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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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THIS sentence from J. Leo Meehan's letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, tells the whole story:

"Within one year I have been able to abandon a routine life that provided me with a meal ticket and a few other incidentals for the infinitely more fascinating creative work of the photoplaywright."

But it would not be fair to you to end the story there. It is interesting to know that this young man in an underpaid job was able to sell two photoplays and attach himself to a big producer's studio in one year; that a short time ago he was retained by Gene Stratton Porter to dramatize her novels for the screen. But if you have ever said, or felt like saying, as you left the theatre, "Why, I could write a better story than that," you want to know just how Mr. Meehan proceeded to become a successful photoplaywright in one short year.

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THOUGH we are daily discovering among men and women in every walk of life, new screen writers, like Mr. Meehan, we continue this nation-wide search, because, regardless of the rich rewards that are being offered in this field, the demands for good screen stories are far from being filled.

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J. Leo Meehan

One hundred and sixty companies in Los Angeles alone are searching for better screen stories, offering from $500 to $2000 for each one that is acceptable. Yet their demands are not filled. Our Sales Department, the biggest single outlet for film plays, cannot begin to supply the needs of producers.

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Among those whom we have recently discovered, developed, and whose stories have been accepted are people in all walks of life; a California school teacher, a New York society matron, a Pennyslvania newspaper man, an underpaid office man in Utah, and others.

Still others, men and women of all ages, are enrolled, not because they want to become professional screen writers, but because they realize that Creative Imagination, properly developed, is the power which lifts those who have it to lofty heights in any field of endeavor and they appreciate the opportunities for training presented through this new channel.

You may have this same ability. It is for you to decide whether these opportunities are attractive enough to make you want to test yourself, free. It costs nothing and involves no obligation.

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KNOWING as you do the rich rewards, can you afford to pass this opportunity to test yourself? It costs nothing—no obligation.

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Send the coupon. Make this intensely interesting test of yourself. Know whether or not you are endowed with the ability to grasp the opportunity for rich rewards which are now going begging.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
Department of Education, Sec. 301,
Palmer Building,
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me the Palmer Questionnaire, which I am to fill out and return to you for your personal and subsequent advice to me without charge.

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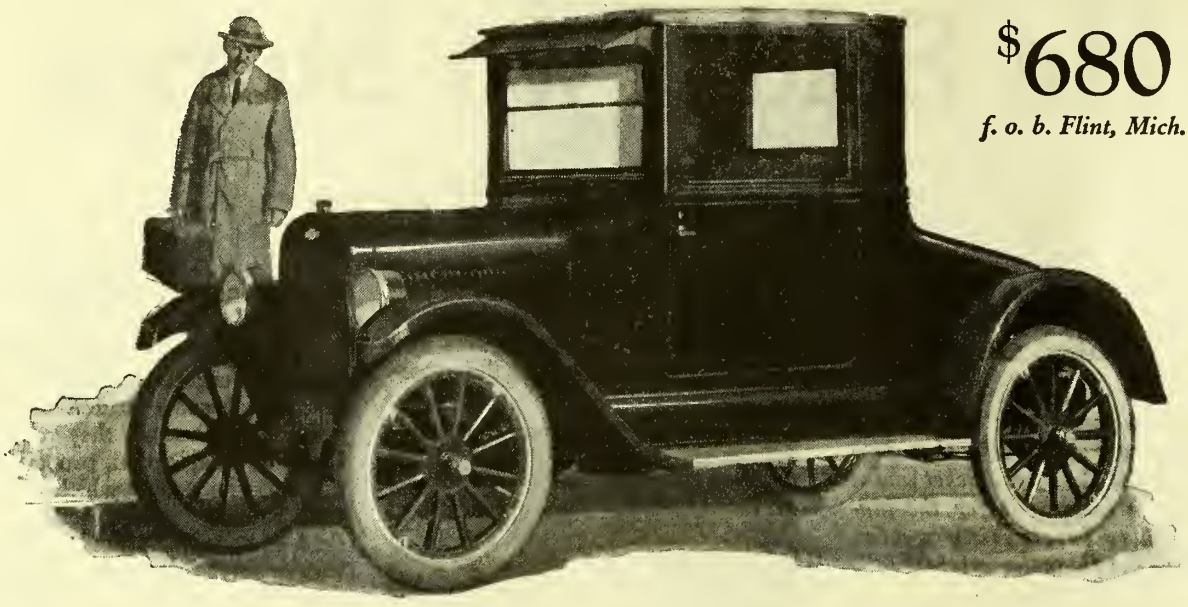

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A Great Clacking of Strange Tongues

The Story of the Foreign Language Press in America

By Parkhurst Whitney

WAR and its aftermath have made us aware in the United States of many national phenomena to which we have hitherto been largely indifferent. One of the most interesting of these, both in itself and in its relation to certain other phenomena, is our foreign language press.

For the first time in our history, it seems, we have awakened to the sound of a great clacking of strange tongues; not only have we awakened to the sound, but we have become curious as to what they are saying.

There are about fourteen million foreign-born in the United States. It is estimated that three million of these cannot speak or understand English, and another three million cannot read it. There is the condition that is responsible primarily for the existence of a foreign language press; such information as these six million get about their adopted land or about the world must come from publications in their own language.

What about these publications? How many are there? What is their history? What is their future? Are they flourishing or declining? What are they saying to the foreign-born? What, if anything, should be done about them? These are some of the questions we are asking in our present National mood of quickened curiosity.

In attempting to answer some of these questions it will be necessary to use figures. So let me say at the outset that figures relating to the press are elusive in any language, and when you come to the subject of the foreign language press as a whole the problem is simply multiplied by the total number of tongues. The birthrate of all publications is high, and so is the mortality; the total number of publications in all languages dropped during the past year was 1,226, but enough new ventures were started so that the net loss was only twenty. Some publishers give oath as to the accuracy of their circulation statements; some give estimates, and some give no figures at all—the same is true of English language newspapers. The rise and fall of the foreign language press is given added impetus by the rise and fall of immigration. Consider all those factors and it is apparent that exact figures are hardly possible; nevertheless it is possible to approach the statistical truth.

The number of foreign language publications printed or circulated in the United States at present is approximately 1,200. In the last twenty years it has not ranged much more than a hundred above that figure or much more than a hundred below.

They are printed in forty-one languages or dialects, beginning with Arabic and going straight through the alphabet to Yiddish.

Circulation figures for 944 of these publications reach a total of 8,556,416. The average circulation, therefore, is 9,000, and if you want to speculate a little you can guess that the 1,200 publications have a total circulation of not quite 11,000,000. Some of the subscribers included in the estimate live in Canada and our islands and possessions, but it can be assumed that the great

majority live within the boundaries of the territorial United States.

Now in referring to the foreign language press as a unit there is danger of giving an impression of editorial unity which does not exist. The situation is not at all like that, say, in Mr. Hearst's chain of newspapers, with their standardized editorials, comics and magazine features. There is a certain element of unity among the radical foreign language newspapers—of which I shall speak later—but generally there is just as much harmony as among the English language newspapers—just as much and no more.

Hrvatska, of Calumet, Michigan, proclaims its Americanism at the top of its front page, and *Republika-Gornik* (Polish), of Scranton, Pennsylvania, proudly flies Old Glory at the head of its editorials

The foreign language press can be regarded as a unit only in certain superficial ways. It distributes the news to forty-one non-English speaking groups in a country whose official language is English. It has a comparatively ancient history, and the history of the development of one section bears considerable resemblance to those of all the others. Its development was natural and inevitable, needing only the presence of a printer or two in a community of immigrants who could not read English. Since it is no longer considered patriotic or intelligent to demand its suppression, it will not disappear until at least a generation after the last immigrant has passed Ellis Island. In those aspects the foreign language press may be regarded as a unit.

A history of the foreign language press has never been written, and I am not going to attempt it here; but if you know something about the development of one section, you will have a pretty good idea of them all. For several reasons, aside from the fact that it is fairly typical, the German language press provides the most interesting study.

A great hash was made of it during the war, and its ancient glory is one with Pilsener and the Kaiser; yet it is at once the oldest and still the strongest numerically. It leads the foreign language group today with 242 publications, of which 134 have a circulation of 1,204,026. At the top of its power it numbered approximately 800 publications.

The first German language newspaper was started in 1739 by Christopher Sauer of Germantown, Pennsylvania. This was just thirty-five years after the *Boston News-Letter*, the first English newspaper in the colonies, had been started in Boston; and at the time Sauer set his handpress to work there were but five other papers in the new country.

Like the Puritans, the early German immigrants were for the most part persecuted sectarians — Mennonites, German and Scandinavian Quakers, Schukenfelders, Dunkards, Rappists. Their religious beliefs, naturally, were about the most important factors in their lives, and the first paper and subsequent early ventures were started to provide a medium for religious discussion.

Sauer christened his paper "The High German Historian, or Collection of Important News from the Kingdoms of Nature and of the Church." Such space as the title did not consume was devoted to the dissemination of information. Four years later a rival German paper was started, but Sauer had been the pioneer and his publication with the long-winded name maintained the lead. It was read not only in Pennsylvania but in all the little German settlements in New York, the Carolinas, Virginia and Georgia. It was the one medium by which these isolated groups in a new land maintained connection with the homeland and with each other.

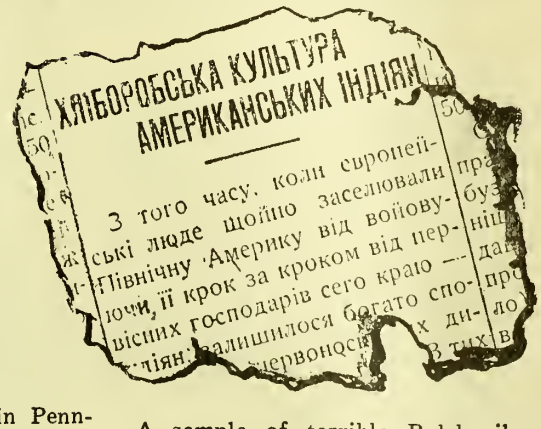
Sauer passed his publishing business on to his son, who expanded it and also issued the *Geistliches Magazin* (*Religious Magazine*), which is said to have been the first religious journal published in any language in the United States. Then, as the number of German religious colonies grew, the German language papers increased. In 1762 there were five in Pennsylvania.

Up to the Revolution, these papers paid little attention to the political questions that agitated the colonies. Strong religious beliefs had brought their readers to America, and religious discussion continued to occupy most of the columns. After the Revolution, however, the German colonists began to take an active interest in politics. They had taken part in the Revolution, and they could not escape an interest in the future which the war had made possible. The change was soon reflected in their journals; at the beginning of the nineteenth century their newspapers were party organs of the most pronounced sort.

This change from a discussion of purely theoretical interests to a lively participation in everyday affairs is characteristic of practically every section of the foreign language press. The immigrant comes to America, bringing with him perhaps some peculiar ideal of religion or politics; for a time he is occupied with that imported notion and with his efforts to make a living. Gradually, however, the new land closes in on him. Labor problems, political issues, begin to touch him. He has to do or say something about them, whether to approve or disapprove, and as these practical matters engage him so does his newspaper begin to reflect his change. It cuts the three-column philosophical editorial and gives some of the space to the candidacy of Rupert Guntz for alderman.

After the French Revolution, German immigration to America declined temporarily. Connection with the homeland was gradually broken off, and the language of the German colonists, particularly of their children, underwent marked changes. English words with German inflections crept into the common speech and even influenced the written word. Some of the "Pennsylvania Dutch" became so much a part of the new country that they considered their language as a native dialect, and themselves as the only Germans in the World: "Ich habe einen *Kold geketscht* (I have caught a cold)," they would say, or "Ich bin wie ein junger Hirsch

(*Continued on page* 28)

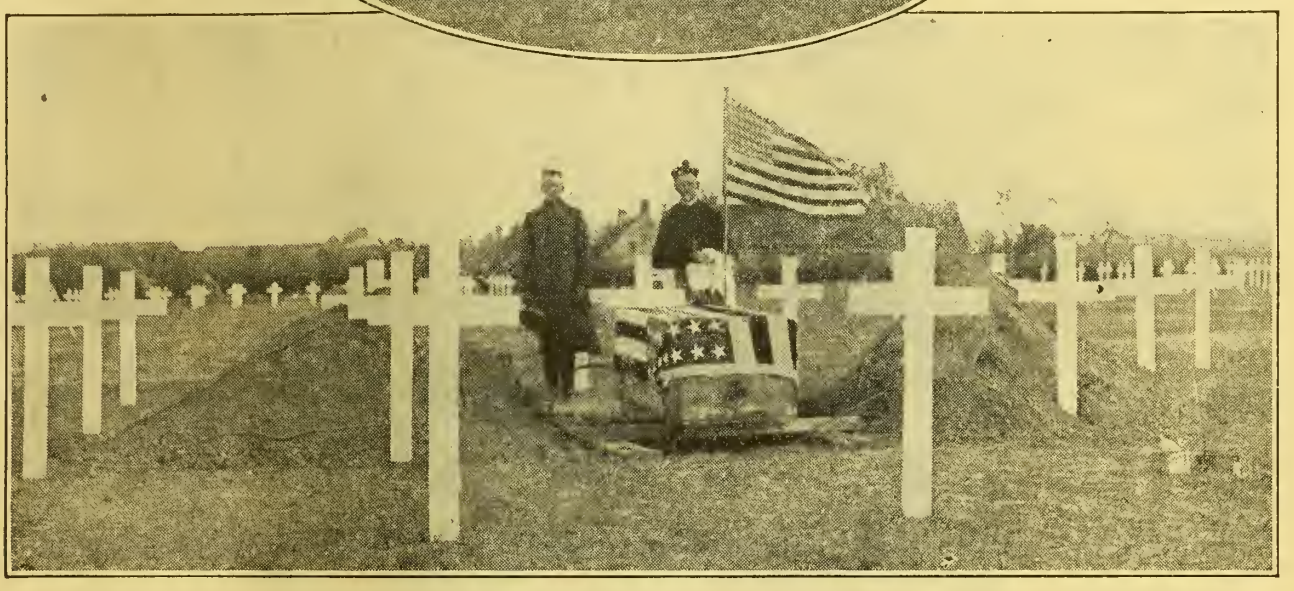


A sample of terrible Bolshevik propaganda from *Svoboda* (Ukranian) of Jersey City, New Jersey? No—merely a little account of primitive agriculture among American Indians

How Sleep the Brave?

By Corliss Hooven Griffis

An A. E. F. Veteran Reports on the Care Exhibited in Mustering In the Buddies Who Did Not Come Back



The re-burial of an American soldier in the permanent cemetery at Waereghem, West Flanders, Belgium. Mr. Griffis was present at this ceremony. Men of the 27th, 30th, 37th and 91st Divisions fought in this vicinity. Inset, general view of the cemetery. The half-masted flag indicates that a body is above ground

A DUN-COLORED army truck with "U. S. A." stenciled in black on its sides rumbled through the rain down a long glistening highway of northern France. By permission of the C. O. of the camp of the Graves Registration Service at Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, the writer was one of a little expedition of six going out to search that day for graves of American soldier dead in the Argonne Forest.

The truck bore us almost down to the southern edge of the Argonne, near the old town of Vienne-le-Château and into the sector that was fought over by the 77th Division. There we ran it off of the main highway and bumped along over old German corduroy roads until it was impossible to take the vehicle any farther. Leaving the truck then, we plunged into the forest, and fighting our way along, passed through the dank ravine where the famous "Lost Battalion" hurled defiance at the enemy.

In the very thickest part of the tangled woods not far away we began our search. It was suspected that there had been one or two bodies buried near a certain spot, but the graves never had been found. We had with us the original report of the burial, with a rough map and directions to locate the grave in the heart of the woods.

I shall always think of the time I spent in those woods during the fighting of 1918 as the most memorable experience of my life, and I believe that the experiences that I am now about to relate will rank next in importance. For these latter really are a part of the first. As I see it, the war is not over until the battlefields are cleared; until all the bodies of our hero dead are decently buried and accounted for; until then, the battle of the Argonne is not quite ended. That, at least, is this writer's viewpoint. And I was proud to have even a small part in some of the work that is going on to clear up these battlefields and to ease the heartaches of gold-star mothers.

I was there that day, it should be explained, because some time back I had determined to find out the true answer to a question close to all our hearts. Are our hero dead in France being well cared for? Knowing the sort of incentive the men of the Graves Registration Service have to stir them onward, one might guess that nearly all of them are doing the very best they can. But are they?

We have been told that the reason there has been no publicity of any sort about this work is because of a very laudable effort on the part of the Service to bar mere curiosity seekers from prying into a matter so sacred. It is so consecrated a task, and it is so unnecessary to have idle onlookers, that the rules have been made strict. Evidently the newspapermen have become discouraged, for they have neglected to tell the people back home about one of the most unusual stories that concerns the war. Certainly little has been made public that is definite and accurate.

So I had made up my mind to see for myself. To that purpose I went to France unannounced, and at first spent my time quietly looking around without any guidance from officialdom. As you know, there has been criticism of the work of the Graves Registration Service. You will find on investigation that the sources of this have been chiefly discharged employes and sensation-seeking politicians—but it was sufficient to make me want to look

around critically for a time without any help from the headquarters of the G. R. S. Not until I had almost completed my tour of the cemeteries and my impressions were rather well formed did I seek any help or information from the Paris headquarters of the Service. For three months now, at this writing, I have been in close touch with all that is going on. But to continue—

All day long we worked in the forest. We came across plenty of evidences that Americans had fought there, for we found rusted rifles, bandoleers of ammunition, remains of packs and slickers and various other articles of equipment scattered through the woods.

It seemed like detective work, in which these various articles were the clues which perhaps would help us find the man who had left them there. It was a case four years old, however, and it was extremely difficult. Wherever it seemed at all likely that a grave might be, there—with infinite pains—a hole was dug until it was positive that there was nothing to be found.

At the base of a tall tree which corresponded in every way with the description of the location upon the map, we dug everywhere. Nothing was to be found, however. It rained all day, but nothing deterred the workers until evening approached. Then they reluctantly returned to camp. The expedition was a failure—but only for that day. That search will go on and on until the grave is finally discovered.

This was my first really definite information about how these searching parties work. Never have I seen more care and thoroughness. There is never the least haste, for fear that something important might be overlooked. If anyone had tried to tell me how painstakingly this undertaking is being carried on I should never have believed him. This care, of course, is necessary if the work is to be done well; but at the same time it is almost incredible for its conscientiousness and infinite patience. More tokens of that spirit I was to see shortly.

But before I tell you what happened the day following, let me try to make you appreciate a few of the difficulties the G. R. S. encounters and what a huge task it faces. This unending search for lost graves is only one phase of the work. To the G. R. S. also has been entrusted the enormous task of accurately identifying all of the A. E. F.'s dead; of shipping back to the United States more than 45,000 bodies; and finally, of gathering together those who are to sleep forever on foreign soil from more than 2,500 scattered temporary burial plots into six permanent cemeteries in France and one each in Belgium and England. Even those bodies already buried in cemeteries chosen to remain as permanent had to be taken up because the intervals between graves under the regulations finally issued was made six feet six inches instead of three feet, as formerly.

At the beginning, even to straighten out the records was an enormous task in itself; and this was only well begun when the order arrived from Washington to transport 45,000 of our soldier dead to the homeland. Colonel H. F. Rethers, as commanding officer of the Service, brought to his task a kindly and sympathetic heart, and he won the absolute confidence of his men and inspired them to a full realization of the sacredness of the undertaking. He issued positive orders that no bodies were to be shipped to the United States unless identification was certain. As he explained it, he was not concerned chiefly with the count of the number of bodies sent home, but he was tremendously concerned that those that were sent on their long journey in flag-draped caskets should be positively identified.

U. S. official, from Paul Thompson.

Captain John L. Sweeney's grave among the fox-holes two kilometers north of Fleville in the Meuse-Argonne area. His outfit was the 326th Infantry, 82d Division. Not every fox-hole grave could be so carefully and thoughtfully marked, however

We hear today that of the 76,796 American soldiers who have been buried in American cemeteries since the war, only 1,874 are now classed as "unknown." In the year past hundreds of identifications have been made, and the work is yet going on. This work impressed me as being particularly important, and to the best of my knowledge it is being carried on in the most earnest and tender manner by the men of the G. R. S.

When one thinks of what an Unknown Soldier means he will understand why it is that the identification of these bodies appears so important and is regarded as a sacred work. When a soldier is listed as "missing" his mother or wife or other members of his family have no definite knowledge as to whether he is alive or dead; whether he was killed in battle or is a wanderer who has lost his memory; and his grave—if there is one—may be that of an Unknown Soldier, or it may never have been found at all. To a mother it is a constant heartache not to know where her boy is. She has not even the solace of knowing that he died a hero's death in battle. He is just "missing."

At present the Quartermaster General of the Army has a list of 2,401 men "unlocated" or "missing"—a list which includes 1,874 of the unknown dead. Think of it—2,401 families in this country have no idea what has become of their boy or where he is. Their supposition, naturally, is that he is dead, and it is more than likely correct; but, if so, they do not know where his body lies. Thus it is that every time a body is identified, the anxiety of one of the gold-star families is allayed to some extent. At last they know something definite; that their loved one was killed in action, that he sleeps on a battlefield in peace.

Officers of the G. R. S. tell many stories of this particular phase of the work, and of how thankful these mothers at home are to receive word that identification has been made. That little grain of comfort means so much that the G. R. S. is bending every effort to the task of identifying the unknown dead.

Another great task the Service has been busy at since the beginning of the work already has been mentioned—the effort to find unlocated graves. After each of the great American offensives of 1918 there were many battlefield burials. Many of these were made under fire, and often at night. Sometimes rude graves were dug; sometimes it was a shell hole that served the purpose. Those were tense times, and but few moments of the arduous day could be spared for the dead. After the burial a record always was made of it, generally by the chaplain of the regiment or by the company commander, and the location of the new grave was marked on a map or chart.

Many things, however, might happen to this record. Most of the directions were incorrect, particularly if made at night. The man who carried it might have been killed, or the company records blown up (as was the case in my own company). In any event, the war went on; the line pressed onward; and when Nature had eradicated the surface marks of the burial it became exceedingly difficult to know where these graves were left. In addition to such difficulties as these in the way of locating forgotten graves, there were those boys who were killed in tangled thickets, with no buddies near. Their bodies never were found and buried until Nature hid them from view with a covering of fallen leaves.

This task of finding unlocated graves is being gone into thoroughly now. So far as that is concerned, the G. R. S. never has ceased to search for them at any time. In spite of the vast amount of other work that the Service has been doing this year, it has succeeded in re-

covering 108 missing bodies since January 1st—and more are being found each week.

It is hard to tell exactly how many of these forgotten graves there are scattered over the battlefields of France, but it is safe to guess that there are no less than a thousand. I make no pretense of saying that this figure is anywhere near correct, for it is mere supposition—nobody really knows.

As might be imagined, most of these are supposed to be somewhere on the Meuse-Argonne battlefield. Of course, not all of them will ever be found; many a buddy will rest in his forgotten grave or trench or shell hole—a hero none the less. But if the work of the G. R. S. goes on as it is functioning now, a goodly number eventually will be discovered; the bodies mostly will be identified; and then more mothers' hearts will be mightily relieved. Knowing this, with this for the incentive back of their work, it is little wonder that the men of the Graves Registration Service have been making every effort to accomplish all that is humanly possible.

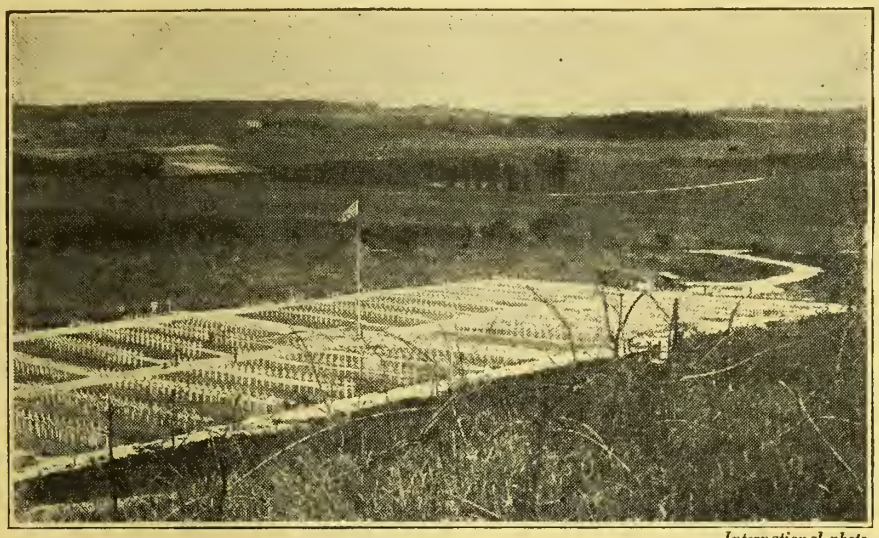
You have heard me tell about their patience in a search that failed. Now hear of another attempt that followed and was better rewarded. The very next day an old Frenchman came to the camp and said that he thought he had discovered the grave of an American in the woods. The French peasants always are looking for graves; our Government pays them twenty francs if they really do discover the burial spot of one of our soldiers—this on condition that the discoverers do not touch it in any way, but let men from the G. R. S., trained to the work, attend to the exhuming and the examination.

Most of the peasants' reported discoveries, I might add, generally prove to be unfounded. Or when the body is unearthed it is found to be that of a French or a German soldier. In such an event, the American authorities turn the case over to the French to handle. The peasants, however, have been instrumental in finding a large number of forgotten American graves, so every report is carefully investigated.

Early the following morning a searching party was prepared to go out and see if the old Frenchman had really found anything, as he had told, and again I was allowed to be a part of it, as before.

This time we had the old man for a

(*Cont'd on p.* 26)



International photo.

Belleau Wood Cemetery, photographed through the wire and brambles of the northern slope of Belleau Wood itself. In the distance is the Belleau-Bouresches road, with Hill 190 at the right and Les Brusses farm at the left. Etrepilly is just over the horizon. It is fighting country, and American-won ground, every inch of it

The First Twenty Years Are the Hardest

Veterans of Four Wars Who Organized Like the Legion Have Proved that Fact, but They Have Also Smoothed the Path

By William Henry Nugent

THE high school valedictorian closed his speech on "Napoleon" thus: "And we too, fellow-members of the graduating class, can learn a lesson from the great Napoleon, a genius who maintained a high average of achievement, and although he often exceeded his average, he never fell below it."

The young man meant well, but he gave Napoleon too much credit. It's like expecting a .400 hitter in baseball never to fall below .400 on any day. Even Legionnaire Ty Cobb on an off day hits around the size of his collar. No one expects him to wallop the ball for a perfect 1.000 and never make an out at bat. That would be asking too much—it would be making a fool of the theory of probabilities and the law of averages.

And if it is foolish to expect Ty Cobb to hit 1.000 throughout a season of 154 games against big league pitching, it is also just as foolish for a Legionnaire to expect every eligible former service man to enroll in The American Legion.

None of the other peacetime organizations of war veterans—the Grand Army of the Republic, the United Confederate Veterans or the United Spanish-American War Veterans—ever came within many thousands of membership par. Yet in looking at the history and statistics of all national bodies of veterans, one finds that The American Legion has many advantages which favor its enrolling a higher percentage of eligibles than any other national organization of ex-service men that ever existed in the United States.

This is true because The American Legion can profit by the mistakes of previous organizations of ex-service men. The old-timers have smoothed out the road and placed the signs of experience on the side of the highway to indicate dangerous curves ahead.

For one thing, they have taught the lesson of non-participation in partisan politics, and for another thing have taught the people that American soldiers organized in time of peace are not a smoldering menace to the liberties of the country, as was charged against the G. A. R. in 1868.

The first attempt of American warriors to organize dates from May 13, 1783, shortly after Lord Cornwallis had surrendered to Washington at Yorktown. This body, the Military Order of the Society of the Cincinnati, still exists because its original members bequeathed their membership cards to their descendants.

The Cincinnati did not have the democratic ideals of subsequent national associations such as the G. A. R., the U. C. V., the U. S. W. V. or the Legion,

because its rolls were open to officers only. Its members specifically and unmistakably let the world understand that they did not want enlisted men.

Officers who served in the Continental Army, including foreign-born officers, formed the Society of the Cincinnati at the Verplanck House, near Fishkill, New York, where Baron von Steuben had his general headquarters. At the first meeting the members declared that they had met and organized "to perpetuate as well the remembrance of this vast event (the War of the Revolution) as the mutual friendships which have been formed under the pressure of common dangers, and in many instances cemented by the blood of the parties. "The officers of the American Army," they continued, "do hereby, in the most solemn manner, associate, constitute, and combine themselves into one society of friends to endure as long as they shall endure, or any of their closest male posterity, and in failure thereof, the collateral branches who may be deemed worthy of becoming its supporters and members."

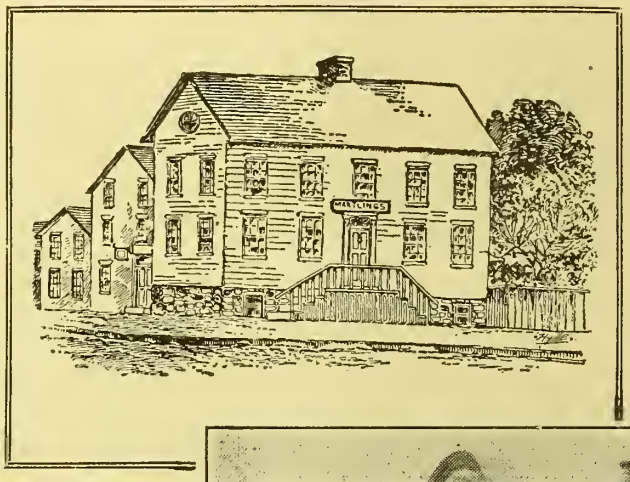
On May 7, 1784, the Society of the Cincinnati held its first convention at Philadelphia with representatives from the thirteen colonies. George Washington accepted the office of president, which he continued to hold until his death in 1799.

Naturally the buck privates and other enlisted men opposed the exclusive association. Many saw in it the beginning of an hereditary aristocracy. Did the patricians of America intend to keep down the plebeians of the united colonies? The Massachusetts General Court, or State Legislature, even went so far as to declare the society "dangerous to the peace, liberty and safety of the Union."

Men great in our history—Franklin, John and Samuel Adams, Thomas Jefferson—assailed its ideals. A rival organization sprang up in New York to offset its aristocratic principles. The Society of St. Tammany, or the Columbian Order, started by a former private and upholsterer, William Mooney, avowed a platform of "pure democracy". In the Society of St. Tammany George Washington accepted the title of Great Grand Sachem, as every other president did down to Jackson. Washington was a born joiner, and just as unhesitatingly accepted office in the Society of Tammany as he did in the Society of the Cincinnati.

At length the Society of St. Tammany became a political organization. The Cincinnati died down, but revived tremendously on the visit of Lafayette, a member, to this country in 1826, and after Lafayette returned home the society again lapsed into coma. After slumbering for years it revived a second time in 1893, and by 1914 had an enrollment of 980 living hereditary members. In 1921 it claimed 1,100 members.

After the Civil War officers of the Union Army followed the precedent of the officers of the Revolution by forming the Military Order of the Loyal Legion a year before the Grand Army of the Republic came into existence.



The first clubhouse ever used by organized veterans of an American war, and its now famous successor: Above, Tammany Hall, Nassau and SpruceStreets, New York City, in 1798, on the right, Tammany Hall, East Fourteenth Street today

The Loyal Legion was organized by a group of officers who met in Philadelphia the day after the assassination of President Lincoln. In later years it numbered among its commanders President Rutherford B. Hayes and General Philip H. Sheridan.

Here in 1865 was the second time after a great war that American officers had grouped themselves together without inviting the enlisted man. In 1865 few thought that the "Boys in Blue," as the politicians loved to call the soldiers, would ever form into a national body. They saw as obstacles the general apathy of the men and the exaggerated jealousies between some Middle Western and New England regiments.

Then came the Grand Army of the Republic, organized April 6, 1866, a year after the Loyal Legion, by Dr. B. F. Stephenson and Chaplain W. J. Rutledge of the 14th Illinois Infantry, and the United States had its first national organization which admitted enlisted men and officers on an equal footing. Many wondered why some one hadn't thought of the idea before.

Yet, strange as it may seem to us today, the attempt of the Boys in Blue to enlist in the Grand Army of the Republic was looked upon as a step sinister and dangerous to the best interests of the United States. Editors asked for its suppression. Many intimated that these armed men awaited the word of their commander, General John B. Logan, to mobilize and march on Washington. This feeling was the old American prejudice against standing armies, and many warned that the G. A. R. was surely a standing army of citizenry ready to spring to arms overnight to wreak vengeance on all who stood in their path.

An example of this hysteria comes down to us from an editorial which appeared in the New York Sunday *News* of March 22, 1868. The editor who trembled for the safety of this country asked: "Who but the initiated know the numbers and purposes of this formidable organization?" He intimated that the G. A. R. was the armed force of the radical party ready at any time to assist in the "violent overthrow of the existing government." The editorial continued:

> For our part, we regard this politico-military organization as the most dangerous enemy of our free institutions; as being as dangerous to our liberties as were the Pretorian Guards to the liberties of Rome. It is composed of adventurous men, trained to war, educated to enjoy its license; men who prefer the hazards of the battlefield, and the excitement of the soldier's life, to the laborious pursuits of an everyday existence. And it is commanded by one of the most desperate and reckless soldier-politicians (General Logan) that the war produced. It is fair to assert that a great majority of its members would rejoice in the outbreak of another war. Men love war. Those who have once tasted its intoxicating pleasures, and enjoyed its charming immunity from all those sordid cares which oppress those who struggle for a living in the pursuits of peace, are always the most ready to rush into it again. The Grand Army of the Republic is composed of such men, and they are today panting for the fray.

When this panicky editor was fearing that the members of the G. A. R. thirsted for another chance to become

The Grand Army parade during the national encampment at Boston in 1890, when the G.A.R. was at the height of its membership

intoxicated with the pleasures of another war the enrollment of the organization totaled approximately 250,000. On August 1, 1868, N. P. Chipman, Adjutant General of the G. A. R., reported from G. H. Q. at Washington thus: "The Grand Army of the Republic comprises over 2,000 posts with an aggregate membership of over one quarter of a million, and has become a permanent and stable organization."

This estimated membership of 250,000 made up a fair proportion of the total number of officers and men eligible to join the G. A. R. Precise figures on the number of men in the Union forces are difficult to obtain. The exact number of individuals enlisted during the war has never been satisfactorily determined, but most authentic estimates place the total at 2,320,272, to which must be added the 122,000 officers and men in the Navy.

Of all the soldiers, sailors and Marines on the rolls of the Federal Government during the Civil War, the greatest number that ever belonged to the G.A.R. was 409,489, a total reached in 1890, when 7,339 posts held charters. Six States contributed more than half the membership. The table below illuminates the fact that all the presidents elected between 1868 and 1900, except one, came from Ohio—Grant, Hayes, Garfield and McKinley — and that all were war veterans and members of the G.A.R. The big six of the G.A.R. in 1890 were:

State	Posts	Membership
Ohio	733	49,011
Pennsylvania	593	43,820
New York	634	40,865
Illinois	596	32,641
Indiana	523	25,173
Iowa	437	20,324
Total	3,516	211,834

After 1890 membership began to decrease. Death mustered out hundreds every month. Today the Union veterans have wound up their business affairs and made their will. On June 20, 1921, a bill was favorably reported by a committee of the House of Representatives at Washington permitting the G.A.R. to incorporate so that it could receive legacies and bequests, as several members had willed all or parts of their estates to the G.A.R., and dispose of its property, estimated at between two and three million dollars.

From 1868 to 1921 the G.A.R. was a voluntary organization. Unlike the Society of the Cincinnati, the G.A.R. will expire with the death of its last member, as this clause written into the Constitution in 1921 reads: "The corporate existence of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the exclusive right of its surviving membership therein, shall terminate only when the last of its members dies."

In speaking of the bill, Representative Henry Z. Osborne of California declared: "They are passing away at the rate of a hundred per day." Today G.A.R. membership approximates 90,000.

The Confederate veterans did not organize until twenty-four years after the surrender of Lee, and they first met when Union ex-soldiers were holding their twenty-third annual encampment at Milwaukee. When the former soldiers of Jeff Davis organized at New Orleans and elected General John B. Gordon, C.S.A., of Atlanta, their commander-in-chief, no one in the North raised his voice in protest, as many had done when the G.A.R. had reached a membership of 250,000 in 1868.

If the men who fought under the Stars and Bars had tried to unite in the late 60's their motives would have been misunderstood. The same persons who "viewed with alarm" the Grand Army of the Republic ready to "overthrow the government by force" would have screamed that the South was secretly arming for another war. It would have been difficult to convince these alarmists that the Confederate Veterans were merely uniting in a fraternal organization.

In 1892 the United Confederate Veterans consisted of only thirty-one camps. Then commander-in-chief Gordon appointed Maj. Gen. George Moorman, his chief of staff and adjutant general. The appointment was a happy one. General Moorman traveled throughout the South organizing new camps and telling apathetic Southern soldiers why they should affiliate with the United Confederate Veterans.

When, after ten years of effort in the interest of his association, General Moorman died in 1902, the number of camps had been increased from thirty-one to 1,523. By 1905 the number had grown to 1,600, with a total of 75,000 members. This is believed to be the largest number of paid-up members on the books, although it is estimated that between 1900 and 1905 at least 100,000 individual names were on the muster rolls of the camps, an excellent showing considering the late start and the fact that the number of officers and men who served in the armed forces of the Confederacy is placed at 800,000.

On July 21, 1922, the total number of surviving Confederate veterans was estimated at 75,066, according to fig-

(*Continued on page* 25)

EDITORIAL

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

Human Liabilities

REPRESENTATIVES of the American Bankers' Association, the Railway Business Men's Association, the National Association of Manufacturers and the National Association of Credit Men met recently in Chicago and agreed that the three percent immigration law must be revised.

They resolved that some means must be found to increase the number of immigrants being admitted to this country. They argued that the Secretary of Labor ought to be empowered to admit aliens over the number prescribed in their three percent quotas "where such admission is deemed desirable for the purpose of meeting shortages of labor in certain industries." And they contended that the literacy test should be abandoned.

The memory of last year's great wave of unemployment is still so fresh that we must question the existence of any serious scarcity of labor. Far better to have an occasional shortage of men for unskilled jobs than to have in this country an army of the occasionally employed.

The effect of the changes suggested by the representatives of the powerful national organizations listed above would be certain. The changes would destroy even the little protection against the menace of present-day immigration which the three percent law provides. Tens of thousands of additional aliens from lands whose traditions are incompatible with our own would be colonized among us, and we should not ask or care whether they were literate or illiterate.

It should be remembered that aliens who would be admitted under the proposed amendments to the law are the very aliens whom we have deemed it wise to limit numerically. They would not add to the imported racial stocks in this country who have demonstrated their capacity to amalgamate with our basic strains. They would merely add to those other stocks of comparatively recent establishment in this country whose capacity for ready assimilation is questionable.

Statistics prove this. Under the three percent law there were admitted last year 358,000 immigrants. The European countries which in the past have contributed most to our immigration did not send to us last year enough immigrants to fill their quotas under the three percent law. On the other hand, ship-load after ship-load of prospective immigrants from other European countries, not largely represented by earlier arrivals, had to be returned to their native shores because three percent quotas had been exceeded. Those who were returned represented races differing traditionally, socially and politically from those whom we have learned are easily assimilable.

The American Legion contends that the problem of properly amalgamating our already diverse racial stocks is so serious that we must not further jeopardize our national balance by importing added human liabilities. The Legion believes the time has come for a national inventory of our human resources and for reassurance that this country is able to absorb the foreign-born already among us. The problem is one of preserving the fundamentals of Americanism. Hence the Legion stands for a total exclusion law.

An impaired citizenship would be a ruinous price to pay for cheap labor. The representatives of industry who plead for the admission of illiterate undesirables in the name of economic necessity should remember that they owe a greater obligation to their country than to their stockholders.

Now Is the Time

DURING the war there were seven kinds of officers: Regular and Emergency Navy; Regular and Emergency Marine; and Regular, Provisional, and Emergency Army. Congress has provided retirement for members of the first six classes who were disabled in the war, but has neglected the seventh class, the Emergency Army officers.

There are about a thousand of these who are disabled more than thirty percent. They see their fellow-officers of the Army of the United States cared for on the retirement lists, but they are denied their status of officers, with its accompanying pay and privileges, although disabled on the average to a greater extent than the Regulars.

The Bursum Bill was introduced in the Senate May 4, 1921, to correct this manifest discrimination. It passed the Senate February 21, 1922, 50 to 14. Since then it has been buried in the Military Affairs Committee of the House because of the hostility of one man—Congressman Kahn, the committee chairman. Although a poll of the committee after the hearings six months ago showed fourteen of the twenty-one members favorable, the Chairman has so far prevented a vote on the bill. Should it not be reported out soon, it will die with the session which expires March 4th.

A request for the bill's immediate report was signed by 127 Congressmen and read into the record of the House September 20th by Congressman Royal C. Johnson, a Legionnaire. Even then the chairman of the Committee declined to act.

The basis of the opposition to this just measure comes from the War Department, which does not want emergency officers honored with the status of retired army officers. They were good enough to hold down the front line during the war, but now they must be retired to the rear rank. The chairman of the committee has followed the parliamentary tactics of obstruction because he knows the House will pass the bill overwhelmingly if allowed to vote on it.

In the meantime, the plight of the disabled emergency army officers grows worse. They were older than the enlisted men, and consequently lacked their robustness of body. In addition a large proportion were married, and have dependents to care for in their enfeebled condition.

Fifty-seven of these emergency officers have died since the Bursum Bill was introduced. Eighteen have died since the Committee hearing last June, when two-thirds of the committee said they favored the bill. The amount of money involved is less than $1,000,000—no committee objections were raised on this account.

The continued refusal of the chairman of the committee to allow the bill to come to a vote has exhausted the patience of former service men. It is a travesty upon our legislative procedure to allow one man to prevent Congress from voting on a measure which a majority of Congress unquestionably favors.

Longer delay will bring success to the tactics of obstruction, and the bill will die with the session. The time for action has come. Congress should demand that the Military Affairs Committee of the House be discharged of the Bursum Bill, so that the will of the nation may be expressed by the enactment of this just measure before it is too late.

A Commander in the Making

By Wallgren

Keeping Step With the Legion

A Fable

ABE M. C. TESCH of Curtis C. Redden Post, Danville, Illinois, submits the following fable, which is self-explanatory:

An ex-service man was hunting in a forest. A terrible storm came up. He looked about for shelter, but there was none. It began to rain in torrents. Finally, he found a hollow log and crawled into it. It fitted snugly. The rain lasted for hours. The water soaked through the wood. The log began to contract. When the storm was over, the man could not emerge. He strained with all his might to free himself, but the log held tight. Exhausted, he gave up. He knew that he would stay in that log and starve to death. Like a drowning man, his whole life flashed in retrospect before him, especially his mistakes. He remembered that he had not paid his dues to The American Legion. This made him feel so small that he was able to crawl out of the log without difficulty.

We're With You, Buddy

IMPOSTORS are finding their row growing constantly harder to hoe—at least when they are the kind of impostors that pose as World War veterans and trade on that imposition. Recently the Weekly carried two articles along similar lines. One dwelt on the methods employed by posts, mostly Racine (Wisconsin) Post, in stopping bad-check men and others from working, and the other on the number of fake veteran magazines that have sprung up around the country.

James N. Powers of Danvers, Massachusetts, has something to say which applies to both spheres of impostoring:

I have noticed time and again men in O. D. going through trains near Boston selling books and periodicals. When I see a man with both legs gone I do not shun him as though he were poison, for he is worthy of assistance. However, I do not like to see a man sporting a uniform and medals that he is not entitled to. If a service man won his spurs faithfully, let us stand with him and help him keep those spurs shiny. No doubt many that we see are fakers, and others are just looking for velvet from a sympathetic public. It must soon stop, for the public is getting fed up on these fellows.

Major General Edwards has issued orders regarding these occurrences, but his work is of a military nature, of course, and the police do not check up on men who seek such aid.

That is the trouble, police do not always check up. Mr. Powers seems doubtful whether all the men he sees selling books and periodicals on the strength of veteran interest and sympathy are fakers. If every Legion post in the country would ask its local police to examine the credentials of every such peddler, we wonder if 99 percent of the peddling wouldn't stop?

Regarding?

PERHAPS you remember a recent squib of ours to the effect that membership in the Legion does not lapse or expire without some apparently wilful act of the member. National Headquarters has just sent out a letter to department adjutants which further defines the new by-laws in their relation to expiration of membership. The heading for this particular part of the letter is "Once a Member, Always a Member." Says the letter:

"The principle has been adopted in The American Legion that a man, once accepted and initiated, becomes a member of The American Legion for life. He may lapse in his dues and become of bad standing; however, he remains a member of The American Legion, under the present policy, for the remainder of his life unless he resigns voluntarily or is expelled for non-payment of dues or other causes."

This means, to our lay mind, that the fellow who does not pay his dues is just accumulating misery for himself if he wants to do the right thing by his outfit and still wants to enjoy the privileges of his outfit. If he lets his dues ride three months, or six months, he cannot gain a thing—his membership will only be for the current year, regardless of when his dues are paid.

January is an aging month now. If your dues do not happen to be paid, you are already mildly delinquent. Before many weeks, you will be totally delinquent, and before many moons you will be liable to expulsion.

Illegal!

NATIONAL COMMANDER OWSLEY recently received this letter from H. H. Culver of Collins, N. Y.:

The preamble to the Legion's Constitution is a splendid declaration for obedience to law, but some of the Legion posts are violating the law by conducting lotteries. Do you not think a word from you, perhaps in the Weekly, against this practice, might do some good?

Warnings against the holding of lotteries—almost every conceivable kind of which is illegal—have been issued before from National Headquarters. The practice of holding lotteries among Legion posts, probably is now followed in only rare and isolated instances. Nevertheless, those rare instances may do a lot of harm.

How Do You Stand?

IS your post popular in your town? If it is not, perhaps a story Bernard G. Kaufman sent us from Rochester, New York, may offer a way out of the trouble:

Six months ago the mention of The American Legion in the city of Rochester or anywhere in the County of Monroe was the sign for the average civilian, and many ex-service men as well, to smile—often a broad smile. To-day all is changed. The Legion is held in the highest esteem by the general public and the public authorities.

Thomas Hargrave, a Rochester attorney, had the idea which changed the situation. Elected chairman of the county committee, he found that the people had to be shown that the Legion was out for something besides the welfare of the Legion. He started the Monroe County American Legion Luncheon Club. Bishop Brent of the Western New York Diocese was the guest of honor at the first luncheon. Every city official was present. It was the first time in months that the authorities had shown any real interest in the Legion. At other luncheons since, the mayor and city cabinet were regular attendants. The luncheons take place every other Saturday at 1 p. m. The average attendance so far has been twelve hundred. The Legionnaires of the city make up the bulk of the attendance, but the Auxiliaries of the county are always guests of honor, and we have had as many as two hundred gold-star mothers present. Each meeting is addressed by a well-known man. Each luncheon has a musical program and the Legion band plays. Mass singing of war favorites helps. A local theatre provides a vaudeville program.

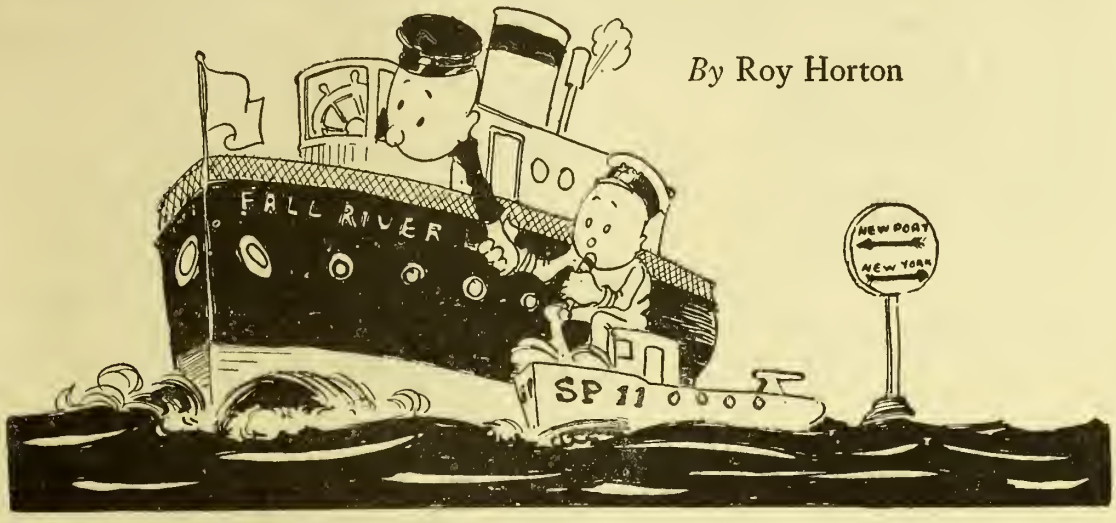
Such luncheons get publicity. And when, knowing that they will get publicity, the Legion devotes them to its slogan, "Civic Pride," they get publicity that has convinced the people that the Legion is essentially an organization for the good of the country—not merely for the good of veterans.

And don't forget, this may work with the post as well as the county.

As to the Old Man

SOME time we'll take a lot more space telling about Father. But just for now, we're content with calling your attention to the fact that Father is entitled to membership in a new branch of the Legion, and that your post is entitled to set up a unit for itself. The newest thing in organizations is the Fathers' Auxiliary to The American Legion. It is to be organized by posts, but it will have the official sanction of the Legion just the same, as was recommended in a resolution passed at the Fourth National Convention.

How I Became an Ensign



By Roy Horton

NOW and again it becomes absolutely necessary for me modestly to confess the part I played in what writers call "the vivid and pulsating drama of the World War." Upon such confession some one is sure to ask, "Well, how did *you* ever get to be an officer in the Navy?" The captain of the ship I was on was the first to ask the question. I did not try to explain it to him that morning, but I can see no reason why I should keep it a secret any longer.

Nine out of every eleven enlisted men with whom I have talked since the war have assured me confidentially that the opportunity of going to an O. T. C. came to them but they turned it down. The main reason given is that they could not bear to leave their company. They did not care much about going anyway. It was different with me. I had an idea before I enlisted that it would be nice to be an officer, and after I had been in camp twenty-four hours I was sure of it. The opportunity did not just come to me either.

The preliminary steps toward the commission consisted mainly in getting in—getting in the Navy, getting in right, and getting in the Ensign School. To take these steps one needed only to exhibit native wit, application to studies and wire-pulling ability. I might add that a little luck did not come in amiss.

I was lucky to get in the Navy, lucky in that I was examined at 12:45 by a doctor who had a luncheon engagement two miles away at one o'clock.

On my first day in probation camp the company was lined up and the request made that all men who had had previous military experience step forward one pace. I had never had any previous military experience, but I knew enough to step forward one pace. Happily no one asked any embarrassing questions. I was made an acting petty officer and a great part of my troubles were over right there. That is what I mean by exhibiting native wit.

No one can be ignorant enough to ask what wire-pulling in a military organization means.

Once in the Ensign School, the same application to studies which was essential to getting in was certain to fit almost anybody to pass the official written examinations for a commission. I think that explains my advancement so far. But the worst was yet to come.

After the written examinations each candidate who had passed was called upon to appear before the commissioning board and answer a few simple questions. I'll say they were simple. These questions were almost always the same, but the answers made to them were not. About one-half said one thing and the other half said exactly the opposite. About one-half were commissioned and the other half were not. But between these two events there was no relativity.

The first man of a class would be asked the question, "Could you take command of a submarine chaser and take it to Bermuda?" He might say that he could and pass. The second might say that he could not and fail. Then the third would come along and say that he could—and fail. It was very hard to know what to do. After weeks of work and study and monkey business, success or failure depended on the correct answer to a question to which there apparently was no correct answer.

I never could make much out of their system, but I will set down here an account of my interview. See what *you* can make of it.

There were four of them present when I entered, a commodore, a three-striper and two lesser stripes. They looked me over very carefully for what seemed to me like time enough for a whole regiment to pass in review. Suddenly the three-striper spoke.

"So you want to be an officer, eh?" he shouted. "I wonder what gave you the idea that you were fitted to be an officer in the UNITED STATES NAVY. I suppose you do think so or you wouldn't be here. You do think you are fitted to be an officer, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"Well," he barked. "What in Heaven's name made you think that?"

The commodore—Dewey-at-Manila vintage—here interposed between me and a horrible fate, shaking to death.

"Yes," he explained in a kindly voice, "what is your idea of a navy officer? I mean, on what do you base your idea that you are fitted to become a navy officer? Ah—what is, I might say, your criterion?"

During that halting speech I regained my composure and was able to say that I could only base the idea in question on the officers with whom I had come in contact at the training camp.

"I see," said the three-striper, "after looking over the bunch around here, you decided that you could not do any worse. Is that what you mean?"

He certainly had expressed my meaning very clearly, so I answered affirmatively. There was a deep silence for a few seconds.

Eventually one of them asked, "If we should commission you, could you take a submarine chaser to Bermuda?"

"No, sir," I answered.

"Why not?" snapped the three-striper.

"Because," I replied, "Bermuda is only five miles across and is right out in the middle of the ocean. It is too small. I do not think I could find it."

No comment was made on that.

"Suppose you were in command of a sub-chaser lying in the Brooklyn Navy Yard," the commodore asked, "and you were ordered to proceed to Newport, could you do that?"

"Yes, sir," I replied with assurance. That looked like easy meat to the three-striper.

"What!" he fairly bellowed. "If you could not find Bermuda, what makes you think you could ever reach Newport? How would you go about it?"

"Well," I answered, "I would pull out into the East River and wait for the Fall River Line boat to come along. When she came, I would fall in astern and follow her to Newport."

It seemed that there was even more silence than before. Finally the three-striper said: "Send the next man in on your way out."

Lo, when the list of those who passed was posted, Ben Adams's name led all the rest as usual, but mine was right down there among the H's.

BURSTS AND DUDS

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

Out Again, in Again

"You're discharged for lack of evidence," said the magistrate to the prisoner who had been charged with stealing a diamond stick pin. But the prisoner stood like a statue.

"You're discharged!" repeated the magistrate, raising his voice. Still the man did not move.

"Don't you understand?" bellowed the court. "You're discharged! Get out!"

"B-b-but," remonstrated the late defendant doubtfully, "don't I even have to return the pin?"

What a Likeness!

A banking office in a Southern city contains two men who started together. One has amassed a fortune and is now president. The other is still a poorly-paid bookkeeper.

At last the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the firm arrived and the bookkeeper remembered it, but thought no one else did. He was surprised when the president, whose reputation for close-fistedness was well known, called him and said:

"Harrison, do you know that this is our twenty-fifth anniversary together? I have thought fit to commemorate the event and have put in this envelope a small gift for you to express my appreciation of your faithful services."

Overcome, the other looked in the envelope and found a photograph of his employer.

"Well," demanded the latter, "what have you to say?"

"It's just like you," murmured the bookkeeper. "Just like you."

Not for Strangers

"What the dickens does that mean?" demanded a traveler in a sparsely settled region, pointing to a weatherbeaten sign that bore the single word TOLPIM. "There's no such place on my road map."

The native replied with dignity:

"That ain't a name—it's jest a sort o' indication. It means 'To Long Pond, One Mile.' It's plain enough for folks that's nearby that's huntin' for the pond, and we don't reckon on strangers takin' much interest."

Obeyed to the Letter

A woman going from home for the day locked everything up carefully and for the milkman's benefit left a card on the back door:

"All out. Don't leave anything."

On her return, she found the house ransacked and all her choicest possessions missing. To the card on the door were added the words:

"Thanks. We ain't."

Delicate

"My wife," observed Henry Kleeven, "is one in a million. She gits up in the mornin', milks seven cows and gits breakfast fer ten hard-workin' hungry men before six o'clock."

"She must be a very robust woman," said the stranger from the city.

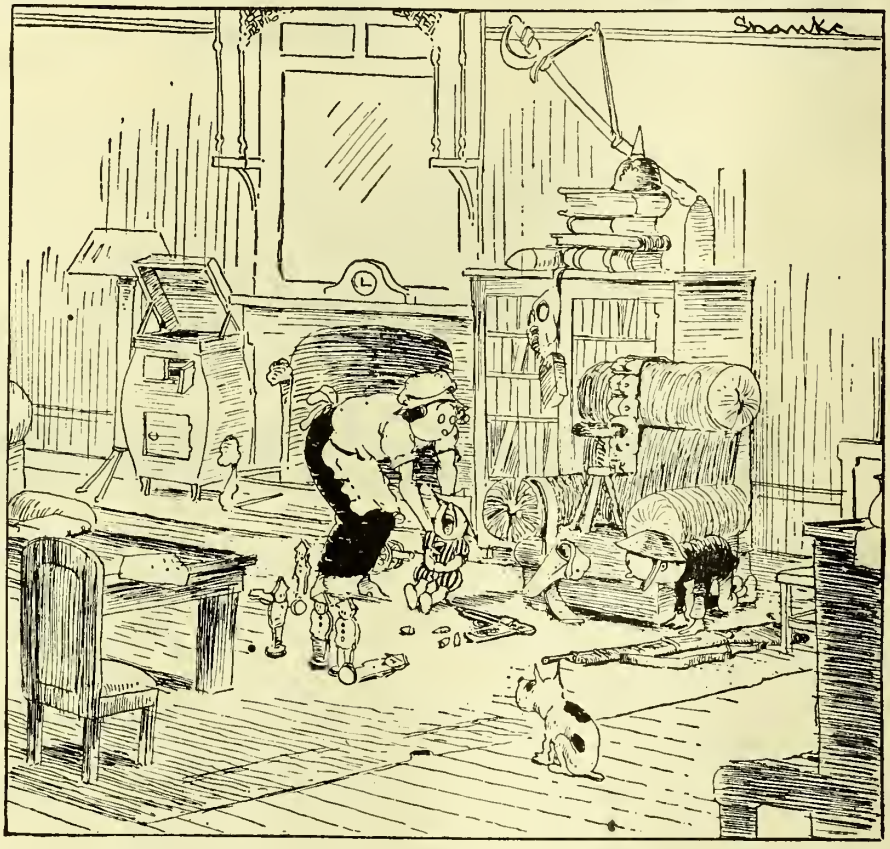
"That's the funny part. She's sickly and delicate-like. If that woman was only strong I don't know the work she couldn't do."

Minor Repairs

A mud-splashed car chugged into the M. T. C. park at Tours and stopped before the nearest sergeant. A resplendent colonel dismounted.

"Sergeant," he said, "I've just been driving alone on an inspection trip through the S. O. S. and I guess the car needs a bit of greasing and oiling. While you're at it, you might look at that radiator. It leaks some, and the right front spring is a little broken, and I know there's a piece out of the transmission case. Better fix all that at the same time that you replace those two stripped gears and the broken windshield, and straighten the mudguards."

"Would it be all right, sir," inquired the sergeant mildly, "if we just jacked up the horn and rolled a new car under it?"



Johnnie: "Don't drop him, Ma, he just swallowed a couple of cartridges."

Suggestions of a Doughboy

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

47. That in the next war all service buglers and cooks be affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, thereby preventing the buglers from going to work until 8 a. m. and preventing the cooks from competition with the Boilermakers' Union in seeing how many rivets they can throw into a G. I. can of slum.

(To be continued)

His Busy Season

A man with all the earmarks of a laborer was smoking thoughtfully and watching a large building in process of construction. Being short-handed, a foreman approached and asked:

"Hey, you, want a job?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but I can only work in the mornings."

"Aw, shucks! Why can't you work all day?"

"Well," the man explained, "every afternoon I got to carry a banner in the unemployment parade."

This Will Help a Lot

(From the *Army and Navy Journal*)

Officers and men of the United States Army will be pleased to learn that a change in the uniform regulations of the Army has been made which authorizes them to wear trousers when off duty.

Record for Caution

"Mrs. Blimp is a very careful mother, isn't she?"

"Very. She wanted to know how many calories wild oats contain before she would let Jack sow any."

The Universal Quest

"That guy," said the proprietor of the soft drink emporium confidentially indicating a departing figure with his thumb, "is a prohibition enforcement guy looking for bootleggers."

"So'm I," replied the new customer draped along the edge of the counter.

"Wot? You a prohibition agent?" demanded the other in alarm.

"No-oh, no, no, no!"—hastily. "But I'm on the same errand."

A Lucky Star or Two

Lawyer: "But how did you happen to get mixed up in the fight?"

Murphy: "Sure, I dunno. I always was lucky."

Quivers and Quakes

Youth: "Paw, what's a nervous breakdown?"

Mr. Chuggins: "The stalling of your motor on the return from a trip to Canada."

THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

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

Is Germany Starving?

To the Editor: I have just finished reading George F. Kearney's "What the German Is Thinking," in our American Legion Weekly. It seems to me that Mr. Kearney is writing of the German living in Berlin rather than the fellow that forms the larger part of the population of that country—the farmer, the wine producer and the German of the smaller town.

Of course there is poverty in Berlin; people have not enough to eat and not enough to wear. There is also poverty in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, San Franciso, or any big city in this prosperous country. Go take a look in the tenement district of New York, and there you will find people nearly starved, clothed in rags. Take a walk through the Ghetto in Chicago and you will find similar conditions.

On the other hand, one can call at most farmhouses and, in this country, see well-fed children and find happiness. True, perhaps they will not be clothed in silk and broadcloth, but they have the necessaries of life—food, clothing and shelter.

While in Germany with the Army of Occupation I failed to see one single case of real poverty, starvation, beggary, or what else one might want to call it. I went back there again in 1920, and conditions were then just as good as they had been nearly eighteen months before that. We should not fool ourselves into thinking that the Germans are as nearly out as they would have us think.

They have plenty to eat. I don't think a population is starving when it can sit down to a meal consisting of soup, meat, plenty of potatoes, good black bread, cabbage, cereal, coffee or tea, and a wash-down of red or white wine. They (I mean most villagers) have at least one cow, chickens and rabbits. Some have geese and ducks, goats and sheep; and many have horses. Cured hams and slabs of bacon hanging from attic rafters, bins filled with potatoes and apples, cellars well stocked with red or white wine and preserves. That is sort of a rosy picture; but remember that the Germans are naturally thrifty and good managers.

They are good actors when they want to be. They have fooled most people in bewailing their lot. Personally, I think they are getting away with murder on reparations. They have run the mark down on purpose. That most every one will concede. Now the German talks of going into bankruptcy. Well, he has put over a lot of things and no wonder he thinks it is easy to get away with that.—JOHN A. ISTOK, *formerly Hdq. Co., 149th F. A., 42d Division, North Chicago, Ill.*

A Brickbat for Senator Reed

To the Editor: On picking up a Philadelphia newspaper last Sunday, the first thing brought to my attention was a photograph of Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania. Below the photograph in large print I noticed the following: "Senator Reed gets distinguished service medal for his war services in France." The article went on further to state that "Major Reed, as battalion commander of the 311th Field Artillery, displayed exceptional ability as an organizer, instructor and leader. By his professional attainments and tireless energy, he was instrumental in bringing his command to a high state of efficiency."

Let us give Mr. Reed personal credit for the part he played—a part which made him eligible for the decoration. Had he not possessed men of high moral character, however, who were diligent and faithful in the performance of their duties, it is doubtful whether he would ever have attained the citation. A farmer with sterile land cannot raise the best of crops. Have these men who were under Major Reed's command received the fruits of their labor? Mr. Reed's attitude toward the bonus bill will readily answer this question.

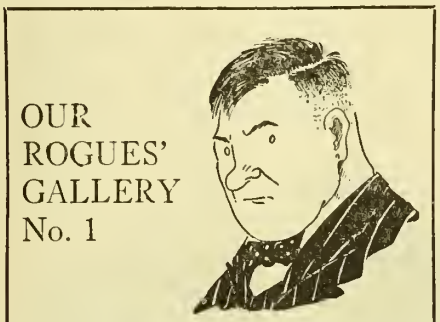
The average man who has directly or indirectly been accorded a favor by an individual or individuals will not only consider it his sacred duty to repay the favor, but in turn he will not leave a stone unturned in his earnest endeavor to show his appreciation.

By all appearances Mr. Reed has quite a few stones to upset before he breaks the barricade which is separating him from the heart of the ex-service man.—CHESTER A. BISBING, *East Mauch Chunk, Pa.*

Different from 1917

To the Editor: The letter in a recent issue of the Legion Weekly entitled "Do We Respect Our Flag?" recalled to my mind an Armistice Day parade in which the Legionnaires marched in a nearby city. When the colors passed only one out of every ten men uncovered. And when the Civil War Veterans, followed by the heroes of the late war, passed by, not a cheer went up, not a hand clapped and not one of the thousands present paid a mark of respect to these same young men and men not so young who four short years ago marched down the avenue keeping time to the martial music of military bands. Then there were cheers and noise, but today half of the people have apparently forgotten.

We used to shout "Vive l'Amerique!" Why not "Vive le Veteran!" now?—HAROLD V. THOMAS, *Oakley, Michigan.*



OUR ROGUES' GALLERY No. 1

I. M. PSAULTY. During the war he could always be discovered caulked off alongside a bulkhead near the engine-room hatch. Now he's the bird who gives you a hard look every time you beat him to the biggest over-stuffed rocker in the post club-rooms. A committee has been formed to stand watches in his favorite chair. Every time he comes around, one of the committee says, "You can't sit here, sailor," because

He hasn't paid his Legion Dues for 1923

Harsh Words

To the Editor: An article in Mr. Ford's *Dearborn Independent* for December 16th riles me considerably. In it the writer links arms with Wall Street (incongruous in Mr. Ford) and attacks the "bonus."

In the introduction he says this nation is about to "disintegrate into rotten fragments owned and ruled by hordes of worthless mongrels." Then he launches into a veiled attack on the drafted man, saying: "The bulk of the American Army was the result of round-ups personally conducted by draft boards." Then "they could not quit the job; quitting would be desertion; they could not strike; striking would be mutiny; nor could they even threaten to strike, for threatening would be insubordination. Bonus? They are not entitled to a cent. When we get right down to brass tacks, they owe Uncle Sam." He might have added that veterans of the World War should pay an extra tax for life to make up for the thirty plunks per, less seven for insurance and fifteen to keep the wife in shoes during the pleasure jaunt for Uncle Sam. After saying that the drafted man was drawn into the war "by the scruff of their necks" this writer belittles the part every man had in the war except those who actually went over the top. Of course a man who would write so foolishly and unknowingly could not expect to have his article carry much weight, but it does get under the hide.—L. M. R., *Cadiz, O.*

Does It Interest You?

To the Editor: I have read with a great deal of interest the articles pertaining to the "Bugler-at-Belleau" idea. Similar interest has been expressed by many other ex-service men in this neighborhood.

Most assuredly Mr. Poole's idea would be a strangely beautiful way of expressing our reverent regard for those of our buddies who have broken camp to go home. It cannot fail to strike a responsive chord in the hearts of millions of appreciative Americans, whether former service men or not. It would seem only fair to extend the idea to include all of the American cemeteries on French soil.

As for the ways and means of raising the necessary funds, I don't see why The American Legion couldn't handle the matter successfully, as suggested by T. T. W.—A. J. HEIKKILA, Belt, Mont.

Try These

To the Editor: Speaking of codes—perhaps some readers would like to decipher the following:

6769862977 — 3127916349 — 8545896700—636812541555 — 9572404985 — 321255105999 — 79486529723139 — 833292135310 — 105-064717943 — 325212105050 — 322683844863 — 312794734323 — 291611191212 — 728-835575655535351.—MATTHEW J. COLLINS, JR., 934 Merchants N. B. Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

To the Editor: Mr. LeRoy Johnson, of Paterson, N. J., proved himself to be a code shark recently. Let him try the following:

Cw—Ca—Cnuu

25,29,23, — 17,6,45, — 28,20,31,48, — 11,-30,5,23, — 29,28, — 34,16,10, — 17,23,25,19,-26, — 15,27,31,35,28,23.—A. H. S., *Davidson County Post, Nashville, Tenn.*

Answer Him, Buddies

To the Editor: The other day I heard a veteran who served overseas with one of our best combat divisions say that there were no occasions when American troops, in comparatively large numbers, actually crossed bayonets with the enemy and fought blade to blade. I wonder if he was correct? It seems to me that I have read of real bayonet fights—when the men on both sides used nothing but cold steel, but I cannot cite any specific instances. How many of you buddies who read the Weekly were involved in a scrap of that sort?

Shortly before the outbreak of the World War an American surgeon who had served through both Balkan campaigns declared that the bayonet was practically obsolete—as an apparatus for killing. "In all of my experience," he said, "I have seen only two or three wounds that I feel sure were made by a bayonet." Viewed in the light of subsequent events in France, that testimony seems strange, doesn't it?—T. T. S., *Chicago, Ill.*

More Fighting Parsons from Ohio

SCHOOLS and colleges throughout the country all have their quota of former service men who are carrying on the battle for advanced education, but Hamma Divinity School of Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, claims the distinction of having a graduating class composed entirely of ex-soldiers and sailors, and every one of them is an active Legionnaire. It is a record which probably no other educational institution in the country can equal.

Of the nine men in this Lutheran Theological seminary who next May will be admitted into the ministry, seven were soldiers and two were sailors. Infantry, Engineers, Artillery, Machine Gun and Signal Corps are represented. All but two of the nine saw overseas service, and four of them got into actual combat.

The class is composed of the following: (Seated, left to right) Ralph D. Heim, Christian C. Wessel, Frank F. Secrist, Edward A. Capewell, George F. Weissling; (standing) Russell N. McMichael, Lawrence E. Snyder, W. Eugene Bradley and L. Herbert Wyandt.

Nine—count 'em—and all but two wear spectacles

The Home an Idea Built

Ernest L. Anderson Post, with only $1,500 on hand, got Kingsville, Texas, to roll up its community sleeves and run up this $9,000 building

NEITHER an individual nor an organization can expect to do much in the building line with $1,500, and $1,500 was all that stood to the credit of Ernest L. Anderson Post of Kingsville, Texas, when the need for quarters became imperative last spring.

The post was meeting in a room used also by the Kingsville Commercial Club. Members were becoming restless and dissatisfied. It was a case of giving them a home of their own, the officers felt, or inviting disintegration.

A building committee was appointed to figure on "something cheap," a place to cost about $2,500.

Of the cheapness of the home in which the post is quartered today there can be no doubt, based on a checking of intrinsic value against actual cost. The cost ran to several times $2,500, but the building itself represents a triumph of economy.

In the first place, they were men of ideas on the building committee. Within a fortnight they had rejected all thought of a $2,500 building. It wouldn't do. A post with a membership of 166 having in its ranks eighty-five percent of all the service men of its community was entitled to something far better.

Adding more money to that $1,500 in the bank would admittedly be slow work in a situation demanding fast work. The committee added an idea to the $1.500 instead.

Kingsville was without a community assembly hall and had realized the disadvantage of having none; ergo the committee drew its plans around just such an auditorium to seat 750 persons.

When the plans were completed, providing in addition to the auditorium a clubroom 24 by 48 feet, a ladies' parlor, a smoking room, a stage, dressing rooms and a big veranda, the layout was chalked on a big blackboard displayed in a show window.

All Kingsville was invited to donate labor for the building it needed—and which Ernest L. Anderson Post had to have.

The community turned to with such a will that the big job was completed in three months.

With piano and other furnishings the cost of the post's new home ran to about $9,000, of which $4,000 has been paid. Nobody's worrying about the difference, for the house committee, headed by Adjutant Boyd Browning, has assured itself and the post that in two years rentals for use of the auditorium for dances and shows will clear the debt.

Sharpen Up the Ice Shoes

THE only effect this tardy suggestion will probably have on the posts in the perpetual-sunshine-and-flowers sections of the country will be to make them a little envious, but there are lots of posts that can make use of it. Skating carnivals as sport and as revenue-producers have been staged before by Legion posts that had convenient lakes, rivers, ponds or other natural facilities, and that's why we want to tell posts how they can indulge in this same sport without much effort. Here's the prescription:

Take a vacant lot—or rather get the owner's consent to use it. If the ground is level and has a hard surface, extensive preparations for flooding are unnecessary. The rink will flood more easily, however, and hold the water better if certain preparations are made

before the ground freezes. Having a piece of level ground, a clay loam dike, a foot high and a foot wide on top, with sloping sides, should be built around the border. If preferred, the dike can be constructed by using twelve by two boards, set into the ground to a depth of four inches and backed up by loam on the outside. Where the soil is sandy, or the turf will not hold water, cover the bottom surface with about four inches of clay to make it watertight.

If the ground has already frozen and there is snow on the ground, a dike of snow can be built, banked so the inside tapers gradually. Then saturate the bank with water and allow it to freeze.

When the thermometer falls to about eight degrees below freezing, connect the hose and play the stream up in the air so that it will come down in the form of a fine mist and freeze upon striking the ground. The water should not be allowed to stand in puddles or to run on the surface, as shelly ice will result.

Skating may begin on one inch of ice the first night after spraying. However, the spraying should be continued every cold night until the ground is thoroughly frozen and the ice six inches thick.

A Decided Change

by Charles Nicholls Webb

THE eleventh of November,
Seventeen—if you remember—
Sergeant Peters—or perhaps it was the loot—
Was a-learning you to drill—
You can hear his yapping still—
(How you hated him!) But this is how he'd shoot:

"Left, right, left, right;
God, you are an awful sight!
Private Barnes, you're outa step;
Left, right, left, right;
Watch it—cover down in files;
Cut that chatter, Private Miles;
Hep, hep, hep, hep!
Come, men, show a little pep;
Get that cadence; hold it down
Or I'll march you clean to town;
Hell, you're walkin' in your sleep!
Drillin' like a bunch of sheep;
Whadda you want—do this all night?
Left, right, left, right!"

But today in twenty-two,
This is how they put it through,
With the same bird callin' signals as before;
He has suffered a sad change
In his technique—ain't it strange
How conditions *have* changed since the war?

"By gosh, fellows, you look fine!
That's right, get your place in line;
Right—dress! Bully! That's the stuff!
Come on, Bill, an' make a bluff;
Fall in—in that vacant file—
Look like sojers? I sh'd smile!
Sq-u-ads—right! I mean front, first;
'Scuse me, fellows, I'm the worst
To forget them simple things;
Now, squads right! We're off, by jings!
Say, we don't look bad at all;
Maybe we can't hit the ball!
Try to keep your place in line—
By gosh, fellows, you look fine!"

Helps you men look your best

How a certain ingredient in Williams' actually benefits the skin

MEN used to think that all a shaving soap could do was to give a good heavy lather. But Williams' Shaving Cream does far more than that. It not only softens the beard quickly but is of actual benefit to the skin.

What one ingredient does

There is in Williams' a certain ingredient which is distinctly helpful to the skin, leaving it supple, soft and pliant after every shave. You can feel the smoothness of this ingredient by simply rubbing a bit of Williams' Shaving Cream between your fingers.

Williams' lather containing this ingredient is heavier, thicker, more profuse than you are accustomed to. It acts as a cushion for the edge of your blade, keeping the skin resilient and making the whole shave a delightful one.

Soothing after-effect

After the shave, this same ingredient has a pronounced soothing effect on the skin. You are pleasantly aware of this effect because of the feeling of utter comfort and relief that comes at the end of every Williams' shave. Use Williams' regularly and see how helpful to your face it is.

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Going to France on $500

By Bernhard Ragner

FREE trips to Europe are no longer in style since Uncle Sam's Travel Bureau, managing the popular and much-patronized A. E. F. Tours, went out of business. As a result, Buddy in a Barrel—or without—if he succumbs to the seductive spell of A. E. F. memories and returns to France, must do so on his own financial motive power. But it can be done if he can separate five hundred dollars from some member of the Profiteers' Association and persuade his present commanding officer to give him a furlough.

On five hundred dollars? Yes, on five hundred dollars (expenses figured from New York to New York) you can traverse the big pond, re-fight the battle of the boulevards, and show your contempt for the arid amendment in the corner bistro, in addition to re-visiting your first billet, your first dug-out, your first trench and other loved (or unloved) spots that your soldier days knew.

This estimate of five hundred dollars is based on personal experience, but, as the financial advertisements say, it cannot be guaranteed, because John W. Doughboy is a complex human being, differing in appetites, tastes and habits, in Paris as well as in Hometown, U. S. A. If you insist on chicken à la King with every meal, washing it down with champagne, you will waste your time continuing this article. But if you are an average A. E. F.-er, working for your cash with head or hand, and spending it with moderation; if you were of the gang that looked the goldfish in the face without trembling, then this five hundred dollar estimate may interest you.

Let the figures be submitted to a candid world:

Passport	$ 10
French visa	5
Two ocean trips ("cabin" ship)	250
War tax	5
Three weeks' living expenses in France	75
Travel by auto, train and taxi-cab	50
Souvenirs, amusements, incidentals	105
Total	$500

Some courageous geniuses have put it over with less than that. The first four items, like a buck private, are irreducible, unless you travel third class on the ocean. The final three can be diminished slightly, if you have the desire and will-power to do so. But Paris doth make cowards—and spendthrifts—of us all.

When Uncle Sam was running his personally conducted tours to Europe it was easy, dead easy, to get out of the country. "Forward, march," the captain bawled, and up the gangplank we went. It's much harder now. A pernicious, diabolic device known as a passport is required, costing ten dollars in cash, a dollar in pictures and fifty dollars in worry and waiting.

But the man who saw Paris minus General Pershing's consent will get a birth certificate somehow, begging, stealing, or fabricating it. After which comes the choice of his boat. If his pocketbook bulges out with hundred-dollar bills he will select a cabin de luxe on the swiftest steamer afloat. If not, he will pay about $120 on a steamer providing accommodations that will be luxuries compared with what the army transports offered. The one-cabin steamers are particularly to be recommended.

Because of the rate of exchange, when buddy arrives in France he will find living to be dirt cheap—measured in dollars, American artists in the Latin quarter exist on 630 francs a month (less than $45 as this is written). French students keep from dying on 400 francs, but squeezing the last iota of value from a franc is an expert science with them. Rooms can be had as low as four and five francs a day even in the "grands hôtels" that are so small—off the boulevards, of course. Personally, I have eaten rotten meals at twenty-five francs and good ones at five; the average American working on a salary in Paris pays seven and eight. Hunting low-priced restaurants that serve good meals is his favorite outdoor sport, anyhow, and when three or four A. E. F. veterans are gathered together, somebody will inevitably explain, "I had a dandy lunch yesterday for five francs fifty, vin compris, up on such a rue."

There are scores of Americans—students, writers, artists—who enjoy life on the following daily budget: Room, seven francs; breakfast, two; lunch, seven; dinner, ten; total, twenty-six francs. Naturally for the transient it will be more than this, but even if he doubles it, he will be within our $75 budget for three weeks' living expenses. On this he won't get Waldorf-Astoria service, but he will have the ordinary comforts of life, and it will be so different from his A. E. F. lodging and fare that comparisons will be both odious and odorous. In the provinces prices are lower; I had a fine room and three good meals in Verdun for twenty-four francs; in Bordeau, twenty-five; in Amiens, twenty-seven. And when I came to the little villages in which I was billeted during the war, my daily bill came to eighteen francs. (Candy, tobacco, and liquid refreshment are of course extra.)

Travelling expenses are very reasonable. It is advisable to travel second class, just to get away from the 40-hommes 8-chevaux feeling. A round trip from Paris to Bordeau (1,170 kilometres) costs only 130 francs. To see the battle front, the cheapest way is to take the train from Paris to Arras, Rheims, Château-Thierry or Verdun, where automobile trips can be arranged for twenty-five, fifty and seventy-five francs, depending on the distance traversed and the time required.

During your wanderings you will find it convenient to add an item for charity to your budget. Your hat, your manner of walking, your Legion button will give you away, and almost any bright or sombre day on the boulevards some left-over of the A. E. F. will make an attack on your pocket-book. He will tell a pathetic tale that would draw tears from a marble statue and make a political speech seem like gospel

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They send it entirely at their own expense and risk. They are making this extraordinary offer well knowing that the magic of this little instrument will so amaze and delight the user that the chances of its being returned are very slight. Thousands have already accepted this offer and report most gratifying results. There's no longer any need that you should endure the mental and physical strain which comes from a constant effort to hear. Now you can mingle with your friends without that feeling of sensitiveness from which all deaf persons suffer. Now you can take your place in the social and business world to which your talents entitle you and from which your affliction has, in a measure, excluded you. Just send your name and address to The Dictograph Products Corporation, 1391 Candler Building, New York, for descriptive literature and request blank. Adv.

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truth. In addition to being a master liar, he will be a specialist in poverty, an expert on misery; and you will end up by giving him a ten-franc note, not because you think he is worthy, but because such a vivid imagination deserves to be encouraged. You will do it once, twice, perhaps three times; but the fourth time you will wisely close both your heart and your pocketbook.

When it comes to purchasing pleasure in Paris the sky is the limit. You can squander from ten dollars to one hundred dollars every night, since Paris, "half angel, half grisette," has a wide range of prices for the care she kills and the joy she distills. A night at the theatre will be very cheap, for seats are thirty francs down, whether you prefer the art of Terpsichore or that of Molière.

In Montmartre cabarets, camouflage wickedness and counterfeit naughtiness are served for the particular benefit of virtuous Americans by means of an insipid, dull and prosaic program. It will cost you ten francs to get in and a much greater sum to get out, depending on what you imbibe or devour and on the reputation of the place.

On this five-hundred dollar budget, let it be distinctly understood, you will not live like a millionaire, but all the necessities of life, plus many of its comforts, will be yours. You will miss many things that the A. E. F. provided, notably the Red Cross canteens and Y. M. C. A. hotels, but by using your head, by avoiding foolish expenditures, on this modest budget you will be able to revive the old emotions, re-visit the old scenes, and renew the old friendships which are the sacred heritage of all who served a hitch for Uncle Sam in France.

P. S.—Strange, incomprehensible omission: As I re-read my article, I discover that the wine list, with its varying prices, is absent. Again, it depends on what you drink. If you are satisfied with vin ordinaire, a bottle will cost several francs or so; if you must have the choicest vintages of Champagne, a bottle will cost you fifty francs more or less. But between these two figures there is a wide range of wines to choose from, while liqueurs cost one franc fifty up per glass. Whatever you pay, it will be considerably less than the bootlegging prices.

The Floorwalker

By Helen J. Day

THE pre-holiday crowds in the big fashionable store had become an almost solid mass in which the movement of individuals was greatly impeded, and I was forcibly reminded of the congestion just back of the front during the Meuse-Argonne drive when, as now, the only progress lay in drifting with the general trend. Carried along thus unresistingly, my eyes fell upon an erect figure, standing in a cross section of the aisles. There was a familiar look about the set of the head on the squared shoulders—there was something still more familiar in the expression of the keen blue eyes overlooking the crowds.

Before I could question myself the downtown scene faded from view. I was again in France, canteening for a field hospital, and into the Red Cross tent, through the sea of mud, came the walking wounded. He was there, this erect young fellow toward whom the crowds were bearing me. He was in the line of tired, drooping soldiers, wounded yet able to walk despite their utter exhaustion. Those same blue eyes had expressed thankfulness that lips could not murmur for the chocolate in a tin cup and the piece of dry bread. Far away this had happened, but I was certain of it, and as the surging crowd bore me onward I saw the dull silver Victory Button. "Your outfit?" I asked. "First Division!" and before I could murmur "on the way to Sedan," our hands had already met in the understanding clasp of those who were there.

He had not forgotten the cup of chocolate. He had smiled then—it was natural he could do so now, even though the problems of peace loom up ominously large at present and are perhaps harder to face than those of war because less inspirational. This soldier of artillery with over two years of foreign service to his credit was anxious to do something big, to forge ahead toward success as it is known by the world. Having been in a division that was first to arrive in France and last to leave occupied territory he had received his discharge only in October of 1919. Then he at once accepted the position of surveillance in the department store to keep from temporary idleness, until the opportunity for something bigger and more to his liking might be found. He had tried hard to find it. Handicapped more or less by not having entirely regained his former vitality, he still held that temporary job, though over three years had passed.

While we talked the keen blue eyes carefully performed their duty in watching the crowds. Well-groomed crowds they were, women and children in luxurious style, men in expensive fur-collared coats. Few of them realized what life in the A. E. F. had been, for it is a story that has never been told in words. Yet for these very crowds, heedless in pursuit of their own happiness, he, the soldier, had found his way through barbed wire and lived in the mud of France. He had helped fire the big guns at Cantigny; he had lived eternities in the hell that raged before Soissons over territory soaked with the blood of his comrades; he had revelled in the triumphs of St. Mihiel and the costly Argonne—until almost the very last day, when machine-gun bullets put an end to his own small part in the contest. Always had his division gained its objective. But could he now—this soldier in civilian clothes—continue to do as much in the struggle of peace? Ambitious and courageous, he is Young America—willing to work, eager to get into this new struggle and to see himself rise as others have risen. But entirely without the united effort of comrades and leaders, wherein lay great strength in the past, will he be able to gain his objective? He faces the peace-time struggle alone. So let us remember!

These were the thoughts that filled my mind as we carried on a jolly little

conversation, drawing comparison between the former meeting in the rugged hills of France and the one here in our own somewhat prosaic Middle West.

The crowds of fashion and wealth surged by—no one saw the crusader for right who had been willing to make the sacrifice. Our conversation ended jocularly. He who had fearlessly looked death in the face could well afford to joke. I continued on my way with a heartfelt plea to the Almighty that our soldiers be not forgotten by the world.

The Arkansas Traveler in the A.E.F.

(All the words written in capitals are names of cities and towns in the State of Arkansas.)

EVENING SHADE of the first day of the WARSAW a LADD named HIRAM JACKAJONES shoulder his WINCHESTER and start for PARIS.

He didn't leave his SWEET HOME with its POPLAR GROVE, MULBERRY and PEACH ORCHARD near the NEWBURG, BLYTHEVILLE, SANS SOUCI. But as he explained it to his girl, DAISY MCGEHEE, "Since the folks in WASHINGTON ARKINDA anxious for every STRONG, HARDY, RUDY GUY to go over there and ALY himself with the ENGLISH ATKINS, I reckon it's no time to be FLIPPIN FORDYCE to see who's to go. I ASKEW, HON, don't you think it's time for me to strap my BELTON and turn my NATURAL STEPS to the WARREN CENTER?"

"Of course, DEER. ACTUS you think best. I will wait on this GRAVELLY HILLTOP for your return. And I HOPE that you WILMAR the Kaiser's ROYAL BEARDEN bring home his WAREAGLE BANNER to me for a souvenir. Don't let any of them GRAYS BUFFALO you. And don't holler 'QUITMAN' till the last one of them GASSVILLE GENTRY has gone to HELENA ECHO." The Atlantic Ocean was not a way of DELIGHT to this KNOBEL TILLAR of UPLAND soil, but since our NEWHOPE JOINER was destined to win SUCCESS on the REDFIELD of battle, he got a-CROSSETT, all right, though a day out of NEWPORT, had there been so much as a PINNACLE of LITTLE ROCK sticking up out of the deep, our FAMOUS warrior would have jumped overboard to SIDON it, and gladly stayed there and starved if MORELAND did not come up out of the briny for him to walk home on.

As it was, he landed in LONDON considering himself LUCKY, but not thinking much of DE VIEW in this BLUFF CITY, and since his CASH didn't BEAR the WARE and tear of many HAPPY leaves, he was glad to cross the channel and get into CAMP.

At the first glimpse of the enemy, HIRAM let out AURORA DEFIANCE. "We may WINSLOW," he whooped, "but we'll WYNNE!"

As for the rest, the UMPIRE of ARKANSAS POST would SUMMIT up in these few words: "The GREENWAY of the GERMANTOWN KING proved too THORNEY to travel after the A. E. F. made it the PARKIN place of kingly KERRS. And in time the VICTOR returned to the little VILLAGE on the BANKS of PRAIRIE CREEK, decorated with CROSSES and medals and wearing a STERLING silver OAKLEAF on his shoulder.

—Viola Ransom Wood.

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

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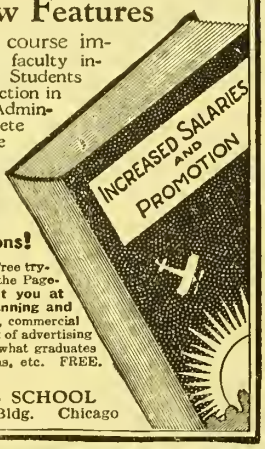
Our 28th year; course improved, enlarged, faculty increased for 1923. Students now receive instruction in Modern Business Administration. Complete working outfit free with first lessons.



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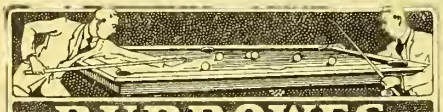

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SEND FOR BOOKLET SHOWING PHOTOS OF MEN WITH AND WITHOUT THE PERFECT LEG FORMS
PERFECT SALES CO., 140 N. Mayfield Ave., Dept. 60 Chicago, Ill.

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GREAT SPECIAL OFFER

The convenience of having stationery printed with your name and address on it is recognized by the tremendous popularity of this new practice in personal and semi-business correspondence.
Send name and address to be printed on 200 sheets 100 envelopes. Special offer $1.00. Address Dept. K 6,

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AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept L-13, Drexel Ave. and 58th, Chicago

A Man of Progress

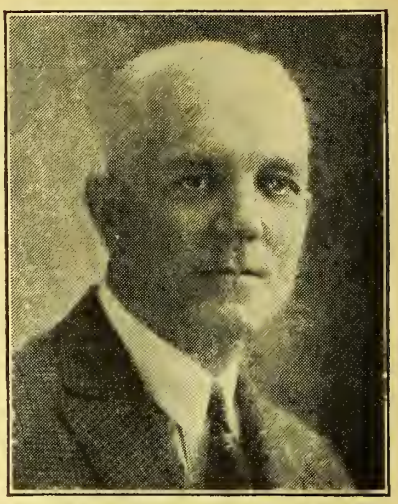
THE American Legion, being out of its swaddling clothes, picks its officers from material that has been tested and found good. You may have been a general or something during the war, but that does you no good in the Legion until you've gone through the course of sprouts that goes with all improvement and progress.

Chiles P. Plummer of Casper, Wyoming, made the grade. He started out as a post commander and now he is a National Vice-Commander.

Mr. Plummer also did some progressing earlier in life. For instance, he was born in Biggsville, Illinois, in 1879, and progressed west after getting all he could in the way of education in the State, from Biggsville public and high schools up through the State University. He hit Wyoming at Wheatland and practiced law there, having been admitted to the bar in Illinois. The war broke out April 6, 1917. April 20th, Attorney Plummer was a private in the Wyoming National Guard.

He continued progressing, first to be a lieutenant, then to be a captain; first to Camp Green in North Carolina, then to France, where he served during practically the whole of 1918 with the 41st and other divisions.

Returning to Wyoming in April, 1919, he resumed his law practice and finally went to Casper as state attorney for the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. In Casper he heard about the Legion more and more, and finally got into it and helped organize George Vroman Post, of which he became the first commander. Last July he was elected national executive committeeman, and at New Orleans he was chosen a National Vice-Commander.



Chiles P. Plummer of Wyoming

The Victory Parade (July 14, 1919)

WE rose at three—a yellow moon was shining—
And passed the Opera House where, still asleep,
Along the street the blue-clad poilus lay,
Their bayoneted guns stacked tall beside them.
And in the doorways slept worn country men
Who would not miss this day of days for just
The little matter of a room to lie in.
Then dawn flushed slowly, and the poilus lined
Along the streets on guard; and close behind
All Paris thronged, and every lucky window
Facing the boulevards was crowded full.
And then—they came, who won the mightiest war
This planet ever knew; and at their head
Americans, a tall, picked regiment,
Moving as one man moves; square chins held high,
Young faces grave beneath their brown, strapped helmets,
Under the Arc de Triomphe where at last
Old chains were down, on past the captured guns
Heaped in a careless mass each side their way,
Past smiling presidents and premiers,
Before gay maids of Alsace and Lorraine
Who tossed them marguerites and crimson roses,
Past that backwater by the fountain's spray
Where a group huddled smiling through their tears,
Les mutilés, blind, lame, and halt, but thrilled
Out of the sadness of their broken lives.
So proud the Yanks,—not of the flaming story
Soissons and Argonne never will forget,—
Proud that they marshaled in their mile-long wake
Veterans who held the lines until they came
To stand as allies in shell-ridden woods,
And help push back gray terror from the land.
And we who watched, massed in with war-made widows
Who knew the very gaps in lines by name,
Felt, as the lines streamed by hour after hour,
As though, whatever desperate strain should tell
On nations loosed at last from long endurance,
Always the vision of this brotherhood,
Americans and English, Belgians, French,
Italians, Greeks, Arabians, Senegalese,
Soldiers and sailors marching, marching down
The streets of Paris in the morning sun,
Would reassure, as rainbow after rain,
A world impatient for millennium.

—H. I. Gilchrist.

The First Twenty Years

(*Continued from page* 11)

ures prepared by Colonel Francis M. Burrow of Washington, D. C.

The United Spanish-American war veterans also started late. Their organization held its first encampment at the St. Louis World's Fair on September 19, 1904, when four previous associations amalgamated into a national body. At the first encampment, according to Russell B. Harrison, adjutant general, only forty-seven camps were in good standing and the total membership was fixed at 8,949. On April 19, 1905, the organization had grown to 14,524 members. Today its total enrollment exceeds 100,000. It has grown notably since the World War.

In general it is noticeable that immediately after hostilities the veterans did not stampede to join the G.A.R., the U.C.V. or the U.S.W.V. The G.A.R. did not reach the peak of its membership until twenty-five years after the war, the Confederate Veterans in 1905, forty years after the war, and the Spanish war veterans, in 1921, twenty-three years after the war.

The G.A.R. enrolled 409,489 out of 2,400,000; the U.C.V. 100,000 out of 800,000; the U.S.W.V. 100,000 out of 350,000.

The American Legion, then, has not reached the height of its membership. According to the average time it took the other three large bodies of veterans to attain the peak—twenty years—the Legion should grow until 1938.

The veterans of other American wars have made it easier for the veterans of 1917 and 1918.

The Recipe

I cannot but admire the enthusiasm of our newly-converted Legionnaire, Ex-Private M. T. Meskit, and his extraordinary ability in gathering a new name on the dotted line of the application blank, starting some ex-soldier on the right road toward the Sacred Temple of Comradeship, wherein all Legionnaires worship at the Shrine of Buddyism. Purely out of curiosity, I asked him for his recipe. Do you want it? Let's go:

TAKE a pound of OPTIMISM,
Mix with just a pinch of GRIT,
Stir it up with BUDDYIMS,
Just a tiny, tiny bit,
Add some INTEREST, and a KIND WORD
And some SOCIABILITY,
Just a little bit of KINDNESS
For each comrade that you see.

Stow this mixture in your kit bag,
Saunter out on Life's highway,
Pass it out among your buddies,
Both at work and when at play.
Get a larger place to meet in
'Cause you're goin' to need some room
When the applicants start coming,
Yes—this recipe make Posts BLOOM.

—*Jimmie Hix.*

Outfit Reunions and Notices

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

304TH FIELD ARTILLERY, 77TH DIV.—Third annual reunion dinner under auspices 304th F. A. Post, The American Legion, seven p. m., January 16th, at Yates Restaurant, 43d st., near Broadway, New York City. Address Gunther Herfort, 349 Broadway, New York City.

$7,000 FREE

FIND OBJECTS BEGINNING WITH S

FIVE $1,000 FREE PRIZES $7,000 in All 100 Prizes

Solve Puzzle--WIN

WANT TO WIN $1,000? Sure you do,---then see how many objects you can find in this picture beginning with "S," like "Stove," "Shoes," "Shirt," etc. Have your folks or friends help. You'll have barrels of spare time fun and think of winning $1,000 besides. Five $1,000 Prizes—100 Prizes in All.

Winning $1,000 Easy---Here's How!

Send in your list of S-words as soon as possible. If your list is awarded from first to fifth place and you have "Qualified" under Class A by sending in a $5 Henher Pencil order during this campaign you will win $1,000; under Class B ($3 pencil order) you would win $300; under Class C (no pencil order) you would win $25. You can win without ordering a Pencil.

Advertising Our Pencils

We want every one to become acquainted with our pencils, the most useful of all writing appliances. They make suitable gifts for every occasion.

LADY'S AND GENT'S STYLE

The illustration shows our Lady's Sterling Silver style (regular $3.50, now $3 or two for $5, Lady's or Gent's). The $5 gold (Lady's or Gent's) comes in Colonial Hexagon shape. The Henher has many distinctive features Repelling lead device; safety clasp; chase engraved barrel; non-clogging mechanism, etc.

Extra!

$500 Extra Lady's Prize
$500 Extra Gent's Prize

To the Lady sending in the nearest, correct list of S-words an Extra $500 Prize will be added to which ever prize she wins if she "Qualified" under Class A or B when sending in her list of S-words. An Extra $500 Prize will be awarded under the same conditions to the Gentleman sending in the nearest correct list of S-words.

Wishing Will Not Win, YOU MUST TRY!

Don't wish and wish you could win. Go right ahead and try. Surprise yourself and friends by winning $1,000. There are five $1,000 prizes, besides many other prizes. Start winning right now by making up your list of S-words. DO IT NOW. This is your opportunity. ACT!

Others Have Won!

If others, even school children as young as 12 and 14 years have won $1,000, you can win. The following persons each won $1,000 in previous advertising campaigns conducted by this company. Thomas Damico, 1154 S. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank Vogel, 720 North I St., Tacoma, Wash.; E. J. Kilkelly, Kenoska, Wis.; Mrs. B. Bulin, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Ella Phillips, Clifton, Col.; Walter Rice, Tenatrike, Minn.; Mrs. R. O. Steele, Kimball, Neb.; M. Gould, Blackfoot, Idaho, and others.

100 PRIZES Absolutely Free

Prizes	Class "A"	Class "B"	Class "C"
1st	$1,000.00	$300.00	$25.00
2nd	1,000.00	300.00	25.00
3rd	1,000.00	300.00	25.00
4th	1,000.00	300.00	25.00
5th	1,000.00	300.00	25.00
6th	500.00	200.00	15.00
7th	200.00	100.00	10.00
8th	100.00	50.00	8.00
9th	75.00	30.00	6.00
10th	50.00	20.00	5.00
11th to 15th	20.00	10.00	4.00
16th to 25th	10.00	5.00	3.00
26th to 50th	7.50	4.00	2.00
51st to 100th	5.00	3.00	1.00

Class "A"—Prize if you order $5 pencil
Class "B"—Prize if you order $3 pencil
Class "C"—Prize if you buy no pencil

Prizes at Republic Bank, Minneapolis

Follow These Easy Rules

1. Any one living outside of Minneapolis may compete for the free Prizes except employees or their relatives of the Henber Company.
2. Whoever sends in the largest number of words which correctly name the objects shown in the picture starting with "S" will be awarded first prize, and so on down the list of 100 free prizes. One point will be allowed for each correct word, and one point deduced for each incorrect word or omission of a correct word.
3. In case of ties for any prizes offered the full amount of each prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. The list winning the first prize will be published at the close of the contest. Enlarged copy of picture will be furnished on request. The correct list of words determined by the judges from all the words submitted will be published in addition to the winning list and the names of winners.
4. Your solution must not include hyphenated, obsolete, compound (words, made up of two complete English words) or foreign words. Webster's International Dictionary will be used as authority.
5. It is permissable to name either singular or plural, but both cannot be used. Synonyms and words of same spelling but different meaning will count only one, but any part of an object can be named.
6. All solutions mailed and postmarked Feb. 10, 1923, will be accepted. Contestants may "qualify" under Class A or B up to midnight, Feb. 24, 1923.
7. Write words on one side of paper only numbering each 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.
8. Three prominent people of Minneapolis will act as judges. Their decision must be accepted as final and conclusive.

Address Your Solution To The Henber Co., 212 Flatiron Building Minneapolis, Minn.

$13.95 Buys 140-Egg Champion Belle City Incubator

Hot-Water, Copper Tank, Double Walls Fibre Board. Self Regulated. $6.95 buys a 140-Chick Hot-Water Brooder. Or both for only $18.95 Express Prepaid

Over a Million Users

East of the Rockies. Guaranteed. Order now. Share in my $1,000 in Prizes, or write for Free Book "Hatching Facts." It tells everything. Jim Roban, Pres.

Belle City Incubator Co., Box 91 Racine, Wis.

34 MILES on Gallon of Gasoline

Wonderful Carburetor. Reduces gasoline bills one-half to one-third. Increases power of motors 30% to 50%. Starts easy in coldest weather.

Sent on 30 DAYS' TRIAL

Fits any car. Attach yourself. Fords make as high as 34 miles to gallon. Other cars show proportionate saving. Send make of car. Special 30-day trial offer. Agents Wanted.

AIR FRICTION CARBURETOR CO.

Department 3502 Dayton, Ohio

They Paid Their Dues

HERE are beaucoup cards for 1923. Each represents a member who paid his dues promptly. Those above were received at headquarters of The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly and they are on their way into the 1923 filing cabinets.

For the Legion, it's a fine hand to draw to. These are the cards that assure worth-while accomplishments this year.

To a large extent the strength of the Legion depends upon the number of these cards.

If yours isn't among those present, get it started today.

Every Card is Ace High with the Legion

How Sleep the Brave?

(*Continued from page 9*)

guide, and after a long ride in the truck into a little-frequented part of the country, he finally indicated that it was time to leave the truck and strike into the woods. He then guided us into one of the worst thickets that I have ever seen. Blackberry bushes and brambles vied with every other kind of undergrowth to make the tangle all but impassable. After working our way a short distance from the road we found innumerable traces of American troops. It must have been a terrible place to fight in, for our clothes were torn and our faces scratched merely by going through, and we did not have H. E. shells and machine guns to bother about either.

From all indications, the Americans had been hard pressed there, for everywhere were to be seen the fox holes that they had dug, roughly and hurriedly, under an intense fire. Here we found bloody bandages still hanging from trees and bushes, while rifles with splintered stocks, helmets with holes torn in them, and other equipment lying around in profusion gave mute evidence of the terrible ordeal that these men must have undergone. One could almost imagine the whole story from seeing these eloquent indications four years later. There was no doubt but that we were the first men who had seen this spot since the last doughboy had left, except this old Frenchman—and how he ever found it remains a mystery that none of us could explain.

Finally the old man reached the spot he was looking for, and pulling aside the low-hanging branches of a tree, triumphantly pointed to a little weather-beaten cross that was lying on the ground. It was not more than twelve inches long and was a crude affair, made from pieces of a corned-willie box. There it had been for four years, at the foot of this tree, half covered with rotting leaves. It gave us a shock to see it. Certainly here was the grave of an American soldier.

We picked it up, and by looking at it very closely found that there were lead-pencil marks on it, now quite illegible. Before anything else was disturbed, the party separated and went over the surrounding ground carefully, examining it to see if there was anything else that might be found that might be useful later on for a possible identification.

And, sure enough, there on the other side of the tree, a stake was seen driven into the ground, and more penciled lettering was found on it. Part of this could still be read—a date and the name of an organization. The rest was not plain, but this was a start.

When everyone was satisfied that there was nothing else to be found on top of the ground, the first spadeful of earth was very carefully removed from where the cross had been found. Slowly the work proceeded, and I am sure that most of the party watched with bated breath. It was sacred work.

Finally a bit of cloth was exposed—and it was O. D. Another instant and a button showed—and it carried the coat-of-arms of the United States. The grave was that of an American soldier.

I wish that it were possible for me to describe our feeling as we stood by

the side of that grave and watched the painstaking reverence with which the bones of one of our buddies were uncovered. Out there in that thicket of the Argonne the war did not seem so very far away that morning. It was raining as usual, and the water soaked through our clothes and coursed down our backs, but we did not notice it.

Somehow or other, there is nothing about this work that is gruesome. Here was all that was left of someone we loved—just the bones now. We may never have seen him in life, but he was one of our buddies, and we knew thousands like him, and loved them all. He had died as only a hero may die. In the grave we found his little testament, some letters from home, his wrist-watch, and—not least by any means—his identification disk. His collar ornaments were there, and they corresponded to the organization that we had found marked on the adjoining stake.

Carefully the dirt was examined, lest anything of value might be overlooked, and when all was finished, the poor bones were carefully wrapped up and carried out to the waiting truck. As two of the men walked away with their load I saw the old Frenchman watching them disappear from view with a suspicious moisture in his kindly gray eyes. Then he shook his head. "Pauvre garçon, pauvre garçon."

But the search had only begun. Because of the aspect of the ground, which showed every sign of a hard struggle, there could be little doubt that the casualties of this outfit had been heavy. By consulting the lists of "missing in action" which we had with us, we found that this particular company had a number of men unaccounted for. We were very sure there were other graves in this vicinity, and the digging continued.

We did not have far to go. The first grave was enlarged, and sure enough, the body of another American was exposed lying by the side of his comrade. After this body had been carefully removed we found two others in the same place. The grave that we had excavated had been one of the fox holes that abounded here, and the four bodies had been laid in it and then covered over. All, it was more than likely, had been killed by the same shell, as each body had some broken bones. Probably the burial was made at night, which accounted for the fact that all trace of the spot had been lost.

Because of the hasty burial, all of the personal effects of each man, as well as the identification tags, were still on the bodies. This made positive identification easy, and before they were removed from their grave we knew the name, rank, and organization of each man.

After it was quite certain that there were no more bodies in that fox hole, the same procedure was gone through with again at the spot where we had found the stake driven into the ground. Here the same thing happened—a body was uncovered. However, a strange occurrence took place here which shows the difficulties that attach to this work. The first thing that was brought out of the grave was a leather belt, with a strictly German "Gott Mit Uns" buckle attached. Then some pieces of O.D. cloth were found, but a German shoulder strap was also picked up. It seemed certain that we were excavating the grave of a German, buried perhaps by Americans. But next followed another German shoulder strap—*of a different regiment.* Then other American articles, some letters with American stamps, some Y.M.C.A. paper, American pistol cartridges, and then, at last, the identification disk. This typical doughboy had merely been collecting German souvenirs.

The excavating was continued, and two other bodies exhumed. This grave also was a fox hole.

Despite a lengthy search, we could find no more traces of what might have been burial spots, so, as it was almost dark, the party returned to the truck. We had seven precious boxes with us to take back to camp that night.

I did not stay long enough at Romagne to know the rest of the story of these seven boys — whether some of them were sent back home to their families in the United States, or whether they were all buried together in the beautiful Argonne Cemetery at Romagne with some fourteen thousand others who fell in battle. But one thing I do know. The care and attention that was theirs from the finding of the graves until the bodies were deposited in the morgue at the cemetery never left them for an instant.

I had a crowning example of this tenderness impressed upon me when I was a visitor to the American cemetery at Waerenghem, Belgium—"In Flanders Field." We had traveled all day to get there, because we wished to see every one of the American cemeteries, even though this one was the smallest of all. I certainly did not expect to find anything there particularly impressive, after seeing all the large cemeteries.

When we arrived at the gate and started to walk into the grounds I saw that the flag was at half-mast on the pole, which means that there is a body above the ground. Then we saw an open grave, and there was a flag-draped casket above it, ready to lower. Evidently we had come just as some soldier was about to be buried.

We waited, and were honored by being able to attend this funeral. It was the body of an Unknown Soldier. The chaplain of the American cemetery at Bony, nearly a hundred miles away, had come all that distance to read the service over this grave, along with the army captain who was the American commanding officer of this district. The chaplain had his standard with him, which he planted at the head of the casket, and the service began. My companion and myself were the only mourners; a couple of laborers stood at a little distance away.

I have attended many military funerals, but I do not believe I ever could have imagined anything like this one. Far, far away from home, in a forgotten corner of Belgium, an Unknown American Soldier was being buried. His casket bore the Star and Stripes, the same as if he had been General of the Armies. The chaplain read the same service as if there had been thousands within earshot. The simple words of that service fell from his lips, and then we all joined in reciting the Lord's Prayer—out there in Flanders Field. I am sure that our eyes glistened with a few tears of which we were unashamed. He was nameless, but yet we knew that some mother, somewhere in the United States, was kneeling by that casket in spirit. He

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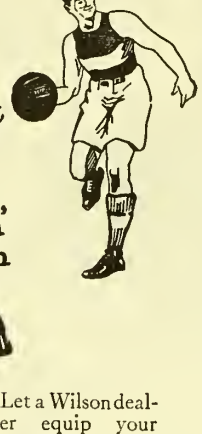

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was nameless—but he was one of our buddies.

We all helped to lower the heavy casket into the waiting grave at the conclusion of the service, and then stepped back while the chaplain walked forward again. There was no bugler, so in a deep, resonant voice he began to sing the melody of Taps.

That day was the last of my trip. I was well satisfied and happy, and I had seen enough. I had found out what I had wished to know: Our dead are being cared for.

A Great Clacking of Strange Tongues

(*Continued from page* 6)

aufgejumpt (I jumped up like a young deer)."

When the immigrant begins to slip in American words in that fashion, his newspaper, if it is progressive, is apt to follow suit. This Americanization of a foreign tongue is worth noting; some foreign language groups resist it, but it goes on all the time. Indeed, Abraham Cahan contributed very largely to the striking success of *Forward*, of New York, by deliberately Americanizing the Yiddish dialect, as I shall show in another article.

In 1815 there were about twenty-five German newspapers in Pennsylvania alone, but the great development did not begin until after the revolution of 1848 in Germany. Two famous newspapers, the *Staats-Zeitung* of New York and the *Westliche Post* of St. Louis, were founded in 1834, but most of the influential journals were founded or edited by the political refugees who came with Carl Schurz in the middle of the Nineteenth century. The Illinois *Staats-Zeitung* of Chicago, which passed into the hands of a receiver some time ago after blackguarding former service men, was founded in 1847. The *Wachter und Anzeiger* of Cleveland was founded in 1852, the Milwaukee *Herold* in 1861, *Amerika* of St. Louis in 1872, the *Abend-Post* of Detroit in 1866.

The exiles who came with Schurz, Sigel, Hecker and Blenker fitted admirably into the scheme of things in the United States of those days. They had tried and failed to establish a republican form of government in Germany; here they found it, and they threw their lives and their hopes in with it. Under their leadership the German press and the German people were chiefly concerned with the prosperity and continuing development of their adopted land; if they were concerned with the fatherland at all it was a natural and sentimental rather than a blatant nationalistic interest. The development of pro-Germanism was reserved for the ex-Prussian army officers who succeeded the forty-eighters as editors.

The attitude of the German language press and of the German people as a whole during the Civil War is well known. After the war there was another high wave of immigration which increased the circulation of the German papers and German influence generally. In the fatherland Bismarck was welding Imperial Germany out of blood and iron, unifying minor principalities into one great state by the traditional process of waging war against outsiders. Imperial Germany was successfully forged out of the wars against Austria and France, and the consequence to America was a great influx of Germans opposed to militarism, to military duty and to the economic hardships incident to maintaining a great military establishment.

In 1882 German immigration reached 250,630, a figure that has never been surpassed. In consequence the German newspaper business boomed. In 1885 there were 822 foreign language newspapers in the United States, and 653 of them were German. During the next ten years the German papers marched steadily upward until in 1894 they numbered 796 out of a total of 1,170.

The decline began a year later and continued slowly but steadily up to the grand smash in 1914. It was coincident with the decline in German immigration, for in the early nineties began Germany's dramatic rise as an industrial nation and world power. Living conditions improved at home. The Kaiser was telling the Germans that they were the chosen people, favored of God; the old generation that had produced the rebellious forty-eighters had passed and been succeeded by men pretty well regimented after twenty-five years of a military autocracy. The German was staying at home, and in America he was depending less and less on newspapers in his own language.

The story of the German language press during the World War is still a fresh and somewhat touchy memory. It had declined to 534 publications when 1914 arrived, but it was still considered a solid, conservative element, and its leading journals were regarded as influential moulders of one section of public opinion. In appearance and organization such papers as the *Staats-Zeitung* of New York and the *Wachter und Anzeiger* of Cleveland were no different except for type from their American rivals. They were supplied by the big news services; they took an active interest in political affairs; some of them printed the comic strips beloved of American newspaper readers; a few printed some news in English.

In a superficial sense some of these dailies were no different from their American rivals, but underneath a change had come. Some observers have placed the beginning of that change as far back as the years immediately following the Franco-Prussian War. Anyway, nationalistic sentiment had been growing for some time in the German language press. At first, perhaps, it was a natural pride in the achievements of young Imperial Germany, arrived at world power in less than half a century. Eventually it became a blatant pro-Germanism, an overweening pride in everything German, a lack of interest in anything American. These emphatic terms cannot be applied to the entire German press, but the spirit was there, as 1914 demonstrated.

The Illinois *Staats-Zeitung* was an extreme example. It was founded by some of the forty-eighters and was originally Socialistic. Later it became a strong Republican paper; this was about the time of the Civil War—in later years the editors liked to claim that the paper had elected Lincoln. Finally the *Staats-Zeitung* ceased to interest itself in American affairs, and became entirely preoccupied with Germany's greatness.

Paul Mueller, editor of the Chicago *Abend-Post*, attributes the growth of nationalism among many of the German language publications to the fact that the forty-eighters were succeeded frequently as editors by Prussian army officers—men who came here to escape debts or disgrace and drifted into journalism. Two former German officers, Von Nostiz and Von Schleinitz, were editors of the Cleveland *Wachter und Anzeiger* and the Milwaukee *Herold* when the war broke out. Neither had been naturalized and both were intensely nationalistic. They were dropped quickly.

I do not mean to imply that these two men had to leave Germany because of debts or impending disgrace. I know nothing about them. Yet it is a fact that a good many of the figures in German journalism, before the war at least, had left their country for their country's good. Between such men and the German consuls who formed part of the German propaganda organization nationalistic sentiment was constantly fomented.

Editors, newspapers and circulations disappeared in rapid fashion during the years of the war, especially after the entrance of the United States. In 1917 the German language papers had to change front or go under. Most of them tried to change front, some half-heartedly, some sincerely. Some tried to meet the situation by printing war news without comment. Some honestly saw the light, especially after President Wilson had separated the German sheep from the German goats, and again when the printed revelations of Lichnowsky, pre-war ambassador to England, pretty clearly established Germany's responsibility for beginning hostilities.

Still times continued to be distressful for the German papers. The rage of the fighters in the home trenches is always greater than that of the soldiers at the front. The very sight of German type caused the folks at home to see spies, bombs and plots. German papers were burned, newsstand lots were scattered in the streets. Paper after paper ceased publication.

The *Express und Westbote* bought the subscription lists of eleven defunct German papers and finally ceased publication itself; the editor of this paper, by the way, was then a loyal American major in France. The Cleveland *Wachter und Anzeiger* had a circulation of 31,500 in 1912 and its fair share of advertising; in the late days of the war its circulation had dwindled to 3,740 and its advertising to a few want ads. The Toledo *Express*, a daily, became a semi-weekly, finally a weekly.

The *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung* had a circulation of 114,564 in 1918, and was at that time the largest German daily. The *New Yorker Herold*, morning, had a circulation of 44,158; evening, of 67,493. The two have been consolidated since the war; the *Staats-Zeitung*, morning, has a circulation of 53,056; the *Herold*, evening, 41,597.

The *Morgen-Journal*, a Hearst paper, is no longer in existence in New York. The *Westliche-Post* of St. Louis had a circulation of 28,953 in 1918; in 1922 it had come back to 20,127. The *Wachter und Anzeiger* had crept back to 16,353. The Milwaukee *Herold* had less than half its circulation of 37,296 for 1918. The one paper which has not been seriously affected is the Chicago *Abend-Post*, whose circulation was 53,413 in 1918 and 47,167 in 1922.

So it goes with the German press in these post-war days. Before the Armistice most of the surviving papers had retreated from various degrees of pro-Germanism to professions of loyalty to the United States. Now they pick up the circulation lists scattered by the fall of the Kaiser and do what they can to reconstruct their ancient standing.

Generally they have shown a sympathy with the German Republic and a real fear of the Communist movement; for, bear in mind, the German press is fundamentally conservative. Only during the war could its attitude be called radical. They have tried to arouse interest in post-war Germany and have released a few editorial shafts at France and England; the latter country's Irish and Indian policies have in particular received attention. In all references to the late military effort the part played by United States troops is emphasized; the A. E. F., they say, saved France and England. When the A. E. F. became the A. F. in G. letters began to appear frequently in their columns describing the friendly relations between the doughboys and the frauleins. They admired Mr. Wilson a great deal when he went to Paris, but they haven't felt quite the same since.

In all these statements I am generalizing, of course, and about as accurately, I hope, as one could generalize about the American language press. After all, that is about the way the German language press sounds today—much like the American press. I looked at a copy of the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung* a few days ago. The news was of national and local political results; the Hall-Mills murder mystery; wet and dry news; a bomb explosion in the Italian quarter; activities of the Turners; stock and market reports; the day's fiction instalment—I forget whether Mutt and Jeff or the Gumps were present.

On the whole, all successful foreign language newspapers tend to approach the American newspaper in appearance and in policy. They don't always do this voluntarily, as Abraham Cahan did with the *Forward*, but that must be their practice if they survive. The fly-by-night papers die daily, but the established publication must fit the late Herman Ridder's description of the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung*: "An American newspaper printed in German." Otherwise the foreign-born reader will go to the livelier, more complete American newspaper as soon as he can make out the meaning of American words.

Even conformity to American practices cannot save the foreign language newspaper in the end. The editor of the Chicago *Abend-Post* has said that the future of the German language press depends on post-war immigration; that is, its return to its old standing, so far as circulation is concerned, depends entirely on the number of Germans who emigrate to the United States.

The future of all foreign language publications depends upon much the same thing; they will last as long as the immigrants come, and not much longer.

[This is the first of a series of three articles by Mr. Whitney on the foreign language press. The others will be published in succeeding issues.]

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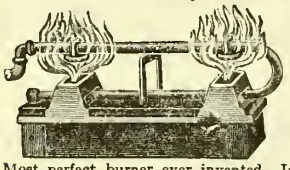

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AN Ohio Court of Appeals, by confirming the right of the Ohio department of The American Legion to exclusive control of the $115,000 trust fund originally raised for the benefit of the soldiers of the 83d Division, has established a precedent which probably will be a decisive factor in determining the outcome of other court actions to establish ownership of similar trust funds in other States.

The Ohio Court of Appeals decision goes even further than the decision of the Common Pleas Court of Hamilton County, in which court proceedings in behalf of the Legion were first begun by Gilbert Bettman, Department Commander of The American Legion and former chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee. The lower court had decided that the fund should be turned over to three trustees, who, acting with the advice and assistance of the officers of the Ohio department of the Legion, were to administer the fund for ten years for the benefit of the disabled soldiers of Ohio. The Court of Appeals in its decision, handed down December 11th, ruled that the burden of caring for the disabled soldiers is upon the Federal Government and that the Government will fulfill its obligation. It therefore decrees that the fund, having been raised for the comfort and aid of Ohio soldiers, should be turned over to the Ohio department of the Legion for the purpose of fitting up clubhouses and other similar uses, this application of the fund coming nearer than any other to meeting the intention of the original donors.

As recorded in an earlier issue of The American Legion Weekly, the Common Pleas Court of Hamilton County had in rendering its decision in the original action recognized The American Legion as the only all-inclusive organization of World War veterans and hence as the proper custodian of the fund. The 83d Division Historical Society sought to obtain $50,000 for the purpose of preparing a detailed history of the division. The appeals court ruled that such a purpose could not be reconciled with the conditions under which the money was raised. The Veterans of Foreign Wars also intervened informally, but did not press their plea. Several former members of the division also entered a claim on behalf of themselves and other former members.

The fund, originally amounting to $100,000, was raised by football games and military exhibitions held in 1917 while the 83d Division was at Camp Sherman, Ohio, training for overseas service. When the division went overseas the fund was placed in the hands of William Cooper Proctor of Cincinnati, as trustee. Distribution of the fund during the war was made impracticable by the fact that the 83d Division became a depot division in France and a large percentage of its members were transferred to other divisions.

In its decision the court said:

"In considering this case we have taken judicial notice of the history of similar organizations in the United States in the past fifty years. We refer particularly to the military organizations formed after the Civil War. The one outstanding all-inclusive military organization growing out of that war is the Grand Army of the Republic. Many other organizations that were formed after the Civil War have disappeared. The rule seems to have been that if any ex-soldier of that war was a member of any other organization, he was also a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. History, no doubt, will repeat itself. As the Grand Army of the Republic, representing the ex-soldiers, is to the Civil War, so The American Legion is and will be the outstanding military organization representing the ex-soldiers of the World War.

"The Ohio Department of The American Legion is on a solid basis. It is permanent and will in time become stronger than it is at present. Support of The American Legion from any source would mean the benefit, aid and comfort of Ohio ex-service men of the World War. The 83d Division, as alleged, was scattered, many of its members being transferred to other divisions in this and other States. It is not now possible to distribute the fund to the 83d Division as such. The ex-soldiers, members of the 83d Division, residents of Ohio, are or will be members of The American Legion, and will be benefited by any donation or provision for the benefit of The American Legion. . . .

"It is common knowledge that many of the subordinate posts in the State are having difficulty in financing themselves. This is emphasized by the fact that many of the posts are giving benefits, taking up subscriptions and resorting to other means for the purpose of raising money to fit out headquarters and purchase supplies. When we think of the purpose for which this fund was created, for the benefit, aid and comfort of Ohio soldiers, and that it was to be used for the purchase of little luxuries, rubber boots, necessities and other supplies, it would seem in keeping with the thought that the furnishing of headquarters with equipment to make them more comfortable and attactive, where the ex-soldiers may hold their business meetings, and gather to talk over their experiences in the World War, and to carry out the purposes for which The American Legion was formed, we are led to the conclusion that a distribution of the fund direct to the subordinate posts of the Legion is the nearest object of the purpose for which the fund was created."

Specialists for N. P. Cases

UNCLE SAM is undertaking to educate several hundred young American physicians to make them the specialists in the treatment of mental and nervous disorders who are needed in the new neuro-psychiatric hospitals being built to care for service men. On January 4th the first of a series of special courses in neuro-psychiatry were started at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington under the auspices of the Veterans Bureau. This course, which will last four months, is being given to applicants of a high standard of professional accomplishment who agree to continue in the service of the Bureau for at least two years after completion of the course. They receive $166 a month and upon graduation are assured of appointment in the Reserve Corps of the Public Health Service at salaries ranging upward from $3,000. More than thirty of the country's most noted specialists in the treatment of mental and nervous disorders will deliver the lectures in the course, and the clinics will be held in St. Elizabeth's hospital, where nearly 4,000 patients are being cared for and records exist for 20,000 discharged patients.

Applications for these courses, both the one newly started and those to come later, should be addressed to the Director of the United States Vetcrans Bureau (Attention Medical Division), Washington, D. C. To qualify for admission to the courses, physicians must be between the ages of 23 and 45, must be graduates of Class A medical schools and must each have served at least six months as interne in a general hospital or its equivalent. A certificate from the dean of the applicant's medical school is also required, and the applicant must submit a certificate of physical fitness.

Courses are also being started for graduate nurses, social workers, occupational therapists and physio-therapists needed for the new neuro-psychiatric hospitals. Information and application blanks may be obtained on application to the Chief Nurse, United State Veterans Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Buddy's Page

My Objective - "A magazine you'll be proud of."

Thanks, Ladies!

Of late Buddy has noticed a considerable sprinkling of coupons from Buddiettes. In fact women readers of the Weekly are gaining in the coupon race. On a product like saws, Buddy doesn't expect many dotted lines to be filled in by the ladies—but when it comes to food products, the old kupes should roll in. Last Fall the following bulletin was sent out by Mrs. Lowell F. Hobart, who was then National President of the American Legion Auxiliary:

"I am afraid that we have not come up to the expectations of the American Legion Weekly in the matter of clipping the "Buddy in the barrel" coupons. On these we are supposed to state our preferences in such staples as soap, shoe polish and breakfast food. If we sign our names and send these to the Weekly, the Advertising Manager will use them to persuade large advertisers to put their copy in the Weekly. Why not a coupon-clipping bee?"

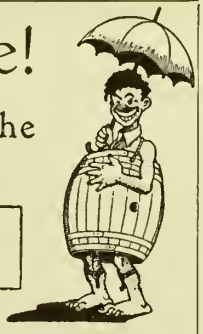
The Dealer Poster

Below is the Buddy dealer poster in minature. These will be sent to any Legionnaire dealer, anywhere. Just say the word.

Welcome!

I am Buddy in the Barrel. Ask—

Dealer's name here



about me. I say national advertising in *The* AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly* increases the local dealer's sales. He'll say the same.

Won't you ask your firm to make it unanimous—and advertise in our *Weekly*?

Buddy Is Still Looking for a Saw

Turn back time and give us yesterday, with the rookie, detailed to assist the company artificer, going from supply sergeant to supply sergeant trying to borrow a saw.

Fine chance! A saw was harder to find in the service days than the key to the parade grounds or the military post. A man with a saw among his equipment was hounded like the company clerk toting a mail bag.

And a saw is today hard to borrow from Legionnaires. No saws are advertised in Buddy's Weekly. The only sawing wood that Buddy does is in his sleep. If the ex-warrior wants to do carpenter work, he's got to file some teeth in his old army bayonet and make it serve the purpose.

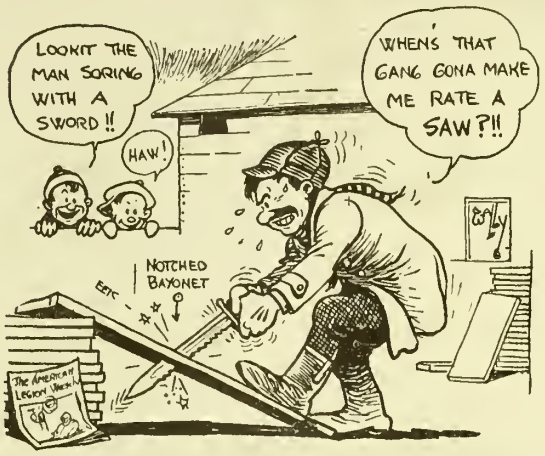
For big timber-sawing and building stately mansions and clubhouses, the best Buddy can do is to bring his old trench axe into action. And when the Stave Hero has wood in his backyard to saw, he buys coal.

As far as facilities for sawing goes, Buddy has been knocked for a row of decorated Christmas trees.

Let's hear from the former company artificers, from those detailed in the service days to do carpenter work around the camps, from dealers handling saws and Legionnaires doing sawing on a big scale—in the woods and in mills and carpenter shops.

The coupons will convince manufacturers of saws that Buddy saws SOME wood. Cut loose with the coupon. Make the dots fly like sawdust.

Buddy will appreciate it, if you'll help him get his sawing done.



To the Advertising Manager,
627 West 43d St., New York.

I would like to see the following make of saw advertised in our weekly:

.....

.....

Give reasons .....

.....

This coupon is for all Legionnaires and Auxiliary Members to fill out. But if you are a hardware dealer or a dealer handling saws and other tools, please check. Hardware dealer..... Dealer handling saws and other tools..... What is your occupation.....

.....(Fill in if not a dealer)

Name.....

Address.....

Post.....

.....

OUR DIRECTORY

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

AUTOS & AUTO ACCESSORIES
Chevrolet Motor Co. ... 4
VLiberty Top & Tire Co. ...
BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS
VVVAmerican Pub. Co. ... 30
Berry's Poultry Farm ...
Keith Corporation ... 27
VVVVTbe Pathfinder Pub. Co. ... 20
VSportsman's Digest. ...
BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES
VAir Friction Carburetor Co. ... 25
VAkron Lamp Co. ... 29
Chicago Tailors Assoc. ...
VVVVComer Mfg. Co. ...
VVVLightning Calculator Co. ...
VMac-O-Chee Mills ...
New Era Mfg. Co. ... 22
VVParker Mfg. Co ... 30
Santa Fe Railway ...
J. B. Simpson ... 29
VVVStandard Food & Fur Co. ...
Stuart & Co. ... 30
Superior Laboratories ...
VWorld's Star Knitting Co. ... 27
ENTERTAINMENT
VClaxo Trick Co. ...
VVT. S. Denison & Co. ...
Universal Distributors ...
FOOD PRODUCTS
VVVVTbe Genesee Pure Food Co. ... 2
INSURANCE
VJohn Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co. ...
INVESTMENTS
VG. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co. ...
JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS
VVVVAmerican Legion Emblem Division ...
VVVBurlington Watch Co. ...
First Natl Watch Co. ... 22
VVVB. Gutter & Sons ...
VVVVSanta Fe Watch Co. ...

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

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

MEDICINAL
Bayer Tablets of Aspirin ...
VMusterole Co. ...
VSloan's Liniment ...
MEN'S WEAR
Cheney Brothers ...
VVVCluett, Peabody & Co. ...
VTbe Florsheim Shoe Co. ...
VVHart Schaffner & Marx ...
VHoleproof Hosiery Co. ...
VParamount Trading Co. ... 30
VPublic Trading Co. ... 22
VVVReliance Mfg. Co. ...
VVRussell's, Inc. ... 20
MISCELLANEOUS
Belle City Incubator Co. ... 25
VCole & Co. ...
Dictograph Products Corp. ... 22
Green's Nursery Co. ... 20
VHenber Co. ... 25
Perfect Sales Co. ... 24
VPhiladelphia Key Co. ...
Philo Burt Mfg. Co. ...
Wisconsin Incubator Co. ...
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
VVVBuescher Band Inst. Co. ...
A. Oriol Co. ...
Wilson Bros. Mfg. Co. ...
PATENT ATTORNEYS
VVJ. L. Jackson ... 24
VVVVVVLacey & Lacey ... 22

of ADVERTISERS

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

SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION
VVAmerican School ... 24 and 30
VAmerican Technical Society ... 20
VVVChicago Engineering Works ...
VVVVVFranklin Institute ... 23
Ogilvie Institute ...
Page Davis School ... 24
Palmer Photoplay Corp. ... 3
VVVPatterson Civil Service School ... 29
VVVVStandard Business Training Institute ... 29
VVVVF. W. Tamblyn ...
VVVUnited Y. M. C. A. School ...
VVUniversity of Applied Science ... 27
SMOKERS' NEEDS
VVVVAmerican Tobacco Co. ...
VVVLiggett & Myers Tobacco Co. ... 23
VLyons Mfg. Co. ...
SPORTS AND RECREATION
E. T. Burrows Co ... 24
VVVHarley-Davidson Motor Co. ...
VVHendee Mfg. Co. ...
VThos. E. Wilson ... 28
STATIONERY
Paramount Paper Co. ... 24
TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH
VVVAmerican Telephone & Telegraph Co. ...
TOILET NECESSITIES
A. S. Hinds & Co ...
VVVVTbe Pepsodent Co. ...
VJ. B. Williams Co. ... 19
TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION
VVU. S. Shipping Board ... 21
TYPEWRITERS
VVVShipman Ward Mfg. Co. ... Back Cover

THEY ADVERTISE LET'S PATRONIZE

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

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," issue of December 22, 1922. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

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

THEY ADVERTISE, LET'S PATRONIZE

ONLY $3 DOWN

and you keep this typewriter

DIRECT to you from our Factory

Big Saving in Price

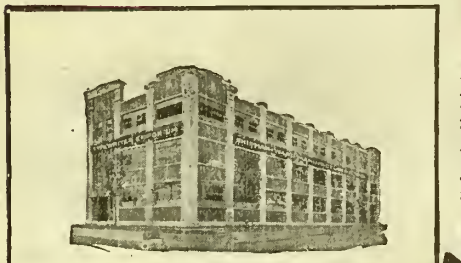
Yes, we will ship you this

Genuine Underwood

Rebuilt in our own factory just like new for

ONLY $3 down—NOT ONE CENT MORE

Until you have tried the machine 10 full days at our expense



Our Factory

EVERY MACHINE is fully guaranteed. **New** parts wherever needed. **New** enamel, **new** nickel, **new** lettering, new platen, new key rings—a complete, perfect typewriter. Impossible to tell it from a brand new Underwood either in appearance, durability or quality of finished work.

An up-to-date machine with two-color ribbon, back spacer, stencil device, automatic ribbon reverse, tabulator, etc. In addition we furnish FREE waterproof cover and special Touch Typewriter Instruction Book. **You can learn to operate this Underwood in one day.**

Big Book Free

Our Big Handsomely illustrated catalog will be sent **free** on request. It tells you all about the advantages of owning a STANDARD SIZE UNDERWOOD; how and why this machine will last for years, saving many dollars not only in the purchase price but in its operation.

Send in the coupon and let us send you this beautifully illustrated book FREE without any obligation whatever.

Write Right Now

and learn how it is possible for us to ship you this Underwood Typewriter upon our **free trial** plan and our direct-to-you **money saving methods.** Get the full details now—just sign the coupon and mail **today.** Get all the facts—then decide.

No Obligation

—to buy. You don't have to order. **Just sign the coupon,** send it to us and we will mail you our **big catalog** absolutely **free.** You will be amazed at the liberality of our offer, the beauty and all around excellence of our typewriter.

From Factory to You

Send the Coupon Today

10 Days' Free Trial

You have ten full days in which to try the typewriter before deciding whether you want to keep it. Give it every test—see for yourself—make the Underwood prove its worth to you. Don't take our word for it—put the Underwood before you and see if you don't think it the greatest typewriter bargain ever offered.

This is the genuine Underwood Typewriter. We offer you the same three models of the Underwood Typewriter being made and sold by the manufacturers today. **Standard 4-row single shift keyboard.** Absolutely visible writing—the **full line** of typewriting is visible at **all times.** All the improvements and attachments that any high grade typewriter ought to have.

Big Saving to You

Our plan of selling to you **direct** makes possible enormous savings, which are all for your benefit. **Send in the coupon and we will send you prepaid** our big catalog, including "A Trip Through Our Factory." This shows how the Shipman-Ward Rebuilt Underwood is the best that can be produced at our **Special Price.**

You don't have to do a thing to get our big **Free** catalog and complete details of our amazing typewriter offer except to sign and send in the coupon, there is no obligation.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co.
2511 Shipman Bldg., Chicago

Please send me FREE, all charges fully prepaid, your BIG NEW catalog of UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITERS and complete details of your FREE TRIAL offer.

It is understood that I am under no obligation whatever and that this is to be sent without one cent of cost to me.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co.
"Typewriter Emporium" 2511 Shipman Bldg.
Montrose and Ravenswood Aves., Chicago