message an uprising of the young voters and their friends as their only method of expressing the dissatisfaction they felt with the President's action.

A feeling of resentment naturally accompanied this belief. Congressmen are only human, and to forgive is divine. Bills were not reported out of committee with the old alacrity; hearings were difficult and in some cases impossible to obtain, and there was a general lack of elasticity in the cumbersome machinery erected by the law makers at Washington when "soldier legislation" was pressed for action.

The Ship Subsidy Bill complicated matters, but it affected only a few veteran bills in the Senate, where the filibuster against this Administration measure caused an unusually tight legislative jam during the closing days of the session. The House was not concerned with this. Its legislative speed is predicated upon committee rule, and the House can function if its committees want it to. Unfortunately many of the important committee chairmanships were in the hands of Congressmen out of sympathy with the soldier, and the wishes of a majority in the lower body can be effectively defeated, and their efforts set at naught, by committee chairmen so minded, even when a Congress is full of vim and go—qualities which the dying 67th lacked to a marked degree.

But not all retiring legislators proved their concern in the veteran to have been mere lip service. Two legislators at least continued the splendid fight they had uniformly waged in behalf of the soldier, and it was due chiefly to their sympathy, tenacity, and legislative ability that at least 15,000 disabled veterans and their families, many of them now destitute, may receive government aid during the present year through the enactment of the Sweet Bill in the closing hours of the last legislative day.

I refer to Senator Porter J. McCumber of South Dakota, retiring chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and Burton E. Sweet of Iowa, chairman of the House sub-committee which drew the bill bearing his name. Each had been defeated in the senatorial primaries last summer, yet each demonstrated at the eleventh hour his disinterested regard for the veteran.

The Fight for the Sweet Bill

IT had long been realized that serious deficiencies existed in laws affecting the disabled, and the National Legislative Committee had endeavored for more than a year to obtain hearings on two score bills introduced to correct the most glaring of the inequalities. The majority of these had been referred to the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee of the House, where they slumbered peacefully while that committee attended to its routine duties. This is one of the busiest and most important committees in Congress, with sufficient work on its hands to occupy it comfortably were no soldier legislation allotted it. Something had to wait —and the committee decided it should be the disabled, although the National Legislative Committee constantly demanded hearings.

Hearings were finally granted late in January, after the Legislative Committee had urged the creation of a special Congressional committee to handle only veteran legislation. The fear that "soldier legislation" might be taken from them stirred the commerce committee members to action. But through unfamiliarity with the problem, that committee did not report the Sweet Bill until February 24th, leaving only six legislative days remaining in which to get the bill out of the Committee on Rules, voted upon on the floor of the House, sent to the Senate, referred to the Senate Finance Committee, reported out of the Senate Finance Committee, and got off the Senate calendar for action on the floor—legislative proceedings which would ordinarily require several months under the most favorable conditions.

Aided by the National Legislative Committee and Legionnaires in the House, Representative Sweet got the bill up for consideration and with only one day remaining in the session it passed the House unanimously under a suspension of the rules on March 3d. John Thomas Taylor, vice-chairman of the National Legislative Committee, spent that evening with Senator McCumber. He explained the bill section by section and gave the senator a descriptive chart to enable him to analyze it carefully on the Senate floor. The following morning another conference was had, and it was agreed that the legislative jam in the Senate demanded the attempt of a legislative expedient which had not been successful in fifteen years. This was to bring the bill before the Senate without referring it to the powerful Senate Finance Committee and obtain its passage under a unanimous consent agreement without debate.

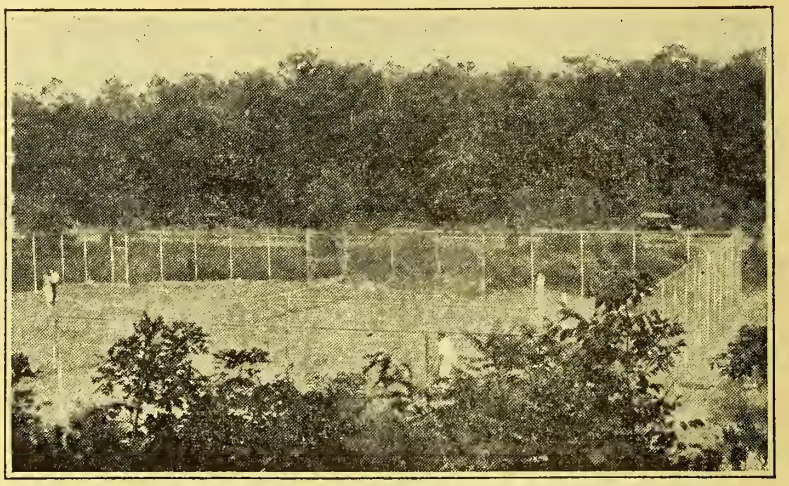
The plan was daring in the extreme. The Senate is the greatest debating body in the world, and it was asking almost too much of human nature to request anti-adjusted compensation senators to refrain from voicing their soul-stirring interest in the disabled soldier when such an unusual opportunity was presented. But the attempt was made. At eleven o'clock, when the Senate convened for its last day's work, Senator McCumber was on his feet, and obtained recognition from Vice-President Coolidge. He explained the bill briefly, and for a moment it looked as if it might pass without objection. But the talking habit was too strongly ingrained in a few senators, and in spite of McCumber's pleas the bill was pushed aside.

Taylor and others from the legislative committee began working another system. Senator after senator was called from the chamber and interviewed, until all seemed satisfied. McCumber meanwhile remained on his feet, and three hours later again obtained recognition from the Vice-President, only to have the bill objected to again. Senator Cummins of Iowa held the floor at this time for consideration of the Alien Property Bill, against which a filibuster had started.

Plans were relaid. Friends of filibustering senators were requested to explain the situation to their militant comrades, and Representative Sweet was summoned from the floor of the House to lay the disabled veterans' case before his fellow Iowan, Senator Cummins. Then the miracle happened. Before the crowded galleries were

(*Continued on page* 22)

Giving Exercise Back *to a* Town



Julius Zanette Post cleared a woods and drained a swamp to build these fine tennis courts in Palisade, N. J.

AT first glance it seemed a boost for the village when it was announced that the new state highway was coming through Palisade, New Jersey. But when the highway came it went not only through Palisade, but straight through the only public tennis courts in town.

Now Palisade real estate is very high in price and still more highly restricted. Not another site for tennis courts could be found in the village aside from that which had become part of the new road. Such was the situation when Julius Zanette Post of Palisade made itself heard in the community.

The post took the task of providing its home town with tennis courts for its own. Five members were chosen as a committee and set forth to find a logical site.

A cry went up when the committee reported. The five supposedly sane men had gone out into a woods, found a swampy spot whereon the water stood six inches deep and agreed that here was the ideal location for new courts. Before the echo of the pained shout had died, the five had their coats and vests off, and so had their seventeen fellow-members of Zanette Post.

Finding a location had been, after all, the easy part of their jobs. Making the courts, they said, would be the hard part—and on that proposition all Palisade agreed. Weeks had rolled by before the villagers began to concede, first to themselves very privately and then to one another, that possibly men having experience with the mud of France might be able to make something like dry land out of a Jersey morass.

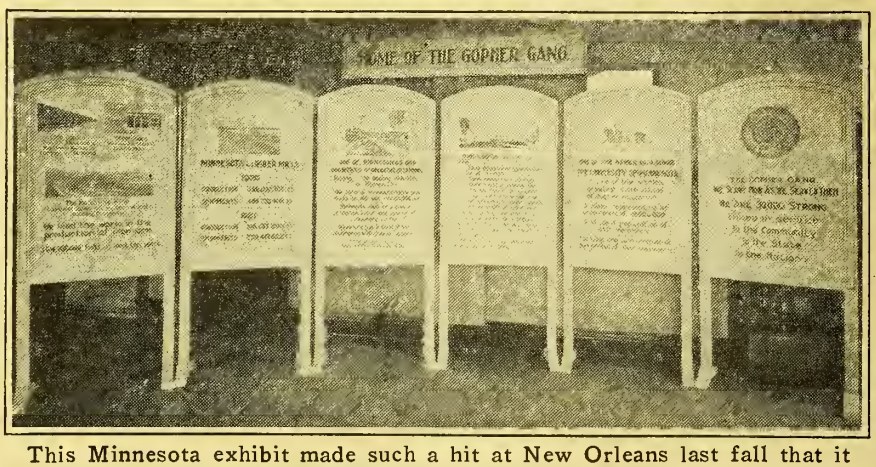
Every week-end the twenty-two veterans turned out. They chopped down the trees, dragged out the stumps, hacked away the underbrush and drained off the water until at last the swamp was dry land and cleared land, at least over the area needed for two courts.

In every other detail the men of the post proved themselves as thorough as in the reclamation of the land itself. They not only had arranged with the owner of the property to use it without charge so long as it remained in his possession, but had obtained his promise that the first chance to buy should be theirs whenever he decided to sell. Moreover, the committee had located clay for surfacing on the same tract only fifty yards away and had also mapped out space for three more tennis courts should the two not be sufficient.

All through the winter of a year ago ashes collected in Palisade were spread over the cleared and drained site to a depth of fifteen inches, and in the spring the courts were surfaced, rolled and re-rolled. When a fence—guaranteed for twenty years—had been built around them they were pronounced the finest in all Bergen County.

The cost was $1,500 — and Julius Zanette Post took care of that, too. A show, a dance and fees from tennis players met the bill. This winter the courts were flooded for skating.

The Gopher Gang Lets *its* Light Shine



This Minnesota exhibit made such a hit at New Orleans last fall that it has been on duty ever since

IN Minnesota they don't believe in hiding their light under a bushel basket. Quite the contrary. The Gopher Gang of Legionnaires are sincere believers in the doctrine that if you want your horn tooted, and tooted right, it's best to toot it yourself. In other words, they know the value of the proper kind of publicity. So when the Minnesota delegation set sail for the New Orleans convention of The American Legion they carried with them a twelve-panel exhibit, six panels of which are illustrated herewith. This exhibit cost $3,000 and was prepared originally with the object of showing the delegates to the Fourth National Convention who had the misfortune to live outside of Minnesota just what they were missing.

The exhibit proved so popular, however, that it has been in continual demand ever since. It has been shown at state and national conventions of various organizations in Minnesota and other States. Wherever it goes it tells of the resources and attractions of the Gopher State and at the same time carries the message that no organization is more earnestly striving for the good of state and nation than The American Legion.

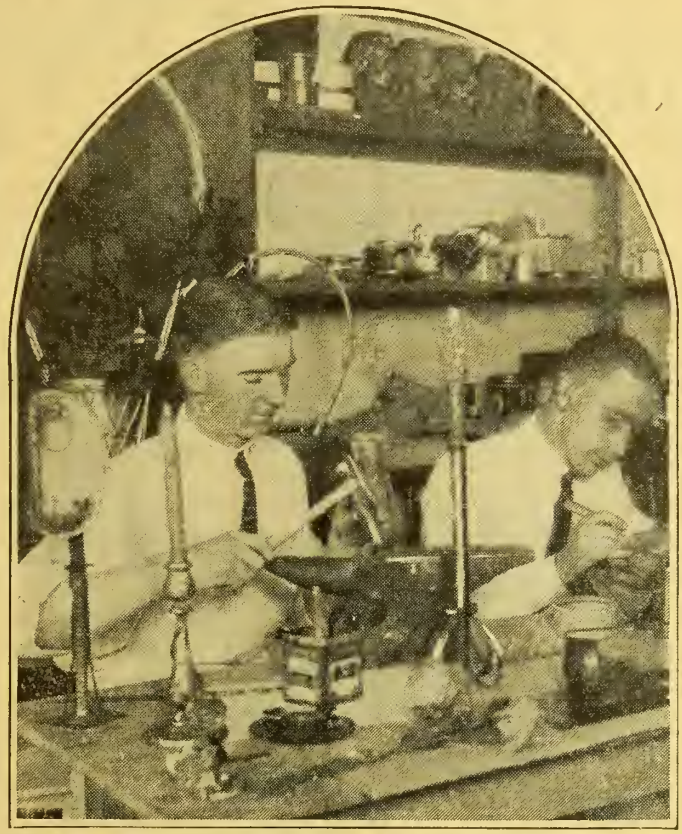
One panel of this unique and effective exhibit suggests the attractions of Minnesota's "ten thousand crystal lakes, wilderness trails through virgin forests, thousands of miles of alluring canoe trails, splendid highways, hotels and summer resorts, tourist camping grounds and fishing that cannot be surpassed." Another panel declares: "Minnesota is spending more than $30,000,000 a year to build and maintain good roads." The exhibit makes clear that Minnesota welcomes new citizens in her "delightfulful empire where the soil is rich, the water pure, the climate ideal—a land where the crops never fail and prosperity reigns supreme."

How *to* Use *a* Moonshine Still

BEATING moonshine stills into craftshop candlesticks and converting empty tomato cans into attractive toys for children, a group of disabled soldiers and nurses are working their way back to health and prosperity at the California Hut, established by philanthropic citizens with the aid of The American Legion in Los Angeles, California.

When the Hut was established last October it was learned that several of the disabled veterans were metal workers. They needed copper to fashion into candle holders, lamp stands, book ends and many other useful things. Judges of the United States District Court in Los Angeles, who were working overtime to clear the bootlegging cases from their calendars, took an inventory of the copper tubing and copper retorts and boilers which had been confiscated in raids on moonshine stills. The amount was considerable. They ordered it turned over to the California Hut. With an adequate supply of metal the boys began work in October.

Several of the craft workers have to carry on their activities at hospitals or in tents far up in the foothills. A dozen work at the Hut practically all the time. There is someone there to sell their goods during business hours, and the shop is enjoying considerable patronage already. Residents of the city who are skillful in some particular craft are unselfishly devoting part of their time to teaching the disabled men and women.



F. L. Huie and Vance Vessell, disabled veterans, making cigar holders, ash trays, candlesticks, and other varieties of useful articles out of copper bootleg stills turned over by the Government to the California Hut at Los Angeles

At present more than one hundred different articles are being offered for sale at reasonable prices. These include such things as woven baskets, hand-carved smoker's sets and cigar boxes, lamps and lamp shades, cigarette cases, hand-painted candy boxes, mufflers, silk and knitted scarves, hand-woven rugs, bird baths, leather hand bags, carved and beaten-metal book ends, all sorts of bead work and paintings.

Among the men who send their work to the Hut for sale is a youth who does two-color photography. A former nurse, who now lives in a tent in the foothills above Pasadena, is transferring the beautiful landscape of that region to canvases which are on sale in the Hut. Money obtained from sales is turned over to the craftsmen.

Sure, *the* Legion Is Co-educational

MOST Legionnaires know that there are quite a bunch of all-women's posts of the Legion. But how about those other women Legionnaires who, for want of a convenient all-women's post, enlist with a men's post? Are they all just button members? Not by a mess kit.

There's Clyde-Bolling Post in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Miss Alice Gray, who had done more than her bit as a nurse at Camp Meade and at the base hospital in Savenay, France, is post commander this year. That honor was conferred upon her not as a gesture of courtesy at the hands of the five hundred members, all but a few of whom are men, but because she had demonstrated her worth as an active Legionnaire. She served the North Carolina department as vice-commander last year.

Commander Gray introduced efficiency at the first meeting at which she presided by arraigning the long-winded spell-binders among the members for trial by mock court-martial on the charge of verbiage with intent to kill. Conviction brought with it a sentence of reasonable silence at future meetings.

Ex-Cpl. Mrs. Ethel W. Temple, United States Marine Corps, has held down the job of adjutant in two different posts. Last year Roy Allen Post of Harrison, Arkansas, made decided strides with her help, and upon her removal to Cotter, Arkansas, the men of Levy-Denton Post immediately elected her to fill the same position.

Miss Alice Gray, commander, Clyde-Bolling Post, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Mrs. Ethel W. Temple, adjutant, Levy-Denton Post, Cotter, Ark.

Your Bit *for the* Buddy Who Stayed

For specimen of form to be used in sending contributions for the Graves Endowment Fund see page 30

THE vision of thirty-two thousand American graves in Europe is before the eleven thousand posts of The American Legion. Thirty-two thousand graves—more than a full-strength division of our dead abroad! What shall our thought of them be on Memorial Day this year and in years to come? Three-quarters of a million Legionnaires are giving the answer. The people of the whole United States will join in that answer. That answer is: This year we are going to provide a Graves Endowment Fund which shall insure that on every Memorial Day, for all time to come, flowers and wreaths shall be placed on every American grave abroad in the name of The American Legion and the American people. Thus, in 1973 as in 1923, our honor, our respect and our remembrance will be accorded our comrades who sleep on foreign soil, and as we march to our own cemeteries in our cities and towns here at home, it will be a satisfaction to us to know that thousands of miles away our duty is being equally well performed.

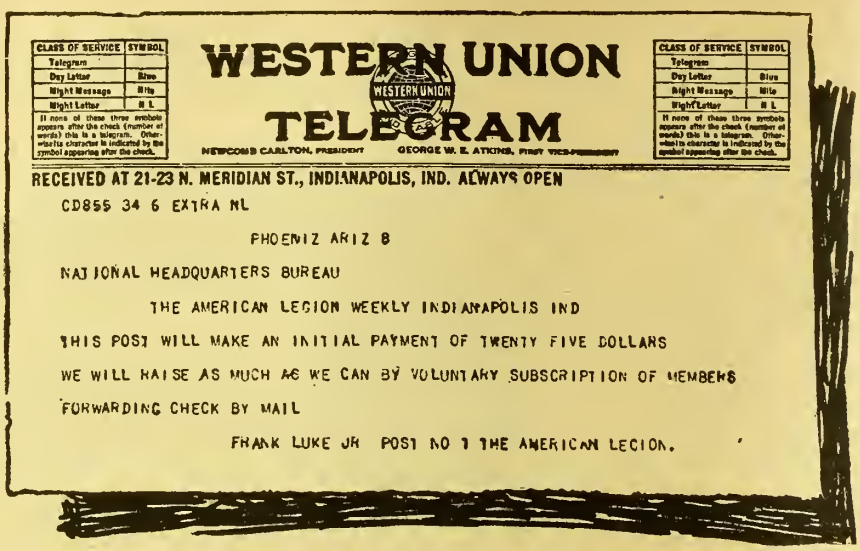
The posts of The American Legion are responding rapidly to the appeal for perpetual honor to our dead abroad. Scarcely had word gone forth of the Legion's effort to raise more than $100,000 for the Graves Endowment Fund than responses began to arrive at the office of the National Treasurer of The American Legion. Telegrams pledging contributions, letters with checks, forecast an overwhelming expression of America's heart and soul—five years after the war, our dead thrill our emotions and memory. Posts everywhere are pledging quotas which indicate their contributions are based on a feeling of proud privilege.

Wyandotte Post of Kansas City, Kansas, expresses heartfelt sentiments in forwarding its initial contribution. Post Adjutant James K. Cubbison, Jr., writes:

"Actions speak louder than words—money speaks louder than actions—please find enclosed check for $100."

From Phoenix, Arizona, Frank Luke, Jr., Post testifies to its regard for the dead overseas in the telegram shown herewith.

These are typical responses by posts which took early action in the Graves Endowment Fund campaign. Learning of the Legion's national effort, they took immediate steps to help. In all parts of the country other posts have taken similar steps. In Fargo, North Dakota, where Gilbert C. Grafton Post has a membership of 800, the sum of $93 was contributed by 75 members who attended the meeting at which the Graves Endowment Fund was discussed. A committee was appointed to meet with the Auxiliary Unit and to get in touch with all members.



CLASS OF SERVICE | SYMBOL
Telegram
Day Letter | Blue
Night Message | Nite
Night Letter | N L
If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

RECEIVED AT 21-23 N. MERIDIAN ST., INDIANAPOLIS, IND. ALWAYS OPEN

CD855 34 6 EXTRA NL

PHOENIZ ARIZ 8

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS BUREAU

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY INDIANAPOLIS IND

THIS POST WILL MAKE AN INITIAL PAYMENT OF TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS

WE WILL RAISE AS MUCH AS WE CAN BY VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTION OF MEMBERS

FORWARDING CHECK BY MAIL

FRANK LUKE JR POST NO 1 THE AMERICAN LEGION.

Arizona gives her pledge—and makes a deposit

Thomas Dismuke Post of Houston, Texas, which has long had a fine record for success in its service activities, on learning of the Graves Endowment Fund wrote immediately that it would not wait until the next regular post meeting two weeks later but would act through its executive committee at once. "We assure you of our co-operation as far as our means will permit," said A. W. Larkin, post adjutant.

Charles A. Learned Post of Detroit is also living up to its reputation for activity above and beyond the call of duty within the Legion. At the first post meeting held after learning of the Graves Endowment Fund it appointed a committee which will raise the post's contribution. It will accept donations from the general public, recognizing that the decoration of our graves abroad is the duty of the American people as well as of The American Legion.

Once more it should be emphasized that The American Legion in raising a permanent Graves Endowment Fund to obviate the necessity of making yearly appeals for contributions is acting as the trustee of the whole American people. American Legion posts accept as a privilege and duty the task of calling on the citizens of their communities to share in this effort. Every American who was grateful and proud when almost five million men abandoned the business of earning a livelihood to fight in their country's defense should now be proud to give a testimonial of that gratitude and pride. We may therefore justly expect that a country united in wartime will be a unit once more in paying perpetual respect and honor to those who made the great sacrifice for us all.

To insure that the full amount needed will be raised—$100,000 at the smallest estimate—the full giving capacity of each community must be drawn upon. Shared by the whole nation, the burden will not be a heavy one. Each community should be proud to record the evidence that it is doing its share.

All contributions of one dollar or more to the fund will be acknowledged in the columns of the magazine. Contributions should be forwarded to the Graves Endowment Fund, National Treasurer of The American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind. The fund will remain in the national treasury of The American Legion subject to expenditure only for the purpose of decorating the graves of American soldiers overseas on Memorial Day. The fund will be invested to yield an income sufficient for each year's work. The income will furnish the funds needed for this yearly effort for all time to come. A yearly accounting will be prepared under the direction of the National Treasurer of The American Legion and the Legion's National Finance Committee. The names of all contributors will be preserved in the official archives of the organization, where for years to come they will be a reminder of the way an American duty has been performed.

Herewith is published the first list of contributors of one dollar or more:

Balance from 1922 Graves Decoration Fund, $6,321.32.

IDAHO.—Kellogg, Erle P. Dudley, $5.

ILLINOIS.—Chicago, L. W. Glossinger, $5; Danville, Legionnaire, $1.

IOWA.—Dubuque, Carlos H. Van Sam, $1.

KANSAS.—Kansas City, Wyandotte Post, $100; Sterling, F. H. Chesky, $1; Hudson, Nell M. Zimmiht, $2.

KENTUCKY.—Paducah, Chief Paduke Post, $25; Fiscal Court, McCracken County, through Chief Paduke Post, $50.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Worcester, Miss Anne May Henderson, $1; Fitchburg, Frederick J. Mulhern, $1.

MICHIGAN.—Saginaw, Miss Frances F. Bennett, $1.

MINNESOTA.—St. Paul, Lafayette French, Jr., $25; Dr. James C. Ferguson, $1; Mrs. Sherman L. Hesselgrave, $2.

NEBRASKA.—Oakland, Russel Storm, $1.

NEW JERSEY.—Jersey City, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Liggett, $1; Teaneck, L. J. MacAleer, $3.

NEW MEXICO.—Gallup, Palmer Ketner, Jr., Post, $50.

NEW YORK.—New York City, Elizabeth G. Phair, $2; Howard A. Scholle, $5; Potsdam, Richard C. Dawe, $1; Mt. Upton, F. S. Heimer, $3.

NORTH DAKOTA.—Bismarck, Norman Flow, $5.

OHIO.—Middletown, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Jones, $5.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Philadelphia, Elliston J. Morris, Jr., $5; Reading, C. W. Oswald, $1.

TEXAS.—Valley Mills, Lewis O. Barton, $1; Electro, Neal T. Scott, $1.

TOTAL RECEIPTS, $6,626.32.

The Great Moment *of* Their War

Tell the Thrill Editor, 627 West 43d Street, New York City, the most vivid experience of your uniform days in 300 words. Unavailable letters cannot be returned.

Men, the Secret's Out

WELL, dear buddies, I'm not going to be bashful, but will attempt to narrate a thrill that happened just a little before I went to the front.

I was stationed at Camp De Souge (Balloon Section) as official interpreter and stenographer of the camp (no, I was not a miss). One day Lieutenants Gray and Evans and I went to Bordeaux on official business (in French). After our transactions in town were done we decided to go to the Y.M.C.A., but as we got there we spied our commanding officer's super six with only the chauffeur going back to the camp.

Gray and Evans decided to remain in town and send me back with the Hudson. My top floor must have been unfurnished, for instead of sitting in the front seat I got in the rear seat (the colonel's place).

Arriving in camp the fireworks started. The sentry at the gate came to a present arms. A little further on the officer of the day saluted. The guard was turned out for inspection, and every officer I met gave me a military salute (not the kind they return to an enlisted man).

Well, it only lasted five or ten minutes, but I was the big gun for that time. And I was satisfied, but I got no further promotions.

Strange to say, this is the first time I have ever told this to any one. As I left for the front in a hurry I didn't have the chance to tell about it. So, officers and men of the 69th Balloon Company, I thank you for the honor you paid me that day.—T. V. LACOURSE, *Windsor, Vt.*

When Gabrielle Prayed

GABRIELLE EDDY of Bethincourt-sur-Mer was engaged in the delicate task of cleaning a hog her aged father had just butchered. Armed with a blow torch and a short stick, she was industriously singeing and scraping the bristles from the porker, singing as she worked. Thoughts of home occurred to me as unobserved I watched her from an upper window across the courtyard —I could remember my mother as she put brown paper in the kitchen stove and burned the pin feathers from the after deck of the Sunday chicken.

Lew Fink, leader of the best band in the A. E. F., that of the 137th Infantry (any one doubt it?), had his choice aggregation of musicians in the town square. A long program had been given and Lew, in a voice heard for blocks and in his best French, announced the "Marsayase" as the next piece.

Intervening buildings obstructed my view of the players, but the distance only softened the tones of the stirring anthem. From the vantage point of the window, my attention was attracted and held by the actions of the hard-working peasant girl from the moment the first notes of the song were carried to her ears.

Dropping her tools and clasping her hands in a prayerful attitude, she raised her head, and her closed eyes seemed to gaze directly into heaven. Sorrow and joy, patriotism and loyalty, love of her own people and compassion for her enemies, combined with courage and the sublimity of her childlike faith and absolute confidence in the Almighty, made her Madonna-like features glow with a radiance born not of this earth.

Never before or since have I been more conscious of the Creator's presence. He was there as positively as He was many, many years ago in the vision which appeared to the little shepherdess on the hills of Domremy.—THEODORE J. QUINN, *St. Joseph, Mo.*

A Flighty Flight

IT happened at Miami, where I got my flight instruction with the Tenth Squadron, Navy Flying Corps. The days with the instructor were over and my second solo hop was in progress. Seven hundred feet over the station I peeped fearfully over the edge of the fuselage and wondered how men dared to fly down between the hangars, as one had recently done "just for fun." I hastily brought my eyes back into the plane, and glancing down, was horrified to see that I had forgotten to buckle my safety belt.

Never before had I taken a hand from the wheel, and as I thought of doing it now I broke out into a cold sweat. I remembered a case where a man had fallen from his plane because he forgot to fasten the belt. Cautiously I drew one hand from the wheel. The air, which had been smooth as cream, seemed suddenly filled with bumps, and in my terror it seemed that the plane was rocking violently. I clutched the wheel again and felt better. Ah! I had it! The thing to do was to land and, comfortably rocking on the water, fasten it at my leisure. Nosing over I started for the water, but within a few feet of it hastily leveled off again, for the thought came to me, "What if I should bounce in landing (as was my custom at this early stage) and fly right off the seat?"

To get as far from this untimely end as possible I climbed steadily for half an hour and then, a mile in the air, hoping that I might possibly straighten out if I got into a spin, I offered up a brief prayer to the gods of the air and with fingers that seemed all thumbs drew the ends of the belt together and fastened it with one hand while I controlled with the other. Never again was I afraid to take a hand from the wheel, but I hope that never again will I have such a long drawn out thrill.—A. D. HIGGINS, *North Cohocton, N. Y.*

In One Reel

MY greatest thrill came not while in the Army, but just the other night at a movie show —though I did have many thrillers over there with Company D, 16th Infantry.

The thrill I had the other night was a result of the war. They were showing a war picture in St. Paul and it was reported that some of the fellows had recognized themselves.

It was the real thing, and I was deeply interested in it. Toward the last of the show, American soldiers were shown marching into Coblenz, Germany. There was a big archway, and the band came marching through first, followed by the first company of soldiers. All at once they showed a close-up of this company, and you can imagine my thrill as I sat there and recognized my old Company D.

Paul Schenk of Pittsburgh was a buddy in our squad and I saw his face just as plain and natural as day. That was on December 12, 1918, over four years ago.

I sat there thrilled through and through as our old company marched past. I went to see the show a second time. — RUSSELL G. DUNLAP, *Tracy, Minn.*

Ladies Had Thrills

IN December, 1918, Uncle Sam had not yet made arrangements to take care of the recuperating days of his sick nurses, so Clara and I had to pay our own expenses at the hotel in Nice, where we went for "rest and quiet." But along the last of January, when the examining doctor told us we could not yet go back north, he also told us that Uncle Sam had set aside the wonderful old hotel at Antibes for just such cases as ours, and that he could get us in there.

I hurriedly packed my other shirt waist and went down, as per agreement with Clara, to settle our last bill. This took some time, and I made a rush for the voiture that was to take us to the train. When we started to leave the carriage, imagine my surprise to see the cabby take down from the seat almost the biggest canvas-covered suit case I have ever beheld — securely strapped with many straps. When we had made our train I said, "In Heaven's name, what's in that thing?" Clara said, "Lift it." I did so, or tried to, and gasped, but as the train was about to move on, and we had just been joined in our compartment by an Anzac and an English major, I could say nothing more.

Antibes is but an hour's ride, and when we arrived at our destination the two officers very considerately asked to help us out with our "bags." I shall

(*Continued on page* 26)

Coming: America's Only Spoils of War

(*Continued from page* 11)

chine-gun ammunition and four tons of medicines, with other supplies tucked about the hull, made up her cargo.

Leaving Bulgaria, the L-59 flew over the Mediterranean and across the Sahara until, just west of Khartoum, a wireless from Berlin was picked up ordering her to turn back immediately.

When the landlubber of a skipper returned to Bulgaria he found he had flown 4,500 miles non-stop, a record which stands today for all flying craft. Later on he learned something else not so satisfying. The British had discovered the relief ship's mission and had sent out from London a wireless message congratulating their commander in East Africa on the surrender of the German troops. Berlin's intelligence office intercepted the message, with the resultant recall of the Zeppelin. It was not for many months that they discovered the German troops had not then surrendered, but had held on for several weeks until the non-appearance of the promised supplies silenced the machine guns and the soldiers, sick with fever, could no longer carry on against unequal odds.

The cruise of the L-59 is noted in Europe as the flight that failed, but it nevertheless gave the Germans confidence in their aircraft. The result was a series of experiments and developments the secrets of which have been jealously guarded since the war. Airplanes were made that could be tucked inside the cabins of airships and launched wherever the Zeppelin carried them. By a unique kite arrangement the ships were able to carry huge all-metal seaplanes, with the Zeppelins acting as mother ships. High in air they could be cut loose to perform the duty assigned them.

Completing his task, the pilot would then maneuver until, flying under the airship, he approached the cable, which carried on its end a large hook. Guiding the plane straight at it, he could pull a throttle, and from the tips of his upper wings a sort of box-kite arrangement was released which carried with it a cable held above the plane by the kites at either end. This cable was attached to the harness of the seaplane, and as the dangling hook was reached it was little trouble to have it catch the seaplane by the nape of its neck, so to speak, slowing it up by the drag of the six-tenths mile of cable leading up to the dirigible. Once anchored, the seaplane pilot gave the signal and was hoisted up to his berth alongside the hull. It was this sort of thing that started stories of mystery planes and phantom ships which trawler captains reported seeing over the North Sea.

Germany had fourteen Zeppelins at the time of the Armistice. The others had been worn out or destroyed in action. It was chiefly the strain of constant activity over the North Sea which caused many of them to be dismantled.

Among the fourteen leftovers were several of the latest fighting craft. After German sailors had scuttled the surrendered high-seas fleet they were hailed as heroes by the people, and this exercised considerable influence on the airship crews.

"Our fleet is as good as theirs," said they in effect. "Why should we turn over our darlings?"

The idea was contagious and spread to the commanders, who met one evening to discuss the matter. The argument for and against destruction of the ships lasted far into the night. At its conclusion seven of the captains made their way to the hangars in which their ships were moored. They moved about softly under the dark shapes, turning a valve here and a valve there, until soon ballast and gas were being drained from the vital parts where they served to keep the hulls buoyant on a level keel. Next morning all that remained of the seven giant raiders was so many bent and twisted masses of wreckage heaped on the hangar floors. There was as much trouble over the destruction of the seven Zeppelins as over the destruction of the fleet, though it did not attract so much public notice. The Allies decreed that Germany must replace the airships.

Of the seven remaining England received two, France two, Italy two and Japan one. All were taken to their adopted countries except the one allotted to Japan. Nippon sent experts into Germany, where they dismantled the ship, laying aside one each of all her parts. Bits of the framework, keel, bracing, fabric, gas bags, motors, fuel tanks, and even the hydrogen gas cars—one of everything that made or served a Zeppelin was packed up and shipped to Japan, where an airship building program is developing by thorough and systematic stages. The United States could have claimed one of the Zeppelins, but we then had no place to put a ship of that size.

Germany meanwhile was ordered to dismantle her sheds and airship factories immediately after replacing the ships destroyed. The ones to be built were termed reparations ships. This afforded an opportunity for her factories to retain their personnel and laboratories and to carry on quietly development work inside the plants, at the same time abiding by the stipulations of the Versailles treaty.

Meanwhile the United States Navy put up a shed at Cape May large enough to shelter one rigid ship. A double shed was then erected by the Navy at Lakehurst, New Jersey, and the Army built a single shed at Belleville, Illinois. The shed at Lakehurst is the largest on this hemisphere. It rivals the mammoth sheds of Europe. One traverses three average city blocks between the great doors at either end. It is nearly nine hundred feet long, longer by fifty feet than the capitol at Washington. It is almost a hundred yards wide and stands 190 feet high. A twelve-story building could be pushed under the doors and leave room on top for a barn or two. Yet, after all, it is only a shed, no beams or braces breaking up the great arched vault except close under the roof, where on cat-walks and let-down platforms hundreds of workmen ply their seemingly endless trade of riveting the girdered framework of another airship, the Z. R.-1, against which the toiling human beings are silhouetted like ants on a window screen.

The Z. R.-1 is all-American built except that the original design came from the plans of the L-49, copied for us by France. Today the crews working on the Z. R.-1 at Lakehurst are trying to get the craft in the air before the arrival of the Z. R.-3. The Lakehurst craft is in no sense a rival of the foreigner, except that it is a rigid airship. It is several yards longer and twenty feet less in diameter. While the Z. R.-3 is a commercial craft, the Z. R.-1 has been built by the Navy for service with the fleet. With her machine-gun armament distributed at various points about the ship the Z. R.-1 will be able to make from 45 to 70 miles an hour carrying from 30,000 to 50,000 pounds. She will be able to cruise comfortably for 4,000 miles without stopping. She could easily cross the Pacific Ocean.

With the Z. R.-3 circumstances differ. With all their knowledge and continuous experimenting the Germans were prevented under the treaty terms from building ships of sufficient size to warrant the effort of creating strictly commercial types. The Allied terms providing that the Z. R.-3 must be used only for commercial purposes gave them an opportunity. The German airship builders realize that for some time to come Germany will be in no position to finance extensive commercial airship operations. They therefore look to the United States for the development that will afford their methods, their engineering forces and their scientific staffs a chance to continue that development.

To get an idea of the luxurious appointments of the passenger quarters and officers' staterooms on the Z. R.-3, which will have space for thirty passengers, one has only to recall the equipment on the larger ocean liners. For the officers and passengers on the Z. R.-3 there are the same sort of quarters, arranged in a series in the main cabin, which is fixed close to the keel under the forward end of the ship. Recall wartime transportation accommodations for enlisted men and you can picture the crew of the Z. R.-3, in all about twenty-four men, their belongings and themselves stowed away neatly in hammocks and bunks inside on the keel running all the way along the belly of the rigid. Quarters are geographically located so that the mechanics and others will at all times be near the scene of their duties.

It is known that many new instruments and other innovations will be tried out for the first time in actual flight on the Z. R.-3's voyage to America.

That accounts for the all-German crew. The Germans intimated to our government representatives that inasmuch as they were putting into the craft their best handiwork, they would be quite willing and, in fact, pleased if the operation of the Z. R.-3 were left to them until the American crews were sufficiently trained.

Keeping Step With the Legion

Address all communications to this department to The Stepkeeper, National Headquarters Bureau, The American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Indiana

Broadcasting

THESE days, when National Adjutant Bolles can talk from Havana Post to Legionnaires in Alaska by radio, it is not strange that posts in places like Minneapolis and New York City should be able to talk to all kinds of veterans right at home by the same methods. The Step Keeper's attention has been called to two good uses for radio—the first one, and here's the letter, comes from O. W. Johnson, publicity chairman of Vincent J. Giantvalley Post of Minneapolis, Minnesota:

. You are undoubtedly aware of the fact that The American Legion of this State is conducting a membership campaign in an endeavor to increase from the present number to 40,000 or more. Giantvalley Post has been assisting materially in this campaign, but felt that in raising its own membership to 350 it was not doing all that it was possible to do, and decided to add one hundred new members as its share in this campaign and announced that prizes would be given to members securing the greatest number of new members and that first prize would be a trip to the state convention, all expenses paid. The campaign for the prizes would be open for the period December 6, 1922, to January 1, 1923, inclusive.

It was felt, however, that this alone was not aiding our state department sufficiently, and the idea was conceived of broadcasting by radio for new members. The broadcasting station known as WLAG, or "The Call of the North," was approached and their wonderful spirit of co-operation with The American Legion showed itself, and they permitted Mr. Lindell of our post to speak two consecutive evenings. Mr. Lindell was given time from what was considered the best part of the program time of this station.

This great spirit of co-operation can be more fully appreciated when it is known that this station has a wave length of four hundred meters. The station is one of the nine most powerful stations in the United States, and messages which have been broadcasted here have been acknowledged from the northern part of Alaska and several hundred miles south of Honolulu.

The writer believes that this is the first case of a radio broadcasting station having been utilized by any post of the American Legion for the purpose of endeavoring to secure additional members, particularly over so wide a territory as that covered by WLAG..

If a suggestion is permissible, the writer

Make *the* Legion Flower *the* Emblem *of* Service

A National Poppy Sale for Welfare Funds

By Lemuel Bolles, National Adjutant

THIS is a message to every Legionnaire, to every post of The American Legion, and to every Auxiliary member and unit.

A common task is before us, an undertaking in which we must employ our combined strength to discharge a responsibility which rests equally upon us all.

We must go before the country to obtain the funds urgently needed in our service work for the sick and disabled, for the relief of needy comrades and their dependents, for the decorating of graves and for the erection of memorials.

Every post and Auxiliary unit needs funds for these purposes, and each post and unit has a direct share and interest in the national activities of this character.

The National Executive Committee, composed of one member from each department, has authorized the sale of silk poppies throughout the United States this spring to obtain the funds we need.

Each post is asked, as an honor duty, to conduct in its own community before Memorial Day a poppy-selling campaign, retaining the greater share of the proceeds for its own relief and rehabilitation fund, a small fractional percentage accruing to the National Service and Rehabilitation Fund.

The French poppy is the official flower of The American Legion. It is therefore a fitting symbol of our effort to discharge our sacred obligation to our sick and disabled comrades.

The National Emblem Division will supply to posts a poppy, which is a remarkably faithful and beautiful reproduction of the flower which we knew on the fields of France. Each poppy will bear an official gummed sticker inscribed with the name and emblem of The American Legion—our guarantee of good faith to those who buy.

The time to act is right now. Unless notified to the contrary by its department headquarters, every post and Auxiliary unit is privileged to order poppies direct from the National Emblem Division, National Headquarters of The American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind. Deliveries will start April 15th. The price is 4½ cents each, which is based on a profit of one-half cent for the department and one-half cent for the National Service and Rehabilitation Fund. The sale of the poppies by posts at ten cents each will permit a profit of more than five cents to the post fund on each poppy sold.

Decide now how you will conduct the sale of poppies in your town. Make arrangements at your next post or unit meeting—call a special meeting, if necessary, for the time is short. Appoint a post committee to handle the campaign, or have your post unite with other posts in its community to conduct the campaign jointly. Organize a general committee composed of public-spirited citizens. The National President of the Auxiliary has asked all units to participate. Ask organizations of girls and young women, such as the Girl Scouts, the Campfire Girls and the Y. W. C. A., to help in the selling. Establish selling stations in all cigar shops, drug stores, department stores, railway stations, all public places. Request motion-picture theaters to assist by showing slides telling what the money raised will be used for. Invite pastors to indorse the campaign in their sermons—they will be pleased to help in the performance of our duty to the sick and disabled if you tell them the facts. Send Legion and Auxiliary speakers to address all local clubs and fraternal organizations asking their indorsement and help.

The American people, who each year buy Christmas seals to assist a noble humanitarian effort, will buy the blood-red poppy of American sacrifice in the same spirit.

believes that it would be a good plan to secure the services of some of the big men in The American Legion to broadcast from stations having a great radius, and thereby furnish the public with information about the Legion which they would not take the time to read.

The second radio contributor is Berthold G. Sack, adjutant of Post No. 9 of New York City. His post broadcasted not for new but for old members. Here's what he says:

Being myself a radio bug, I took the liberty of writing to Station WHN at Ridgewood, L. I., to announce by radio that our post was going to hold a meeting on Thursday evening. The station gave that announcement over the radio. I presume that our post is probably the first to use radio broadcasting to call our members together.

By the way, an interesting experiment, which really is considerably more than an experiment, will be tried by Wyandotte Post of Kansas City, on the evening of April 6th. Between 9.30 and 10 o'clock on that evening (central time) the post band will give a concert and the post will entertain in other ways, according to word just received from Adjutant James K. Cubbison, Jr. This entertainment will be broadcasted by the Kansas City *Star* through its radio plant. The event will take place at an hour that will not conflict with similar events under the auspices of other broadcasting stations. The Step Keeper will be interested to learn how far away the concert is heard—and also to learn of other posts that have tried similar experiments.

Joint Meetings

THE Step Keeper wandered in on the Hats Off the other day and came back with a trophy. It was a letter signed by Edward O'Harrs, vice-commander of Quentin Roosevelt Post of St. Louis. Here are the first couple paragraphs:

We take our hat off to the first post organized in The American Legion, Quentin Roosevelt Post of St. Louis, Missouri, for the innovation of conducting visitation meetings. On Friday evening, March 2d, Quentin Roosevelt Post and Jerome Goldman Post held a regular meeting with Richard Anderson Post in the National Guard Armory.

The meeting was opened by Dr. C. M. Westerman, commander of Anderson Post. The initiatory ceremony was conducted by the officers of Goldman Post under command of Max Doyne. The business matters were conducted by Fred Worden, commander of Quentin Roosevelt Post.

A resolution was passed to check the passage of pending legislation which will lower the educational requirements for nurses in Missouri. Miss Helen Wood of the Army Nurse Corps made an eloquent plea to uphold the high standard of the nursing profession.

The idea struck the Step Keeper as likely to draw the fire of some other posts that have held joint meetings. Also, the idea seeped up that the other posts which have held joint meetings might want to tell what specific good came out of them.

Another Gain for the Disabled

(*Continued from page* 15)

aware of what was on foot Senators Heflin and Cummins had yielded to Senator McCumber and the Sweet Bill was unanimously passed without an amendment, a speech, or an objection. It all happened in less than a minute.

What will the Sweet Bill do? It will bring sorely needed relief to between 15,000 and 20,000 veterans disabled as a result of their service, many of whom would have perished without its aid. To do this will cost the Government $40,000,000, according to the estimate of Representative Sweet, after whom the bill takes its name.

The most important items in which the bill amends the War Risk Act are:

1. Strikes the word "pulmonary" from before the word "tuberculosis." This will extend hospital care and compensation to 1,500 sufferers from tuberculosis of the bones, glands and organs.

2. Extends the period of automatic service connection for tuberculosis and neuro-psychiatric disease from two years to three years after discharge. This extension does not satisfy the Legion, and efforts are being made to obtain amplification of this ruling through Veterans Bureau regulation. The new provision will, however, care for a large proportion of the thousands of tuberculous veterans now destitute in the Southwest.

3. Makes permanent total disability insurance benefits payable under the same conditions as death benefits where insurance lapsed when compensation was due, and makes insurance payable for death or permanent total disability where reinstatement of insurance was refused a veteran not totally and permanently disabled. Reinstatements of insurance are now being made by the Veterans Bureau under this amendment. It is estimated that this section will benefit 8,000 veterans or their families.

4. Extends issuance of certificates of disability to March 1, 1924, and the certificates are made incontestable except for fraud.

5. Pays $100 for burial of an indigent veteran of any war, with five dollars for a flag, and in addition provides transportation within the United States for the body of a veteran dying under government care.

Other provisions require discharge by court-martial to deprive veterans of insurance and compensation privileges, reinstate insurance of mental patients, provide transportation to hospitals for Spanish War Veterans, and strengthen the presumption of the service origin of disabilities where these were not noted at enrollment.

Helpful though it is, the new law does not contain many provisions which the Legion asked for—and which it believes the disabled veteran entitled to receive. Important features were eliminated by the commerce committee, but the Legion's National Legislative Committee realized the peril to the whole bill of any attempt at amendment from the floor. Taken as a whole, however, the Sweet Act is a distinct step forward, and marks the path along which future soldier legislation will follow.

Another important law which the National Legislative Committee aided to enactment in the last days of the session brings first aid to the soldiers' best friend. The Comptroller of the Treasury had ruled that nurses who contracted sickness or disease in line of duty were not compensable, beginning March 1st. A bill was rushed through at the eleventh hour extending this time for a year, leaving to the next Congress the privilege of caring for them permanently.

Other action obtained included:

The creation of a Battle Monuments' Commission which will superintend the erection of memorials overseas, the memorials to include relief and outline maps showing the detail of the A. E. F.'s battle record.

The Fish bill to allow $50 a month for attendants for blind, legless and armless veterans.

A bill to provide hospital care for National Guardsmen injured at maneuvers.

A bill validating commutation payments to National Guard and reserve officers.

Provision of about $5,000,000 for additional hospital extension and construction.

Resolution calling for an investigation of the Veterans Bureau by a special Senate committee.

Senator David Reed of Pennsylvania, himself a Legionnaire, is chairman of the committee.

Much legislation failed through inability to obtain its consideration. This was to be expected in a Congress which introduced 20,000 bills and enacted only 600 laws. Among these were the Adjusted Compensation Bill, the Bursum Bill, the Special Veterans' Committee Resolution, the Universal Service Bill, the War Trophies Bill, and immigration legislation.

The passage of the Bursum Bill, to retire disabled emergency and National Guard officers, appears to depend upon the creation of the new Veterans Committee in the House, to which this and other soldier legislation would be referred. A strong effort to authorize this committee will be made in the opening days of the new Congress. The Universal Service Bill, recommended by the Legion, to draft labor, industry and man-power alike in time of war, got no further than the House Judiciary Committee.

No immigration legislation was enacted as House and Senate failed to agree on a permanent policy, so the three percent exclusion act will remain in force until June 30, 1924. A belief is gaining ground in Washington that should any immigration be permitted percentages for immigrants should be based on the census of 1890 rather than that of 1910, as provided in the present law. This would increase the quotas from northwestern Europe and greatly diminish the immigration from southern and eastern Europe.

Look to the South

Another Southern department has joined the top ten to keep Georgia company in the Weekly subscription card race. South Carolina made another jump of ten places and landed in fifth position during the week ending March 14th. The Gopher Gang is also being heard from, with an advance of five places. Is your department keeping up to its last year's record? The table below shows the position of all departments on March 14th in proportion of 1923 cards received to total 1922 membership, also the position on the same date last year based on the same ratio for 1922 and 1921:

1923.		1922.	1923.		1922.
1	Georgia	24	25	Tennessee	22
2	Idaho	35	26	Oklahoma	4
3	Nebraska	2	27	Texas	30
4	S. Dakota	19	28	Montana	37
5	S. Carolina	33	29	California	43
6	Kansas	21	30	Virginia	36
7	Iowa	7	31	Washington	47
8	N. Hampshire	20	32	W. Virginia	41
9	Illinois	32	33	Maryland	27
10	Rhode Island	11	34	Massachusetts	40
11	Maine	26	35	Ohio	9
12	Arizona	48	36	N. Carolina	14
13	Indiana	17	37	Kentucky	15
14	Utah	8	38	Wyoming	18
15	Minnesota	6	39	Oregon	28
16	N. Dakota	13	40	Alabama	29
17	Penna.	16	41	Mississippi	23
18	New York	39	42	Michigan	31
19	Delaware	45	43	New Jersey	44
20	Wisconsin	10	44	Nevada	49
21	Colorado	38	45	Florida	1
22	Connecticut	42	46	D. of C.	34
23	Arkansas	3	47	Missouri	12
24	Vermont	25	48	New Mexico	5
		49	Louisiana	46	

Who Knows Jerry Melfi?

IT isn't often that a government medal for heroism goes begging for an owner. There is, however, a Distinguished Service Cross being held for delivery to Jerry Melfi, former private first class, as soon as he can be located. This honor has been awarded to Melfi for extraordinary heroism in action near Bois de Banthéville, France, on October 14, 1918, while serving with Company F, 126th Infantry, 32d Division.

Private Melfi, on demobilization, gave his address as Rural Route No. 1, Wilkensburg, Pennsylvania. He is not known in Wilkensburg.

Any Legionnaire knowing Melfi and his present whereabouts is requested to write to the New York office of the Weekly, in order that the information may be passed on to the government authorities.

Outfit Reunions and Notices

CONTRIBUTIONS for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

THIRD DIVISION—Annual reunion, Society of the Third Division, Philadelphia, Pa., July 13, 14, 15. Address Walter Kaufmann, 1626 Arch st., Philadelphia.

SIXTH ENGINEERS—Regimental reunion at Philadelphia, Pa., July 13, 14, 15, 1923. Address Dr. Leo H. Bernd, 2106 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

BASE SECTION No. 1, A. E. F.—Fourth annual reunion dinner of former members stationed at St. Nazaire, Savenay or Nantes at Army and Navy Club, 112 West 59th st., New York City, March 31, 7 p.m. Address R. Cholmeley-Jones, 59 John st., New York City.

343D INFANTRY—Reunion and dinner, Monday, April 16, at Chicago. Address E. J. Early, 4256 Monroe st., Chicago.

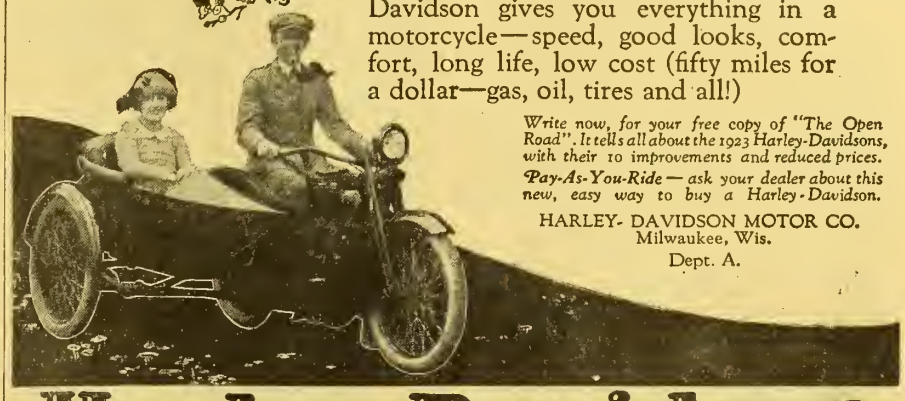
37TH DIVISION—Former members who are interested in supporting the division's claims in the controversy as to who captured Montfaucon are asked to write to E. P. Lawlor, Secretary, 37th Division Veterans Association, State House, Columbus, O.

"Let's Go Anywhere!"

JUMP in, and -z-z-z-zip — we're off, to "anywhere"! Over highway and byway to secluded fishing waters — across a couple of states for a week-end tour — or just a peppy spin out the road and back after supper!

That's motorcycling, man—the greatest sport in the world! And a Harley-Davidson gives you everything in a motorcycle—speed, good looks, comfort, long life, low cost (fifty miles for a dollar—gas, oil, tires and all!)

Money-making sales opportunities in open territory. Write Desk A-2.



Write now, for your free copy of "The Open Road". It tells all about the 1923 Harley-Davidsons, with their 10 improvements and reduced prices.

Pay-As-You-Ride — ask your dealer about this new, easy way to buy a Harley-Davidson.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Dept. A.

Harley-Davidson
The Motorcycle

ARE YOU HELPING YOUR DEALER?

The Why of It

The life of all news stand sales of all magazines depends on display and co-operation with newsdealers. If these newsdealers know that every day in the week they were seeing stockholders in any one of their publications, if they felt that human touch that only you as a Legionnaire can give, they would soon increase their orders. No magazine in America has the ownership behind it that your Weekly has. No magazine in America has accomplished in twenty-five years what your Weekly has done in less than four.

This year is full of promise. Every issue will carry more and more articles of interest to your non-member friends, more and more articles of interest to the ex-service men that you are trying to get into your Post. Compare any issue with those of six months ago and see the change that has been gradually taking place. From now on, you will note these changes by leaps and bounds. The Weekly is on its way to first place in national circulation and first place in every way among national magazines.

The When of It Is *NOW*

Put your shoulders to the wheel. Thousands are already helping out. Show your newsdealer that there is a wide-awake hunch behind him. Show your non-member friends the ten-cent value that they get in every copy of the Weekly. Tell your politicians that they do not know the whole truth of the ex-service man's problem unless they read your Weekly. Tell your banker that every argument finance has raised for and against adjusted compensation is answered fairly and squarely through the columns of your Weekly. Tell your non-member friends that the Burst and Dud page has grown to be the most widely quoted page of wit and humor in America today. Tell your school teachers, your professors and your superintendents of education of the vital movements that The American Legion is carrying forward.

Take any copy of the magazine and look through it carefully and you will find something in it that will interest any one in your community. Make up your mind, no matter what your station of life, that you can do your bit in placing this ex-service man's publication in the hands of the public in your community. It means a greater and keener interest on everyone's part in what The American Legion is doing. It means that ex-service men will join your Post. It means that you yourself in every word you speak concerning your magazine are carrying it forward towards its goal of two million circulation, a goal which means a bigger, better magazine and a bigger, better Legion, and you will know that you have helped.

If your dealer does not handle The Weekly he can get it from his distributor, and if the distributor does not handle it he can order it from us.

Are you with us for that 2,000,000?

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, 627 West 43d Street, New York

Ex-Service Men---Become Railway Mail Clerks
$1600 to $2300 Year

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70% of all Railway Mail Clerks appointed last fiscal year were Ex-Service Men. Nearly 8,000 Ex-Service Men were appointed Carriers and Clerks last fiscal year.

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COUPON

Sirs: Send me, without charge, (1) Specimen Railway Mail Clerk Examination questions; (2) List of Government jobs obtainable; (3) Information regarding preference to ex-service men; (4) Tell me how to get a U. S. Government job.

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Address.....

Why Good Dancers Are Popular

Every one admires and wants to dance with the person who knows the latest steps. There is no need of being a wallflower! Arthur Murray, America's foremost dancing teacher, has perfected a wonderful new method by which you can learn any of the newest steps in a few minutes and all of the dances in a short time.

Even if you don't know one step from another, you can quickly and easily master any dance without music or partner, right in your own home. **Your success is guaranteed.** The Vanderbilts and scores of other socially prominent people have chosen Mr. Murray as their dancing instructor. More than 90,000 people have learned to become popular dancers through his easy learn-at-home methods.

Wonderful Tango Free

To show you how easily and quickly you can learn his new way, Arthur Murray has consented to send for but a limited time, a special course of sixteen dancing lessons for only $1.00. Three lessons of the wonderful French Tango, as danced by Rodolph Valentino in the "Four Horsemen," will be sent absolutely Free. This extraordinary offer is made to prove you will enjoy learning the newest steps in the privacy of your own home—without onlookers to embarrass you. **You need not send any money now.** When the postman hands you the 16-lesson course and the fascinating FREE tango steps, just deposit $1 with him plus a few cents postage, in **full payment.** If you prefer, send the dollar NOW and we will pay postage. If within five days you are not delighted, return the lessons and your money will be promptly refunded.

This unusual offer may not be made again. Send **today** for the 16-lesson course, which will be mailed promptly, in plain cover. Learn at home and surprise your friends. Act **now** and be an accomplished dancer soon.

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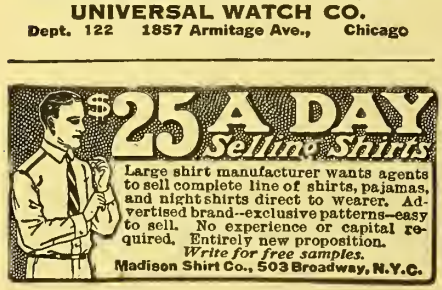

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BURSTS AND DUDS

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Another Army Contractor

There are two things better than working for yourself. Dodging work altogether, and having somebody else do it for you.

The advance of a division under fire in the none-too-late war had been halted and orders were given to dig in. Earth began to fly except at one point where, behind a natural mound, the top of a doughboy's head was to be seen, while cigarette smoke curled lazily upward.

"Dig in! Dig in!" yelled a lieutenant on a tour of inspection.

"Hush," replied the soldier reproachfully. "Don't disturb my contractor."

Peering over the edge of the mound, the Lieutenant saw a German soldier digging away as if his life depended on it—which it did—only a few inches from the end of the doughboy's rifle.

That New Slogan

"Say," objected the regimental chronic kicker, poking his nose inside the supply sergeant's shack, "this hat's too small for me. Every time I laugh it slides off my head."

"Here's one two sizes larger," remarked the sarge pleasantly. "Try and laugh *that* off."

Slandered

"What's the matter, Ananias, you look downhearted."

"Matter 'nough, boss. Ah reckon Ah done los' mah reputation as a liar."

"Why, how's that?"

"Well, when Ah come back f'um de wah, Ah tol' mah girl Ah was at de front an' had cooties an' everything. Now she tell me dat Munchausen Jones done relate to her dat he was at de front, too. He say dat all de cooties was natives of Bordeaux, an' de reason dey shunned him an' stayed by me was dat dey knew Ah would sholy fu'nish dem quick transportation back home."

Longer Than the Legion

The Legion can exist no longer than its longest-lived member. But the Legion's $100,000 Graves Endowment Fund will exist in perpetuity, and will provide for the decoration of every overseas grave as long as time shall last. Do your bit.

The Great Wet Way

The two followers of shady ways had encountered each other and the first recounted to the second a promising safe-blowing expedition on which he proposed to embark that night.

"How about helpin' me pull the job, Bill?" he suggested.

"Not me," replied Bill, drawing himself up virtuously. "I just got in with a bootlegger, an' I'm going straight from now on."

Not Such a Worse Idea

"Buck up, old boy," said the sporty chap. "We'll go down to the skating rink, get a pair of skates and forget our troubles."

"Good scheme!" exclaimed his lovesick friend. "Last time I was down there I was unconscious for two hours."

A Regular Recipe

A couple of hunters up in the Canadian woods had so enjoyed the coffee made by their guide that when the trip was over they demanded his recipe. The guide was obliging.

"Ver' easy," he said. "Dere bin only one way make coffee. Take trip into voods up by Flambeau riviere, build fire vid pitch pine knots, put von quart water and two handsful coffee in pot, an' sit on cover so she no can boil over. Ven cover get too hot for seat of pants, coffee she done."

He: "But what in the world could I wear at a costume party?"

She: "You might put on your dress suit and go as a gentleman of the Spanish War period."

Orders Is Orders

A cranky diner in a restaurant had made numerous complaints to the colored waiter and, these failing to bring any results, became beside himself with rage.

"See here, you!" he roared. "No matter what I say to you it doesn't seem to stir you up a bit."

"Nossuh," agreed the waiter placidly and amiably. "De boss done tol' me dat whenever a gemmum talk like dat jes' to humor him."

Substitute Desired

Edgar, the eight-year-old son of the house, was as lacking in sentimentality as the average small boy and was particularly annoyed by the caresses which his feminine relatives insisted on thrusting at him. One night he was sent to bed shortly after the arrival on a call of a distant connection who, as he was starting to mount the stairs, called:

"Won't you give Cousin Mattie a kiss, dear."

Thoroughly sickened with the whole sex, Edgar turned appealingly to his father and said:

"Dad, for Heaven's sake kiss this woman, will you?"

Clear and Concise

A certain presiding judge at a trial took it upon himself to correct the tendency of a woman witness to deviate too much from the subject of her testimony.

"Madame," said His Honor, "you must employ fewer words. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Then you must, in the fewest words of which you are capable, answer the plain and simple question, whether on the night under discussion, when you were crossing the street with your baby on your arm, and the street car was bearing down on the one side and the taxicab and the truck were attempting to pass said street car on the other, you saw the plaintiff between the

street car and the taxicab, or whether or when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the street car, the truck or the taxicab, or either, or any two, and which of them, respectively, or how it was."

One Exception

It was their first quarrel. (It always is their first quarrel—to read the stories.)

"That's just like you men," she stormed. "A man never gets into trouble without dragging some woman in with him!"

"Oh, I don't know," he protested spiritedly. "How about Jonah and the whale?"

Willing

The bargaining for the cow had been going on leisurely for an hour. Finally the prospective purchaser came flatly to the point.

"How much milk does she give?" he asked.

"I don't rightly know," answered the farmer who owned her. "But she's a durn good-natured critter, an' she'll give all she can."

Best Beware

McTavish: "But ye wadna say he was mean an' graspin', wad ye?"

McIntosh: "Noo. Har-rdly that, but mind ye when ye shake hands, just count your fingers afterwards, that's a'."

Diversion

Two youths, cruising about for work, had finally acquired jobs giving wheel-chair exercise to the inmates of an old men's home. One morning one of them got the first customer of the day and started propelling him up the main street of the village. He was inexperienced, and his ancient charge gained several years in age as he barely escaped being shoved into the creek and then pushed under the wheels of a trolley car. At the top of a steep hill, his attendant paused.

"W-w-what are we waiting for?" gasped the chair's occupant.

"'S all right, old top," answered the other. "I'm waitin' for my buddy with another old gent. We're gonna have a race down the hill."

Easy Marks

(Scene, Germany; Time, now.)

Railroad Ticket Agent: "Here, you must have your baggage examined before you can leave."

Traveler: "That isn't my baggage; that's my pocketbook."

Unhitching the Wagon from the Star

Tramp: "When I was young I made up my mind to be rich."

Lady: "But you never became rich?"

Tramp: "No, mum. I found it easier to change my mind."

Explanations Needless

Mrs. Askitt: "Did you say anything to your husband when he came in so late last night?"

Mrs. Tellitt: "Why should I. He knew why I hit him."

100 Percent American

Mrs. Reilly: "What makes these sardines so high?"

Grocer: "They're imported, mum."

Mrs. Reilly: "I'll take the domestic ones—them as had the brains to swim acrost to this country."

Gone His Limit

"Prisoner, have you anything to offer in your own behalf?"

"No, your Honor. I've turned every cent I own over to my lawyer and a couple of the jurymen."

C. G. Conn, Ltd., put every man back to work who left for his country's service

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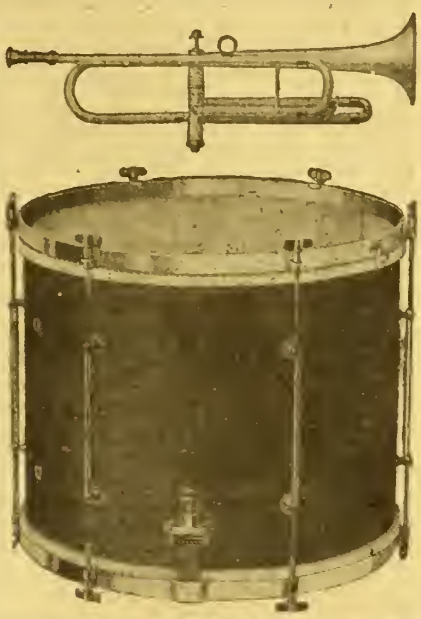

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But they could turn into good hard muscle quicker 'n anything we ever saw.

Yeh, Buddy, it was tougher 'n anything we'll have to go thru again, but won't it be hot stuff a few years from now to have our kids sitting around listening to us tell about it!

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Veterans of The Blue and Gray Division, Here's Your Opportunity!

WOULD you like to brush up your memory of your days of service in the 29th Division? The American Legion Weekly is in a position to help you do this. "The History of the Twenty-Ninth Division," carefully compiled by two former officers of the division, ranks as one of the best outfit histories thus far published. The book is bound in blue cloth lettered in gold, with the divisional insignia on the cover. A complete story of the division's activities from the days of training in Camp McClellan, its overseas service, its part in the Meuse-Argonne Offensive and its return home; the Honor Roll; the complete roster of all officers and men who served with the 29th; a list of the men decorated; copies of all field and general orders; official maps; seventy-eight pages of illustrations—all these are contained in the volume. By a special arrangement with the division, the Weekly can offer this history for sale at five dollars the copy. The volume will gain in historical value as the years pass. If you want a copy, send check or money order to the Legion Library, The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

The Great Moment of Their War

(*Continued from page* 19)

never forget the look of astonishment on the Australian's face when he attempted to lift Clara's "bag"!

"I say," he said, "have you your motah in this, eh?"

"Yes," Clara answered flippantly, "a knock-down Ford."

We arrived at the hotel and were royally cared for. The next afternoon but one Clara's cough was worse, and she didn't feel like walking, so I stayed in with her. A tap at our door, and the concierge informed us that "an American gentleman, in fact, an American M. P. gentleman," was asking for us in the parlors below. Let me interject here that Clara had shown me what was in the new suitcase she had bought, and of all the souvenirs! I do not see how even that big hotel could continue its business after we had left it!

Well, Clara looked at me, white as a ghost, and I couldn't even get my breath.. I finally managed to tell the concierge that we would be down presently, and hurriedly closed the door and locked it. When I turned around to tell Clara in my most indelicate language just what I thought of her for getting us into such a disgraceful scrape I found she was tearing her clothes off and was going to bed!

"Tell him I'm too ill to be disturbed!" she babbled between chattering teeth.

"But," I said, "suppose he comes up, anyway? We must get rid of that contraband first!"

We each bit a finger nail off in our effort to concentrate quickly; then we decided to wrap the stuff up in an army blanket (what amateurs we were!) and let it down on to a little balcony a story below us. I helped get the stuff ready, and then I was to go down and greet the "American gentleman" while she lowered it out of the window by the straps.

I was so sure that the end of everything had come, that this was Taps for us, that I could not even make a sound when I walked into the parlor.

From one of the chairs arose a tall, boyish, good-looking young lieutenant. Coming forward with a very charming smile he said:

"I'm mighty sorry to have to bother you, but when you checked out of Nice day before yesterday, I guess no one told you that you must check in at Cannes, as Antibes has no A. P.M."—EX-NURSE, *Seattle, Wash.*

Into the Light

AFTER being in the front lines for several weeks we were relieved and began our march to the rear about sunset on August 14, 1918. We had not seen a single speck of light, with the exception of star shells and fire belched from the artillery—not even the light from a match or a cigarette.

After several hours of marching in the darkness, suddenly I spied a light and heard the whistle of a small locomotive on a narrow-gauge French railroad. Soon I saw several electric lights along the railroad track and could hear the engine running. Probably this would not be a thrill to some, but to me it was like coming back to life.—RALPH C. GRAHAM (*8th Field Sig. Bn., 4th Division*), *Miami, Fla.*

The Beacon on Illiteracy Ledge

(*Continued from page* 9)

Just when prospects for the night school seemed darkest, Cass County Post of The American Legion held a meeting in its $100,000 clubhouse—more about the clubhouse later—a half dozen blocks from the high school building. There gathered at that meeting men who had lived for months where every moment was a problem of life or death.

To these men there was no element of the impossible in the task of

saving Logansport's night school. They took on that task gladly. They had striven together for months to make their clubhouse dream a reality, and that task was done. They were grateful to the people of their city and county for the manner in which support had been accorded them in a project which when first conceived had seemed a rash one. Here, in the new task ahead, was an opportunity to help even things up. The 650 members of Cass County Post got ready to restore the light to the lighthouse. The American Legion Auxiliary of Logansport pledged its full support.

Dr. Troy Babcock headed the post's committee, which constituted the general staff to direct the post's efforts to arouse public sentiment and work out the details of the restoration of the school. Public spirit flamed an instant response to the Legion's appeal. The business men's clubs gave their enthusiastic endorsement and offered assistance. The Board of Education did likewise. So did practically every civic organization of Logansport. The school teachers lined up solidly in the movement when Legionnaire Frank McHale addressed them at a meeting appealing for volunteer instructors. Virgil Binford, vocational director of the schools, assisted the committee in perfecting plans. Meanwhile volunteer committees composed of Legionnaires were canvassing the city to inform prospective students of the opportunities offered. Advertisements were published in the newspapers.

On January 11th of this year, the night school re-opened, enrolling more than five hundred men and women, boys and girls, in fifteen courses. Mr. Binford became its director, and the instructors were for the most part teachers who had volunteered their services. Legionnaires volunteered to assist in instruction in those subjects in which they were expert. The Legionnaire owner of a garage turned over his shop to the school two nights a week for the class in auto mechanics. The Board of Education gave the use of the high school building, furnishing light and power. Without costing the taxpayers a single cent in salaries, the night school had been saved.

The foregoing is a perspective of the Legion's accomplishment in Logansport. Now for the close-ups:

A kindly white-haired man stands facing the front row of desks in a typical American school room. Behind him is the wall blackboard on which still remain chalked the day's problems in algebra, together with freshly-chalked common American words which he has just written. He holds aloft a book while twenty pairs of eyes gaze at it expectantly. In their seats are twenty young men and women, clear of countenance and ardent purpose, to whom Ellis Island is a recent memory. You do not need to be told who came from where. Blond hair and blue eyes tell that Johanna is from the Rhineland before she speaks to confirm it. The dark-skinned young man with black hair, stiff and straight, smiles of middle Italy. The broad shoulders and rather expressionless face of the young giant in the back row suggest Budapest, and his blond prototype nearby is possibly a Czech.

"What is this?" the teacher asks.

"A book," is the answering chorus in a diversity of accents.

"Where is the book?" the teacher proceeds. "Anna, you may answer." "On the-e floor," Anna replies, and falls into confusion as her classmates volley correction.

The teacher smiles. For ten years he has been teaching elementary English and other subjects in the night school to the Gretchens and Giuseppes and Feodors of Logansport, young and old, and to-day he has a vast circle of friends, his former students, among the foreign-born population of the city. His old pupils come back to him now for advice on business and matrimony, the problems of their families and ventures in real estate. Not a few of them left town during the strike and he misses them. He hasn't any magic technique to Americanize the alien, but he does believe his pupils make mighty good citizens and are contributing to America some exceptionally promising children.

* * * * *

THE echo of rumbling machinery sounds through the basement corridor. You open a door and the whine of a band-saw upon solid oak draws your eye to a bench where a young man in overalls is finishing a table top. Next to him is a youth at a lathe in which he is adjusting a square piece of dark, hard-looking wood four feet long. He pulls a lever and the piece of wood whirls swiftly upon its axis while flakes of sawdust drift to the floor. The hand on the lever moves again and you see that the piece in the lathe is round and tapering.

"It's a piece of solid walnut which my grandfather put into a bedstead sixty years ago," explains the tall young Hoosier with satisfaction. "It will be a table lamp when I'm through with it," he adds.

In a far corner of the room you come upon a friendly, stocky man, wearing rimmed glasses, who is gluing together carefully-matched thin pieces of wood and fastening them with strips. You are not surprised to learn that he is a bank teller. He is making a cabinet and this spring he is going to lay hardwood floors in his home. He is not here by chance, as he has long made this his recreation and has developed a craftman's skill that he could capitalize if he wished. You gain added respect for his versatility when you learn that he is also the leader of Cass County Post's band of thirty-five pieces, Logansport's first musical organization.

* * * * *

ROWS of electric lamps suspended by cords from the ceiling, casting cones of light downward to the tops of trestle-boards—draughting tables, arranged in company front. A score of young men, and some who are older, perched on stools and bending over blueprints and tracing cloth in the table tops. Shiny compasses, ruling pens, celluloid angles and T-squares beside the drawings.

A young man with light brown pompadour hair is studying a book spread on the drawing in front of him. The pages show designs of cogs and wheels. The young man admits he is trying to work out something new in a cog-wheel arrangement—it may reach the patent office, he says. Perhaps some day he will design an electrically-driven fire engine—all the fire-fighting equipment used by the A. E. F. in France was made in a Logansport factory.

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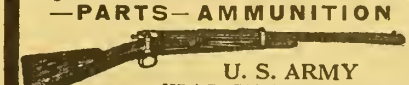

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American Legion Weekly
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A CHEMISTRY laboratory transformed into what seems at first sight to be a spring garden. This effect is produced by a score of bright new spring hats, trimmed with flowers, displayed on rows of microscopes which stand on tables. All day long high school students have been using these microscopes to study the characteristics of chemical elements. Now they serve admirably as substitutes for the stands used in the shop windows for pre-Easter displays.

Beside each hat is its maker. The room is filled with women. They are shaping wire frames or clothing them with bright bands of cloth or woven straw—or placing on them the final floral ornamentation of blue and yellow and gold and red. Each of the students in this class has already made two spring hats, and the exhibits would make a creditable millinery opening in a department store.

Equally practical is the work being done in adjoining rooms—basketry, sewing and dressmaking. Reed table lamps with shades of bright silks, wicker chairs upholstered in tapestry, beautiful cushions and draperies, dresses fitted over wire forms—these testify to marvels of creation by women who have capitalized their evenings. The architect of a wondrous basket has taught for years in the schools and holds a doctor's degree. By her side works a bride who is making a lamp for her newly-furnished living room.

* * * * *

WERE you ever a patient in a hospital? Do you recall how the nurses managed deftly to change the sheets of your bed without a jar to your pain-wracked body? Well, you walk into a room in the Logansport high-school buildings and see a white-enameled hospital cot, with a head upon the pillow. It's a bit inconsistent, however, that a nurse's white cap is upon that head. It is just a demonstration in hospital bed-making for the benefit of the class in home nursing—twenty women who are learning what to do if the influenza epidemic should get out of hand again. They already know all about temperatures, pulse and respiration, how to make a fever patient comfortable and how to recognize those danger signs in sickness which demand the doctor's immediate attention. Logansport physicians and nurses are giving the lectures.

* * * * *

LOGANSPORT girls when they are graduated from high school know how to make biscuits which are out of the hand-grenade class, and they can roast meats and bake pies and puddings. Later, as brides, they can calculate how much their husbands should eat, making an equation between his weight and the sum total of calories he consumes. They also know a vitamine when they see one. When their mothers went to school calories and vitamines hadn't been discovered as complications and the steam-shovel theory of cookery prevailed. But now the old-fashioned mothers of Logansport are learning evenings what their daughters learned by day—they are students in the night-school courses of domestic science. You see them, white-haired and dignified, wearing aprons, distilling tomato bisque, charting the ideal ration of a three-year-old boy and making round steak into *châteaubriand.* Household allowances automatically go farther after the women who are taking these courses have learned the principles of balanced rations, and savings accounts automatically become larger.

* * * * *

AND so the Logansport night-school goes on. If The American Legion in Logansport had no other record of accomplishment than this, it would have justified itself as a community investment. But Cass County Post has an

April Showers

For three months there has been a steady rain of cards. For three months the Weekly has been snowed under with renewals, and now we are ready for the April shower of new members.

The time has come to turn every effort toward them. Legion strength is assured for 1923. It is the best argument with the gang that has not yet joined the Legion. Everybody is in.

Get on the floor of your next post meeting and see if you can start your drive now. There are still a few scattered Legionnaires whose dues have not yet been paid. Go get them back into the fold.

Tell your post how you personally can help to keep up the April shower of new members.

POST OFFICERS

The time to get new members is now! If you will write us what you can do, and what you will do, the Weekly will be glad to help you.

We have a limited supply of posters and membership aids which we want to give to the posts that will use them to the best advantage.

Make every day count. This is the big year and the Legion means business.

Be sure to get every card in as quickly as it is signed. Every card counts. Get them in on the same day they are signed. If you delay the cards you delay the magazine.

Now for the April showers!

even broader record of accomplishment. Its 650 members in a city of 23,000 inevitably are a powerful force in every community activity and business endeavor. Its $100,000 clubhouse, now occupied debt-free, is a palatial building which will compare with any Legion home in the United States. The Auxiliary unit, which shares equally with the Post the achievement of restoring the night school, has demonstrated the powerful support of the mothers, wives and sisters of the service men by equipping a complete kitchen in the clubhouse at a cost of more than $2,000 and by its activities in making Christmas happy for the disabled men in hospitals.

The Auxiliary unit remembers the sick, both of the post and of its own ranks, with flowers and table delicacies. And, as we have mentioned before, there is the post's band of thirty-five pieces, an outfit with snap and class. On public holidays and special occasions this band stands out as all Logansport's own, and its summer concerts have given it statewide fame. It confirmed that fame by its playing and appearance at the New Orleans convention.

A clubhouse is a clubhouse, and one and all they are apt to include much the same features. But there is no local braggadocio in Logansport's pride in the home which the Legion has acquired with the help of a state law permitting counties to make appropriations for memorial buildings. It is a testimonial to the prestige of the Legion in Logansport that there was scarcely any opposition when the county commissioners voted $50,000 to start the memorial project and followed this with other smaller appropriations. Meanwhile the post had been busy raising the additional funds necessary—an indoor carnival held in a vacant factory building alone netted profits of $7,200—and shortly after the building was dedicated last May every obligation incurred in its construction had been paid. Civic organizations joined their contributions to help meet the cost of the building, and besides the kitchen equipped by the Auxiliary other rooms were furnished entire by local societies. The G. A. R. moved the treasured reminders of their own battles to quarters in the new building and have now both a meeting place and a museum.

This building and a true Legion spirit have established Cass County Post firmly and prominently in its community. Favored perhaps by circumstances, this post exemplifies a development which is now taking place in cities and towns throughout the United States. It foreshadows the full Legion growth which is to come.

The Profiteer Hunt

(*Continued from page* 8)

find out what the Marlin-Rockwell company did to earn their six and three-quarters percent. The question was put to R. T. Tobey, vice-president of the company. He answered evasively, but when pinned down he said the company had charge of supervision and designing.

"The general supervision—was not that turned over to the Ley company?" Mr. Tobey was then asked.

"No, sir; I do not think so—oh, no," he replied. "We had our own designing staff. When necessary it was supplemented by the Ley staff."

Major Foster's official report, written October 23, 1918, touches on this point. After declaring the Marlin-Rockwell company "was doing absolutely nothing" to earn the fees that were paid it, the major continued:

Designing of plant. They [the Marlin-Rockwell company] had no abilities within themselves along this line, so they turned the task over to the Ley company . . . which has performed all the engineering service that has been performed on this job. Without the Ley company to lean upon the loading company would never have got as far as it has.

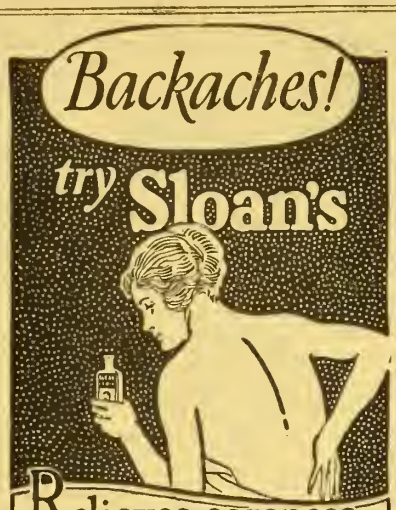
The loading company has a chief engineer with no engineering forces under him. Just what he has accomplished by way of a design of the plant I was unable to see. About three weeks ago, by order of the loading company, the whole Ley engineering force was placed on the loading company's payroll. Asked as to the reason for this shift, the chief executive of the loading company at first said it was done because, inasmuch as the loading company's contract called for them to design the plant, it would "look better." Then he said it was done at the suggestion of Major Gray of the Construction Division.

In view of this conflicting testimony it is still obscure to the Weekly just what the Marlin-Rockwell Loading Company did to earn $270,000, or whatever sum it was paid for construction services.

Major Foster's report is comprehensive. He begins with a criticism of the contract itself. He says that "it exhibits the same fundamental unsoundness of many other Ordnance contracts" and "is unfair to the Government in that it contemplates paying the agent a large fee for service that it cannot itself perform."

"The first duty of the loading company, as a going concern, was the selection of a plant site," continues the report. "In this they fell down badly." The site was 650 acres of swamp land adjoining the Delaware river, eighteen miles south of Wilmington. It cost $70,000, which Major Foster thought an excessive price. Major Foster says officials of the Ley company urged the loading company to abandon the site, but it was not done. "There are several possible sites along the Delaware," says Major Foster, "and no one that has not distinct advantages over the one selected."

Passing on to personnel, Major Foster declares the parent Marlin-Rockwell Corporation "did not select the right men for the loading company . . . It did not and still does not see its problem. . . . The active heads of the loading company are men of no manufacturing experience." The major goes on to enumerate eight or ten of them who drew salaries ranging from $3,600 to $15,000 a year In most cases these salaries represented an increase of about one hundred percent over what the same men were making before the loading company took them on. "Bear in mind," adds Major Foster, "that these salaries do not come from the



Relieves soreness
by warming and circulating blood

Stop those dull, insistent aches, by relieving the painful congestion. Sloan's does this. Without rubbing, it quickly penetrates the sore spot, stimulating the circulation to and through it. Congestion is reduced, soreness allayed, the pain relieved.

Sloans's relieves sore, aching muscles, banishes the pains of rheumatism and neuralgia. Breaks up colds in chest. Stops suffering — wherever congestion rouses pain.

At all drug stores

Sloan's Liniment-*kills pain!*

NEW INVENTION

The Wonderful Serenola

Does more than machines costing five times its price. Easily carried with you anywhere. Built in just like a suitcase. Plays any record.

Low Priced—Guaranteed

Agents having wonderful success. Making from $7 to $21 a day. Easy to take orders. We pay you daily. No delivering. No collecting. Write for every day money plan.

PERRY-LUDLOW CO. S-701 Dayton, O.

INVENTORS who derive largest profits know and heed certain simple but vital facts *before* applying for Patents. Our book *Patent-Sense* gives those facts; *free*. Write Lacey & Lacey, 643 F St., Washington, D. C. ESTABLISHED 1869.

Ride a Ranger

The Finest bicycle ever built. 44 Styles, colors, sizes; made in our new factory. SAVE $10 to $25. Cash or easy payments. Delivered free on approval, express prepaid, for 30 Days' Free Trial. No charge unless you are satisfied.

Tires Best quality at factory prices, express paid. Lamps, wheels, equipment, low prices. Write Today for low factory prices and marvalous offers and terms.

Mead Cycle Company Dept. T166 Chicago Write us today for free catalog

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Be City Mail Carriers

Ex-Service Men Get First Preference

Steady—Common education sufficient. Over 7,600 Ex-Service Men were appointed carriers and clerks last fiscal year.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept R327
Rochester, N. Y.

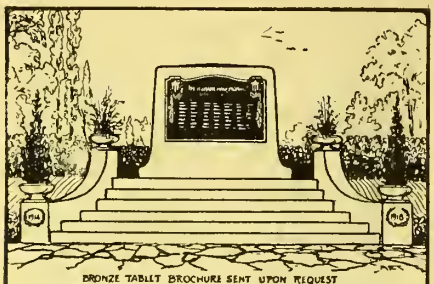
Send me, WITHOUT CHARGE, list of places at which I may get a position as Mail Carrier—Tell me how to get the position, and tell me regarding preference to Ex-Service Men.

CUT HERE

Send coupon today sure

Name.....

Address.....



BRONZE TABLET BROCHURE SENT UPON REQUEST

FREE DESIGNS AND COUNSEL

LET OUR MEMORIAL ART DEPARTMENT SOLVE YOUR MEMORIAL PROBLEM - SEND PLANS AND PHOTO OF CONTEMPLATED LOCATION

THE FLOUR CITY ORNAMENTAL IRON CO.
—ESTABLISHED 1893—
MINNEAPOLIS - MINNESOTA

EARN $25.00 WEEKLY
AS A PRACTICAL NURSE

This simple home-study, short course soon trains you. Learn how to recognize different diseases, to take temperature, care for patients, give baths, etc. Easily understood. Study "Nursing in The Home," by Dr. Lee H. Smith. This gives new improved methods, complete course, five hundred pages, **only one dollar.** Send to-day. Money back if not satisfied—no red-tape. Agents wanted. World's Medical Press, 664 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

For the SAXOPHONE
TRADE MARK

10 New "Hits" at HALF PRICE!

In "*Laf'n Sax*" you follow the notes and produce side-splitting laughter. "*Tong'n Sax*" makes you triple-tongue like a professional—automatically! "*Piggly-Wiggle*" fast, snappy, easy; 100,000 copies sold in a year. All these 10 pieces are published by us, and sell for 50c a selection, or $5 in all. During this Sale only **$2.50** postpaid and on approval! Any beginner can learn to play these pieces quickly.

$2.50

Order direct from this ad. State if C Melody, Alto or Tenor is desired.

10 Days' Trial

Remit in any convenient form. Keep 10 days and see for yourself here is Saxophone music you simply *must* have! *Money back if you wish to return it.*

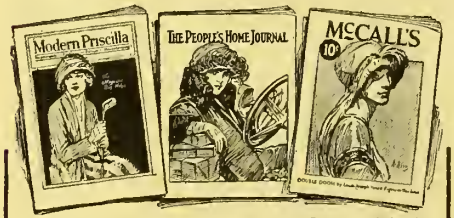
The Saxophone Shop, Dept. 102, 425 S. Wabash Av., Chicago

Agents—$6 a Day

Taking Orders for Clark Glare Shield

Kills glare of sunlight and approaching headlights. Keeps you out of the ditch. Attached in five minutes. Fits any car. Neff took orders for 92 shields in one week. No capital required. County agents wanted. Write for sample and territory.

CLARK PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 622 Springfield, O.



All 3 for 1 year $2.75—Save $1.50

Place your order for this Bargain Magazine offer with the Adjutant of your own American Legion Post, or send $2.75 with your name and address to The Legion Subscription Service, 627 West 43d Street, New York City. We will send the commission to your Post.

loading company's fee. The Government pays them and then pays ten percent on top of them."

Major William B. Gray, referred to in a foregoing quotation from Major Foster's report, shed some interesting light on this case when he was questioned before the Graham committee. Major Gray is an engineer of twenty-five years' experience and of the highest professional standing. For several years before the war he was in charge of important operations for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Major Gray was ordered to take charge of the Government's interests at the Marlin-Rockwell plant site on September 8, 1918. He reported with a force of two hundred men—engineers, inspectors, auditors, clerks and troops. Major Gray declared his presence from the start was unwelcome to the officials of the Marlin-Rockwell and Ley companies, whose first advice to him was to leave immediately "and save yourself the humiliation of being recalled." Gray refused. He said he found conditions chaotic and when he began to attempt to bring about order he was hampered at every turn by the agents of the two companies.

The first thing he did was to replace the plant guards with military police. The major described these guards as a tough lot. He says professional gunmen were among their number and that they got drunk and robbed laborers. When the force was disbanded he says police officers came from New York and Philadelphia and arrested several who were wanted in those cities. Gray said when he fired these guards the Marlin-Rockwell company objected and then tried to add to its profit the customary ten percent of the pay of the military police who replaced them. Gray also said that an attempt was made to levy like tribute upon the pay of all the government people he had taken along to help him.

"Management, superintendents and foremen generally speaking were incompetent," testified Major Gray, describing conditions as a whole. "They studied to keep costs up; they had that down to a science."

A spur railroad was built from the camp site to Wilmington, Delaware, a distance of eighteen miles. It cost $400,000. Major Gray, who has built all kinds of railroad, says this was $100,000 too much "even in war times." The waste on transportation was described as prodigious. It cost $56 to send a truck to Philadelphia and return, and according to this witness trucks were sent there to bring back a few dollars' worth of material. A truck was sent to Hartford, Connecticut, which is four times as far as Philadelphia, for $25 worth of supplies. Major Gray called out his M. P.'s to stop a truck that was starting for Rochester, New York. Common laborers were paid $50 to $75 a week and carpenters $125, Gray declares.

Major Gray made himself disbursing officer, directing that orders for material not be paid unless they bore his O. K. He said he used a rubber signature stamp for routine work. Large orders got his personal attention. Major Gray testified that presently he discovered that Marlin-Rockwell company agents were using this stamp to O. K. for payment orders when there existed "no reasonable evidence that the materials had ever been delivered." Gray said he asked for the return of the stamp. He was told it was lost. Gray said he then held up an order for the payment of $40,000 and presently the stamp was found and surrendered to him. The major testified that often when he would decline to approve payment of an order the same order would come back to him in a different form. He said he kept three men busy scrutinizing orders to see that he did not pass any that he had previously refused to pass.

Gray was in constant conflict with the Marlin-Rockwell and Ley officials. On November 7th he was relieved without notice and told to report to Washington. He did so and threatened to demand an investigation and a court-martial. He was sent back to the plant site, where he remained until after the Armistice.

AND this is how one cost-plus contract worked out. We happen to tell the story at this time merely to illustrate the theme of this article, which is the mobilization of industry. Industry snapped to attention in accordance with the terms laid down in a drill regulations of its own, the war contract—which will become a more familiar fixture as we proceed on our journey.

To the National Treasurer of The American Legion
Indianapolis, Indiana

Herewith I inclose ..... in the amount of
(check or money order)

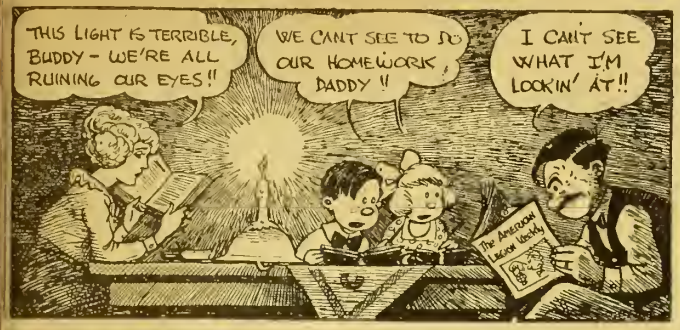
$..... to be acknowledged in the name of

.....
(state whether the donation is made in memory of an individual or a unit)

and to be credited to.....
(post, unit or other organization)

It is understood that this contribution shall remain permanently a part of The American Legion Grave Endowment Fund and that record of it shall be preserved in the National Archives of The American Legion.

You may use this form if desired in sending your contribution, whether post or individual, to the Graves Endowment Fund



Buddy Turns Light on an Advertising Problem

Ben Franklin might just as well not have discovered electricity so far as it benefits Buddy in the Barrel.

No electrical appliances of any nature are advertised in his Weekly. He can't even get a shock, without sitting back and calling up some laying-out the old topper gave him back in the days when cooties were in other places than dictionaries.

Buddy thinks the Great White Way is a snowdrift somewhere along the rim of the arctic; he thinks a bulb is a glass handgrenade and General Electric a bird who commanded his outfit over there.

Of course in the old days Buddy got plenty of lighting service. If he lighted a fag behind the lines, beaucoup flashes and other overhead disturbances would follow. And if he turned on some juice in the front lines, he could start a current of lead flowing that was more difficult to turn off than a rook's story of his hardships.

The old Stave Hero hasn't heard the "lights out" call since Jerry planes were doing their midnight stuff. There are no lights in his home to turn off. In the cantonments it was bad enough to find a new bulb after one had burned out, but if one burns out now Buddy's fate is sealed.

Lincoln studied by candle and got away with it, but Buddy could never hold the spotlight at a post meeting if only a candle light glimmered around him.

The coupon is the button that turns the light for the manufacturer on the value of our Weekly. It is a direct wire. Take your pencil or fountain pen and press a few of the dots. What lamp should Buddy use—and what electrical appliances for his home or post headquarters?

Think of Mrs. Buddy trying to keep up with Mrs. Buck and no electric iron, toaster, waffle iron or percolator on the premises.

Join the Order or Coupons. Your signature on the dotted lines is your membership card.

Answer some questions for Mr. Edison's advertising manager. Show Westinghouse, Western Electric Company and the other manufacturers of electrical appliances that we didn't all go west in la guerre.

The light may have failed, but not the kupe.

To Buddy in the Barrel,
627 West 43d St., New York City

I would like to see advertised with us the following make of electrical appliances:

.....

.....

Give reasons .....

.....

This coupon is for all Legionnaires and Auxiliary Members to fill out. But if you are a dealer or salesman handling this line, please indicate by check mark

.....dealer.....salesman

Name.....

Address.....

Post.....

.....

OUR DIRECTORY

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in

AUTOS & AUTO ACCESSORIES
Herman Bumiller
Chevrolet Motor Co
VVVVVElectric Storage Battery Co
VLiberty Top & Tire Co.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS
VVVAmerican Pub. Co.
Garden City Pub. Co. 3
Wm. Green 2
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Rusche Artificial Flower Co.
VSanta Fe Railway
VVVVStandard Food & Fur Co.
Superior Laboratories

ENTERTAINMENT
VVVT. S. Denisou & Co.

FOOD PRODUCTS
VVVVThe Genesee Pure Food Co.

FURNITURE
VVVVHartman Furniture & Carpet Co.

INSURANCE
VVJohn Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.

INVESTMENTS
VG. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co.

JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS
VVVVAmerican Legion Emblem Division
VVVBurlington Watch Co
VVVFlour City Ornamental Iron Co. 30
Ingersoll Watch Co.

"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—*as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the* WEEKLY—*we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine*—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

VVLoftis Bros. & Co.
J. M. Lyon & Co.
E. Richwine & Co.
VVVVSanta Fe Watch Co.
R. F. Simmons Company
Supreme Jewelry Co. 27
Universal Watch Co. 24

MEDICINAL
VAllen's Foot-Ease 27
Bayer Tablets of Aspirin
VMusterole Co.
Othine
VSloan's Liniment 29

MEN'S WEAR
VVVCluett, Peabody & Co.
VThe Florsheim Shoe Co.
VVHart Schaffner & Marx
VHoleproof Hosiery Co.
VVVKahn Tailoring Co.
VVVReliance Mfg. Co.
VVRussell's Inc.
VVWilson Brothers

MISCELLANEOUS
American Chicle Co.
VThe American Doughboy 26
VJ. Buchstein
VDictograph Products Corp.
VCole & Co. 24
Marvel Mfg. Co.
VPhiladelphia Key Co.
VThe Rat Biscuit Co.
VVVVRedding & Co.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
VVVVBueseher Band Inst. Co.
VVVVC. G. Conn, Ltd. 25
VLyon & Healy
Saxophone Shop 30
Wilson Bros. Mfg. Co.

of ADVERTISERS

our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

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E. E. Stevens, Jr. 25

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VVVAmerican School
VVVVVFranklin Institute 23 and 29
VVAlexander Hamilton Institute
VHealth Builders, Inc.
Metropolitan School of Journalism. 28
VVArthur Murray 24
Palmer Photoplay Corp.
VVVVPatterson Civil Service School 26
VVVVVStandard Business Training Institute.
VVVVF. W. Tamblyn.
VVVUnited Y. M. C. A. School
World's Medical Press. 30

SMOKERS' NEEDS
VVVVAmerican Tobacco Co.
VVVLiggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
VVLyons Mfg. Co.

SOFT DRINKS
VCoca Cola

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Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dri-Kamp Co.
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VVVVHarley-Davidson Motor Co. 23
VVHendee Mfg. Co.
VVMead Cycle Co. 29
VMoskowitz & Herbach 28
VThos. E. Wilson.

STATIONERY
Paramount Paper Co. 26

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VVVAmerican Telephone & Telegraph Co.

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Barbasol Co.
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VVVVVThe Pepsodent Co.
VVJ. B. Williams Co.

TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION
VVU. S. Shipping Board.

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VCorona Typewriter Co., Inc.
Remington Typewriter Co.
VVVShipman Ward Mfg. Co.

LET'S PATRONIZE THEY ADVERTISE

V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. THE VV TWO, VVV THREE, VVVV FOUR AND FIVE STRIPERS ARE GROWING IN NUMBER, AND THE SIX 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 December 22, 1922. 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.

Advertising rates: $3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

THEY ADVERTISE LET'S PATRONIZE

I Will Give You a Chance To Earn $200 a Week

RIGHT NOW, today, I offer you an opportunity to be your own boss—to work just as many hours a day as you please—to start when you want to and quit when you want to—and earn $200 a week.

These Are Facts

Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you what J. R. Head did in a small town in Kansas. Head lives in a town of 631 people. He was sick, broke, out of a job. He accepted my offer. I gave him the same chance I am now offering you. At this new work he has made as high as $69.50 for one day's work.

You can do every bit as well as he did. If that isn't enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet, of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer, and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned $243. Inside of six months he was making between $600 and $1,200 a month.

W. J. McCrary is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him $2.00 a day, but this wonderful new work has enabled him to make $9,000 a year.

J. R. HEAD

Yes, and right this very minute you are being offered the same proposition that has made these men so successful. Do you want it? Do you want to earn $40.00 a day?

A Clean, High-Grade Dignified Business

Have you ever heard of Comer All-Weather Coats? They are advertised in all the leading magazines. A good-looking stylish coat that's good for summer or winter—that keeps out wind, rain or snow, a coat that everybody should have, made of fine materials for men, women and children, and sells for less than the price of an ordinary coat.

Now, Comer Coats are not sold in stores. All our orders come through our own representatives. Within the next few months we will pay representatives more than three hundred thousand dollars for sending us orders.

And now I am offering you the chance to become our representative in your territory and get *your* share of that three hundred thousand dollars. All you do is to take orders. We do the rest. We deliver. We collect and you get your money the same day you take the order.

You see how simple it is. We furnish you with a complete outfit and tell you how to get the business in your territory. We help you to get started. If you send us only six average orders a day, which you can easily get, you will make $100 a week.

Maybe You Are Worth $1,000 a Month

Well, here is your chance to find out, for this is the same proposition that enabled George Garon to make a clear profit of $40.00 in the first day's work—the same proposition that gave R. W. Krieger $20.00 net profit in a half hour. It is the same opportunity that gave A. B. Spencer $625 cash for one month's spare time.

If you mail the coupon at the bottom of this ad I will show you the easiest, quickest, simplest plan for making money that you ever heard of. If you are interested in a chance to earn $200 a week and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to my proposition, write your name down below, cut out the coupon and mail it to me at once. You take no risk, and this may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to earn more money than you ever thought possible.

Find Out Now!

Remember, it doesn't cost you a penny. You don't agree to anything, and you have a chance to go right out and make big money. Do it. Don't wait. Get full details. Mail the coupon now.

C. E. COMER, THE COMER MFG. CO.
Dept. F-434, Dayton, Ohio

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