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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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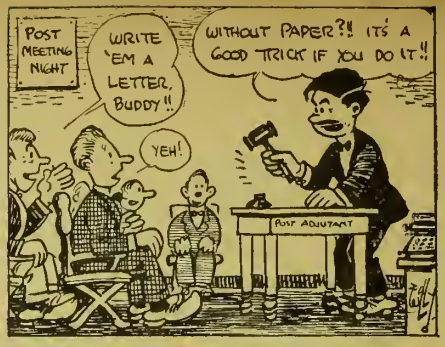
THIS cover design, by Rudolph A. Bianconcini, was awarded first prize in a competition open to vocational trainees of the Society of Illustrators School for Disabled Soldiers, New York City. (See page 16.)



Getting It Down On Paper

In the slum days, they got it down on paper. They had you going and coming on the dotted line. If a topper or a company clerk, or the c.c.'s third assistant, went wrong on duty, they had no more chance when called up on the carpet than a grasshopper at the aquarium. An officer simply read out a printed order, the date, and the verdict.

The iron rule and "special orders" were great tillicums.

Outside of squads right, a lot of us birds in service had nothing to do but write in the third person, write to persons in villages visited, and write home.

But manufacturers of paper have forgotten that we put up the heaviest barrage of ink since the old scow put out and that company clerks ditched enough paper while on hikes, and while camped in barns and shelled schoolhouses over there to supply the French kids for forty years.

These manufacturers do not use the columns of our Weekly.

Buddy in the Barrel has several of the best makes of typewriters to choose from, machines that are advertised in our Weekly, but when Buddy gets his machine out and is all pepped up to write a business letter, or another kind, he's more S. O. L. than he was when he had to use a piece of hardtack for a postal card.

In these days Buddy can't step around to the corner "Y" or "K. C." tent and grab his paper and envelopes.

And there's more than 16,000 posts and Auxiliary units spreading the Legion word through the mails. And how many hundred thousand in business who buy paper?

Use the Kupe and tell Buddy about the paper you buy for your personal writing, business, or your post—what brand, if possible, how much you buy every year.

Surely there aren't three-quarters of a million of us doing our corresponding with government postal cards. The Stave Hero can tune in on a radio program, but he can't broadcast his own stuff without paper.

Post Officers—'ten-shun! Buddy would like to get a sample of the bulletins you send out. He wants to prove to manufacturers of duplicating machines that these articles are used by posts throughout the country, or could be used for your class of work.

Just send along any of your old bulletins, multigraphed, mimeographed, printed, or in any form you get them out.

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

I would like to see the following brands of paper advertised in our Weekly:

.....

.....

Give reasons.....

.....

.....

This coupon is for all Legionnaires and Auxiliary Members to fill out. If dealer or salesman, please check.....dealer .....salesman. If not dealer or salesman, please state occupation.....

.....

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

"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.

AUTOS & AUTO ACCESSORIES
- American Automobile Digest
- Chevrolet Motor Co.
- VVVVVVElectric Storage Battery Co.
- International Body Works
- VVLiberty Top & Tire Co.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS
- VVVAmerican Pub. Co.
- L. C. McCollum 21

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES
- VVVVAmerican Products Co.
- Anglo American Mill Co.
- VVVVVComer Mfg. Co ..... Back Cover
- VHolcomb & Hoke Co.
- Kingery Mfg. Co.
- VVMac-O-Chee Mills
- VVMadison Shirt Co. 20
- Paul Rubber Co.
- Perry Ludlow Co.
- VSanta Fe Railway
- W. D. Smith & Co.
- VVVVStandard Food & Fur Co.
- Washington Coal Co.
- Wolverine Climax Co. 21

FOOD PRODUCTS
- VVVVVThe Genesee Pure Food Co.

HOUSEHOLD NECESSITIES
- VVVVHartman Furniture Co.

INSURANCE
- VVJohn Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co...

INVESTMENTS
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- VG. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co.

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- Ingersoll Watch Co.
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- VVVVRedding & Co.

- R. F. Simmons Company
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- VB. V. D. Company
- VVVVCluett, Peabody & Co. 19
- V The Florsheim Shoe Co.
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- VVVKahn Tailoring Co.
- VVNu Way Strech Suspender Co.
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- VVCole & Co.
- VDictograph Products Corp.
- VVVH. Clay Glover
- Interstate Novelty House 20
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- VVVVC. G. Conn, Ltd. 20
- VVLyon & Healy
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- Coyne Electrical School
- VVVVVVFranklin Institute 21
- VVAlexander Hamilton Institute
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- VVVVPatterson Civil Service School
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- VVVVVF. W. Tamblyn
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- VVVVLiggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

SOFT DRINKS
- VVCoca Cola

SPORTS AND RECREATION
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- Consumers Co. 20
- VVVVHarley-Davidson Motor Co.
- VVVHendee Mfg. Co.
- Marble Arms & Mfg. Co.
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TOILET NECESSITIES
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- VVJ. B. Williams Co.

TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION
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- Hawaii Tourist Bureau

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- Remington Typewriter Co.
- VVVVShipman Ward Mfg. Co.
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LET'S PATRONIZE THEY ADVERTISE

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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.

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THEY ADVERTISE LET'S PATRONIZE

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The Vintage *of* 1923

Quantity and Not Quality Distinguishes the Liquor Being Sold Today

By Jack O'Donnell

Photos Keystone

Until prohibition officers appeared on the scene this huge still was being used to produce bootleg whiskey in the residential section of Washington. The stuff that came from it had a kick of government mule intensity; otherwise, like similar liquid being turned out elsewhere, it was without virtue

THREE of us were seated at a table in a Mid-Western hotel discussing the ever-popular subject—prohibition. Having just completed a tour of thirty-six States seeking facts about booze and bootleggers I expressed the opinion that seventy-five per cent of the stuff sold by bootleggers was little better than poison.

"Little better is right!" declared one of my companions. "I know, because I've hit some of it and paid the penalty. The other night I went out with another chap to celebrate a bonus I had received from the firm I work for. We went to a place where they brag about the good stuff they have, and I took several shots. Things were just beginning to brighten up when—blah!

"Next morning I woke with a head and an all-gone feeling in my midsection. Painfully I opened first one eye, then the other, and peered over the coverlets. On the wall near the fireplace was a picture of a timid maiden beside a pool of cool-looking water. She was modestly holding a towel between herself and direct observation. I recognized neither the pool nor the maiden. In fact, as I gazed about the room my burning eyes encountered not a single familiar object. I looked back at the pool of water. It was the one thing in this world I thought worth while at that moment. I ached to roll out of bed and plunge into that pool. But my head ached fearfully. The more I tried to figure out where I was the more intense became the pain. I was about to give up when my friend of the night before came into the room. I told him how rotten I felt and he asked if I wanted a little shot. I most decidedly didn't.

"Then my friend reconstructed the events of the night before. I remembered everything up to the time that I took about the sixth drink. Then, it seems, I faded from the picture. He told me that I had walked, talked and acted like a guy that knew what it was all about, but that at one time I wanted to whip the cop. He and my friend poured me into a taxi and took me to my friend's room.

"Believe me, boys, that stuff I drank was 'little better than poison.' I've been a drinking man for fifteen years, but in the old days I always prided myself that I could stand up with the best of them. I always managed to be on my feet when the final nightcap was drunk and I never woke up in strange places. But this vintage of 1923 is different."

Because I had heard similar stories before starting out to look over the booze trails of America I had, everywhere I visited, sought information about this brew of 1923. I talked with bootleggers in every big city and, after establishing friendly relations, always put the question of the quality of their booze up to them on a man-to-man basis. Some of them were honest enough to admit that their wares were "cut"; some even went so far as to admit that they made the stuff from grain alcohol and water. One, in Detroit, told me he worked for a fellow who had a still which turned out fifty gallons every day. This amount, he said, always was disposed of before nightfall. But the majority of booze peddlers will swear by the good god Bacchus that their particular brand of liquor "just came off the *Majestic*" or some other liner. It's a poor bootlegger nowadays who hasn't a wide circle of real or mythical maritime friends.

In the course of my investigations I went to several chemists employed by the Federal Government to make tests of the hooch confiscated by prohibition enforcement officers.

"What are the drinkers drinking?" I asked them.

They told me and showed me. They told me that if I was a drinker without a private cellar stocked with pre-

Prohibition agents were attracted to this spot by a dry area in the middle of a wet field near Bristol, Connecticut. They investigated and found an underground plant consisting of a concrete chamber, an elevator for hoisting liquor, and everything needed in its manufacture

war stuff I probably was drinking slow poison in the form of ether, wood alcohol, powerful coloring chemicals, flavoring extracts, and cheap raw alcohol. One of these chemists gave me an ounce bottle of liquid he took from a perfectly good looking bottle which was labeled Johnny Walker.

"Take that home with you, put it in a glass and let it stand three or four hours," he said. "Then pour it out and see what you find in the glass."

I did as directed. The result gave me pause. The sides and bottom of the glass were coated with a substance of about the same consistency as the common or garden variety of floor varnish. I tried to clean the glass with hot water. It didn't work. I scraped some of the deposit off with a knife. It was gummy and stretched like warm taffy.

The same chemist that gave me this sample let me watch him make tests of several other bottles of hooch which prohibition enforcement officers had submitted to him for analysis. All of these bottles looked like the real article. They had pretty labels on them and the corks of several had the names of two famous Scots—brothers—burned into them. As he filled his test tubes and poured the telltale chemicals in on top of the booze he gave vent to several enlightening comments.

"Ether!" he would say, or "Wood alcohol!" or "Almost rye whiskey!"

I watched him until my eyes ached and my throat parched, but only once in that whole morning did he exclaim, "Real stuff!"

At lunch we discussed the effect of this pseudo John Barleycorn on the composite American stomach. The chemist told me that even those credited with cast-iron insides could not drink this sort of stuff and live long.

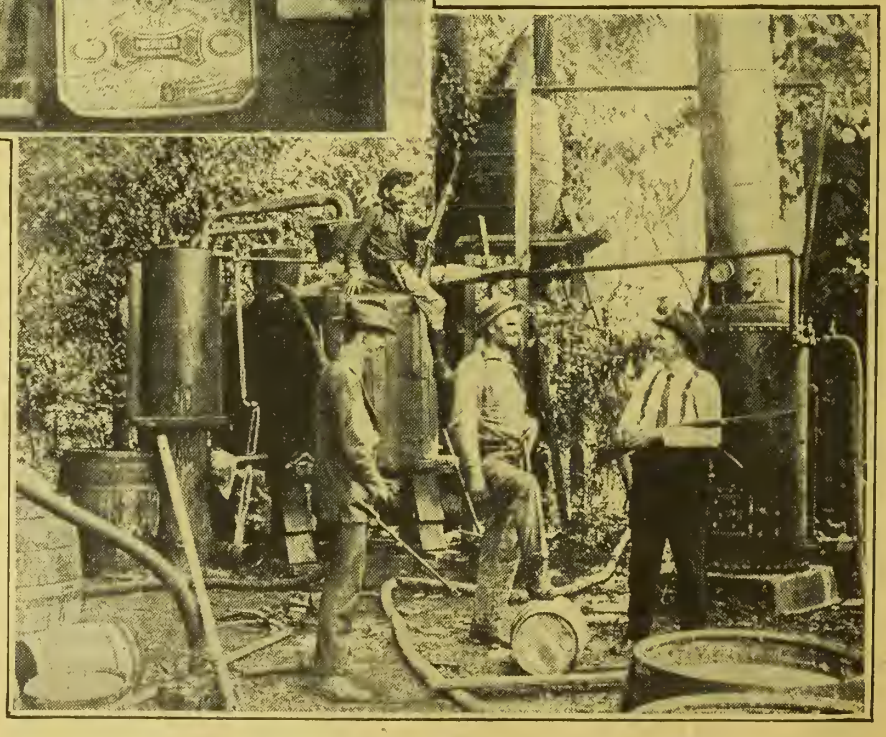
I told him of my friend's experience with his memory. That, he said, was a common complaint of post-prohibition drinkers. "The raw alcohol that is bottled, colored and flavored for immediate consumption paralyzes the nerve centers, and the brain refuses to function normally," he said.

"How about the booze that is being brought in from the Bahamas, Canada and Mexico?" I asked. "Isn't that good?"

"The stuff that is being brought in without first being 'cut' is pure enough," he answered. "But it is young and raw and deadly. Many of the rum runners, however, make two quarts grow where only one grew before while bringing the stuff to the border or the three-mile limit. If it escapes adulteration en route it is 'cut' after it reaches the bootleggers in the United States. Rarely is pure

(*Continued on page* 21)

Counterfeit liquor labels. Until competition forced down prices, making these little stickers was an extremely lucrative occupation. With a supply of them, some bottles, a small still and a few other necessaries, it is possible for the expert of 1923 to produce, in miraculous fashion, almost any well-known variety of booze

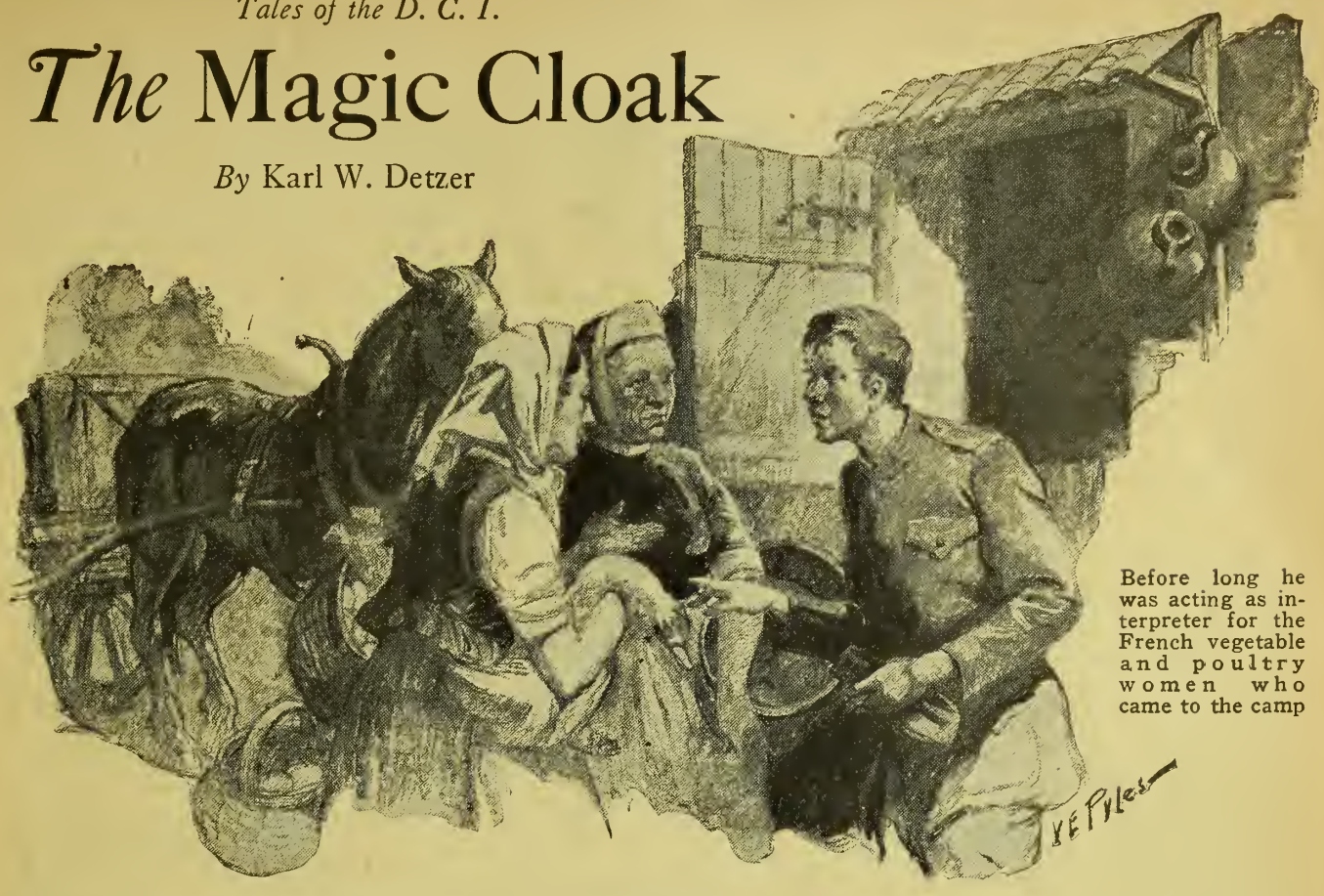


An illicit still found near Louisville, Kentucky. Federal officers happened along after its owners had pocketed $30,000 while posing as summer campers within a stone's throw of the Dixie Highway

Tales of the D. C. I.

The Magic Cloak

By Karl W. Detzer



Before long he was acting as interpreter for the French vegetable and poultry women who came to the camp

THAT wrinkled, reclaimed, reissued olive drab uniform—what a part it played after the war in the criminal history of Europe! There were privates absent without leave who abandoned it and took to civvies and gun-toting. Others, also absent without leave, traded for the garb of a member of the military police and lived at their own convenience. Still others, keener chaps, gave up cheap o. d. for the nattier serge of a colonel's dress, with buzzards on the shoulder.

American criminals in costume kept the Division of Criminal Investigation busy; but to apprehend these was not so difficult as to discover the criminals of other nations, foreigners in olive drab who used our uniform as a shield against their own police. For them it was a magic cloak, behind which they hid themselves and their deeds, and in which they traveled wherever their life beyond the law might take them. They were men who preferred whatever minor punishment might be in store for them if they fell into the clutches of the American authorities to the sterner justice that awaited them at the hands of their own people.

They found the uniform practical, comfortable and cheap. To pay for it usually was not necessary. In many cases the outsider who masked in the doughboy's outfit picked it up from a carelessly guarded salvage heap. They chose their sizes, and the American secret police worked harder.

Into the D. C. I. office in Le Mans there walked one day a tall, angular fellow in handcuffs. With him was Private Martin, a D. C. I. investigator, assigned to watch incoming trains for criminals described in the "look-outs." The prisoner was placed in the guard room and listed as follows on the arrest book of the department:

Name, John Lamb.
Organization, 28th Division.
Charge, AWOL.
Operator, Martin.
Disposition, ————.

As chief of the Le Mans office, I held open house each morning. All the prisoners, suspects, deserters, petty criminals, men wanted for every variety of crime and misdemeanor, who had been captured in the preceding twenty-four hours, were brought in at that time, questioned, and disposed of.

The day after Lamb arrived in the guard room Private Martin paused at my desk and asked me to examine the fellow carefully.

"I can't make him out," he said. "There's something wrong, but I can't tell what."

"Send Lamb up first," I directed, and in a moment a desk sergeant brought in a typical AWOL.

He was a man of medium height, slender, with a pink complexion and sandy hair; in age about thirty-five. His uniform was issue olive drab, wrinkled and creased from a hundred muddy camps. He was unshaven. He stood easily, twisting his cap in his fingers.

"Your name?" I asked shortly.

"John Lamb," he answered.

"Your outfit?"

"Headquarters Troop, 28th Division.

"What's your rank?"

"I'm a private, sir," he answered.

"AWOL?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, three weeks," he replied readily.

I looked at him closely. For all his promptness there was something he tried to hold back. Usually a man denied he was AWOL; this one was too anxious to be classed thus. Intently, while I questioned him further, I examined his face. If he were an American deserter, wanted for a grave offense, I might recognize in his eyes or nose or mouth or cheek-bones some characteristic which I had seen on the thousands of "look-outs" and "front and side views" Bertillon photographs that had come across my desk. This one fitted none of them.

And besides, he had a strange twist to his tongue. He talked more like a Canadian, it seemed to me, than an American.

"Lamb," I said finally, "I usually send AWOL's right back to their own organization for trial. You I'm going to hold while I investigate your case further. Any time you want to tell me about yourself I'll be willing to listen. Remember, if I find that you are more than an ordinary AWOL I'll file charges, no matter how I discover it, by your own tongue or by hunting around outside."

He nodded, with no apprehension, and was led away. I checked up my roster of divisions. The 28th had passed through our area just before, and had gone on to the port. I wired the divisional provost marshal of that organization, asking him if he wanted John Lamb of Headquarters Troop sent to him for disposition.

He replied by telegraph:

"No John Lamb in 28th Division."

I called for the prisoner. He stood moodily while I read him the telegram At last he admitted that his name wasn't Lamb, but that he was a deserter

from the 28th, just as he had said; what his real name was he would not tell.

He begged to be sent to his organization. Again he was too willing. I held him, this time more suspicious than before. After a great deal of objection on his part I photographed him and sent his picture to the American D. C. I., the French bureaus, and Scotland Yard. That done, I waited.

A week passed. John Lamb had decided that we, and not he, might do the work if we insisted on finding out about him. After a few days he showed himself so docile that I released him from strict confinement with a half dozen other men in the prison room, and for the sake of exercise allowed him to work around the yard under the watchful eye of an Italian caretaker.

He was silent, indifferent, uninterested in anything we did or said to him. All we could find out was that he was smart. He made no effort to escape; in fact, at times he seemed to enjoy the hospitality of the D. C. I. office. Once he disappeared, and when I arrived in the garden his Italian guard was looking for him feverishly. I dispatched patrols to the four points of the compass. But John Lamb walked back from the corner cafe after an hour and gave himself up. He had slipped out to get a drink.

René we called him, for no one knew his real name. His age was evidently about seventeen

Then came a wire from the Paris office of Scotland Yard, the continental division of that famous English bureau.

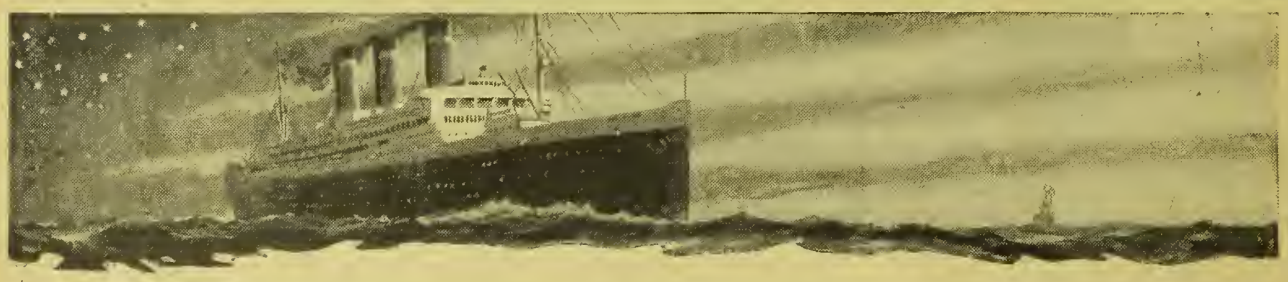
"Hold Frederick Holt, listed by you as John Lamb, under close guard. Desperate character. Sending officers to take him off your hands."

Lamb walked through the office while I read the instructions. I said nothing to him, but that night, without knowing it, he slept under strict guard. In the morning I had been at the office of Colonel William R. Pope, provost marshal for the area. On my return to the quiet Rue Bollée, where our headquarters were, I met two Britishers hurrying toward our gate.

Out of breath, excited, they presented their credentials; they were London policemen then on duty at the Paris office as guards. I brought in Lamb, or Holt, as they called him. When he saw them he laughed.

Docile even then, and not at all sullen, he began to talk naturally to the officers. I started. Where was

(*Continued on page* 18)



The Leviathan Puts *to* Sea Again

By James McBride Dabbs

GLEAMING, vast, magnificent,
She steams to sea again,
Driving on through sunlit waves,
Plowing through the rain;
Laughter light upon her decks
Where grim eyes watched before,
For fair ones go a-pleasuring,
And the brave days are no more.

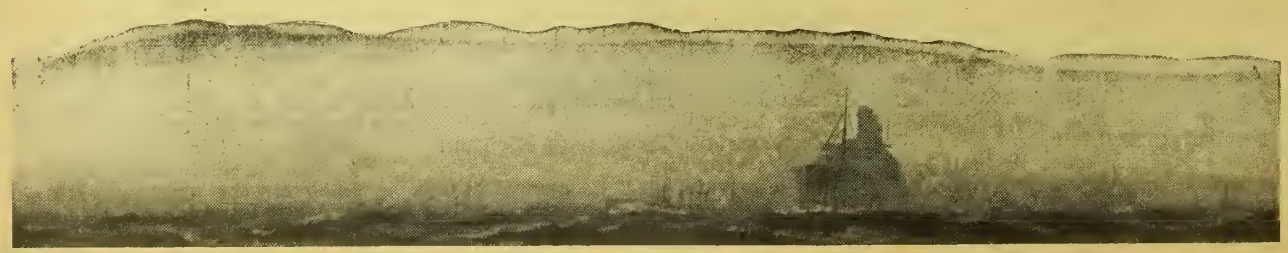
THE brave days, the grave days,
When she slipped swiftly down,
One mass of living khaki,
Below the canyoned town;
Twice five thousand fighting hearts
Bound for overseas,
Each heart sending thoughts of home
Across the smacking breeze.

OH, the glad days, the sad days,
When the good ship cut the foam
And shot through silent, death-filled seas
That roofed the Devil's home.
Spoke stern gun, and forward gun,
And roared their sullen wrath
At the dim shapes, the shadow shapes,
That slunk across her path.

THE singing days, the winging days,
When she came sweeping back,
Land freed, and ocean cleared
For a steady track.
Twice five thousand fighting hearts
Scarred but undismayed,
Ready still for mighty tasks
Now one debt was paid.

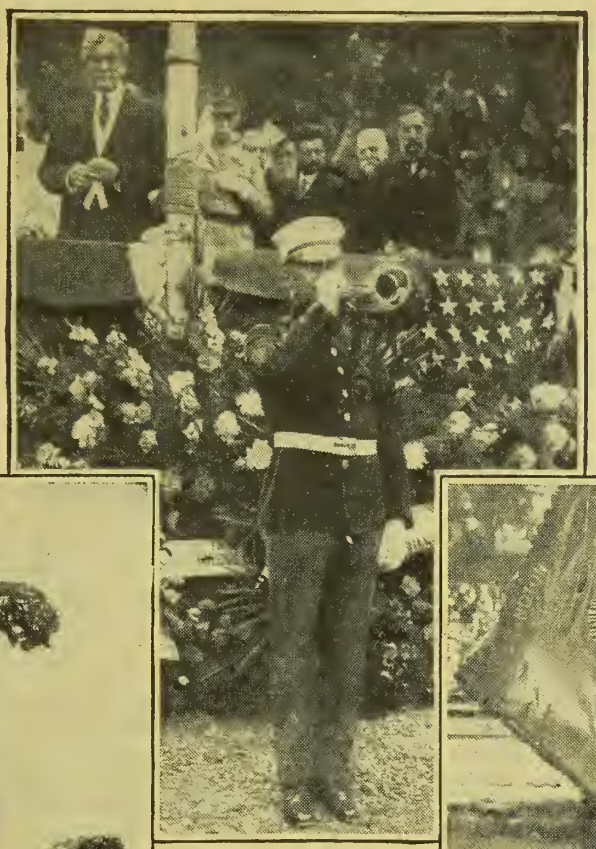
SHE sights the land, she makes her port,
The welcomes roar like thunder;
Twice five thousand fighting hearts
Throng her rails in wonder,
Shouting to the answering wharves,
Home across the main;
Ah, the solemn joy to greet
America again!

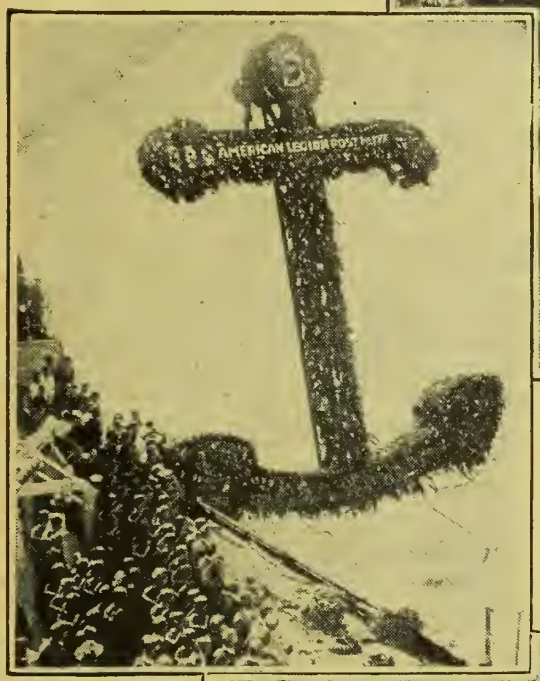
GLEAMING, vast, magnificent,
She plows the ocean ways,
But never will her glory be
The light of other days;
The light that flashed when roaring guns
Their flaming challenge hurled,
And youth rode on adventuring
Across the heaving world.



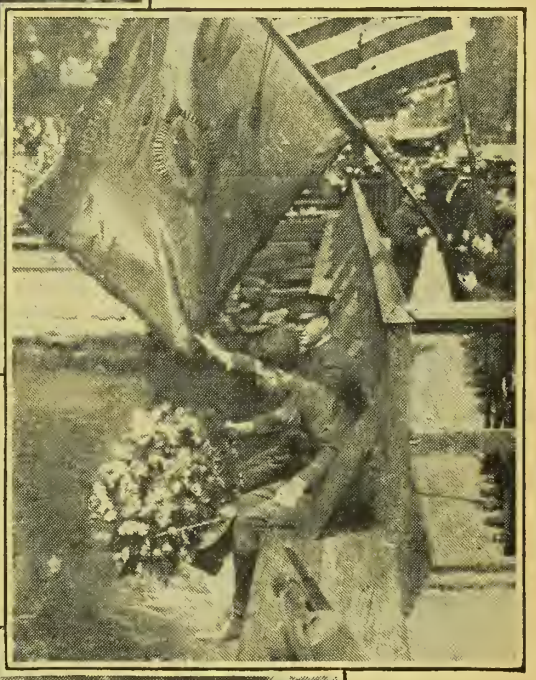
MEMORIAL DAY, 1923

MINDFUL of its obligation to the memory of its fallen comrades, The American Legion throughout the world made May 30th a day sacred to keeping that memory green. In Surèsnes Cemetery, just outside Paris, Ambassador Myron T. Herrick (at left of flagpole) stood bareheaded while a Marine bugler blew Taps, and General Fayolle of the French Army, official visitor to the Legion's Second National Convention at Cleveland in 1920, came to reverent salute. The Legion was represented at every cemetery on foreign soil, and performed its labor of love the more devotedly for the knowledge that in future the Overseas Graves Endowment Fund will provide ample decorations for the 32,000 American graves in our government cemeteries in Europe





Post 177, Los Angeles, dropped a floral anchor into the Pacific Ocean from the U. S. S. "Nevada," and far away in New York Lexington Post committed a memorial wreath to the tidal waters of the Atlantic



Everywhere the Legion and the G. A. R. paid their debt of reverence side by side to the dead of all our wars. Lake View Post of Chicago helped Civil War veterans decorate the graves of sixty-six of their dead in Rosehill Cemetery

EDITORIAL

The Basis of America

ONE or two million dollars' worth of railroad terminal went up in smoke in Philadelphia the other day, and the country did not experience one one-thousandth the heart spasm that would have thrilled it had Independence Hall, a few blocks away, worth intrinsically perhaps a twentieth as much, suffered a like fate. The reason is that the Declaration of Independence did not happen to be signed in Broad Street Station.

The United States of America will be one hundred and forty-seven years old next Wednesday. That is not a long span of time. Occasionally, right in our own day, some furrow-faced Indian patriarch fades into the happy hunting ground credited by his fellow-tribesmen with as long a life as the republic itself—probably it isn't so, but it might be. A nation, however, does not measure its life in terms of years; China, which comes pretty near being the whole world's grandfather, which boasted a perfected civilization when Rome would have made a good pasture if there had been anyone in the neighborhood to own cows, is still settling with fire and sword within its own borders the question of what form its government shall take.

We settled that question early in our history. It was not such an easy task as many of us think. Because the accomplishment involved no bloodshed, but only some heavy discussions couched in ponderous philosophical and legislative language, the opinion is fairly prevalent that as soon as the Revolution was won a group of patriots assembled and said, "Well, we've got our own country now. What say we make it a democracy?"

The American commonwealth did not emerge so easily as that. And by reason of only one factor did it emerge at all. That was the basic belief of the newly-created American people that they really were endowed, exactly as Thomas Jefferson had written, "with certain unalienable rights," and that "to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." That principle has survived through the most critical period of the world's existence, nd America has survived and grown great along with it. d for humanity to progress that principle must survive e end of time.

Congratulations, Mr. Daugherty

THE Attorney General has come forward with an attractive contribution to the general sum of information on the subject of war-time profiteering. In a report to the President Mr. Daugherty points out that the Department of Justice has recovered from over-paid contractors $3,198,385 and has secured judgments for $1,225,919 more. Cases now pending in the courts involve an additional $60,000,000. These recoveries do not include several million dollars that have been paid over as a result exclusively of the activities of the War Department, which has been able to negotiate settlements with many contractors without bringing the matter to the attention of the legal branch of the Federal Government.

At a glance this is the result of little more than one year's profiteer hunting. Readers of this magazine know some of the difficulties which attended getting that hunt organized and under way. The enthusiasm and pride of accomplishment which is reflected in Mr. Daugherty's communication to the President are manifestations for which one searched in vain a year ago last spring. There had been no organized offensive against the profiteers and none was in prospect. Least of all did the Department of Justice appear to appreciate the necessity of vigorous action. One of the ablest of that Department's investigators reported officially that an assistant to the Attorney General who was in charge of certain war-contract cases declared that prosecutions would be "inadvisable" as an administration measure and harmful to business. Shortly thereafter he—the able investigator, not the assistant to the Attorney General—was dismissed from the service.

With the assistance of some outside help the Attorney General has managed to alter this condition. It has not been a simple matter. He tells the President that he has met "with most stubborn resistance on the part of those personally interested and involved." He relates how it was necessary to create within the Department of Justice a special "and unusual force of the most capable men available" to handle this work. This magazine has related the efforts that were necessary to induce the Attorney General to establish such a force and to accept an appropriation for this purpose. The Attorney General did not act until he was measurably discomfited by some unpleasant disclosures, and then he requested $500,000 for the prosecution of investigations of war grafters. With this fund he has made the recoveries noted above.

It is time to congratulate Mr. Daugherty on the excellent beginning he has made. It is, however, merely a beginning, and this is indicated nowhere so clearly as in the Attorney General's report to the President. The "stubborn resistance" he speaks of has not been dissolved. It still exists and has its strong points well established in Washington. It is lying low waiting for public opinion to be diverted to something else. In an effort to forestall this Mr. Daugherty does well to bring the current situation to the attention of the President and of the country. Other reports of progress will be awaited with keen anticipation.

How Long Is a Sociological Eon?

AN American physician who subscribes to a German medical journal was mildly interested recently when a leaflet which dropped out from among the pages of the magazine proved to be, not an advertisement for some new scientific device, but a sheet of purported information labelled "Facts You Ought to Know." The "facts" presented Germany's side of the controversy with France. Among them was the following:

> Premier Poincaré tries to justify the Ruhr invasion by citing what Bismarck did in 1871 and what he would have done if France had defaulted in the indemnity payments. The French statesman's choice of authority is inept.
>
> It is only fifty years since Bismarck's culminating triumph, but between that time and today eons have elapsed sociologically. The unification of the Germanic peoples into an empire was the Iron Chancellor's objective; it was the means to the grandiose end of a supreme Prussia and the apotheosis of a Prussian royal family. In the cause and service of his king a man could do no wrong. Such was the Bismarckian creed.
>
> The world has renounced that creed as a cruel superstition, incompatible with the standards of honor which st prevail among nations if our civilization is to endure. Poincaré is talking medieval patter. There are equities today which chancellors must observe and rules of right and justice which no nation can suspend.

True, the world has renounced the Bismarckian creed, but Germany is about the last country in creation which can stand behind that fact. As late as the summer of 1918 it was excellent German theory that "in the cause and service of his king a man can do no wrong." Up to the very eve of the Armistice the Kaiser was talking his share of "medieval patter." And from 1914 to the end of the war there were plenty of equities which a whole succession of chancellors saw no need to observe and rules of right and justice which at least one nation thought it expedient to suspend.

It is not fifty years since the Bismarckian creed perished—it is not yet five. And in that less-than-five-years period what proof has Germany furnished of her acceptance of the fact that that creed is no more? Let her acknowledge the obligations to which her representatives subscribed at Versailles; let her meet her debts as honorably as France met hers in 1871; let her prove by her acts that within her own borders another and happier "sociological eon" has succeeded the era of Bismarck. Then she can call M. Poincaré all the names she wants to.

Turning Waste *Into* Hard Cash

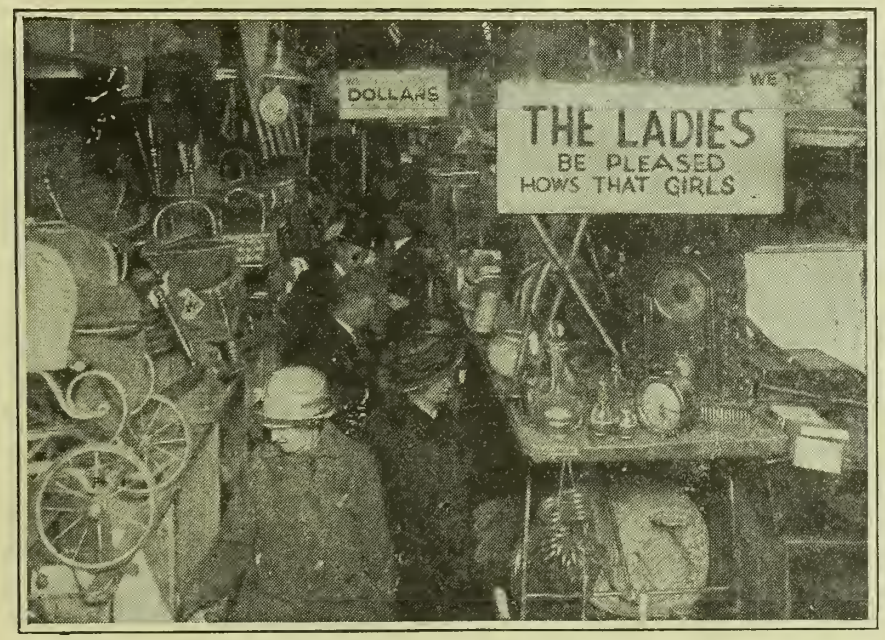
WHEN, during the war, the Quartermaster Corps established a pig farm at Tours so that it could convert potato peelings and stale bread from doughboys' mess kitchens into pork chops and fresh ham, A. E. F. economy was heralded to the world. We haven't forgotten everything we learned in the war. The American Legion of Kings County, Brooklyn, New York, running today its own Salvage Division, specializes in miracles of economy. Imagine transforming a few tons of waste paper and a small mountain of worn-out rubber overshoes into croquet sets for patients in naval hospitals! Imagine further turning a 1909 sewing machine into a new suit of clothes for a disabled service man without funds.

The Waste Collection Bureau of the Kings County Committee doesn't work these marvels directly, of course. It simply employs the well-known dollar as a common denominator. It collects, far and wide, waste materials of every conceivable kind. Then it sells the old books and magazines, the old clothing, stoves and furniture it has collected. It does this continuously. Its business is established. By selling, it keeps its treasury constantly full of dollars. This money enables the county welfare committee to supply food and clothing to needy service men and their families, to furnish cigarettes and recreational material to men in hospitals, to make small cash payments to men desperately in need of assistance.

The Waste Collection Bureau's business is founded on advertising. It has used circulars, postcards and newspapers to invite donations. It distributes thousands of postcards containing a handy form to be filled out and mailed by persons wishing to clear their attics or cellars of waste material or articles, some of them comparatively valuable, for which they have no further use. Every home is a live prospect to the Waste Collection Bureau. Cellars and attics are rich mines which need only be discovered. Broken chairs, discarded rugs, lamps, umbrellas, all the things which gravitate to forgotten storage in the basement or under the roof—these represent gold and silver to the waste collectors. Even old artificial teeth have a value.

The whole Legion of King's County helps in the waste collection enterprise. One post member supplies an automobile for making collections. A building has been converted into a storehouse, repair shop and second-hand store. Six service men work here. Unemployed service men are set to work bringing in collections and repairing damaged articles.

A truckload of salvage arriving at the Legion's Waste Collection Bureau in Brooklyn, New York



Name an article you think is useless and dare this outfit not to find a way of selling it in its own curiosity shop

Auxiliary Books and Magazines for Hospital Libraries

LAST fall the Auxiliary agreed to help furnish current magazines and needed books to hospital libraries, after a conference in Washington with the director of the Veterans Bureau library work. As a result hundreds of units have sent annual subscriptions and funds to buy books for the various hospitals. The plan has worked wonders for the veterans and has been highly commended by librarians.

A librarian friend gives an idea of how valuable this plan can prove if adopted by Auxiliary departments. The librarian writes in part as follows:

"One of our problems is in obtaining library accessories, such as maps, globes, pictures and flowers. My idea is that the library should tie a man to his normal health life rather than to his hospital life. It is sometimes difficult to accomplish this with the materials at hand. A globe and a box of wall maps are real library needs. Two or three good pictures, or frames with adjustable backs with a set of prints to be changed from time to time, would give much pleasure. In the spring we can always use flower seeds to plant around the door. I always try to get a picture of Florence Nightingale for Hospital Day, May 12th. I have been able to borrow this from the nearest library. I bring my own Whistler's Mother over for Mother's Day.

"We have so many requests for newspaper subscriptions, and although we have a subscription list of 75 magazines, there is always a request for magazines not on the list or for additional subscriptions. Particularly popular are *Popular Mechanics* and the *National Geographic*, all types of sporting magazines and the photoplay magazines. The men will not read the popular weeklies when they are more than a week old.

"Among novels, anything that is not

morbid or suggestive is good. One boy asked for the Alger books. Fine print and weight keep good books from being read. Division histories are treasures. I am also interested in building up a small collection of local history and literature pertaining to the States whence the veterans come, as they are naturally interested in these.

"The appropriation from the Government is sufficient to take care of these needs ultimately, but not as they arise, as it takes at least three months to get a subscription or the purchase of a book through. A man gets well, or dies, or goes AWOL or loses his ambition or turns to playing pool before we can get his particular request through channels."

Arkansas Spreads the Gospel of Legionism

SOMEWHAT in the manner of Billy Sunday, the Arkansas Department of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary have been carrying the message of Americanism, comradeship and mutual helpfulness to veterans and their families throughout the State. Department officials are the Legion evangelists, and revival meetings are being held in each of the seven Congressional districts of Arkansas. In addition to informing the public of the Legion's ideals and activities, the meetings are training schools for active Legionnaires.

In preparation for the meetings literature is sent to prospective members within a radius of fifty miles. Representative Legionnaires are assigned subjects to discuss. The meeting opens with a community sing of army songs. The first session is open to the public. O. L. Bodenhamer, department commander, explains the Legion's purposes and work, while Ruth McCurry Brown, national executive committeewoman of the Auxiliary, outlines the work which the Auxiliary is carrying on. Claude A. Brown, department adjutant, also gives an address, and other Legion and Auxiliary officers lead in the discussion of subjects on which they are particularly well-informed.

The Legion school is held on the second day. The department commander acts as schoolmaster and the same sort of training is given as that which characterized the army schools during the war. A parliamentary drill is conducted to demonstrate the right and wrong ways of making motions and the kinds of motions that are in order and out of order. Papers are then read on such subjects as how to organize a post, how a post may acquire its own clubhouse, how to combat grafters and gold-brickers, how to put over successful entertainments, how to make a post the pride of its home town and how to carry out the Legion's ceremonials. A model initiation is conducted, followed by other ceremonials, such as the opening and closing of post meetings. At noon the veterans line up for chow.

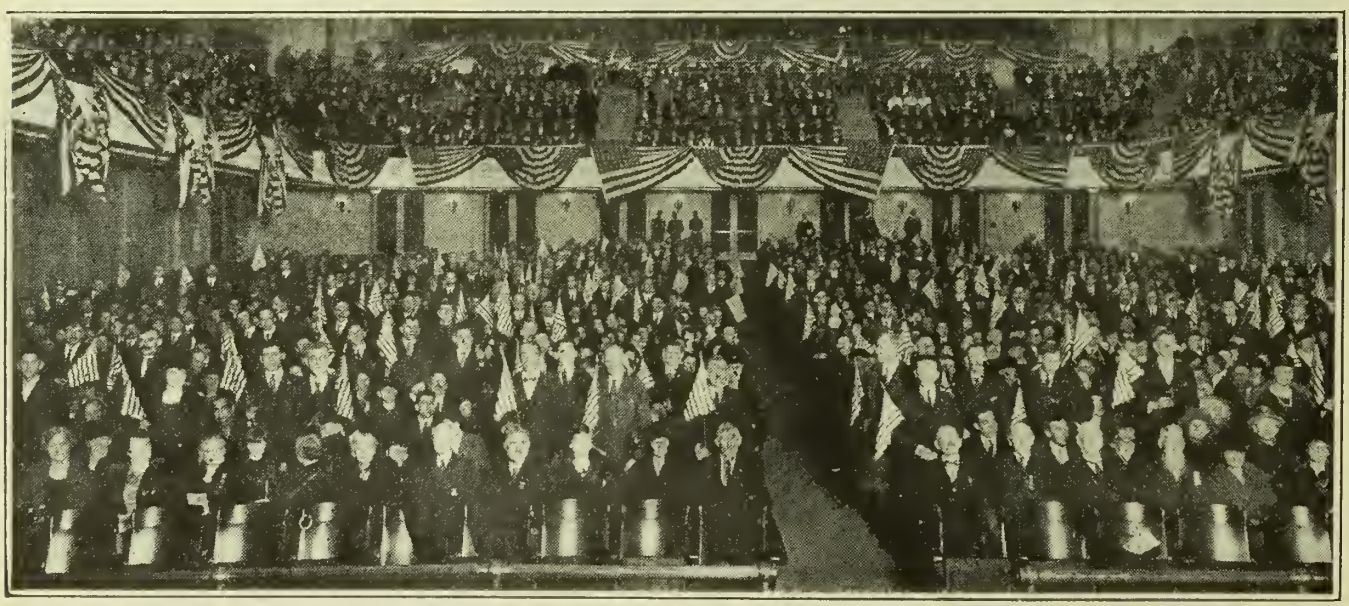
A veteran who lived twenty miles from a railroad came one hundred miles to attend one of the meetings. He returned to organize a post in his community after receiving the intensive training. Each school has been followed by heavy membership gains by the posts which participated. It is likely that as a result of the meetings district conventions will be held annually in Arkansas.

"Come and hear about the Legion!" This is the way Arkansas lets the eligible veteran know the message-bearers are in the vicinity

The Legion Extends a Hand to Oregon's New Americans

THE American flag will have a new meaning on this Fourth of July to seven hundred men and women of Portland, Oregon, all of them born outside the United States, most of them in the countries of Europe which are now wracked by the aftermath of war. These seven hundred men and women proudly chose to become American citizens, but if it had not been for Portland Post of the Legion they might not have known just how great their own privilege was and how Portland felt itself honored by their choice of that city as their American home.

On Washington's Birthday the seven hundred new citizens, representing a score of nationalities, were guests at a reception in the city's auditorium given under the auspices of Portland Post with the help of the Portland Americanization Council, an organization composed of a dozen societies. As a part of the ceremonies membership in The American Legion was accepted by thirty-nine service men who were numbered among the new citizens present at the exercises.



Seven hundred new citizens of Portland, Oregon, the Legion's guests at impressive Washington's Birthday services. On the Fourth the whole city will do them honor

The $100,000 Goal Is Passed, But Much More Can Be Used for Overseas Graves

THE American Legion Overseas Graves Endowment Fund passed the $100,000 mark in the week following Memorial Day and continued to rise as posts and Auxiliary units in all sections of the country forwarded contributions they had obtained from their own members, by the sale of poppies, by giving shows or entertainments and by circulating subscription lists among the citizens of their communities. Contributions will continue to be received and acknowledged until further notice.

The week of Memorial Day, which assured the success of the Legion's national effort, brought a wonderful demonstration of unselfishness and patriotism in hundreds of towns and cities. Actuated only by conscience and the incentive of a duty to be performed, Legionnaires and Auxiliary members took pride in contributing to the fund and in giving the citizens of their communities the opportunity to contribute. The satisfaction of duty performed was the only reward they expected. The knowledge that their post, their unit or their town had done its share was a full recompense.

The names of contributors published in this issue of the Weekly, like those published in preceding issues and those yet to be published, constitute a record of high honor. Each year hereafter, as The American Legion decorates the graves of America's 30,000 World War dead overseas, carrying out the wishes of the Americans who have contributed to the Graves Endowment Fund, the investment of those contributors will return dividends in satisfaction. Every post, every Auxiliary unit which has contributed will know on each Memorial Day hereafter that it has done its duty. It will know also that it responded and did its part when the honor of The American Legion and the American people was at stake. It always was inconceivable that the Legion would fail to raise the money needed for the Overseas Graves Endowment Fund. Every man and every woman who contributed to the fund was a defender of American ideals.

When the Overseas Graves Endowment Fund was first planned it was decided that every effort should be made to avoid the exaggerated appeals which have sometimes characterized national money-raising campaigns. It was felt that the purpose for which the fund was sought should require no urging and that it should not be necessary to persuade anyone to contribute to the fund. It was believed that enough Americans would voluntarily offer what they could afford to give immediately upon learning of the fund to insure its success. This spirit has been preserved throughout The American Legion, and for that reason the Graves Endowment Fund is a thrice-blessed American offering. It has not been obtained by forced appeals. It is not made up of dollars grudgingly given. Many letters expressing appreciation of this policy have been received from contributors. Typical of these is the following from an Auxiliary leader in South Carolina:

"May I add a word of deep appreciation for the manner in which the Graves Endowment Fund has been raised. I have a brother buried in France, the last male member of my family, and I cannot express warmly enough my gratitude for the taste with which the campaign has been put on."

The American Legion Graves Endowment Fund will be invested in perpetuity and the income used to provide decorations on each Memorial Day for the graves of 32,000 American soldiers and sailors overseas. The Weekly publishes in every issue a list of contributors who have given one dollar or more to the fund. Names of contributing Legion posts and Auxiliary units are in italics. Checks for the fund should be made payable to the National Treasurer, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana. This week's list:

Graves Fund Total

To June 9th - - - - - $99,092.95
Week ending June 16th 9,947.54

Total to June 16th - $109,040.49

ALABAMA. MOBILE: E. A. Chester, $1; Mrs. E. A. Chester, $1; DECATUR: Ingold V. Timberlake, $2; FORT PAYNE: Charles A. Wolfes, $5; *Fort Payne Post*, $10; MONTGOMERY: Hester Barnett, $1.

ARIZONA. PHOENIX: *Frank Luke, Jr., Post*, $25; FLAGSTAFF: Robert F. Rhinehart, $5; BISBEE: *L. A. Engle, Jr., Post*, $64.45.

ARKANSAS. BIGELOW: Arthur A. Allen, $2.50; FORT SMITH: Mrs. Charles Weaver, $1.

CALIFORNIA. ALHAMBRA: *Alhambra Post*, $25; ST. HELENA: *St. Heleno Post*, $5; W. B. Fleming, $1; OAKLAND: Fred H. Hafner, $1; REDONDO BEACH: Leroy J. Bowman, $1; PLACERVILLE: *El Dorado Post*, $57; CULVER CITY: *Community Post*, $10; WASCO: *Auxiliary to Post 215*, $5; SAN FRANCISCO: Thomas Coleman, $1; *Zane-Irwin Post*, $25; COMPTON: Harry E. Cook, $1; GILROY: *Gilroy Post*, $10; HAWTHORN: Mrs. Walter Blagbro, $1; Howard Blagbro, $1; Mrs Thomas Hamm, $1; Mrs. Stanley Lory, $1; LA JOLLA: *La Jolla Post*, $25; LAMANDA PARK: Rex A. Tamberg, $2; MARTINEZ: E. P. Severens, $10; NAPA: *Napa Post*, $5; SAN JOAQUIN: *San Joaquin Post*, $5; HEMET: Earl Reed, $1; C. Goodhue, $1; F. Cagwin, $1; W. S. Rather, $1; H. Clark, $1; E. Stark, $1; A. Brudin, $1; H. Weston, $1; F. Felt, $1; G. Kent, $1; B. Martin, $1; J. Hall, $1; Miss G. Weston, $1; H. Brown, $1; BERKELEY: *Berkeley Post*, $11; SACRAMENTO: Ladies of G. A. R., Edward Roby Circle No. 2, $5; Fair Oaks Relief Corps, $5; First Congregational Church, $4; Major S. W. Kay, $1; E. E. Crussell, $1; D. J. Shields, $10; J. J. Bottero, $20; Senator J. M. Inman, $5; Dr. David Herspring, $5; Fred A. Pearl, $5; Julius Anapolsky, $5; Joe Sarrette, $5; F. D. Whickman, $1; miscellaneous, $90.50; LOS ANGELES: Henry L. Marshall, $5.

COLORADO. DENVER: Emma Killey, $1; Alice Stotler, $1; Gus Kortrecht, $1; TABERNASH: Mrs. Irene Percy, $2; ORNWAY: *James H. Le Master Post*, $40; HOLYOKE: *Post 90*, $7.50.

CONNECTICUT. DERBY: *John H. Collins Post*, $10; *Auxiliary to John H. Collins Post*, $10; BRISTOL: John Malina, $5; MERIDEN: *Meriden Post and Auxiliary*, $125.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. WASHINGTON: Clarence W. McKenzie, $1.

FLORIDA. OVIEDA: H. T. Warren, $5; BARTOW: *Knowles G. Oglesby Post*, $51; Kiwanis Club, $10; PENSACOLA: *Frank Marston Post*, $5; JACKSONVILLE: J. L. Peebles, $1; LYNN HAVEN: Nine War Mothers, $2.25; LAKE CITY: *Columbia County Post*, $5; MELBOURNE: *Frank B. Huddleston Post*, $5; ORLANDO: *Orlando Memorial Post*, $150; STUART: *Harold Johns Post*, $10; WINTER HAVEN: *Frierson Nichols Post*, $95.

GEORGIA. LOUISVILLE: *Ransom S. Rabun Post*, $15.50; ALBANY: *Albany Post*, $40.80; CAMILLIA: *Mitchell County Post*, $4.50; SYLVESTER: *C. A. Brownlee Post*, $29.10; MOULTRIE: *Thomas S. Teabeaut Post*, $30.30; AUGUSTA: *Auxiliary to Louis L. Battey Post*, $97.66; *Department of Georgia*, $100.

HAWAII. HONOLULU: Sergeant Lawrence Makinske, $3.

IDAHO. MIDAS: Clifford B. Gresham, $1; TWIN FALLS: Twin Falls Chapter of War Mothers, $10; David Brown, $1; Ray Brown, $1; COUNCIL: *Auxiliary to Bert Harpan Post*, $2.80.

ILLINOIS. DIXON: Edwin L. Kulm, $1; DUQUOIN: William R. Davison, $1; EAST ST. LOUIS: *124th Field Artillery Post*, $5; Mrs. John Amacher, $1; EDWARDSVILLE: S. A. Bleish, $2; HOOPESTON: *Ira Owen Kreager Post*, $59.15; PEORIA: Nell M. Perry, $1; WILMETTE: *Wilmette Post*, $10; ORION: W. H. Owens, $1; T. G. Wasbburn, $1; CHENOA: *Auxiliary to Ben Roth Post*, $5; *Ben Roth Post*, $35.50; LONDON MILLS: Forrest L. Boden, $1; WEST FRANKFORT: Charle F. Melrose, $1; DURAND: *Auxiliary to Gold Star Post*, $5; *Gold Star Post*, $5; OTTAWA: W. A. Hauer, $1; Al Holt, $1; J. B. Hoxie, $5; *Ottawa Post*, $5; WATESKA: *Wateska Post*, $58.60; *Auxiliary to Wateska Post*, $5; HARVARD: *William J. Metzen Post*, $26.58; MILLSTADT: *Millstadt Post*, $10; AVA: *Joe Lynch Post*, $10; ARLINGTON HEIGHTS: *Arlington Heights Post*, $10; ALSEY: *Cameron Fowler Post*, $5; BRIMFIELD: *Brimfield Post*, $5; COWDEN: *Cowden Post*, $10; BYRON: *Auxiliary to Philip Cofagna Post*, $25; HUNTLEY: *Huntley Post*, $7.50; EL PASO: *Auxiliary to El Paso Post*, $2; TAYLORVILLE: *Auxiliary to J. Ivan Dappert Post*, $5; DECATUR: *Auxiliary to Castle Williams Post*, $5; GRANITE CITY: *Auxiliary to Tri-City Post*, $5; SANDWICH: *Auxiliary to Sandwich Post*, $1; RICHMOND: *Auxiliary to Paul C. Hoffman Post*, $2; PULASKI: *Auxiliary to Rymonfuiten Post*, $2; PROPHETSTOWN: *Prophetstown Post*, $10; *Auxiliary to Prophetstown Post*, $10; PINCKNEYVILLE: *Auxiliary to John O. Sattler Post*, $5; PALATINE: *Auxiliary to Palatine Post*, $10; WINNETKA: *Winnetka Post*, $5; STREATOR: *Leslie G. Woods Post*, $10; BLOOMINGTON: Dr. L. B. Cavins, $2; CHICAGO: Joseph Romayne, $5; *Flanders Post*, $9.10; Luther L. Ellsworth, $1; Czecho-Slovakia Star Mothers, Wives and Sisters of Veterans of World War Chapter No 1, $11.10.

INDIANA. HUNTINGTON: *Huntington Post*, $50; ZIONSVILLE: L. M. Neidlinger, $100; Samuel Imbler, $10; *Francis Neidlinger Post and Auxiliary*, $24.15; public subscriptions, $17.78; VINCENNES: Eugene C. Watson, $1; JEFFERSONVILLE: *Auxiliary to Lawrence Capehart Post*, $8.60; MIDDLEBURY: *Mark L. Wilt Post*, $5; ARGOS: *James Lowell Corey Post*, $5; TELL CITY: *Auxiliary to Perry County Post*, $10; GOSHEN: *Auxiliary to Goshen Post*, $10; FORT WAYNE: *Fort Wayne Post*, $179.90; HEBRON: *Wilson Post*, $5; WILLIAMSPORT: *Warren Post*, $5; INDIANAPOLIS: *Post 4*, $10; Mary E. Howard, $1; C. J. Kavanaugh, $25; F. W. Molitor, $2; *Haywood Barcus Post*, $35; Dr. Ernest D. Wales, $25; NEW ALBANY: Elks Lodge, $50; KEWANNA: George Hendrickson, $1; BROOKLYN: *Millard McNeff Spoor Post*, $5; WOLCOTTVILLE: *Verner Hanes Post*, $5; VEVAY: Eggleston Club, $5; JASPER: *Dubois County Post*, $10; MUNCIE: Lovell and Irene Shelley, $3.

IOWA. WAVERLY: G. O. Van Deny, $10; *Post 176*, $10; C. B. Henninger, $1; FORT DODGE: Verne M. Myers, $2; LYONS: Harry E. Tallett, $2; PORTSMOUTH: Mrs. Ellen Dahlheisner, $2; LORIMAR: Ellis C. Smith, $2; SIOUX CENTER: *American Legion Auxiliary*, $2.65; SIDUX CITY: Primary Department, First Baptist Church Sunday School, $5; MAXWELL: M. L. Steele, $1; Ray Martin, $1; J. E. Ward, $1; R. L. Van Boskirk, $1; OTTUMWA: D. W. McLaren, $1; MILFORD: A. L. Danielson, $1; L. C. Hansen $1; Fay Brothers, $1; William Tlam, $1; W. C. Moreland, $1; I. L. Groff, $1; A. F. Smith, $1; Edward Chaffin, $1; J. L. Williams, Jr., $1; L. E. Klett, $1; Fred W. Schwidder, $1; Henry Clasen, $1; V. R. Tuel, $1; R. E. Doolittle, $1; M. Donahoe, $1; H. G. Swanson, $1; H. H. Shipman, $1; Claire E. Clark, $1; Joe Warren, $1; PELLA: *Auxiliary to Van Veen-Van Henert Post*, $2.30; KELLOGG: Glendale Grange, $36.20; *Post 178*, $5; WEST GATE: *Post 92*, $10.50; *Auxiliary to Post 92*, $10; Louis F. Buesing, $1; Herman Potratz, $1; C. T. Heller, $1; Stahl and Raether, $1; F. E. Thompson, $1; C. A. Finch, $1; A. Rademaker, $1; F. W. Dickman, $1; M. S. Corlett, $1; W. H. Topp, $1; John Hoehne, $1; State Savings Bank, $5; SPENCER: L., $10; WOODWARD: *Post 211*, $10; AFTON: *Post 525*, $5; THORNTON: *Post 440*, $25; COGGON: *Post 362*, $5; AMES: *Post 37*, $5; TIPTON: *Post 123*, $5; BREDA: *Post 607*, $10; GARDEN GROVE: *Post 450*, $5; MT. AUBURN: *Post 177*, $5; BLAIRSBURG: *Post 585*, $5; LEON: *Post 80*, $5.65; Mrs. H. P. Dale, $5; BRIGHTON: *Post 212*, $10; GREENE: *Post 268*, $6; KIRON: *Post 383*, $9.50; MILLERSBURG: *Post 521*, $5; CRESCO: *Post 135*, $25; OSSIAN: *Post 503*, $5; MCGREGOR: *Post 267*, $5; DAYTON: B. I. Lundberg, $5; SUMNER: *Post 223*, $10; *Ninth District Voiture Locale, 40 and 8*, $10; LE ROY: *Post 609*, $5; ALGONA: *Post 90*, $25; DOWS: *Post 523*, $5; CHARLDITE: *Post 347*, $5; PROTIVIN: *Post 605*, $10; FLOYD: *Post 84*, $5; *Auxiliary to Post 84*, $2; ONAWA: *Post 129*, $5; ALBERT CITY: *Post 299*, $5; ROCK VALLEY: *Auxiliary to Post 321*, $10; MELBOURNE: *Auxiliary to Post 161*, $2.50; RDLAND: *Auxiliary to Post 307*, $12.50; VINTON: *Auxiliary to Post 57*, $10; CEDAR RAPIDS: *Hanford Post*, $130; MONRDE: *Post 363*, $5; STRATFORD: *Post 576*, $5; DALLAS CENTER: *Post 49*, $5; SOLON: *Post 460*, $5; BAXTER: *Post 493*, $5; LONE TREE: *Post 457*, $5; CLERMONT: *Post 375*, $25; DYERSVILLE: *Post 137*, $5; WALLINGFORD: *Post 567*, $10; Max M. Soeth, $1; Curtis Larson, $1; J. H. Morrill, $1; O. A. Refsell, $1; J. A. Nelou, $1; Chris Larson, $1; Albert Soffing, $1; J. A. Warring, $1; J. E. Jorstad, $1; S. T. Dybdahl, $1; J. G. Gunderson, $1; Albert Traefeld, $1; ESTHERVILL: Chester Anderson, $1; A. A. Ness, $1; L. G. Ness, $1; MORAVIA: *Post 361*, $25; CLARION: *Post 246*, $15; BONAPARTE: *Post 563*, $5; DES MOINES: C. Stevenson, $5; EXIRA: *Post 332*, $18.60; SAC CITY: H. F. Walton, $1; LOGAN: *Auxiliary to Logan Post*, $1.50; REINBECK: *Post 242*, $10; Sam Diamond, $1; QHASQUETDN: *Post 434*, $1; MAYNARD: *Post 245*, $20; MECHANICSVILLE: *Post 309*, $5; GILMAN: Earl Mardock, $2.50; parents of Earl Mardock, $5; NORWAY: *Post 234*, $5; IDA GROVE: *Post 61*, $10; NEVADA: *Post 48*, $5; Luella Focht and Mrs. Focht Grinnell, $5; GRAVITY: *Post 355*, $2.50; ANITA: *Post 210*, $5; DANBURY: *Post 336*, $20; WINTHRDP: *Winthrop Post*, $5; miscellaneous, $12.40.

KANSAS. OTTAWA: Emmett E. Pratt, $1; THAYER: J. M. Gelwix, $5; WINONA: *Logan County Post*, $2.50; ST. JOHN: *Courtney M. Long Post*, $16; WATERVILLE: *Springer Post*, $25; WICHITA: Floyd O. McQuitty, $1; INDEPENDENCE: F. L. Rupp, $5; TOPEKA: Dr. S. L. Cox, $2; Dr. C. H. Lerrigo, $2; RUSSELL: Methodist, Catholic, United Brethren, Congregational and Lutheran churches and *William Roe Post*, $36.67; Wallace Tisdale, $1; Charles Hall, $1; John P. Ruppenthal, $1; Rev. Mr. Gowdie, $1; Benjamin Phlegar, $1; Horace Fink, $1; Willis Dutt, $1; One Hundred Percent American Organization, $32; PEABODY: James E. McMillen, $5; LAWRENCE: *Eli Ferrell Dorsey Post*, $25; Legion members, $18.99; Margaret Bullene, $1; Joe Murray, $1; N. W. McClain, $1; Mrs. Mary Pierce, $5; Mrs. Nellie S. Morris, $5; Dr. Mary L. Estabrook, $1; C. H. Tucker, $1; C. H. Finch, $5; W. McKone, $1; J. R. Holmes, $5; Clell Todd, $1; miscellaneous, $5.01.

KENTUCKY. LOUISVILLE: Dickems and Doggems, $2; OWENSBORD: *Daviess County Post*, $10; BOWLING GREEN: J. L. Farringer, $1; EARLINGTON: Frank D. Rash, $5; MUNFORDVILLE: *Buckner Post*, $10; CARROLLTON: *Carroll Post*, $5; TAYLORSVILLE: E. B. Stratton, $1; PADUCAH: Paducah Commandery, Knights Templar, $25; Paducah Lodge, F. and A. M., $25; Plain City Lodge, F. and A. M., $25

LOUISIANNA. BOGALUSA: *Magic City Post*, $60; BASTROP: *Scott L. Hood Post*, $14.23; JENNINGS: *James O. Hall Post*, $14.50; BATDN ROUGE: Herman Moyse, $5; W. L. Manship, $5; James C. Long, $5; George Wildes, Jr., $5; J. C. Roberts, $5; Jess Johnson, $5; Irwin J. Heath, $5; Carroll S. Mayer, $5; Norman L. Dupuy, $3.50; Walter Eichelberger, $4; E. M. Spiller, $3; Waldemar Landry, Jr., $2.50; Bentley B. Mackay, $2; W. E. Benson, $2; H. J. Hoelscher, $2; Jules Dhuyvetter, $2; Dr. Rufus Jackson, $2; J. Y. Sanders, Jr., $1; Francis McConnell, $1; C. S. Reilly, $1; A. G. Dellardorie, $1; Charles P. Pryor, $1; C. L. Botto, $1; Harry C. Todd, $1; F. F. Capdeville, $1; D. O. Sisard, $1; Wray E. Robinson, $1; J. E. Snee, $1; A. Miles Coe, $1; A. L. Bennett, $1; Capt. Fred Pierson, $1; A. M. Owen, Jr., $2; E. S. Martin, $1; J. O. Middleton, $1; W. B. Wilson, $1; H. B. Carolin, $1; C. R. Hebert, $1; W. B. Anglin, $1; H. P. Breazle, $5; Sam Cash, $1; S. T. Dupuy, $2; Leon Weiss, $1; Dr. J. J. Roberts, $1; P. Greely, $1; J. L. Klein, $1; Rufin G. Stirling, $1; C. V. Porter, Jr., $5; Temple Bnai Israel, $10; Knox & Amiss, $5; K. H. Knox, $50; Rosenfield Dry Goods Co., $10; Bank of Baton Rouge, $10; A. K. Gordon, $10; T. Sambola Jones, $2.50.

MAINE. ANSON: Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Luce, $2; FARMINGTON: *Thaddeus Roderick Post*, $10; MATTAWAMKEAG: Elswortb J. Hobbs, $2; PORTLAND: Harold F. Higgins, $1; *Harold T. Andrews Post*, $250; John J. Maloney, $2; Edwin M. Erwin, $2; Tbelma Selfridge, $5.50; SCARBORO: *Post 76*, $5; LINCOLN: *Carl Burrill Post*, $5.

MARYLAND. CUMBERLAND: *Fort Cumberland Post*, $111; BALTIMORE: Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Lutz, $2; Mrs. George E. Hunting, $25; *J. Allison Muir Naval Post*, $5; Ex-service men of United Railways and Electric Company and friends, $136; SILVER SPRING: *Cissel Saxon Post*, $23.

MASSACHUSETTS. LEOMINSTER: Artbur W. Parent, $5; WINTHROP: *Winthrop Post*, $25; SPRINGFIELD: Clarence A. Barr, $1; BOSTON: *Charles R. Wilber Post*, $10; *Department of Massachusetts*, $1,064.93; *Auxiliary Department of Mass.*, $62; TAUNTON: Hattie B. Goodrich, $5; *Post 103*, $5; *Auxiliary to Post 103*, $10; CHARLEMONT: *Auxiliary to Potrick J. Coyne Post*, $3.10; MARBLEHEAD: B. T. Horta, $1; NORTH READING: S. P. Batchelder, $2; PITTSFIELD: *Pittsfield Post*, $5; H. R. West, $1; ROXBURY: *Roxbury Post*, $10; READING: Carl A. Hodgdon, $1; COCHITUATE: *Charles H. Alward Post*, $20; *Auxiliary to Charles H. Alward Post*, $5; LAWRENCE: Walter Fieldhouse, $1; ORANGE: Boy Scouts of America, $2.17; SOUTH HANSON: *Hanson Post*, $5; WILMINGTON: *Wilmington Post*, $15; WRENTHAM: *George W. MacInnis Post*, $25; TURNERS FALLS: *Clarence W. Allen Post*, $5; Mrs H. J. Kellogg, $1; HARDWICK: Raymond O. Damon, $2.

MICHIGAN. CALADONIA: *Arthur C. Finkbinder Post*, $10; PETOSKEY: *Auxiliary to Carl O. Weaver Post*, $5; LOWELL: Howard H. Ferrall, $2; Charles Lawyer, $1; C. Proudfoot, $1; H. K. Bresse, $1; John Osborne, $1; Norman Borgeson, $1; *Charles W. Clark Post*, $5; J. Breguia, $1; REPUBLIC: *Goodney Johnson Post*, $10; ST. LOUIS: Mrs. Helen Fields, $1; Elmer C. Caywood, $1; ROGERS CITY: *Harold L. Young Post*, $5; HASTINGS: *Laurence J. Bauer Post*, $5; HARTFORD: Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Buskin, $2; L'ANSE: *William McGlue Post*, $10; MONROE: *Auxiliary to Cor' F. Payson Post*, $35; Mrs. H. G. Timberman, $1; DETROIT: J. D. Currie, $5; LUDINGTON: *Post 76*, $5; ZEELAND: Martha Karsten, $2; Peter Stall, $1.

MINNESOTA. RANIER: C. J. Houska, $2; RANDOLPH

Thirteen Departments Over

THIRTEEN departments in the week following Memorial Day had raised more than the quotas assigned them on the expectation that the Graves Endowment Fund might reach the total of $200,000. Nineteen other departments have sent in more than half of their quotas, many of them being within easy reach of the hundred percent mark. Of the 27 departments which have not yet reached fifty percent of their quotas, many are expected to forward large accumulated contributions within the next few weeks. Here are the standings:

Japan	4.580	Mississippi	.537
Canal Zone	2.840	Pennsylvania	.533
Mexico	2.410	Maine	.528
Rhode Island	2.240	Michigan	.491
Delaware	2.380	New Jersey	.480
Argentine	2.190	Indiana	.470
Maryland	1.550	Oklahoma	.435
W. Virginia	1.540	Alabama	.428
Brazil	1.450	Minnesota	.421
Vermont	1.220	Colorado	.419
Cuba	1.220	California	.412
Dist. of Col.	1.170	Kentucky	.406
New Mexico	1.153	Kansas	.403
Arizona	.982	New York	.363
S. Carolina	.970	Massachusetts	.353
Connecticut	.962	North Dakota	.340
Georgia	.941	Iowa	.330
Canal Zone	.879	Illinois	.306
Hawaii	.818	Nebraska	.286
Wyoming	.718	Texas	.271
Virginia	.708	South Dakota	.267
Florida	.659	Tennessee	.263
Washington	.642	Louisiana	.245
Utah	.626	N. Carolina	.234
Ohio	.615	Nevada	.220
Wisconsin	.600	Oregon	.192
Montana	.596	Missouri	.167
N. Hampshire	.593	China	.130
Idaho	.571	Arkansas	.105
Alaska	.088		

Ray F. Porter, $1; CROSBY: *Clarence A. Nelson Post*, $5; FULDA: *Emil King Post*, $10; HILBEING: F. E. Monroe, $1; HALLOCK: *G. A. Leanord Norberg Post*, $5; BRECKENRIDGE: *Alfred Lockman Post*, $5; WAKASHA: *American Legion Auxiliary*, $5; MELROSE: *Melrose Post*, $12; TYLER: *Auxiliary to Post 185*, $1; LITTLE FALLS: *Auxiliary to Post 46*, $10; KEEWATIN: *Auxiliary to Post 452*, $26.50; ARCO: *Auxiliary to Post 368*. $4; ALBERT LEA: *Auxiliary to Post 56*, $5; WASECA: *Auxiliary to Post 228*, $5; BEARDSLEY: *Auxiliary to Post 302*, $5; LE SUEUR: *Auxiliary to Post 55*, $5; ELK RIVER: *Auxiliary to Post 112*, $5; ROYALTON: *Auxiliary to Post 137*, $10; GLENCOE: Mrs. Minnie Stevens Slaughter, $1.

MISSISSIPPI. POPLARVILLE: *Orville Corver Post*, $6.75:

MISSOURI. PLEASANT HILL: *Post 53*, $5; ST. JOSEPH: *Malcolm MacDonold Post*, $20; Blanche A. Colvin, $2; WAYLAND: *Morehouse Post*, $5.75; FERGUSON: *Arthur Williams Post*, $5; KANSAS CITY: *William J. Bland Post*, $25; ST. LOUIS: T. E. Wistar White, $5.

MONTANA. BOZEMAN: R. B. Millin, $5; Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Berthol, $1; M. Andries, $1; A. W. Johnson, $1; M. G. Abbey, $1; R. E. Glover, $1; G. M. Helmar, $1; M. L. Wilsnn, $1; P. Patton, $1; W. E. Joseph, $1; R. C. McChord, $1; H. E. Murdock, $1; R. B, Bowden, $1; E. H. Lott, $1; J. P. Walker, $1; E. L. Grant, $1; ANACONDA: *American Legion Auxiliary*, $3; *Deer Lodge County Post*, $10; HELENA: Claudia O. Lease, $5; MEREDITH: Rock Springs Women's Club, $5; KALISPELL: *Flathead Post*, $25; BUTTE: *Silver Bow Post*, $10; DEER LODGE: L. E. Vidal, $5; Mr. W. 1. Marsh, $2; Mrs. W. 1. Marsh, $1; Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Hoss, $5; Mr. R. D. Larabie, $3; Mr. C. E. Larabie, $3. Mrs. Foley, $1; E. Kawasaki, $5; W. J. Paul, $1; P. Maxwell, $1; Mr. H. B. Vandercook, $1; Mrs. Eliza Coy, $1; Mr. C. L. Benton, $1; Mrs. C. L. Benton, $1; LIVINGSTON: Mrs. J. W. Crosby, $1; Mrs. Stella Henderson, $5.

NEBRASKA. YORK: Arthur T. Lobdell, $2; WOLEACH: *Roy Mapes Post*, $10; OMAHA: Dr. Alfred J. Brown, $1; *Douglas County Post*, $32; W. B. Nelson, $1; HARVARD: *Horvard Post*, $5; BLAIR: *Stanley E. Hain Post*, $5; CENTRAL CITY: *Lone Tree Post*, $26.91; Ladies Relief Corps, $5; BELVIDERE: *American Legion Post*, $5; AUBURN: *Auburn Post*, $6; BLUE SPRINGS: C. B. Allington, $1; HOMER: P. A. Rogers, $1; LINCOLN: D. L. Robertson, $1; ST. PAUL: *Auxiliory to Post 119*, $6.60; HERSHEY: *Auxiliory to Post 279*, $5; PENDER: *Auxiliary to Post 55*, $6.80; BEATRICE: *Auxiliory to Post 27*, $10; MILFORD: *Auxiliary to Post 171*, $5; LYONS: *Auxiliory to Post 83*, $12; LONG PINE: *Auxiliary to Post 260*, $5; NEWMAN GROVE: *Auxiliory to Post 73*, $15.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. NORTH NEWPORT: S. S. Camphell, $1; LANCASTER: *Arthur P. Mohoney Post*, $10; WOODSVILLE: Ronald Eliot Curtis, $5.

NEW JERSEY. JERSEY CITY: Philip Eberhardt, $1; W. J. Garnashe, $1; LONG BRANCH: *Long Bronch Post*, $13; NEW PROVIDENCE: *Robert E. Woodruff Post*, $5; REN BANK: *Shrewsbury Post*, $18.20; MAPLEWOOD: C. P. Cronk, $2; MAYWOOD: *Maywood Post*, $5; NEW BRUNSWICK: James Kovacs, $1; PITMAN: Richard W. Shemelia, $1; ATLANTIC CITY: Fred Grant Somers, $2; HACKETTSTOWN: *Blue Ridge Post*, $15; BRADLEY BEACH: Hal A. Marks, $2.50; ROSELLE PARK: Maude Megargy, $1; Arthur Megargy, $1; William Megargy, $1; MILLTOWN: *Perry Worthage Post*, $10.

NEW MEXICO. CLAYTON: Mrs. L. D. Boggs, $5; FORT BAYARN: *Chester L. Thompson Post*, $17.

NEW YORK. CLAYVILLE: *Glen D. Wicks Post*, $5; ENGLEWOOD: Monica Murphy, $3; COELESKILL: *Fred L. Stilson Post*, $25; RICHMOND HILL: *Richmond Hill Post*, $25; STILLWATER: *Earl J. Monning Post*, $25; BATH *Charles E. Wescott Post*, $10; BAYSIDE: *Auxiliory to Bayside Post*, $5; BUFFALO: Kenneth B. Thurstone, $1; *Troop 1, Post 665*, $25; CUBA: *Auxiliory to Cuba Post*, $5; HUDSON: Arthur F. McEvoy, $1; Katharine B. McEvoy, $1; MILLBROOK: *Parker Hoight Post*, $5; Anders Thomasson, $1; ITHACA: Maude Radford Warren, $5; ROCHESTER: *Greece Post*, $10; Old Guard of Rochester, $10; KINGSTON: Eugene B. Carey, $2; UTICA: Charles P. Hornung, $2; PENN YAN: F. E. Monnin, $1; Harry F. Monnin, $1; *Auxiliory to Johnson Costello Post*, $10; FLUSHING: Thomas B. Lowerre, $25; William J. Dooley, $5; *William A. Leonard Post*, $25; VARICK: A. G. White, $1; GLOVERSVILLE: *Horold Wilmot Post*, $10; SARATOGA SPRINGS: *Adirondack Post and Auxiliory*, $20; BROOKLYN: Westinghouse Church Kerr Alumni Association, $35; John A. McCormack, $5; *Charles D. Finnigon Post and Auxiliory*, $11; NEW YORK CITY: Mary Swanson, $1; C. A. Bill, $3; John A. McMcQuillan, $1; Allen J. Cameron, $10; POTSDAM: *Auxiliary to Frank Barclay Post*, $5.

NORTH CAROLINA. WILMINGTON: *Auxiliary to Wilmington Post*, $25; STATESVILLE: *Auxiliary to Hurst Turner Post*, $15; RALEIGH: *Auxiliary to Raleigh Post*, $25.

NORTH DAKOTA. HAYNES: George A. Kroetch, $2; HOPE: *Earl V. Jefferson Post*, $5; KINTYRE: *Byron West Post*, $5; Mrs. M. B. Fallgalter, $2; MINOT: *William G. Carroll Post*, $25; COLGATE: Loyd Oiser, $2; BELLEVILLE: Valve Department, Eastwood Wire Manufacturing Co., $15; NEW ENGLAND: *Anton Ulijohn Post*, $5.

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OKLAHOMA. ENID: Douglas Frantz, $10; MIAMI: *Floyd L. Perry Post*, $12.25; GRANITE: *Auxiliary to Post 177*, $5.

OREGON. IMELER: *Harry K. Larsen Post*, $4; EAGLE POINT: J. M. Spencer, $5; REEDSPORT: *Reedsport Post*, $10; MEDFORD: O. B. Morrow, $2.50.

PENNSYLVANIA. LANGHORNE: *Jesse W. Soby Post*, $5; DORMONT: *Auxiliory to South Hills Post*, $5; HAWLEY: *Howley Post*, $10; ELDRED: *Myron D. Burns Post*, $2; MANCHESTER: Cecil Gilley, $1; INSKERTOWN: *Wollace Willard Keller Post*, $10; SHIPPENSBURG: *Oscar M. Hykes Post*, $5; WELLSBORO: *Auxiliory to W. Earle Champaign Post*, $10; CATASAUQUA: *Post 215*, $16.50; FOX CHASE: Fox Chase Lodge, I. O. O. F., $20; GLEASONTON: Citizens, $4.75; HARRISBURG: *Harrisburg Post*, $5; INDIANA: *Indiana Post*, $25; SCRANTON: *Voiture Locole, 40 and 8*, $10; *Koch Conley Post*, $20; Malia Chapter, D. A. V. of W. W., $10; James Brown, $5; James Malia, $5; Dodson Vocational Training School, $31; Lackawanna Business Training School, $7.42; Ellsworth Kelly, $5; MORRISVILLE: Willet C. Sanford Post, $5; JEANNETTE: *Jeannette Post*, $156; JOHNSTOWN: Audrey Rothstein, $1; Barbara G. Foster, $1; Mary Jane Foster, $1; POTTSTOWN: Dr. W. V. Vedder, $1; CHESTER SPRINGS: Dr. F. H. Wells, $2; WYNCOTE: Alfred B. Pearson, $1; TULLYTOWN: Mrs. A. E. Bloomfield, $1; Mrs. Gladys B. Farmer, $1; LANCASTER: Temple Shaarai Shomayim, $5; PITTSBURGH: Gilbert A. Maxwell, $2; Harry F. Hitner, $2; W. H. Reynolds, $2; WILLOW GROVE: *Post 308*, $5; PHILADELPHIA: Sidney Lichtenstein, $2; Huyler G. Davidyan, $1; Myer M. Schwerin, $1.25; Dr. Howard Gaskill, $5; *William C. Sheitzline Post*, $50; *Furman Bennicker Turner Post*, $5; GERMANTOWN: Samuel B. Van Dusen, $10; members of Henry H. Houston Post, $8.25.

RHODE ISLAND. AUBURN: *Auburn Post*, $25; *Auxiliary to Auburn Post*, $6; EAST PROVIDENCE: *Auxiliary to Stork Porker Post*, $10.80; EDGEWOOD: Richard J. Dennis, $25; ARCTIC: *Auxiliary to West Warwick Post*, $3.15.

SOUTH CAROLINA. FLORENCE: *Fred H. Sexton Post*, $10; HARTSVILLE: *Hartsville Post*, $10; DARLINGTON: *Auxiliory to Dorlington Post*, $25; COLUMBIA: *Auxiliory to Post 6*, $100; LAKE CITY: *American Legion Auxiliary*, $20.

SOUTH DAKOTA. KADOKA: Chris Larsen, $1; ARTAS: Adam Ochsner, $1.

TENNESSEE. KNOXVILLE: C. H. Benziger, $1.

TEXAS. WAXAHACHIE: *Jovon Marchbanks Post*, $5; MCALLEN: *Zachry Post*, $5; Elmer Copenhamer, $1; SHINER: *Auxiliary to Post 201*, $7; WICHITA FALLS: *Pot Carrigon Post*, $48; BEAUMONT: *Auxiliary to Post 33*, $10; MARSHALL: E. Murray, $1; Ernest Powell, $1; Mrs. Ernest Powell, $1; *Morshoil Post*, $10; BROWNSVILLE: W. O. Washington, $3; BAY CITY: *American Legion Auxiliory*, $6; GEORGETOWN: *Auxiliary to Georgetown Post*, $2.50; ITALY: *Myrtis B. Cargill Post*, $5; CLIFTON: *Selmer Erickson Post*, $10.

UTAH. LEHI: *Post 19*, $5; GUNNISON: *Gunnison Guord Mount Post*, $11; SALT LAKE CITY: *Salt Lake Post*, $76.40; SUNNYSIDE: *John Roberts Post*, $5.60; *Department of Utah*, $9.40.

VERMONT. CHELSEA: *Chelsea Post*, $5; George F. Flint, $1; E. B. Hatch, $1; ST. JOHNSBURY: Church of the Messiah, $10.72; NORTH HERO: *Creller Landen Post*, $8.50; NORTH TROY: *Frontier Past*, $5; RUTLAND: *American Legion Auxiliary*, $25; BRANDON: *American Legion Auxiliory*, $5; BURLINGTON: Howard Merrill, $3; MORRISVILLE: *Auxiliary to Post 33*, $5; WILMINGTON: *Auxiliary to Post 15*, $5; MANCHESTER CENTER: *Auxiliory to Manchester Post*, $7.

VIRGINIA. MEADOW VIEW: James R. Browning, $1; LURAY: *Miller Campbell Post*, $5; FRONT ROYAL: *Warren Post*, $10; PULASKI: *Auxiliary to Puloski County Post*, $8.80; PETERSBURG: Stanley Silverman, $5; LOWRY: John L. Bell, $2.50; A. K. Coffey, $1; Barney Spickard, $2.50; J. E. Spickard, $2.50; HUNNLESTON: R. E. Fore, $2.50; BEDFORD: O. T. Lacy, $1; H. M. Carder, $2; R. O. Lowry, $2.50. JW. R. Dooley, $2.50; John W. Ponton, $2.50; M. P. Rucker, Jr., $2.50; W. E. Mason, $2.50; E. C. Burks, $2.50; J. P. Marshall, $1; FINCASTLE: Mrs. Bertha Jameson, $5.

WASHINGTON. TACOMA: Berle C. Stuessi, $2; WALLA WALLA: Patients and personnel of U. S. V. B. Hospital, $82.68.

WEST VIRGINIA. MOUNDSVILLE: *Earl Froncis Post*, $263.90; PARKERSBURG: *Americon Legion Auxiliory*, $10; NEW MARTINSVILLE: Vaine L. Smittle, $1; WELLSBURG: *Auxiliary to Wellsburg Post*, $7.40; CLARKSBURG: Clarence E. Crim, $3; GLEN WHITE: *Shermon Horton Post*, $5; O. L. Taylor, $3; Beulah Pauley, $1; J. L. Knight, $1; E. C. Neil, $1; A. C. Pola, $1; Ann Musgrave, $1; R. S. Walden, $1; Anna Wilson, $1; E. E. White, $5; A. B. Greenlee, $1; Oliver McAdoo, $1; John Y. Morgan, $1; J. A. Blake, $1; O. L. Stover, $1; R. Hilton, $1; E. B. Wray, $1; A. E. Barrett, $1; M. B. Smith, $1; A. H. Mason, $1; D. G. Hughes, $1; C. L. Pauley, $1; Dr. A. G. Bowles, $1; C. A. Dickinson, $1; C. R. Samples, $2; T. C. Lewis, $1; W. R. Jones, $1; Henry McCormick, $1; J. M. Clark, $1; Charles Campbell, $1; Irwin McAdoo, $1; W. C. Blake, $1; Lee B. McCormick, $1; I. B. Davis, $1; W. M. Hays, $1; A. Bush, $1; O. C. Fleshman, $1; Owen Smith, $1; G. M. Dowler, $1; Grover Greer, $1; Dorse Conk, $1; William White, $2; William White, Jr., $2; John Gillespie, $1; Walter Dickenson, $1; A. A. Potts, $1.

WISCONSIN. GREEN BAY: Adele Andereeg, $1; Dr. A. J. McCarey, $2; Walter P. Renard, $2; STOUGHTON: Mrs. Helmer Nelson, $5; *Otis Sompson Post*, $10; Mrs. Isahelle Hanson, $2; LA CROSSE: Ex-service Men's Club, $18.25; ONTARIO: *Williams ond Bredlow Post*, $5; *Auxiliory to Williams and Bredlow Post*, $5; JANESVILLE: John W. Gross, $2; MILWAUKEE: Sherman Brown, $5; Julius P. Heil, $10; Frank J. Peacock, $5; J. Frederick Palmer, $5; MAYVILLE: K. C. Ruedebusch, $1; NEENAH: *Auxiliary to Post 33*, $60; Frank J. Schneller, $5; BOYCEVILLE: *Harmon Harris Post*, $5; GRANTON: *Rex C. Beeckler Post*, $5; PHILLIPS: *Lyle N. Lane Post*, $10; STANLEY: *Victory Post*, $10; W. H. Bridgman, $5; CORNELL: Elizaheth M. Verhulst, $1; POYNETTE: *Clyde Sheppord Post*, $22; MENOMONIE: *Hosford Chose Post*, $25; HARTFORD: William J. Veling, $1; *Auxiliary to John E. Courtney Po*, $10; RICHLAND CENTER: *Boyord DeHort Post*, $25; *Auxiliory to Boyord DeHort Post*, $10; NEILLSVILLE: A. J. Haugen, $2; BRILLION: *Arno Bloedorn Post*, $5; OREGON: *William Johnson Post*, $5; CEDAR GROVE: *Morris Vonder Jogt Post*, $5; SHULLSBURG: Mrs. J. B. Simpson, $2; FOND DU LAC: *Wisconsin Grond Voiture, 40 and 8*, $25; Charles E. O'Laughlin, $1; Lawrence P. Wilson, Jr., $1; George H. Norton, $1; James McDonald, $2; *Auxiliory to Major A. M. Trier Post*, $50; MADISON: John H. Michael, $5; Wolfgang Roith, $1; CASHTON: *Selmer R. Brettengen Post*, $5; COLFAX: *Orion Russell Post*, $8; *Auxiliory to Orion Russell Post*, $2; BELOIT: Stacy L. Brown, $6; OAKFIELD: C. H. Cragoe, $2; CHETEK: *Auxiliary to Howord Compbell Post*, $12.19; PLATTEVILLE: *Leo M. Kane Post*, $10.50; AUGUSTA: *Auxiliary to Spondley Post*, $13.50; WEST SALEM: *Alex J. Berg Post*, $10; ASHLAND: Howard Garvin, $1; APPLETON: *Oney Johnson Post* and citizens of Appleton, $135; KEWAUNEE: *Kewaunee Post*, $5; WATERTOWN: *Auxiliary to Frank Pitterle Post*, $10; MENASHA: A. C. Gilbert, $5; JUNEAU: *Juneou Post*, $10.

WYOMING. JACKSON HOLE: Former reconstruction aide, $4; LANDER: *Don Stough Post*, $11.40; CASPER: *George Vroman Post*, $25; MACFARLANE: Flnrence MacFarlane, $5.

THE American Legion has declared that it stands for a proper national defense. No true American would be willing to turn the power of our Government over

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to a few chosen men undertaking to be the militarists of the country. But just as it would be unwise for America to adopt a policy of militarism, just so would it be unwise for that great pendulum carrying the weight of American popularity with it to swing over into that column where stands the pacifist. There stands the alien who did not go with you in the time of war but claimed his foreign birth in order that he might not serve America. And there is that crowd over yonder who are going across America urging the children, especially the boys, to sign their names and give their pledges that they will never enter the military or naval forces of this country. And then there is that other crowd that has got a yellow streak down its backs so broad that it showed all over America when real manhood was necessary in the Great War. You and I only need to do one thing—that is to stay ready and hold true to a safe, sane and conservative policy of having an adequate military force on land and a sufficient United States Navy on sea.—*Commander* OWSLEY, *addressing the District Conference of The American Legion in Des Moines, Iowa.*

WEEKLY acknowledgments of contributions are several days behind the totals of the Graves Endowment Fund as given above. Your post's donation will be duly acknowledged in these columns, though some weeks may elapse before this can be done.

They Will Butt In

By Wallgren

Then *and* Now

By the Company Clerk

HERE'S a flashback to the early Army of Occupation days and a chance for some bird lucky enough to have been billeted in Coblenz to help Comrade Murphy—officially known to Mississippi Legionnaires as Department Chaplain Du Bose Murphy—in his search for a valuable bit of A. E. F. humor. Anyone with the information at hand, front and center—the Company Clerk stands ready to bulletin it. The chaplain says:

When the Third Army was in Coblenz a performance of "Carmen" was given at the opera house. In order to cater to the American soldiers, the officials of the opera decided to publish a synopsis of the opera in English. (At least, so the story was told me.) Whereupon, a certain officer at Army Headquarters produced a beautiful story, written in the purest A. E. F. slang, which was printed by the Germans and distributed to the patrons of the opera in all seriousness. It is this story which I am anxious to find. I have been told that the author was Major Fernbach, formerly on the staff of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, but I haven't been able to reach him at that address.

TWO Keystone buddies were right on the job in answering the question, "Was Sergeant White the most wounded soldier?" which was asked in a recent issue of the Weekly in connection with a review of "War Memories," by Frank A. Holden, former lieutenant in the 82d Division. Holden reported five wound stripes on Sergeant John B. White's right sleeve, representing sixty-three wounds on his body. Daniel N. Shindelbower, formerly captain, 31st Infantry, A. E. F. in Siberia, of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, starts out by saying: "From all indications sergeants won the war—Sergeants York, Woodfill, White and our Kentucky sergeant, Samuel Joseph, who to my knowledge survives fifteen operations." Then he goes on to tell of Joseph's casualty record:

Joseph has had sixty-seven bullets taken from his body, but he's still afraid to go in swimming, for he was hit 102 times. And he sustained all these wounds after being in the front lines for fifteen months without getting a scratch. Fifteen of the bullets passed entirely through his body, but he now feels fine, he says, except for his foot, on which the last operation was performed.

The former sergeant is a student at Sue Bennett Memorial School, London, Kentucky. His outfit was Company G, 18th Infantry, First Division. He was on the Alsace-Lorraine front with the French Colonials, participated in the capture of Cantigny, was forty-five days on the Champagne front, helped take Montdidier, was in the great drive on Soissons, at Château-Thierry and Montsec and in the Argonne. It was in the last offensive that he received his wounds and was removed to a hospital. For twenty-eight months he remained in hospitals.

THE same question drew another interesting query from George F. Kemp of Philadelphia, who asks, "What about the most wounded officer?" He proceeds to nominate Colonel Joseph H. Thompson, past commander, Department of Pennsylvania, The American Legion, for the honor. Legionnaire Kemp advises that four gold wound stripes appear on Colonel Joe's right sleeve when he dons his uniform.

RECOGNITION of the fighting abilities of our troops was often found in captured German orders and reports, but so far as we know personal commendations from our late enemies were rare. The following letter, which appeared in the Weston (West Virginia) Legionnaire, written to the mother of Louis Bennett, Jr., a Weston aviator who lost his life in France, gives an interesting slant on what the other side thought of one comrade's fighting qualities:

Very Honored Family Bennett:

I presume that it will interest you to hear something definite of the fate of your son, Louis Bennett, Jr. Although you may think it strange for a former enemy in the World War to give an account of the death of his opponent, I am writing as I was myself a German officer and having been present when your son was wounded, wish to give you the true particulars.

As balloon observer and pilot, I was stationed in August, 1918, at a small village called Little Hantay in North France. I had been in the air several hours at the height of 1,000 meters when I noticed over the British lines two enemy airplanes maneuvering. Suddenly I saw one of the airplanes prepare to descend upon a neighboring German balloon. I at once ordered my balloon lowered, and when at about 300 meters height I saw the attacked balloon near Meruchin burning and falling to the earth. At the same moment I noticed that the enemy pilot was approaching my balloon with great speed, although our heavy machine guns and anti-aircraft batteries were firing at him all the time. The aviator paid them no attention but continued to follow me.

From the height of 50 meters he opened fire on my balloon with bombs. Fortunately I was not hit, but the enemy aviator had been set afire through the attack of our machine guns. He attempted to rescue himself by jumping from his burning machine before it struck the earth and be completely destroyed by fire. This brave and splendid aviator wore an identification plate marked Louis Bennett, Jr., Weston, West Virginia.

Your son lay unconscious about ten meters from his entirely burning machine. The hospital bearers of my battery immediately gave the seriously wounded aviator first aid and found he had both legs broken and was shot in the head. He did not regain consciousness when carried to the army hospital. He died after a few hours and was buried the following day with military honors.

A brave and splendid officer had died a hero's death!

I hope these lines will give you some comfort as to the fate of your son. He was my bravest enemy. Honor be his memory!

With sincere respect,

EMIL MERKELBACH

ALL of the war's battles were not fought in the trenches or in No Man's Land, according to F. P. C., 23rd Infantry, Second Division. He reports some inside dope on what he terms "an interesting minor engagement behind the front lines":

Five years ago the 28th Infantry, First Division, went over the top and took the town of Cantigny. Its commanding officer was Colonel Hanson E. Ely. He made good, and just at the beginning of the great Franco-American offensive of July 18th which drove the Germans out of the Château-Thierry salient he was made a brigadier general and placed in command of the Third Brigade of the Second Division.

During a lull in the fighting General Ely was ordered to report to a medical board for examination. He reported. He was thumped and pounded and stethescoped. Then, following a solemn conclave of the medics, he was given to understand that his heart action was by no means what it should be. Now the general was, ordinarily, a quiet, retiring man, but on this occasion he arose and said with considerable emphasis, "Gentlemen, we can settle this question of my physical condition in a few minutes. I will take any man on this board outdoors and beat him running any distance from a hundred yards to two miles. I will jump higher or further than any man on this board. And if that doesn't satisfy you I will put on the gloves and whip this entire board in fifteen minutes."

The physicians were silent. Then one of them suggested that they think the matter over. They did—and back to his command went Ely.

This incident was brought to my mind when I read recently that the same Brigadier General Ely had been made a major general.

WE still have a bunch of thrills on hand to broadcast and we'll pass them on just as often as space will permit. In telling of his thrill Henry St. Clair Stevens, a former 91st Division man now of New York City, writes: "Until a certain never-to-be-forgotten afternoon in July, 1918, the war had always seemed extraordinarily remote and unreal to me." In that statement Stevens echoes the sentiments of most of the men who later were part of the A. E. F. and who looked upon the trip overseas as sort of a vacation lark until they came slapbang up against war's realities. Stevens continues:

LIKE everybody else I had thought of almost nothing but the war since August, 1914, but—perhaps because the awful business was so unbelievably ghastly—the whole affair always impressed me very much as fiction did. It was all so very far away—so much like a strange, phantasmagoric dream!

I went through an officers' training camp. I spent a year with a division—a very "realistic" one, too. I went over and landed at Le Havre. Still it seemed unreal.

In the middle of July I was in a troop train near Paris. We were waiting for another train to pass us. About us lay a countryside that was ineffably beautiful. Certainly it didn't remind one of war. It was a warm, pleasant day—an unusually peaceful day.

While I basked in the charm of the scene I heard a wild shouting. It came nearer and nearer. I could hear words. "Get those hellhounds!" "Give 'em steel, fellers!" "We're goin' back and get revenge later!" "They're on the run, Yanks!"

I rushed to a window of my car and looked out. There—not fifty yards away on another track—was a long French hospital train. It was filled from end to end with men. They were wearing bandages. Many were a ghastly pasty-white. Some were, apparently, dying there before us. And—they were Americans!

Six or seven hours before these wounded men had been in action against the Germans. Only a few miles to the north a great battle was raging. Here was the tangible proof. Suddenly the war became as real to me as my own Main Street back home. And I got a very genuine thrill.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

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

78TH (Lightning) DIV.—Second annual reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 29, 30. Program includes company, regimental and battery dinners, free swimming, special entertainments. Special rates at hotels and on railroads. Address A. J. L'Heureux, 20 Exchange pl., New York City.

U. S. ARMY AMBULANCE SERV. ASSN.—Reunion at Washington, D. C., July 13, 14. Address Wilbur P. Hunter, 3315 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

Under New Management: Late Developments in the Affairs of the Veterans Bureau

WASHINGTON, June 18th.

THE senatorial investigation of the Veterans Bureau, voted with such gusto last March, has got under way very slowly, and public hearings will not begin until the middle of September or the first of October. This is quite a different state of affairs from that for which the public was prepared at the outset, when Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, chairman of the committee, announced that hearings would start by the middle of April. If this had been done the actual work of the committee doubtless would have been finished by now, though official announcement of findings and recommendations would have awaited the meeting of Congress in December.

Several factors have contributed to the altered aspect of the program. Chief among these is the appointment of Frank T. Hines as director of the Bureau, succeeding Charles R. Forbes. Hines has tackled the job with intelligence and zeal and in the one hundred days that he has been in office he has wrought many changes. He has gone far toward correcting the basic abuses and shortcomings which made an investigation necessary. In fact, if Hines had taken the Bureau in hand three months before he did there would have been no investigation, and probably no occasion for one.

This is true because, tangled and chaotic as were the affairs of the bureau at the time the Senate acted, the resolution directing the investigation got through by the skin of its teeth. Had the situation in the bureau been three percent less critical or had Congress adjourned a few days sooner there would have been no investigation.

Why the Legion Was Anti-Investigation

THERE would have been none because neither The American Legion nor the majority party in Congress wanted an investigation except as a measure of last resort. The Legion wished to avoid it because investigations of this sort always disturb and upset an organization, and the bona fide results that have proceeded from Congressional investigations within recent years have been meager indeed. A Congressional investigation is a heroic remedy not to be lightly prescribed. The majority party in Congress did not wish an investigation for these same reasons—and the same may be said for the minority—but the majority party was actuated by a further powerful motive of political self-defense. Congressional investigations invariably are attended by political manifestations and partisan medicine making. Both parties, without exception, indulge in this practice whenever opportunity presents, and this would have been an opportunity for the Democrats. Naturally, the Republicans did not wish to provide the minority with a chance to make political capital out of revelations of the failure of a great government bureau under a Republican administration.

The Legion went the limit to help straighten out the Veterans Bureau without disturbance and it failed. The first outbreak came in February when Director Forbes resigned and a half dozen of his principal assistants followed him into retirement. These changes had been deferred too long—and The American Legion is as much responsible for that as anyone else. But the Legion, like the President, hoped almost to the last that the bureau would get under way. It did not, and the February shake-up resulted. This was the match that fired the fuse. The accompanying disclosures and rumors echoed in the halls of Congress, and the Legion decided the time had come for a thorough-going investigation.

There was a half-hearted last-minute effort to forestall this action with the promise that now that the President had taken the Bureau in hand he would put in a man at its head who would fix things up and the help of Congress would be superfluous. This effort got nowhere. The President named Hines as director of the bureau. The choice was generally well received, but the investigating resolution was passed by the Senate a day or so after General Hines took office on the first of March.

Senator Reed was named chairman of the investigating committee. He engaged as counsel for the committee John F. O'Ryan, an able lawyer, former major general of the New York National Guard and commander of the 27th Division during the war. It was announced that General O'Ryan would take charge at once, organize an investigating force, and comb the bureau from top to bottom, and that public hearings would begin in Washington within a few weeks. The newspapers had been full of the Veterans Bureau's troubles since the first of the year. According to all surface indications the fur was going to fly.

Three months have gone by and what has happened?

No fur. Senator Reed's committee met once or twice immediately after its creation and then dispersed in widely divergent directions; one member is in Europe now, I believe. General O'Ryan opened an office in the Veterans Bureau and was provided with a secretary and three assistants from the bureau's personnel. Director Hines told him the place was his and to go as far as he liked. General Hines informed the writer that he would accord the investigators every facility, as he hoped to derive great benefit from their findings. At the same time he made a significant remark:

"General O'Ryan's work will not deter me from making a very careful study of the bureau on my own account and correcting shortcomings wherever I find them."

I remarked that this might deprive General O'Ryan of some excellent opportunities for criticism.

"I hope so," said General Hines.

A Field Force on a Volunteer Basis

ON May 1st General O'Ryan engaged as his assistant counsel Davis G. Arnold, an attorney and an ex-service man of Providence, Rhode Island, and about two weeks ago Edward Olmstead, former colonel and G-1 of the 27th Division, was taken on as executive officer of the investigating forces. General O'Ryan spends one or two days a week in Washington conferring with his associates and with Director Hines and looking the situation over. General O'Ryan is serving the Reed committee without compensation, an example which he has been able to get many of his colleagues to emulate. The official headquarters of the inquiry are in General O'Ryan's law offices in New York, whence the general has directed the organization of his field forces—on a volunteer basis entirely. Through letters to the bar and medical associations and The American Legion in each State he is creating an organization upon which he intends to rely to supply him with the information he needs on the outlying elements of the bureau.

The salaries of Mr. Olmstead and Mr. Arnold are paid from the $20,000 appropriation voted for the prosecution of the investigation. The people General Hines assigned to General O'Ryan are still on the Veterans Bureau payroll. The field workers that are being recruited are not paid. With this force General O'Ryan expects to conclude his investigation. The field force will be organized into a series of boards and committees to which will be assigned definite tasks, which will include investigations and reports on all hospitals and vocational training centers, each of the fourteen district offices and 127 subdistrict offices of the Bureau, and special matters which may require local attention. Two superior boards of review, one to deal with medical questions primarily and one primarily with questions of law and legislation will be formed in New York. It is General O'Ryan's intention to obtain the most eminent medical and legal experts available for this work.

General O'Ryan and His Program

IT is impossible to say what results will be obtained from an organization assembled in this manner, because the wheels have scarcely commenced to turn. The organization of the committees and other bodies is only about half complete, and where organization has been perfected the actual work of investigation has only fairly begun. General O'Ryan has made a thorough study of the bureau, however, and the work it is supposed to perform. He has prepared an exhaustive program of operations which needs only to be faithfully executed to produce the most complete summary of the actual operation of that mammoth machine known as the Veterans Bureau which has yet been compiled. The question is, will the volunteer workers deliver?

The writer recalled to General O'Ryan the early promises of a speedy conclusion of the investigation as contrasted with the leisurely manner in which the work actually had gone forward and the paucity of results up to the present time.

"There are two ways of conducting an investigation of this character," replied General O'Ryan. "One way is to sail in, make a hasty and superficial canvass of the situation, assemble a number of witnesses who had complaints to offer, call a meeting of the committee and present this superficial and imperfectly co-ordinated evidence and leave it to the committee to analyze, weigh, examine and determine what it may be worth. Another way is to proceed with less haste and more care, sift and weigh our evidence in private—but with absolute impartiality—and present to the committee that which seems to be trustworthy and which has definite bearing on the case.

"We have decided on the latter method. This does not mean that any evidence will be suppressed. The meetings of the committee will be an open forum before which any citizen may appear and get a hearing. A number of reasons influenced this decision, and all of them concern the welfare of the disabled veteran. The prime object of this inquiry is to determine wherein the Veterans Bureau has failed or neglected to provide for the veteran the relief the people of the United States intend that he shall receive. We felt that early hearings of incomplete evidence would not be the best way to bring this about. You know the natural tendency toward sensationalism in public investigations; you know how such

investigations upset and confuse the organization under scrutiny—for a time at least. What would be the result of this in the case of the Veterans Bureau? The disabled would suffer.

"We asked ourselves if it were necessary to run these risks, and happily it was disclosed that it was not necessary. Almost coincident with the adoption of the resolution authorizing this investigation there was a change in the administration of the Veterans Bureau. Let us suppose for the sake of argument that this change is resulting in an improvement of the services of the bureau. Then let us suppose that we had gone ahead with a quick, shallow investigation, which might have been finished by now. In the first place such an investigation would not have been thorough; with the facilities at my disposal that would have been impossible.

"Now then, what would have been the result of such procedure — the probable result in the light of existing conditions? Our investigation would have run its course early, but months would have elapsed before Congress convened. In the meantime Director Hines, who is doing a good deal of investigation on his own account, would have come along and searching with care where we had only skimmed the surface, doubtless would have corrected conditions of which we complained. Thus our findings would be rendered obsolete by the time they were presented to Congress. They would cite shortcomings that no longer existed. Our time would have been wasted, public money would have been spent, the bureau disturbed by the premature publication of testimony—probably of inaccurate and sensational character—and what benefit would accrue to the disabled veterans?

"We have therefore decided on a lengthier and more thorough piece of work. We are working in close co-operation with General Hines, and this can be done with propriety because we are not investigating his administration but that of his predecessors. When we discover something that should be changed we are not waiting until next fall to announce it. We are telling General Hines about it immediately so that it may be corrected immediately. In this way we expect to render a prompt and direct service to the disabled. When the committee meets I hope to be able to inform it that the major shortcomings, in so far as they can be corrected without new legislation, have been adjusted and that the veteran is deriving the benefit of these changed conditions. As for needed changes of legislation, we expect to make a good many recommendations along that line.

"This may seem to you to be an unusual way of conducting an investigation, especially an investigation which was supposed to prove as spectacular as this one was, but it seems to me the best way to conserve and advance the interests of the disabled —and that is what we are here for."

How Is General Hines Doing?

SO much for General O'Ryan's statement of the case. The strength or weakness of his position may easily be perceived. It rests on the question, Is Hines making a go of the Veterans Bureau job, or isn't he? It happens that to all appearances he is. Close observers of the bureau who were anything but pro-Hines at the outset admit it. As General O'Ryan intimated, Director Hines is conducting an investigation. It is a thorough investigation, rigorously prosecuted, and it is bringing results. It is moving more rapidly and, to date at least, more effectively than General O'Ryan's effort. For this purpose General Hines has organized an investigating corps of his own. He has reorganized the purchase and supply section of the bureau, and it is in the realm of purchase and supply that General O'Ryan probably will make the most interesting disclosures. Waste and extravagance have been apparent, and General O'Ryan says indictments for fraud will be requested before he gets through.

General O'Ryan cordially agrees that the director is cutting ground from under his feet.

"I am glad of it and wish him success," says General O'Ryan. "The idea of this committee is to get the evils corrected. We would rather General Hines did it than anyone else. We are not looking for any personal glory."

Better Esprit de Corps in Bureau

ALL of which doesn't mean that the Reed-O'Ryan investigation is superfluous; anything but. Executives of the Veterans Bureau are unanimous in the assertion that General O'Ryan's researches have been of material assistance in bettering conditions in the bureau. They admit that the general and his aids have been able to bring to light shortcomings that had escaped their notice, and that the very fact that the bureau is under the scrutiny of Congressional investigators serves as a spur to a better esprit de corps within the bureau. The result is that the bureau people are on their toes, anxious to remedy conditions before O'Ryan's people can spot shortcomings.

And there is another factor in the situation—an important one. That is The American Legion. The Legion is the father of the Veterans Bureau and it is the father of the Reed investigation. It means to see that this investigation achieves the ends it is supposed to achieve. The Legion is not, however, concerned with methods—only with results. The Legion will be a party to the hearings of the Reed committee, and will be represented by John Thomas Taylor, vice-chairman of the National Legislative Committee, as counsel. Taylor knows the Veterans Bureau situation from the ground up.

At the hearings Taylor will be on the job for the Legion, and his job will be to see that that hearing deprives the disabled veteran of none of the hard-won rights that are now his, but perfects the administrative machinery whereby those rights shall be made equally available to all who are entitled to receive them.

M. J.

225,000 of 243,500 Ohio Vets Apply for Compensation

IN Ohio, with an estimated number of 243,500 men entitled to payment of adjusted compensation, but 225,000 claims have been ed and paid, and the Adjusted Compensation Department estimates that 20,000 Ohio soldiers and sailors have neglected to make applications. Five thousand claims of heirs-at-law of deceased service men have already been paid, and it is estimated an equal number of heirs who have not filed claims are entitled to payment.

The Weekly's Fourth of July Cover Contest

AN American of Italian extraction who had served the country of his birth as a naval officer and been wounded in action against the enemy before the World War was even dreamed of won first prize in the annual Fourth of July American Legion Weekly Cover Contest, open to Federal vocational training students who are studying at the Society for Illustrators School for Disabled Soldiers in New York City. Two prizes were offered, one of $100 and one of $65. First prize went to Rudolph A. Bianconcini, whose winning design appears on the cover of this issue. The design which won second prize, the work of Forest A. McGinn, will appear on the cover of the July 6th issue.

The Society of Illustrators School for Disabled Soldiers is a government school conducted under the auspices of the United States Veterans Bureau with the voluntary assistance of some of the best-known artists in the East, who give their time to the work without compensation. It has already graduated several successful commercial artists, and maintains a high standard of work which is well reflected in this year's prize-winning covers.

Mr. Bianconcini, first-prize winner in this year's contest, was born in Rome and before the war was a motion-picture actor. He served as an officer in the Italian Navy in the war with Turkey in Tripoli. In 1918 he enlisted in the United States Army and because of his previous military experience and his knowledge of Italian was assigned as drillmaster to Company A, Fourth Battalion Infantry, Camp Lee, Virginia, where he was in charge of recruits of Italian descent. His disability is the result of disease contracted at Camp Lee.

Dean Cornwell, Orson Lowell and Edward Penfield served as judges in determining the winners in the Weekly's contest.

These Men Can Help Buddies in Distress

QUERIES aimed at locating former service men whose statements are necessary to substantiate government compensation claims should be sent to the Service Division, National Headquarters, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana. The Service Division will be glad to assist in finding men after other means have failed, and, if necessary, will advertise through the Weekly. The Service Division wants to hear from the following:

JAMES HENRY HARRIS, Chief Mach. Mate, U. S. N. Sub Chaser 25.

Attending physicians and comrades of JOHN L. SPRAGUE, Co. H, 147th Inf., at B. H. 5, Bologne, France, Sept. to Dec., 1918.

Comrades of SAMUEL EDELMAN, Med. Dtcht, 306 Tr. Hq.

Medical Officer in charge of Ward 2, Bldg. 1, B. H. 55, Feb., 1919.

Comrades of FRANK FRENCH, Bty. F, 15th F. A.

1st Lt. CHESTER O'BRIEN, Bty. F, 15th F. A.

Comrades of OSCAR E. TOOTHMAN, Co. B, 112th Eng., who were discharged with him at Camp Lee, Apr. 12, 1919.

DEE SELL, Co. L, 140th Inf.

Comrades of LESLIE S. DAVIDSON, Co. F, 315th Amn. Tr., Camp Travis, 1917.

Medical Officer, 340th F. A. Infirmary, Oct., 1917.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, Co. I, 145th Inf.

BOOKER HARRELL, Co. A, 15th Hq. and M. P., later 7th Cavalry.

Dr. CALVIN L. WOOLSEY, Capt., M. C., B. H., Camp Kearny. Formerly Braymer, Mo.

Medical Captain, Ward 9, B. H., Camp Dodge, March 10-21, 1919.

JAMES ADIE, 302d Inf., formerly at 39 Cedar st., Lowell, Mass.

Comrades of JOHN MOEHLMANN, 286th Co., M. P. C., injured on patrol truck between Pearl (?) and Scarburg (?), Germany, July, 1919.

Comrades of GUY B. WINGATE, Hq., Motorized Amb. Div., Paris.

The New Jersey Legislature has extended the time limit for the filing of applications for state adjusted compensation to December 31, 1923. Men still in service may file applications up to one year following discharge.

These Buddies Felt the Back-to-the-Land Urge; Hark to the Voice of Experience

IN a recent issue the Weekly's Washington correspondent wrote about the million acres of government land that were awaiting settlement by ex-service men. He painted no glowing picture of immediate wealth awaiting any veteran who felt the back-to-the-land urge. Plain facts were given—not exactly discouraging facts, but plain facts. But no individual experiences in homesteading were cited, and to get these the editors appealed in the same issue to the men who had been through the mill to give some first-hand information.

The homesteaders toed the line in fine style. They hung up their shovels and their hoes, took up their pens and reported back. Letters arrived from South Dakota, from Oregon, Arizona, Wyoming, California, and Montana. Opinions on the value of homesteads varied. A summary of all the reports would read about as follows: "Homesteading is a game of chance. If a man comes here expeeting to get rich in a few days he had better stay where he is. If you must have a homestead, be in no hurry; there is plenty of time. It's up to the individual. A man can make a go of it anywhere if he has the backbone, supplemented with a reasonable amount of thrift, economy and good common sense." On one point most of the writers agreed. That was that it's risky business to start out on a homestead without a sufficient stake. From one to five thousand dollars was suggested as a sound ante.

LET'S hear first what E. A. P. of Roseburg, Oregon, has to say—not alone because hers is the only letter from an ex-service woman, and ladies have priority, but because she also has something worth while to report. She writes as follows:

We, my husband and I, both veterans, read alluring accounts of rich farming and timberlands away out in Oregon. We were making a living in the Windy City in the spring of 1920. In June we set forth with borrowed carfare to seek a future home and fortune in Oregon. We hurried. We wanted to get some of the best. Much to our amazement, we found that we were just about one hundred years too late. There was and is no best to be had. Had we used ordinary judgment we should have known without having to go through the actual experience.

There is land here, hundreds and hundreds of acres, but who can reach it? Certainly not an ex-service man with limited means. It takes at least a corporation to penetrate even a few miles into this beautiful stand of fir, pine, spruce and cedar. For an adventure nothing could be more ideal—for a living nothing could be worse. We can't survive long on scenery. We have seen with our own eyes the meager existence of those who have come, got in and couldn't get out. For years they have cleared, and they are still clearing, with only a few acres to raise a few bushels of products to show for years of honest labor.

We took eighty acres that were listed by the Government as "agricultural land." It is covered with a thick growth of everything and is as straight up and down as a cow's face. Certainly the government employee who said "agriculture" had never seen the grain fields of Iowa and Illinois. Our advice to ex-service men who want to come West is to come, but do not file on a homestead. Come with capital and invest in some improved land—leave the virgin forests and grazing lands for the big guns with money. They will get it eventually, and for less than what you put into it.

We know of many people here who filed in 1920 who have gone back home or are now making their living in nearby towns as we are doing. We have been told by old-time homesteaders that we paid more for our land than they did as ordinary civilian homesteaders.

NOW take a look at what a man who has lived the greater part of his life right in the homestead country reports. Furthermore this man, Frank A. Matson, has helped prove up on half a dozen different claims and has had two himself, one in Montana that he relinquished back to the Government and the one on which he is now living in Wyoming. "Homesteading," says Matson, "is a big game of chance. I, however, have never seen anybody starve to death, although there are hardships aplenty for anyone who is trying to realize more than just a mere living regardless of his provocation or pull." He recommends that anyone in the market for a homestead should first decide just the kind of homestead wanted, whether dry farming, irrigated farmland, stock raising or timberland, then trouble the land office of the district selected for all the literature possible to digest before going on the land. He suggests that the best plan for homestead hunting is for three or four men to get a flivver and start out. The expense is less than train fare and the choicest tracts are not found near towns, even if one can get that far on a railroad.

The whole proceeding, according to Matson, resolves itself into just one thing, and that is a willingness to work. Matson's claim "is eight miles from town and consists of 640 acres of good old gumbo soil with slight traces of vegetation. Our main drawback is an absence of good drinking water. But I have traveled considerably and I have seen some mighty progressive communities that were just as bad off at one time as we are. According to my military service, six months is my allotted period of residence to prove up, and I think a man mighty foolish indeed if he doesn't use his right, especially when his service counts as residence."

Now we will drop down to California, and find out what a land owner has to say about conditions there—a veteran of the war and a veteran in homesteading. Francis M. Carter, writing from Redding, California, advises that he has had thirteen years of homesteading experience in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and California and that during the past year he traversed most of Oregon investigating homestead and irrigation projects. He's strong for irrigated land and says:

Most all homestead land is miles from railroads and wagon roads. A homesteader must figure on fencing well and in most sections he has to "rabbit fence" to keep the rabbits from his crops—all of which costs good money. Therefore, for the man or woman who wants to come West and engage in farming, dairying, poultry raising or beekeeping and has from one to five thousand dollars, the best proposition is to locate under some of the irrigation projects just being completed. This land is low in price and can be bought with a small payment down and a long time to pay out. The land is near railroads and county roads which give access to markets. Schools and churches are well located and creameries are within shipping distance. There is room for thousands of families on good land here with good market conditions.

Two men report on land in western Oregon in the vicinity of Lakeview, which was mentioned by the Weekly's Washington correspondent. E. C. Franks holds out some hopes for homesteaders, though he warns his "Eastern buddy that unless he expeets to put in some three years of hard work he had better stay away from here, unless he has two thousand dollars or more in his jeans. But," he continues, "on the other hand, with a little money he can start by getting himself a few head of stock and by taking care of them, and in five years' time he will have a nice little start. The country is very nice in the summer and there is plenty of good fishing and hunting, but it's hell in the winter." He says a single man can get by by working in the summer on neighboring places and living on and developing his claim in the winter.

C. M. KREBS tells of the same country, advising that Lakeview is an inland town, thirty miles from a railroad, that the land is excellent grazing land but "we have only about six months in the year that stock will do well on the range. The altitude is approximately 7,000 feet and stock raising is all that is practical." Then he outlines what he thinks the best plan of taking up a claim:

The best bet on 640 acres is for three or four fellows to kick in together on adjoining land. It cuts down expenses considerably. Another good idea is to file close to a ranch where you can get work. Wages here are good. I am proving up soon and by working all of the time I have my place nearly all improved and made nearly all expenses incurred. What I can't figure out is how I go on from here. A 640-acre homestead can be deeded land in two years, but has a person anything when he has a patent to it? I don't mean to discourage anyone, but, with a 640-acre claim, have you spent your time at a worthwhile venture? A future is what a man wants—how is he to get anywhere without a long value? A person must have a working capital.

From Montana came a letter in which J. B. C., a disabled veteran, says it gives him pleasure to tell other ex-service men of his experience. Here is his story:

I served with the First Division and after returning home I read about soldiers' funds, government aid, and loans to build, get stock, seed, etc., on a training basis. Now I am speaking of the land left for the boys to file on. It may be free on the start—the land is here, lots of it, millions of acres, but miles and miles from railroads, timber and coal. Most of it you can't raise an umbrella on—the wind would blow it away. No water in sight. As I

say, I have my land on hands without any improvements on it—have the deed and nothing to go ahead with. Have tried to get a loan from many banks—nothing doing. I wrote to Washington for a Federal loan—nothing doing. Asked the U. S. V. B. to give me a few head of stock on a training basis—nothing doing. So there is my land, as bare as the Argonne Forest. What am I going to do with it? I can't give it away. The land has never produced enough to pay half the taxes—taxed to the limit. Now my advice to all ex-service boys is to lay off this free land. If not successful they may have to work hard for a few years and then turn the land over to the county to call the taxes square.

A. H., now residing in Prescott, Arizona, in telling of his claim in San Bernardino County, California, says that if it hadn't been for his service in the Navy counting as time on his place he never would have proved up. He knows of more than fifteen settlers of whom but two remained, and they are doing work for other people to make ends meet. Unless a man has absolutely determined to do the hard kind of work—clearing, grubbing, burning, and ploughing—he has little chance. Many fail in their endeavor to raise the money to keep the claim going and eventually have to let part or the whole claim go when some one with a few hundred dollars gets the discouraged man's hard-earned farm, he writes.

Here are extracts from just one more letter from J. W. L. of Gordon, Nebraska, who has proved up on a claim near Buffalo, Johnson County, Wyoming—in which the writer suggests one means of helping homesteaders:

In 1920, after a little over two years in the Army, I moved on to my homestead in northeastern Wyoming. I had filed on a section of 640 acres in 1917 while on a day and a half leave, and naturally was pretty hazy as to just what I had undertaken. However, after my discharge I moved on to the place and today have a patent for it and it is mine.

The first mistake I made was to file on 640 acres as a stock-raising homestead. This lost me my oil right I might have had had I filed on an original homestead and then on an "additional" of 320 acres more. Since all of Wyoming's land is potential oil land, this is a point to be remembered.

The land was of fair quality, and the first thing the wife wanted on our arrival via the flivver route was water. So to work we went and dug a well fifteen feet deep that furnished us water till late summer, when we had to get water from a neighbor.

Knowing a trade, it was not our intention to stay on the homestead for good, but we thought that by getting work we would improve the place to where it would make us a home. However, when it came to making the necessary $1.25 per acre improvements our little pile of money went far too rapidly. By the time our seven months were up we had about $1,200 invested and we went back to the old job. By the investment of another $1,500 we could have broken up more land and put on stock, but the average ex-service man is not a capitalist.

Our section of Wyoming is at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains. It is a dry farming country and at the state fair each year our section takes prizes on grains and forage crops, but it takes money to get the farms going, and unless one has capital he cannot do justice to the homestead.

The experience was very enjoyable, for we were in the center of a colony of ex-service people none of whom we had known before, but some warm friendships were made that will last for a long time.

If Congress really wishes to help—loan us money to finance the homesteader.

That's what representative members of the ex-service homestead colony think about it. Is it the life, or isn't it?

LEGION LIBRARY

Book Service

THE HISTORY OF THE FIRST DIVISION IN THE WORLD WAR is made available through the Weekly to former members and others interested through arrangements made with the divisional society. Its 450 pages cover the complete story of the division from its organization to demobilization as a part of the A. E. F. The volume is attractively bound and contains in addition the honor roll, commendations, field orders, eight color plates and seventy-seven other illustrations. A set of twelve 1:20,000 sector and operations maps is in a separate container. The history is the First's official war record. Price: $5.

Following is a partial list of other books which may be ordered through the Legion Library. They are recommended to individual Legionnaires and will also prove valuable additions to post libraries. (See preceding issues of the Weekly for additional books available.)

HISTORY OF THE 310TH INFANTRY. Official. An account of the regiment's career in training camp and overseas. Maps, photographs, citations, field orders, operations, reports and a complete casualty list. 265 pages. To cover the cost of the book the Association of the 310th Infantry has been forced to advance the price of the book to $3.

PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE 27TH DIVISION. Over 300 official photographs of training at Camp Wadsworth, all battles, post-Armistice period, home-coming. Citations and decorations. Chronology of activities. 8x10 inches. 244 pages. Price: $2.75.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE 26TH DIVISION. Five hundred photographs. Ten thousand recognizable faces in group pictures. Brief history. Honor roll. Citations. 8x11 inches. 320 pages. Price: Cloth, $5; leather, $8.

HISTORY OF THE 79TH DIVISION. Official. Over 200 illustrations. Maps. 510 pages. Price: $5.

HISTORY OF THE 29TH DIVISION. Official. Complete roster. 240 illustrations. Maps. 493 pages. Price: $5.

HISTORY OF THE FOURTH DIVISION. Official. 60 illustrations. Maps. 368 pages. Price: $2.

Prices listed are net and include packing and mailing charges. Send order with remittance to the Legion Library, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.

The Magic Cloak

(*Continued from page* 6)

his American twang, his colonial accent, his wisp of Scotch? A pose, long studied! His native speech was as flat a cockney as ever came out of Limehouse.

"What do you want him for?" I asked the Englishmen.

"Desertion from the front in 1914," they answered, "murder of an officer in London when we tried to arrest him in 1918, and a general run of petty crime."

"It's true," the prisoner agreed a little proudly. "I'm the one, and it's no mistake."

"How did you keep away all this time?" I asked suspiciously.

He pointed down at his frayed American uniform.

"It was my magic cloak," he explained. "These togs could keep any Englishman out of prison. Of course, I've been in the guardhouse often enough. They pick me up, the American M. P.'s. I tell them I'm AWOL and into the rocks I go. But when my little time is done, I'm sent off to some division, and I trail along with it till it gets started for the States. Then into the guardhouse again."

The Englishmen produced handcuffs, and solemnly fastened their prisoner's hands. Then each policeman clicked a cuff upon his own wrist. Heavily chained to two husky Bobbies, John Lamb began his trip back to London.

This was the first instance of a sham American using what this man called his "magic cloak."

Another was Henry Brabant. A hot potato, this fellow, whom no one could hold long.

Sergeant Carse, the lanky Canadian operator who performed so ably for the Le Mans base of the D. C. I., did us the bad fortune of bringing Brabant in. Carse, a former officer in Villa's army, who had been transferred to the D. C. I. from the First Division, served as my moving patrol in the sector around Nogent-le-Retorou. His was the duty of investigating all cases in that part of the embarkation area. He was traveling one day by train when he discovered Henry Brabant.

The man sat in the center of a group of American soldiers who displayed much interest in whatever he was saying. He was short in stature, with a broad Nordic face and light hair clipped closely around his temples. His American issue uniform was creased and unclean, and he slumped over in an unmilitary attitude. Carse joined the group casually—he was in uniform—and in a moment took part in the conversation.

About this dirty American's voice Carse noticed at once a slight foreign flavor. This in itself was not peculiar. Many of the operators in my own department spoke faulty English, for I picked continentals whenever possible. So in this case it was not the way Brabant talked so much as what he said.

"I'm just back from Germany," he was telling his group of listeners, "and the soldiers over there are organizing. Russia has the right idea—get the soldiers in, show them how to improve matters, and they'll handle things themselves."

At this point he produced a handful of pamphlets, printed in English, telling of the superior conditions in Russia under the Soviet rule. He urged the American doughboys to spread the gospel, quietly in ranks, without letting their officer know it.

"Right now," he explained boastfully, "there are a dozen of us preachers of this new gospel going around among your army camps. I wear this uniform so that I won't be bothered."

"You're not a soldier then?" Carse asked him.

The fellow snorted. From an inner

pocket he pulled a draft registration card issued at Muskegon, Michigan; with it was a draft exemption blank from the same city, which excused him from service because of Dutch citizenship.

"I beat the military authorities every time they try to do anything with me," Brabant said. "I'm the freest man in the world. No one dares lay a hand on me."

Carse answered this bold assertion by drawing out his own identification card and handing it over for Civilian Brabant's inspection.

"Oh; I've seen them before," the other said, waving it away. "You're not the first sneak who's stuck his ear into my business. I'm under arrest, am I? Well, that's annoying. It slows up my work so."

That night Henry Brabant and I talked matters over before the fireplace in my private office. He was a man of education who ran to the designed untidiness of a parlor red. He had traveled over most of the world. He knew history and politics and half a dozen languages. Very persistently he tried to convert me to communism.

"But what will you do with me?" he asked at last.

"First place," I answered, "you go into civvies. Then you stay here while I check you up in the States."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"So many police have done that. It wastes time, and time is so valuable to me."

I cabled Washington and Muskegon, Michigan. Immediate replies were to the effect that Henry Brabant, a Dutch citizen, had been suspected frequently of anti-American activities, but that on every occasion his Dutch citizenship had protected him. He had disappeared about a year before, and was not wanted.

"Keep him as far away as possible," was the spirit of each message.

"Tell me about yourself," I suggested that night as he sat in front of the fire. "How did you get out of the States?"

"Aboard ship," Brabant retorted impudently. "I make a good sailor when I want to. I shipped on a British freighter, landed at Hull, and was arrested there. The English held me three weeks. It took a lot of messages between the Hague and London before they let me go. War was on still, and those birds in England didn't like to aggravate Holland.

"I sailed on a North Sea packet for Rotterdam, and crossed the line one night into Germany. There I was greeted by old friends. I hurried immediately to the Russian frontier, and crossed over to Moscow. I learned many new phases of my work, got my orders, and was directed as to where I should receive my expense money.

"I came back to France—I can't tell you how; I might have to use the same method some other time. Once here, I put on the American uniform because it's the easiest way to get around. Do you know you're the sixth American to hold me?"

"What?"

"Sure," Brabant laughed. "I've been in five other American jails here in France. They let me go just as you're going to."

"Where were these other places?" I asked him.

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"I got out of jail in Bordeaux just ten days before your man got me," he explained.

That night I wired Bordeaux.

"Let him go," came the reply immediately from the major who commanded the D. C. I. in that city. "Dutch consul demanded his release and I was ordered by G. H. Q. to turn him loose. A dangerous man, but we can do nothing with him. He is out of our jurisdiction."

St. Nazaire repeated the story. That district had held him three weeks for the same offenses that brought his detention in Le Mans—distribution of bolshevik literature and the false American uniform. They too, had released him abruptly when the consul from Holland threatened action at Washington. Brest, Paris, Marseille, and Nevirs repeated the same incidents.

"When you going to release me?" he asked so insolently one day that I called in my friend, M. Legal, of the French bureau. That official ran his hand through his bristling hair after I recounted the case, and begged permission to take the fellow off our hands.

I was relieved. Legal marched off proudly behind Henry Brabant. But in three more days he marched back behind him. The Dutch ministry was fuming. Paris was demanding explanations. Poor Legal dared not turn the fellow loose, yet he dared not hold him.

Unwillingly I accepted Brabant again. That night I put him on a train, under guard, and started him toward Antwerp. He was dressed in old civilian work clothes. My orders to the man who conducted him were to escort him to the Dutch frontier and put him across.

Two days later I received a worried report from the D. C. I. operator: "The Dutch inspectors refuse to have him."

"Turn him loose," I wired back, "He'll get over without your help."

Glad to be free of him, we gave our attention to other duties. But no! A call came at once from the British. They were holding Henry Brabant at Brussels, awaiting an escort to conduct him back to my office. I replied forcefully that the British could keep him as long as they wanted; the Le Mans district of the D. C. I. had no further use for him.

A short time later I learned that they had released him. Once more in American uniform, obtained no doubt from a salvage heap, he was headed for the Army of Occupation on the Rhine, still shielded by his magic cloak.

Another wore it. Rene we called him, for no one knew his real name. Thin, pale, underfed, he drifted one night into the headquarters of an infantry battalion billeted near Chateau Renault. He told the men that he was hungry. They believed it easily. His age was evidently about seventeen, as well as one could judge from his undersized body. His hair was dark, his eyes deep and sad. He wore the cast-off garments of the A. E. F.—a costume seen often on homeless refugee children who followed the troops. Altogether the men pitied him.

"I'm so hungry," he said weakly. He spoke in broken English; the Americans thought him French. "May I work in the kitchen for some food and sleep under the table?"

Short of help, a relieved company commander put the lad to work, re-outfitted him, and used him around the officers' mess. Rene undoubtedly was a good waiter, and the battalion officers congratulated themselves. Before long he was acting as interpreter for the French vegetable and poultry women who came to the camp; he was also an efficient orderly.

One day a military police officer stopped by chance at the mess for lunch. The officers told him of Rene. The M. P. knew French perfectly, so he talked to the lad. To his surprise, he discovered that the boy's French accent was almost as faulty as his English.

Rene was questioned. Not only was his language awkward, but his geography of France was twisted mightily. He could not name a single village in the country where he claimed to live. He was confused; his refugee story broke down. Leaving the officer who had sheltered him very worried and disturbed, the M. P. brought Rene to the office in Le Mans of Colonel Pope, the provost marshal.

Colonel Pope heard the story and summoned me.

When I arrived hurriedly at the office, in a car in front I saw a military policeman and a lad who looked white and sick. Within the building I heard the story.

"We'll take him to the French detective bureau," I suggested, "and let them work with us."

Our party went out to the car. As I opened its rear door to sit with the prisoner, I noticed that Rene was huddled under the laprobe, with only his face showing above it. He was whiter, it seemed, than a moment before. The M. P. pulled down the robe that I might take my seat. All of us cried out together.

The prisoner's throat was cut.

He still breathed. The gash was long, but had not touched his windpipe.

"To the hospital," I directed.

Rene moved his hands. Before I could jerk the covers away from them he had slashed one of his own wrists with a razor blade and was about to cut the other. We took the blade away, but before we reached the hospital he was weak from loss of blood. The surgeons shook their heads; they would try to fix him up.

When I went to the hospital the next morning I met, coming away, M. Campian, the police inspector of the district.

"Rene is dead," Campian informed me.

"Did you see him before he died?" I asked. "Did he say anything?"

"Yes—at the end. He talked in German about his mother."

So Rene was a German!

We never knew whether the boy was a fugitive from a prison camp or a spy. At the time of the Armistice, when the Allies moved the frontier, German spies in France were caught back of the lines with no chance to return to their own country. They lived as best they could.

Perhaps this boy was one of them. At any rate, his case is another example of the multitude of foreigners—criminals, propagandists, and what-not—who found in the doughboys' olive drab the magic cloak of non-identity.

The Vintage of 1923

(*Continued from page 4*)

liquor brought in. The best of the smuggled booze that we find is about eighty-seven proof. Great quantities of the so-called Bahama whiskey is made in stills aboard rum runners."

These days one hears a great deal about "cut" liquor, but I have found only a few drinkers who really know what the word means. Permit me to explain. We will suppose that a bootlegger comes into possession of a case of good pre-prohibition rye. He pays, perhaps, $60 for the twelve bottles, and is anxious to make a neat profit. If he sold the stuff for $10 a quart he would only double his investment. That isn't enough profit for the average bootlegger, so he proceeds to "cut" the stuff and turn one bottle into three. He empties the contents of the twelve bottles into a jar, adds equal amounts of alcohol and distilled water, mixes the mess thoroughly and in a few minutes has thirty-six bottles of stuff which will register the same proof that his original dozen bottles registered.

The average drinker believes that the addition of water lessens the proof and that he can detect watered booze. He is right. The bootlegger knows this too, so he goes the drinker one better by adding the alcohol. The standard strength of alcohol is 190 proof. Proof means alcoholic strength. So, if a bottle of 100-proof liquor is diluted with an equal amount of water its alcoholic strength will be reduced to 50 proof. But if as much alcohol as water is added the net result will be 100-proof booze.

"What, then, have we to worry about?" I can hear some of my readers ask. Only this: Because the stuff one drinks is 100 proof is no indication or guarantee that it is safe to drink. Pure alcohol contains fusel oil in generous quantities, and fusel oil is a volatile, poisonous compound which plays havoc with the delicate mechanism of the human system.

There is a definite line of demarcation between 100-proof whiskey and 100-proof hooch. When whiskey making was legal in these United States it was made in very much the same way in which it is made today, but it was allowed time to age in wood. It was distilled in very much the same way that it is now distilled in the best bootleg circles and then placed in barrels, the sides of which had been burned to charcoal. This charcoal, or carbon, acted as a strainer for the fusel oil and other poisonous substances which came, or might have come, from the distilling apparatus.

There is a popular belief that it is hard for the bootlegger to doctor Scotch. You'd be surprised to know what a dash of creosote will do to a bottle of alcohol which has been colored to resemble Scotch. One of the best things it does is to give it that smoky tang which guileless drinkers think is inimitable. The worst thing it does is to turn perfectly good alcohol into something worse than the stuff that dive keepers kept in the well-known black bottle of pre-Volsteadian days—the bottle that was kept for the pesty drunks and bar flies.

The grain alcohol used by many bootleggers is bad enough, but the industrial alcohol with which the market has been flooded for the last few months is worse. Undistilled, this stuff is deadly poison. Properly distilled, it would be no more harmful than any other alcohol if it were given time to age in the right kind of wood. But the demand for hooch is so great in some sections of the country that the busy bootleggers simply put it through their imperfect stills, mix it with a little coloring extract, rye oil and water, and put it on the market as Old Kentucky Rye or some other well known brand. The best of the bootleggers' stills leave enough of the poison in this liquor to make it extremely dangerous for the drinker.

There is a great deal of truth in what the chemists say about the grade of smuggled liquor on the American market today. The stuff that was marketed in 1920, 1921 and part of 1922, when great quantities of liquor were being released from the bonded warehouses, was of a superior quality. In those days it didn't pay to smuggle booze in from the Bahamas. Back in July, 1921, for instance, smuggled booze, offered at $40 a case, according to the testimony of Charles H. Scandalis in the famous "Henry L. Marshall" case, found no buyers. But today withdrawal permits are hard to get and the gentle art of getting the stuff out of bonded warehouses on forged permits is almost as dangerous as counterfeiting.

Wishing an official view of this phase of the booze game I went to E. C. Yellowley, Chief of General Prohibition Agents for the Federal Government. No one can claim that he is a disinterested observer. He certainly isn't. His job is hounding the law-breakers. But it is hardly stretching the truth to say that he knows more about bootleggers and bootlegging than any other man in America. He has chased them across the continent and back, has fought them in city alleys and mountain passes, on land and on sea. His territory extends from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf.

He estimated that 100,000 cases of booze were being smuggled into the United States every twenty-four hours. Startling figures. But Yellowley knows what he is talking about.

Of one thing he is sure—he and his men are having an extremely hard time of it covering several thousand miles of border and coast line. He thinks he is making headway; and naturally optimistically predicts that he will win out in the end. But the fact remains that today the force working under him contains fewer men than were on duty during the St. Patrick's Day parade in New York City.

I have been in pretty close touch with the Federal officers who are trying to dam the flow of illicit liquor into this country and I know some of the obstacles. The entire force under Commissioner Roy Haynes numbers less than 4,000, including clerks, stenographers, chemists, investigators, inspectors and enforcement officers.

I asked Yellowley about the quality of the booze that is being smuggled into this country from Canada and the islands off our coasts. He corroborated much that the Federal chemists had told me. His men have found stills

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on booze ships and in the cellars of big bootleggers in all parts of the United States. They've found "cutting" stations operated at the ports of entry and in the big warehouses where the rum barons store their goods. It is in these stations that the smuggled stuff is cut by the addition of alcohol and water.

Last year Federal officers confiscated and destroyed 19,312 distilleries and stills. Since the Volstead Act became law in 1919 more than 54,000 stills and distilleries have been seized.

"The 19,000 stills we seized last year were turning out most of the booze that the drinkers believed was being smuggled in from Canada and the Bahamas," said Yellowley. "As a matter of fact, more than half of the stuff being consumed in the United States today is made in cellars, or, as one of my men likes to put it, is 'guaranteed three months old, aged in the woods and bottled in barns.' The bootleggers make this stuff overnight, color it, flavor it with rye oil, paste counterfeit labels and stamps on it, and sell it to the drinking public as real liquor. A large amount of the booze brought in by the rum runners is made in coastal cities, shipped to sea and sold 'over the rail' of ships outside the three-mile limit to gullible bootleggers."

Chief Yellowley showed me tons of fake labels and stamps which his men had confiscated. Some of them looked so genuine that the Haig boys, Johnny Walker, Old Man Gordon, E. H. Taylor, or Senor Bacardi himself would have difficulty distinguishing them from the real articles. Some of the best counterfeiters out of jail made them, so they ought to be good imitations.

The fake label "industry" has had a remarkable growth. It was a highly profitable game in the early days of prohibition. Time was when labels sold for a dollar apiece. Today they are as cheap as prunes used to be; I've seen them quoted at a dollar a gross. But before they became a drug on the market many an industrious, if unscrupulous, printer glimpsed the heights of affluence. One chap I know found the going pretty rough after he got back from France. He looked around and found that a lot of the boys who discovered they had flat feet when the big selective service gamble was on had managed to keep going fast enough in business circles to turn an apple into an orchard while he was doing his stunt over there. That didn't make him feel any better, so when he was offered a chance to pump a Gordon printing press which turned out Gordon gin labels he didn't let any conscientious scruples block his path. He pumped the press, turned out thousands of labels and shared in the gigantic profits made by his employer-pardner. For several months he prospered. And then the "impossible" occurred. There was an unexpected raid and he was caught, along with a dozen others. Today he is in jail—a sadder but wiser lad. Of course, all of them don't get caught; but those who escape live in constant dread of the day when the net closes down on them; and life is not a bed of roses for them.

"We found one printing plant which was turning out counterfeit labels by the thousand," said Yellowley. "A bootlegger could put in an order for any kind of label he wanted and in twenty-four hours get the finished article. Another plant had machinery for burning the names Haig & Haig, Johnny Walker, Black & White, White Horse and other brands on corks. Only an expert could tell the false from the true."

Yellowley showed me the result of a raid made by some of his men that day. There were six barrels of grain alcohol, several gallons of coloring fluid, two jugs of rye oil for flavoring, a jug of beading oil, and several thousand mixed labels.

"This bootlegger would have made at least eighteen barrels of hooch out of this material," said Yellowley. "When he had it all bottled and ready for the market it would have taken an expert to determine whether the bottles were genuine or not. The bootlegger probably would have divided the stuff into three lots and labeled each differently. If the demand was for Old Taylor he would have slapped Old Taylor labels on the bottles; if the call was for Kentucky Dew he would have put the Kentucky Dew labels on."

"What sort of tasting stuff would it have been, and what would have been its effect on the drinker?" I asked.

"The flavor would have been fair and the color right, but it would have been hard on the stomach and brain. After a couple of shots of it the drinker would have been able to walk, but he would not have been conscious of what he was doing. For instance, just the other day a chap in New York City named Brunner got his hide full of this sort of hooch and started for his home in Brooklyn. Despite the fact that he was miles from home and had some money in his pocket he started to walk it. He got out on Brooklyn Bridge and then the stuff began to do its dirty work. He climbed up on the rail, stood poised for a second, then plunged headlong into the river, one hundred and thirty-three feet below. When he hit the water he began swimming all right, but when rescued and taken to the hospital he couldn't tell a thing about his mishap. He didn't know he had been on Brooklyn Bridge, didn't remember where he had been that day, and wouldn't believe hospital attendants who told him he had jumped into the river."

Not all of the booze which Federal officers take in raids is the bunk, however. I have seen thousands of cases in Federal prohibition headquarters in various sections of the country which had all the earmarks of legitimacy. This stuff generally comes from the bonded warehouses, is diverted from the consignee for whom it was originally intended, and falls into the hands of bootleggers. The stamps, seals and serial numbers are correct and the stuff itself undiluted. Sixty-five cases of this kind of liquor were brought into Yellowley's office the day I was there. Examination showed that it was real, pre-war stuff, bottled in bond 'way back in 1914.

Yes, some of it—an infinitesimal portion—is pure. But the liquor in the 100,000 cases that Mr. Yellowley says are being slipped across our borders every twenty-four hours is certainly anything but pure when it reaches the ultimate consumer. And, equally certainly, the vast ocean of stuff that is being produced in thousands of stills run by bootleggers isn't pure. No, the "vintage of 1923" isn't what it should be by any means; and the man who continues to drink in these Volsteadian days should never forget that fact.

BURSTS AND DUDS

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Sea Lure, 1923

O for a yacht or sloop or ketch
To sail the bounding main, O.
To buck the briny for a stretch
In sunshine or in rain, O.
In mountainous seas encarnadine
Where dago red leaks paint the scene,
To tack and dip or have to swim
Would be a fate quite far from grim.

O for a schooner, yawl or skiff
To man, Bahama-bound.
To give the salt sea air a sniff,
While futile billows pound!
It's not adventure that I crave,
Nor bold romance upon the wave.
But that's the life, if I could win it.
What ho! There's darn good money in it!

Ray W. Frohman

No Room

"There's one thing I like about this apartment."

"What's that?"

"We can't possibly be bothered with cockroaches. The kitchenette is too small."

Survival

"Hard tack, similar to the war biscuit supplied to modern Armies, was an article of food for the Roman soldiers in the second and third centuries, A. D."—New York *Sun.*

And, judging from experiences in the twentieth century, A. D., they left a lot of it stored somewhere.

Artistic

The razor was bum, the lather was scum,
And the barber most heartless of creatures.
So I went away, as artists would say,
With exquisitely chiselled features.

Over His Head

Mrs. Winrow (in city hotel, Room 2407): "'Taint often we travel so hifalutin', Enoch. What say we have our breakfast right in this here room?"

Mr. Winrow: "Jest as you say, Jane, jest as you say. But there's only two doughnuts, an apple an' a chicken leg left in this here lunch box, an', gosh! how I will miss my coffee."

He Never Came Back

Timid Suitor: "Mr. Hawkins, I've been told that you fly into a passion very easily, and that often a few words will make you angry. So, you see, I—"

Her Father: "You lie! Get out of my house before I beat you to a pulp, you puppy—you upstart!"

Still at It

Salesman: "Yes, sir. I've sold this make of car to people in every walk of life."

Mr. Grump: "Yah! And I'll bet they're still walking."

Something Dead

Shakespen: "You've read my poems. What do you think of the children of my brain?"

Critic: "They're all right. It's really a pity they're orphans."

Unofficial Medical Guide

HEART PALPITATIONS: A puncture of the cardiac valves by Cupid's darts. The patient thus afflicted will blush frequently and be given to nervousness and the hoarding of souvenirs, such as hairpins and lacy handkerchiefs. In advanced stages of the disease the ailing one may change from using hair tonic internally to putting it on his hair. Granting of a brief leave to some nearby town inhabited largely by good looking girls is recommended as a reliable cure.

A Real Menace

Two newly enlisted gobs were making their first inspection of the battleship to which they had been assigned. Everything left them awe-struck, but what particularly impressed one was the massive steel ram that projected from the bow, coming to a point just at the water line. He gazed at it in silence for a moment and then, shaking his head, muttered:

"Sweet cookie, but *wouldn't* that thing tear a fellow's pants!"

Precaution

When the trial of a certain case in a New England country court was about half through, the evidence in favor of the defendant was so overwhelming that the judge broke in and ordered the jury to return a verdict of not guilty. The prisoner's lawyer, a fledgeling, however, refused to be robbed of his carefully prepared splurge of oratory and demanded that he be heard.

"Well," the court ruled, "ye can make yer speech if ye want to, Mr. Wilkins, but jest to guard against accident we're goin' to acquit yer client first."

In a Hurry

From Cell 14 came the sounds of raucous laughter.

"Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha!" bellowed its occupant in uncontrolled glee. The guest in Cell 13, just across the corridor, became impatient.

"For Heaaven's sake, Bill, hurry up with those Bursts and Duds," he implored. "They're going to hang me in half an hour."

Inspiring

Interviewer: "And so love inspired all your great novels! Won't you give me some of the details of your great love?"

Famous Novelist: "W-well, I am very, very fond of beefsteak."

Appropriate

In a certain small town in Iowa they arrest and fine every auto tourist if it is humanly possible. On the edge of the town, instead of the usual "Welcome: Come Again," is erected the sign, "Keep Smiling."

"How did you know the catcher's name?"

"I recognized him from his pictures in the papers."

Worse

"My boy had some pretty narrow escapes while soldiering in France."

"That's nothing. Mine is the payroll messenger for a New York firm."

Verdict

She said her spouse became as wild
As any bear when he was drinking,
And, as she murmured out her woes,
The culprit stood there, merely blinking.

"He rushes up and down the stairs,"
She sighed. "He makes the house a ruin."
The judge leaned forward thoughtfully.
"My man," he said, "cut out home-bruin."

E. D. K.

A Case of Have To

She: "Can you prove that you love me better than life itself?"

He: "I suppose so. You say that I'll have to ask your father."

The Only Right Thing

The speeding motorist had run over a pedestrian and was anxious to atone as far as possible.

"I'll do what's right," he assured him.

"Well, let's taste it then," replied the man in the middle of the road.

But, Boy, Those Banquets!

"Other rules forbid the use of profane language, intoxicating liquor, gambling and smoking in the assembly room except at banquets."—Bloomington (Ill.) *Daily Pantagraph.*

A Businesslike Cupid

He: "Will you marry me?"
She: "No, Jack, I can't."
He: "Will you put that in writing?"

"The Gasoline Age"

"HORSEMAN able to take care of Buick automobiles. Apply Dr. Stein, Yosemite."—Ad in Fresno (Cal.) *Morning Republican.*

And That's Out!

With all due pomposity and the proper legal flubdub, the sheriff started to empanel the jury, but Zeke Jones, though new in court room work, had his own ideas. He rose from his seat and declared vociferously that under no circumstances would he consent to serve.

"Mr. Jones," inquired the sheriff with some petulance, "why is it that you object so strongly to being empaneled on this jury?"

"Well," explained Zeke, "I may not have much eddication, but I got an inkling what this here word 'empanel' means, an' I'm here to tell you right now that I ain't goin' to serve on no jury that's goin' to be framed in any way, shape nor manner."

M.D.

He had long been suspected of bootlegging, and now that the constable had caught him with a quart of the genuine, things looked dark indeed.

"Well, boy," announced the official somewhat sympathetically, for informally he was a humane and thirsty soul, "now that I've caught ye, ye'll have to take your medicine."

"Oh, thank you, officer," cried the culprit, bursting into tears of gratitude. "It certainly isn't every policeman who has intelligence enough to recognize when a man has this sort of stuff for medicinal purposes."

Getting Even

Mrs. Kriss: "So you are obliged to scrub all day for a living?"

Mrs. Casey: "Yes, mum. When me man ast me to marry him he got down on his knees, an' he's kept me on mine ever since."

Look at these Profits

	JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
E. A. Sweet	$ 925	$ 891	$1200
W. J. McCrary	$ 751	$ 865	$ 703
P. L. Hamilton	$ 640	$ 270	$ 721
J. F. Waters	$ 693	$ 425	$ 305
B. E. Connors	$ 611	$ 424	$ 613

Do You Want an Income Like These?

Are you willing to step into a position today, without training, without any investment, where you are absolutely *your own boss*, where you can set *your own hours*—work when and where you please—and have an income of $50 to $100 a week? Then send me your name and I will tell you how to get started.

I want 500 men to take orders for Comer All-Weather Raincoats right in their own communities. I will make *you* the same offer I made Sweet, McCrary, Hamilton, Waters and Connors. Sweet was an underpaid electrical engineer. Then he accepted my offer and in one month alone I paid him $1200. McCrary was making $2 a day, and now his earnings are close to $7500 a year. No matter where you live, or what you do, you can increase your income if you will devote one or two hours each day to this proposition. *No experience is necessary.* I will furnish a complete selling outfit, will tell you what to say, how to make money. I will see that you get your profit the *same day* you earn it, without waiting, without delays.

Here Are Records of Actual Earnings

Harrington made $377.62 in a month. Ed Wimberly made $450.40. Wilson made $459.90. Hamilton made $721. Robinson made $703.60. O. F. Hill made $14.70 for a few minutes' work. George Garon made a clear profit of $40 his first day. R. W. Krieger made $20 net profit in half an hour. A. B. Spencer made $625 in his spare time one month. I now offer *you* the *same* opportunity.

No Investment Required

It is not necessary for you to invest any money. I will provide you with all the materials and instructions that you will need. In addition to the big regular profits I offer hundreds of dollars each month in bonuses, so that you have unlimited opportunities to make big profits just as soon as you get my offer.

Send No Money

Without obligation to you, I will send you complete details of this proposition. I will show you how hundreds of men and women have been wonderfully successful. I know that this is a big opportunity for you. I know that *you*, *too*, can succeed, and I am willing to *prove* it to you, if you will just write your name and address on the coupon below and mail it to me.

Remember it will not cost you one cent, you will be under no obligation. This may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to get started on a proposition that will make you independent. Find out about it. Return the coupon today.

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Please tell me how I can make from $50 to $200 a week as your representative. Send me complete details of your offer without any obligation to me whatsoever.

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(Print or write plainly)