MORE OPINIONS ON AIR LIMITATIONS PLAN—PAGE 9

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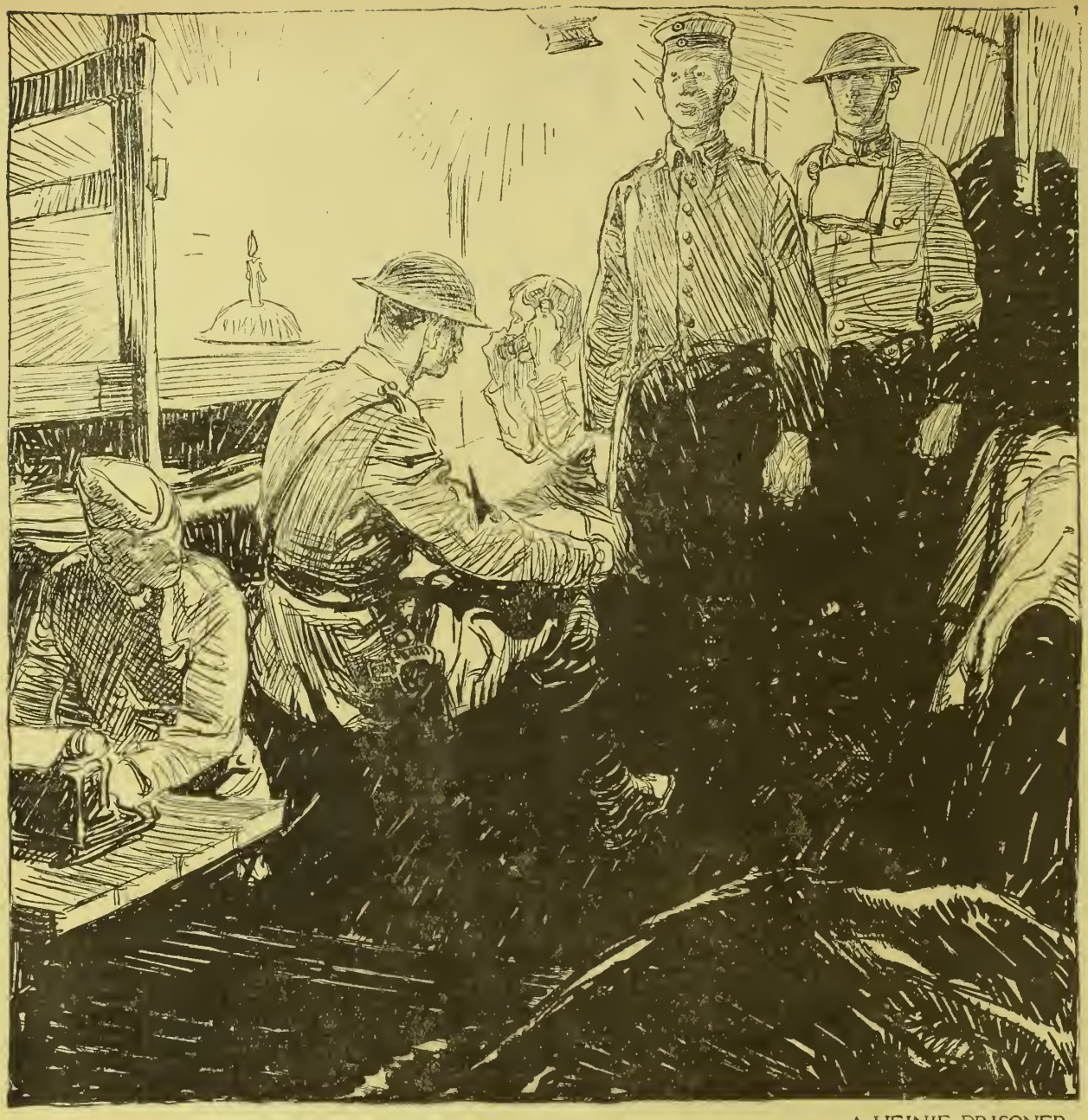

A HEINIE PRISONER

When patrols caught a lone prisoner he was taken to company headquarters for his first questioning. This concerned troop strength, sector, morale, etc. As soon as Fritz was sent down the lines the fever for souvenir collection struck all Yanks and he was usually stripped of shoulder straps, buttons, and his "gott-mit-uns" belt. Then some chow to change that lean and hungry look in Heinie's eye. What military information he would have divulged if some "k.p." had it within his power to bring on a plate of *JELL-O*, topped with whipped cream. Oh, doughboy!

JELL-O

America's Most Famous Dessert

AT HOME EVERYWHERE

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This is the thirteenth of a series drawn especially for the Genesee Pure Food Company by Herbert M. Stoops, formerly 6th Field Artillery, 1st Division.

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Priceless Parchment

By Charles Phelps Cushing

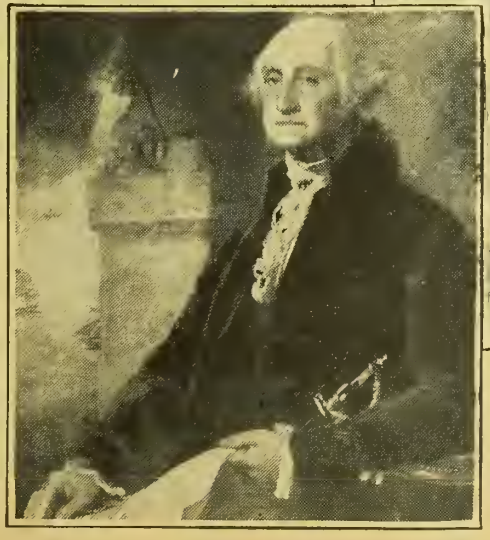
IF you notice a few more than the usual number of American flags snapping defiantly in the breeze on Monday the seventeenth, don't mistakenly suppose that the display is to celebrate the week-end battle in New York between Shipyard Jack and a glum-faced young drug clerk known as the "Wild Bull of the Pampas." The battle which these flags will honor was fought in Philadelphia; and not for a purse and a diamond-studded belt, but to save this land of ours from anarchy. These flags celebrate Constitution Day, the 136th anniversary of the signing of our country's charter of union and rule book as a republic—the real birthday of the United States of America as a nation. A treaty of peace between warring factions of our forefathers was sealed that day, "founded on compromise, made serviceable by its elasticity."

One of the famous leaders in that long fray, which took the form of a convention held in solemnly-pledged secrecy in the same historic room in Independence Hall where eleven summers before, the Declaration had been signed, remarked to his neighbors as the Constitution was being enrolled that all through the sessions of the convention he had been looking at the picture of a sun painted on the back of the presiding officer's chair. He had wondered whether that sun was rising or setting; so grave was the crisis in his country's affairs that he could not foretell:

"But now, at length, I have the happiness to know that it is a rising, and not a setting sun."

That classic touch of "human interest" came from the convention's oldest deputy, then nearly eighty-two and so feeble that he had to request a colleague to read the brief speech he had prepared for the occasion. The "American Socrates," he has been called—Dr. Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania. The chair to which he referred was that reserved for the president of the convention, a deputy from Virginia, Gen. George Washington. Among other leaders in that fray were James Madison, Alexander Hamilton and Gouverneur Morris in company with so many other eminent "makers of America" that the historian Bancroft rates their convention as the ablest known in American history.

Of the document they signed that day one of the most famous of British premiers, William Ewart Gladstone, has declared: "The American Constitution is



© Ewing Galloway

Independence Hall, Philadelphia, where from the middle of May to the middle of September, 136 years ago, delegates from twelve colonies argued over the wording of the Constitution. Washington, one of whose Stuart portraits is shown at the left, presided over the convention, which finally ratified the final draft on September 17, 1787

the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

Today, of course, there are critics a-plenty to pick flaws in it. Likewise were there at the time it was first published. Two of Washington's colleagues from Virginia and one deputy from Massachusetts refused to sign it; and probably not one of the men who affixed signatures to it did so with a satisfied feeling that it expressed exactly his own personal views. Not even Franklin, nor Washington, nor Hamilton. But it was none the less a "wonderful work," a charter of which so competent a judge as James Bryce could say that, "after all deductions . . . [it] ranks above every other written constitution." Why? He lists these reasons:

For the intrinsic excellence of its scheme.

Its adaptation to the circumstances of the people.

The simplicity, brevity and precision of its language.

Its judicious mixture of definiteness in principle, with elasticity in details.

And in all this list nothing is more wonderful than the way this charter adapted itself to "the circumstances of the people." Those circumstances, at the time, appeared almost hopeless. Imagine the Allies at Versailles in our day trying to adopt a Constitution for a United States of Europe! Yet our forefathers in Philadelphia accomplished a feat of compromise almost as difficult. They reconciled into national union a dozen jealous and defiantly independent states and finally even enlisted rebellious Rhode Island—this at a time when the whole land threatened to flame up into anarchy. No crisis in our history was more desperate.

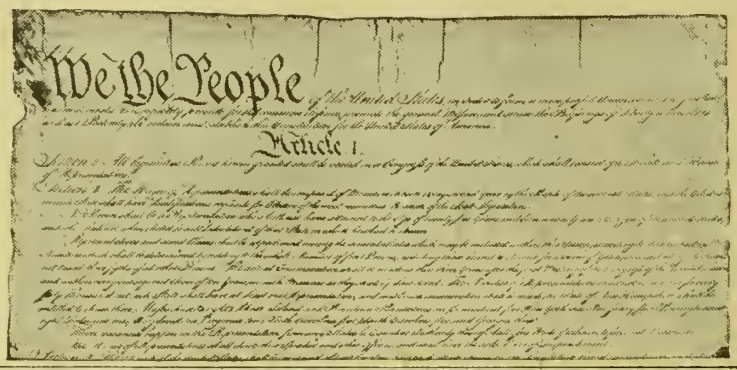
The distress of Germany after the end of the World War—hark and hear the teardrops splashing into steins of lager!—or the dilemma of Italy not so long ago when the red flag contingent threatened to seize the government, were nothing to compare in seriousness with the plight of the American colonies shortly after they had won their freedom in the Revolution. These modern European powers at least had something in the way of central authority and of national governmental machinery to work with, whereas our country for a dozen years or more after the Declaration of Independence was not even a nation; it was a miscellaneous collection of unruly "sovereign states." Where all other measures had failed, the Constitution succeeded and banded them into the United States of America. The day that charter was signed saw our sun rise as a nation.

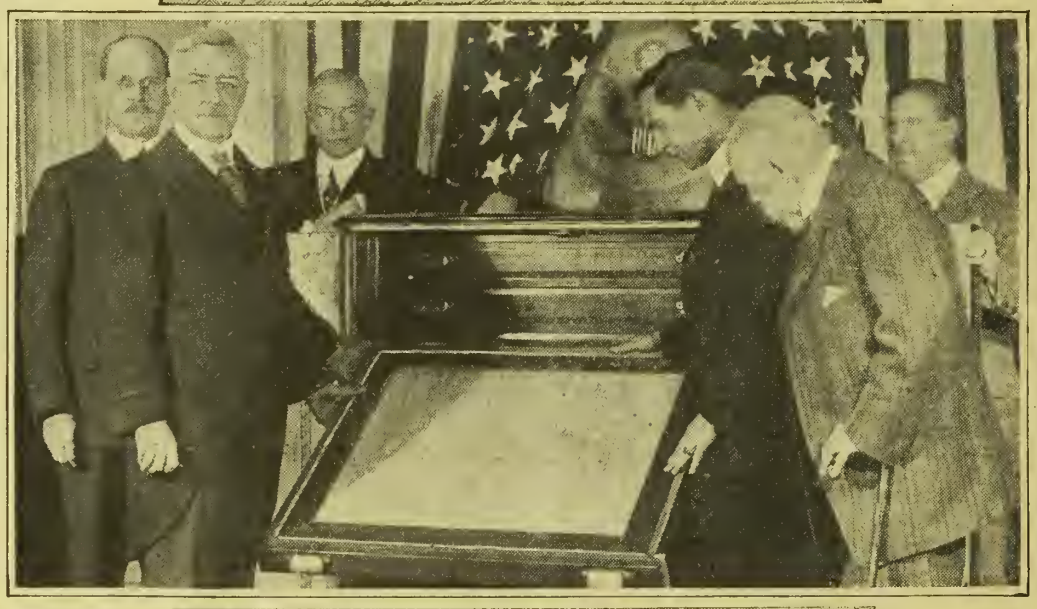
We hear that without the generalship of George Washington this battle for a national Constitution likely enough would have failed, even though so many other able captains were on hand to aid. He who was to become our first President two years later — in the very year when France blazed into revolution and the Reign of Terror began—became the Mussolini of the American struggle for a constitutional government, backed among other contingents by the Fascisti of America's first association of war veterans, the Society of the Cincinnati.

But Washington had none of Mussolini's gusto for the dramatic. He led no march of black shirts to capture the seat of Congress; and though he was nominally the president of the convention, he sedulously kept himself in the background. Most of the time he had another deputy presiding for him; only twice did he make speeches, and the suggestion that he offered in one of these he promptly withdrew when it failed to find general favor.

When the deputies from twelve states began to gather in Philadelphia in mid-May, it was apparently that proverbial "blackest hour" which comes just before dawn. An unstable congressional government was faced with bankruptcy. France and Holland were howling for

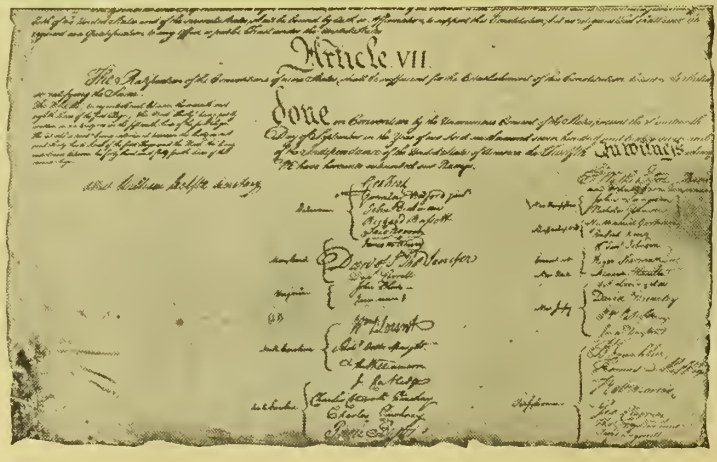
(*Continued on page* 28)





© *Underwood*

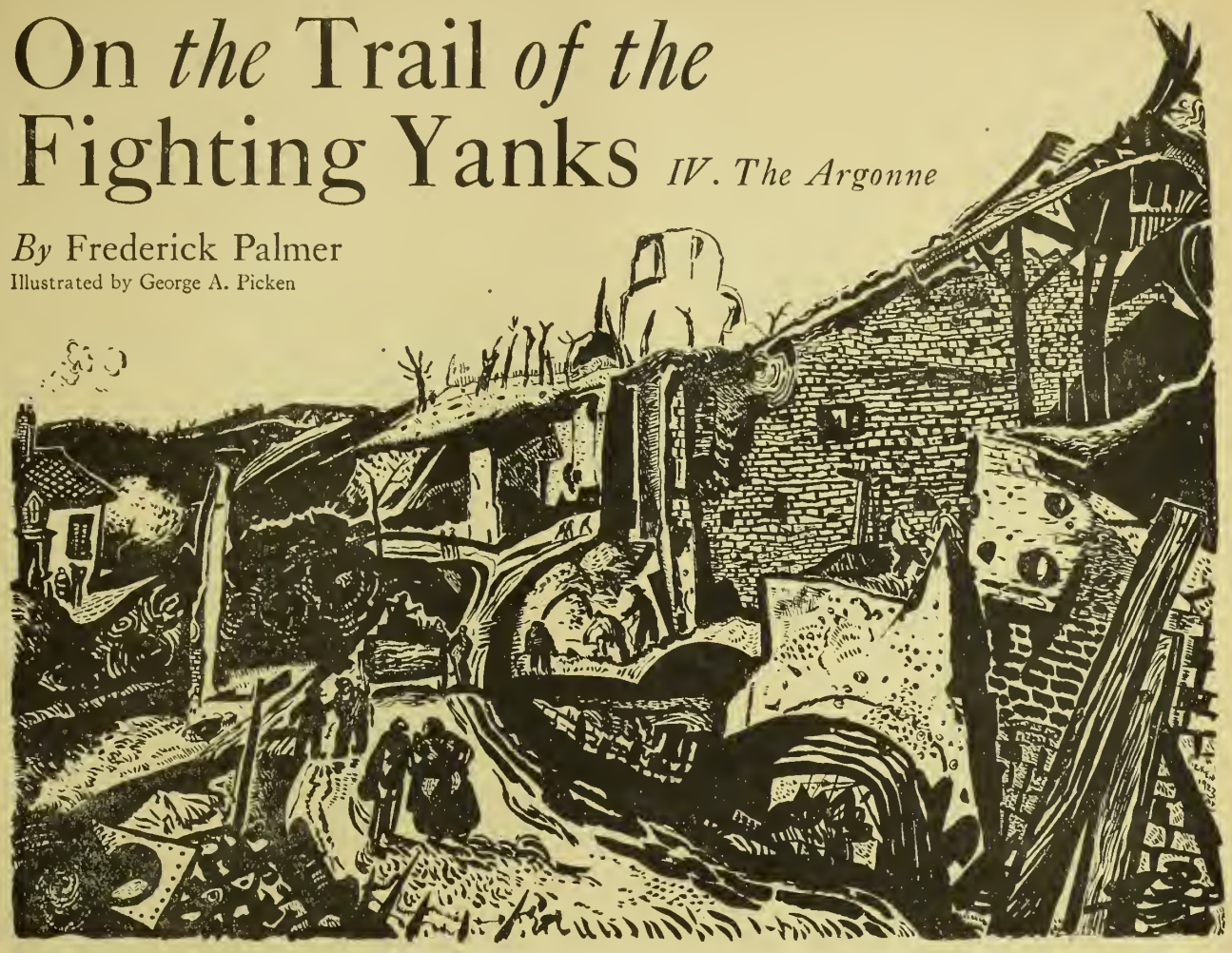
The photograph in the center was taken in January, 1920, when the original Constitution — the opening and ending are shown here—was taken out and displayed in the library of the Department of State, where it was kept at that time. Mr. Lansing, then Secretary of State, is second from the left



On *the* Trail *of the* Fighting Yanks *IV. The Argonne*

By Frederick Palmer

Illustrated by George A. Picken



"Montfaucon's were fresh ruins when I last saw them. Now—the Argonne weather has taken care of that—they look like old ruins"

THERE was one thing to make any veteran of the battle feel at home when I revisited the Argonne. It was raining. You will not be surprised to learn that there was also a good deal of mud. However, in order to feel still more at home, I did not lie down in the mud under the rain. Tourist hotels at Verdun obviate this extra bit of realism.

And the weather was warm in the Argonne. Yes, I swear that it was warm in the Argonne. That may well seem impossible to all who had the sensation of freezing to death while facing death from German fire. Not only is it possible, but summer does actually come once a year in the Argonne, and, in summer, the sun does not always pass around the Argonne. Remember that we fought that battle in the fall, when the sun of sunny France was unusually tired.

When I went into the rest house at the Argonne Cemetery out of the rain I found a young woman of the Y. W. C. A. in charge. It was a bright link with the old days, to find her there.

I was glad to hear the story of another young American woman who was a visitor. It was raining when she came. The natural impulse and the right thing to do is for all visitors to walk up into the cemetery. Fat men who have eaten too heartily at French restaurants neglect the formality even in pleasant weather. There was that war profiteer, already mentioned in an earlier paper, who remarked without leaving his car, "So that's where they're buried. Each one's got a white cross."

But this young woman had some imagination. She also had a heart. If the man who marries her does not treat her right, it's up to The American Legion to take action.

"If they fought over these hills for my sake," she said, "I guess that the least I can do is to go up that little incline in the rain out of respect to them."

Crowning a rounded knoll where the flag floats all day from a tall staff, the cemetery is the highest of all the points in the vicinity that we stormed. From Romagne it was down hill to the Meuse from Dun to Sedan. Romagne is the largest of all our cemeteries, of course, for more of our men fell in the Argonne than in all our other battles.

They were in the greatest battle of American history, men of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Seventh, 26th, 28th, 29th, 32nd, 33rd, 35th, 37th, 42nd, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd.

I shall not have the space to mention the names of the divisions again. Some were in the battle much deeper and longer than others. The history of any one of a dozen is a great epic. To recall the number of divisions engaged is a reminder of how immense the battle was. Nor shall I have the space to mention many places. It will always be enough for a man to say, "I was in the Argonne," as it is to say that you were at Gettysburg, or Antietam, or Shiloh, or in the Wilderness; or it was to say that you were at Lexington, Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Valley Forge, or Yorktown.

Aside from the cemetery there is to be another enduring monument—Montfaucon. The new village has not been built on the old site. It has risen at the foot of the hill. On the hill, except for clearing up the streets, the ruins remain as they were when our men took the village and the last shell burst upon that high placed and tempting target to a gunner's eyes.

MONTFAUCON'S were fresh ruins when I last saw them. Now—the Argonne weather has taken care of that—they look like old ruins. The bright gray of broken walls and crumbled mortar has become old gray. Grass is growing between the piles of stones and out of the cracks of the walls.

The outstanding house where the Crown Prince had his observatory has not been repaired. It is so real that it seems like a stage effect among the other ruins. A studious youth whose family occupied the house has a little museum of battlefield souvenirs. He is a sharp on the history of the battle, knows

The village of Regret just south of Verdun. Down this road during the greatest battle in history our wounded from Evacuation Hospital 15 were sent to the rear

the name of every division and where it fought, and made me feel quite important by recognizing me as the man who had once written a book about the battle.

You may climb the tower and there see the surrounding country in a panorama as the German commanders saw it for four years. But in the distance is a new landmark which was not there in their time. It is the colossal French statue on the Mort Homme of the Verdun battle with its bronze letters on the base: "They did not pass."

Nor did those commanders, who watched the ebb and flow of the attacks and counterattacks at Verdun, foresee that the Argonne defenses—so strong from the Forest to the Meuse that they were never considered in any Allied offensive—were to be taken by the Americans.

What magnificent audacity to think that we could take that series of heights under the cross fire of guns from hills which our guns could not reach and swing into the flank of the retreating German army? Did Foch in his secret mind when he assigned us to the task think that we could succeed? Or did he only think that we would hold a lot of Germans on our front away from the French and British sectors? And how did we ever get through all that front line on that first day from forest to river? We had our nerve with us in the Argonne all right. The enormity, the wonder, the grinding, driving will of that battle fought by a new Army from overseas was never quite so vivid to me as it was when I looked from that tower at Montfaucon five years after the battle.

What a small affair beside it was Gettysburg, with only a hundred and fifty thousand men engaged on both sides and over in three days! When you climb the tower at Montfaucon, take a map with you and study it as visitors study Gettysburg, and you will think better of yourself and your country.

The silence as I looked out seemed very strange for the Argonne. Distant roads and houses melted into a misty landscape that seemed to hold no more record of what had passed than in the Marne salient. But there were fewer fields of wheat, fewer signs of cultivation in all directions. Closer inspection revealed that the peasant had not filled in trenches and gun pits as thoroughly as in the salient. How far soil reconstruction is complete in battlefield areas depends upon how rich the soil is, how intensively it has been tilled, and how numerous the population. The Argonne was not rich farming land compared to the Somme, for example, where the same powerful trench line had been built as in the Argonne and much the same kind of battle was fought.

I had approached the battlefield by the same road I had as on the first day's attack, curiosity keen for familiar signs. I had one as I ascended the slope to the old French front line which we took over before the advance. It was a space enclosed with rusty, black old barbed wire. That prisoner's cage where I had seen a hundred wondering Germans had not been molested. It might still serve the purpose for which it was built—a futile waste thing in the midst of weeds and grass grown wild.

When I came to the front line itself I had another surprise. For I did not have to hunt for the location of that front line as I had in the Somme and in other places. The trenches were not just as they were five years before, but as they would be when left to five years of Argonne rains. There were dugouts which had collapsed from rotting timbers, dugouts whose entrances were half filled with fallen earth, dugouts whose interiors were little changed and which had door mats of weeds, and dugouts where the roofs of corrugated iron were bared by the slipping away of the earth covering.

Out in front were the same festoons of barbed wire, rusty black, peeping out of the grass and weeds, and across the grass and weed grown area of the old No Man's Land I found the old German front line still intact in places—where it had not been caved in by our high explosive shells—behind the mess of tangled wire which had been lashed and pounded by our barrage.

I THOUGHT at first that I had merely hit upon one particular spot which the peasant had not reached with his spade, but I found that it was characteristic. It was like the ghost of a familiar past springing up to confront one — a tattered, slovenly, unkempt ghost whose form was unmistakable. By following the remains of trenches I think that the whole front line could be retraced from the Argonne Forest to the Meuse.

A few hundred yards from a village which was almost entirely rebuilt I saw trenches and dugouts which were in a singularly good state of preservation. If ever a community lived neighbor to the grim reminders of war it was this. Children were warned not to play in the barbed wire as they are to keep away from the water in a river town. When I asked why nothing had been done toward gathering the wire and

(*Continued on page* 30)

The Fall Guy's Fall Hat

By Wallgren

EDITORIAL

Changing the Constitution

THE great English premier and jurist, Mr. Gladstone, pronounced the constitution of the United States the greatest document ever stricken off at a given time by the mind of man. It set up on these shores a government of "checks and balances," of powers nicely distributed among the legislative, executive and judicial branches. It set up a government that should be responsive to popular opinion, but not to the mob.

To meet the changing conditions the Constitution has been amended eighteen times, but the distinctions between the functions and powers of the legislative, executive and judicial branches remain sharply defined. An important function of the judicial branch is its power to pass upon the legality of the acts of the legislative branch.

Time will come, doubtless, when it will be wise to effect further changes in the Constitution, but all such proposals should be scrutinized with care. There should be no changes such as one which is now being urged and which would give Congress the right to pass upon the constitutionality of its own acts by making Congress the final arbiter where the vote of the justices of the Supreme Court is five to four or six to three. There are nine Supreme Court justices and since the beginning of the Republic a majority vote only has been required for decision.

Against this proposal the Legion has taken a firm stand. A resolution adopted by the last national convention declared that to invest Congress—"a political body liable to be swayed by the passions of the hour"—with such power would be to imperil "the fundamentals of our government, as supplanting our cherished doctrine of justice for all with an appeal to the spirit of the mob and threatening destruction of the rights of a minority under the heel of a temporary, ruthless majority." The proposed change means that—nothing less.

A Job for All Hands

MANKIND is by nature so optimistic and easy-going that there is always the danger of predicting something desirable as a "sure thing"; effort is slackened and vigilance relaxed. If a thing is on the cards to happen, why, it is going to happen; that's all, so why toil and bother when it is so much more pleasant to recline at ease and await the coming of the happy event? This way of doing has upset more predictions than a few, for, all proverbs notwithstanding, few things come to him who merits—and does nothing else. There are several kinds of waiting.

Recently Mr. James predicted in these pages the enactment by the next Congress of the long-delayed adjusted compensation bill. He said this was as certain "as night follows day and as the sparks fly upward" but he qualified that statement by asserting that the Legion would have to work as hard as ever to make it all come true. This cannot be stressed too strongly. No miracle, no operation of natural phenomena, no waving of a fairy wand has brought the adjusted compensation issue from the nether depths to the threshold of success. Work has done it. Work and waiting—waiting that is for the right chance to land a telling blow and then landing it. That is what has brought adjusted compensation into the realm of certainties, and that is the program that must be carried through to the finish.

The American Legion, by hard work in the face of black discouragement in the early days, has persevered and it has succeeded in convincing most of the people in the country that adjusted compensation is a debt owing those who undertook all of the personal hazards as well as most of the economic hardships of war; a debt acknowledged; a debt that should be paid; a debt that can be paid; a debt whose payment, under the terms of the bills under consideration, would strengthen, not weaken the economic fibre of the country. The Legion has convinced the country of these things. Seventeen times the voters of an entire State have been called to say whether the veterans are entitled to compensation, and seventeen times they have said "aye."

But, as a very successful editor once declared, the public memory is only about nine days long. This may be putting it strongly, but the pertinent truth that lies in the assertion is a truth well known to all men in public life and all persons who have had much to do with public matters. The opponents of adjusted compensation are planning an elaborate and expensive campaign. What they lack in numbers they are prepared to make up by a generous expenditure of money. Arguments advanced, met and overthrown in bygone contests will be sent forth anew. Anew the Legion must meet and answer them. What it has said in the past it must say again, and what it has done in the past to advance adjusted compensation to the doorstep of success it must do again and advance it beyond that doorstep.

The public and the Congress must be told again that compensation is fair, just and owing to the veteran—and why; that it is inevitable legislation long overdue and must be passed now.

The late Francisco Villa's dexterity with firearms is pointed out in a recent biography which informs us that "it was a matter of pride with Villa that up to the day of his death he had never been beaten to the draw." On the day in question he was shot eight times. This humiliating occurrence doubtless hastened the general's end.

We always knew Justice was supposed to be blind but we didn't know she was deaf until a Brooklyn judge fined a man for smashing another's eukelele.

An Achievement

THREE weeks to the day after the American Legion Weekly on this page directed attention to the contest for supremacy in military air armament which is being waged, to the danger of world peace, by the nations of Europe, and urged that a move be made to end the race by international limitations agreement, the President of the United States said he had the matter under consideration and announced his first conclusions on the subject.

This is not a coincidence. The President's announcement was the direct result of the train of events set in motion by the suggestion which came from the Legion. Legionnaires as a whole may or may not ultimately share the President's views on this question. It is too early to say. The Legion has not as yet expressed itself in its usual formal manner at a national convention and the President admits that his opinions have not matured. Doubtless at this moment he has far-reaching investigations under way in an effort to make the decision which will seem to him to be the wisest under the circumstances.

It is sufficient to observe at this time that the agency which initiated this activity is The American Legion. It is a fact worth considering with care. What organization other than the Legion, what other group could have accomplished as much? What other name behind a movement—any movement—could have advanced it so far, with so little effort in so short a time?

President Coolidge Considers Air Conference Proposal

TO ascertain the general trend of sentiment throughout the country on the proposal made by The American Legion that an international conference be called to halt the race for supremacy in military aircraft the Weekly has instituted a selective national poll of opinion. We have asked persons in every State to tell us whether they favor such a conference and why. Our mailing list included members of Congress, Governors, newspaper editors, educators and other men and women who are conspicuous in varied walks of life. The returns for three weeks are tabulated here.

	For	Qualified	Against	Undecided
*Senators	19	0	0	2
*Representatives	67	2	3	4
Governors	10	1	1	2
Editors	145	1	11	1
College Presidents	33	0	2	0
Other private citizens	29	1	0	1
TOTALS	303	5	17	10

*Congress is not in session. The Weekly has received acknowledgments from the secretaries of many senators and representatives who are out of the United States or for other reasons are inaccessible.

THE American Legion Weekly's selective national poll of opinion on the war aircraft limitations question and the Legion's proposal that a call be sent out for a world conference to try to end the present competition for superiority have been recognized by the President of the United States. Likewise the poll, which continues preponderantly in favor of the Legion's suggestion, is receiving careful attention in military and naval circles as well as from members of the legislative branch of the Government.

Journalistic custom precludes the literal reproduction of the President's remarks to the Washington press correspondents, which accounts for the indirect nature of news dispatches emanating from the White House. Of Mr. Coolidge's attitude toward the Legion's proposal the Washington representative of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* says:

President Coolidge hopes for a time when it will be practicable for the nations of the world to sit down and undertake to fix a limit on aircraft construction, although he recognizes the difficulties now faced because of the European situation. Announcement was made to this effect by the White House spokesman. This was after the President's attention had been drawn to the proposal of The American Legion for an aircraft limitation conference and to the wide conviction, supported by developments overseas, that the race for military supremacy has been transferred from the sea to the air.

The President himself has not found it possible thus far to give full consideration to the aircraft question, but it is made known that it would be a matter of utmost satisfaction to him if some means could be found looking to an agreement for limitation.

At the moment, however, he feels that the general situation in Europe, one in which the powers are confronted with many difficulties, precludes any move toward stopping the new military race at this time. He doubts whether it would be possible now to divert the other nations, especially those in Europe, from their own problems and persuade them to join in another conference for the limitation of armament.

The President also is inclined to the view that this Government is now setting a fair example in refraining from engaging in competitive building of aircraft. That view, it developed after the White House conference, will be a matter of dismay to air specialists of the Army and Navy who have estimated their joint requirements for the next year to be around $50,000,000.

Further official fermentations which have come in the train of the Weekly's campaign are narrated by the New York *Herald*:

Agitation and activity over the matter of aircraft and the danger that the competition among the powers in this arm of warfare may turn the 5-5-3 naval ratio topsy turvy are discernible in various quarters in Washington. The reaction among military men to the Legion's announcement already promises to bring about accelerated efforts in this country to obtain support for an adequate air establishment as a means of military security. At the same time among advocates of peace and financial retrenchment it furnishes a new theme with which to resist increased military budgets.

The President's twofold proposition (1) that he would welcome a means of bringing the nations together to end the air race, but does not believe the time ripe to extend a conference invitation now, and (2) that until such time arrives the United States should set the world an example by refraining from participating in the race has received the endorsement of only a minority of the views which thus far have been submitted to this magazine. A few commentators—and among them some careful observers of foreign affairs—agree with Mr. Coolidge that this may not be the time to call a conference. The majority, however—and among these number observers equally qualified—believe it is, as one has put it, "America's business to try."

The suggestion that America set an example by declining to augment her air forces while European powers continue arming appears to meet with little favor. A great many persons express themselves as diametrically opposed to such a course. A large number of opinions advocating that unless the race is ended we take immediate steps toward aerial preparedness have been published previously. Here are others which cover the same ground:

Representative Royal C. Johnson, South Dakota.—I agree that there should be a limitation upon military aircraft armaments, but, I see no way to prevent the building of commercial aircraft and we all recognize the fact that commercial aircraft are immediately available for war purposes. I say frankly that unless there is a limitation the government appropriation for aircraft must be greatly increased.

Representative Samuel E. Winslow, Massachusetts.—I would like to see a reduction of anything military in its character which will actually tend, in definite form, to reduce the possibility of war between nations. Meanwhile I want to make mighty sure that our country is able to hold its own in any contest which may arise.

Representative W. A. Ayers, Kansas.—I do favor a conference to limit military aircraft, although I am somewhat disgusted with these international conferences. I can't see that up to date they have done much good. Undoubtedly the international conference which brought about the five-power [naval] treaty has amounted to but very little, and while there has been a great deal said about the limitation of armament and the scrapping of the navy brought about by this conference, there is nothing to it, and it looks at the present time as though Japan at least has not let up on the armament in any way and is increasing her navy.

Further, at least within four months after they had held this conference, representatives of the same governments and others held another conference in the city of Washington and discussed different methods of producing gas that would destroy whole cities and an entire population by dropping one bomb—and to think all this occurred within a short time after the peace conference! But, notwithstanding that fact, I am willing and anxious

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Your Home Town

The Burning Shame of America

By Harold S. Buttenheim

Editor, The American City Magazine

PROPERTY worth $495,406,012—nearly double the total disbursements for pensions in 1921—was destroyed by fire in the United States during that year, according to the recently compiled figures of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. This record earns for the United States the distinction, disgraceful enough, of suffering the largest fire loss in any year—with the exception of 1906, the year of the San Francisco fire—that any people had ever had to bear since men first built cities. The underwriters' figures for last year are not yet available, but a compilation of the unofficial daily records of the New York *Journal of Commerce* indicates that America's fire loss for 1922 will exceed the 1921 record and be well over half a billion dollars.

On May 18, 1923, the entire nation was horrified to learn of the burning the night before of the Cleveland school, near Camden, South Carolina. The cost to society of such a fire is indicated by the fact that, aside from the loss of seventy-five American lives, a survey by the Director of Disaster Relief of the Southern Division of the American Red Cross showed that forty-two orphans, four widows, two aged paralytics and eight seriously injured persons would require permanent relief. America has a wonderful asset in the Red Cross in such an emergency, but is it not high time that we gave more serious attention to methods of fire prevention and protection which will substantially reduce our annual toll of fire losses from preventable causes?

How shall we go about it? What can the citizen do, as an individual or through organized action, to reduce the daily average of more than 1,500 fires in the United States, and the property loss equivalent to more than $1,000 every minute in every day in the year?

Whatever is wasted in the community retards the progress and growth of the community. Whatever is wasted in the nation fosters national carelessness and inefficiency and is morally as well as materially destructive.

The greatest single cause of fires is plain, simple carelessness. More than $25,000,000 of the annual fire loss has been traced to the careless use of matches and smoking. The match, some one has said, is perhaps the most valuable and the most dangerous article made by man. And some one else has said, "Matches do not think with their heads. When you use them, your head has to do all the thinking. Do the thinking. Put them out."

Matches are by no means the only outlets for our American sin of carelessness. The 1921 compilation lists the following losses from strictly preventable and partly preventable causes:

STRICTLY PREVENTABLE CAUSES

Defective chimneys and flues	$14,801,581
Fireworks, firecrackers, etc	573,595
Gas, natural and artificial	2,213,440
Hot ashes and coals, open fires	4,327,268
Ignition of hot grease, etc	1,597,851
Matches—smoking	25,992,033
Open lights	2,831,116
Petroleum and its products	9,420,343
Rubbish and litter	1,235,319
Sparks on roofs	11,458,220
Steam and hot water pipes	191,771
Stoves, furnaces, boilers and their pipes	13,910,531

PARTLY PREVENTABLE CAUSES

Electricity	$12,723,209
Explosions	1,980,274
Exposure (including conflagrations)	62,912,566
Sparks from machinery	6,972,928
Incendarism	2,488,976
Lightning	12,353,222
Miscellaneous known causes	7,705,196
Sparks from combustion	4,864,771
Spontaneous combustion	20,186,392
Unknown causes (probably largely preventable)	175,584,208
Total	$396,324,810
25 percent to cover unreported losses	99,081,202
Grand total	$495,406,012

In our efforts to reduce the causes of fire, perhaps our most hopeful field is in education through the public schools. For schools which are not already giving such instruction, an excellent fir prevention manual for school childre is available. It is entitled "Safeguard ing the Home against Fire," and wa prepared for the United States Bureau of Education by the National Board o Fire Underwriters.

We can't leave the whole problen to the school children, however. Edu cation can reduce carelessness, bu it can't eliminate it entirely, nor pre vent the occurrence of frequent acci dents which cause fires. Hence the im portance of properly enforced laws anc building codes requiring, for example fireproof construction in public build ings and congested sections of cities; the proper installation, inspection and maintenance of lighting and heating equipment; restrictions on the handling and storage of inflammable materials; and the more general use of chemical extinguishers and of automatic devices designed either to stop or hold in check the progress of the flames.

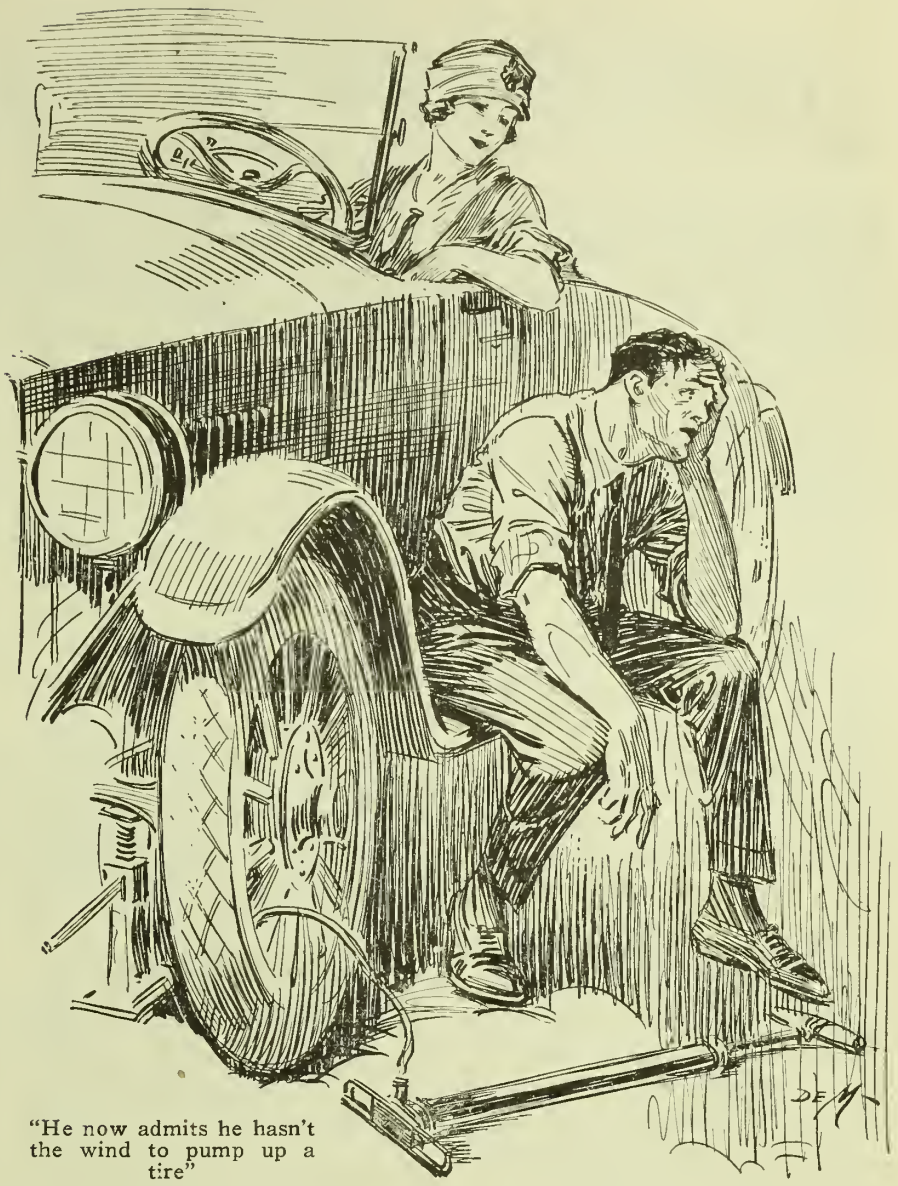
Adequate personnel and equipment for local fire departments, whether these are paid or volunteer, must by no means be overlooked. The general adoption of motor-driven fire-fighting equipment and the abundance of our modern water-supply systems have made possible the extinguishment of many a fire and the prevention of many a conflagration whose ravages would have been much greater if we still had to depend on horse-drawn equipment and water from cisterns and wells. Fire losses are being reduced, too, in cities where there is a systematic inspectional service by the uniformed force of the fire department. Besides reducing fire hazards, such service is of value in giving the fire-fighters detailed knowledge of the buildings in which they may be called upon to fight fires, and in educating the owner or householder as to fire risks and fire prevention methods.

Much of the complacency of the American people as to fire losses is due to loose thinking as to who pays the cost. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that fire insurance companies do not pay fire losses. They merely act as agents to collect insurance assessments and out of these pay the fire losses. The greater the fire loss the more the people are assessed and the less they have to pay for other things. For it is the people who have to pay this half-billion dollars' annual fire loss.

BACCARAT SECTOR, NEW STYLE.—Baccarat Post of Richwood, Ohio, took possession of a gravel pit, made a lake out of it (now called Lake Baccarat), constructed a beach, laid out picnic grounds, and gave its home town an ideal recreation center at a cost of $500, borne by the post

Ain't It *the* Truth?

Ly Frank F. Miles



"He now admits he hasn't the wind to pump up a tire"

PNEUMONIA ended the life of one of my World War buddies in an Iowa town not long ago. It was the immediate cause of his death, but he realized before he died, and I know, that his failure to keep in condition after he was discharged from the Army was primarily responsible.

More than a hundred ex-service men who were members of The American Legion post to which he belonged attended his funeral in uniform. The day was cold, dark and rainy. It was two miles from the church to the cemetery.

The uniformed veterans, of course, disdained conveyances, and marched every step of the distance. They started out strongly enough, but before they had gone half way here and there a marcher faltered and occasionally lost step. At a mile and a half hardly a man was carrying himself with the same poise and precision he had had when he started. When the cemetery was reached several of the men were so exhausted they could hardly stand, while virtually all showed plainly the effects of the exertion.

The next day, in the post club rooms, man after man who had marched complained of stiff joints or muscles. A number had caught colds, and two were so ill they had to remain in bed.

"We're getting old," commented one, rubbing his legs. "We're not so spry as we were when we were soldiering."

Old? He was twenty-eight, formerly a star college athlete, and one of the sturdiest men in his infantry company overseas.

"That's right," agreed another. "Say, if I had to march five miles it would kill me."

He was thirty, a magnificent specimen to look upon in spite of about twenty-five pounds of excess fat. He had played professional baseball before he went into the service, and it was his boast in 1917-'18 that he could march twenty miles a day, carrying a full pack, in any kind of weather and never feel it.

Neither of the speakers was wounded or gassed, and both were hard as nails when they returned to civilian pursuits.

THE veteran who died was twenty-seven when he was enlisted. He played football and basketball, and was on the track team when he was in high school. In college he was one of the best football players who ever wore the moleskins in the Middle West. Graduating at twenty-two, he plunged immediately into the practice of law, and in the five years before he went into the Army took little or no exercise. He was then about fifteen pounds heavier than he should have been and complained of stomach trouble, but under the rigorous service training he soon rounded back into the condition he had enjoyed in his college days. Going overseas early in 1918, he was in some of the heaviest fighting, was wounded once, but recovered quickly, and rejoined his outfit. The long, hard marches, days and nights of exposure in the mud and rain, and the tremendous nervous and mental strain every man at the front had to endure did not affect him noticeably, if at all.

Upon returning home he re-entered his law practice, forgot physical exercise, prospered, but accumulated a lot of needless fat. A moderate smoker before he donned the uniform, he, like most of the men who served, got to smoking from one to two packages of cigarettes a day, and he kept it up until stricken with his fatal illness.

Had he been in anything like the condition he should have been in the disease probably would not have got a grip on him. When it did, his powers of resistance were so undermined that he could not fight it with anywhere near an even chance to win. On his deathbed he said that lack of care of himself, more than anything else, had put him where he was. He met the inevitable bravely and cheerfully, blaming only himself, for that was his way.

The Armistice was signed a little less than five years ago. Most of that mighty force of 4,800,000 American men and women who responded to the call of the colors did not leave the service until sometime in 1919. Every one, except those who were wounded, gassed, affected mentally, or suffering from disease or illness due to the service, was in a better physical state when he came out than when he went in.

But in the post-war reaction most veterans, feeling overfed with training and discipline, have hated even the thoughts of any kind of systematic physical exercise. And it is the way of most other Americans to go along under normal conditions, heedless of their bodies and general health.

One night recently in a Y.M.C.A. in the city in which the writer lives, one team failed to appear for a scheduled basketball game. Several ex-service men were sitting around the reading room. In the course of their conversation about the incident they learned that six of them were former players. One was the fastest forward who had ever played at one of the larger universities, and in the service he had amazed everyone who saw him in action with his ability and endurance.

So a veterans' quintette was formed

to take the place of the absent team. The former crack forward was somewhat heavier than he was when he was discharged from the Army, and jokingly admitted that he had "done nothing" since then, but he believed he was "about as good" as he ever was, he declared.

The play started with cyclonic speed. The former star played in almost his old time form for five minutes. Then he stopped suddenly, staggered over to one side of the court and vomited freely. He played no more that night and was sick for several days. Not one of the other veterans who started was able to finish.

And They Used to Be Good

SHORTLY after this an American Legion picnic was held here. The usual program of races was staged. One Legionnaire, only twenty-eight years old, who ran the hundred in ten seconds flat in college and was almost as fast in the Army, managed to win the picnic sprint in 11 2-5 seconds—and then sat down for two hours, so dizzy he was barely able to raise his head.

In a tug of war at a Legion carnival in another town, at about the same time, two big huskies who were football stars a few years ago and who were artillerymen in the service fainted while tugging.

Another veteran who was a full back on a college football team, and later a captain of infantry overseas, bought an automobile soon after he again became a civilian, spent three years exerting the utmost mental effort in business, but not a moment more than he had to at walking, took no other form of exercise, and now admits he hasn't the wind to pump up a tire.

A party of ex-service men, all of whom had marched and fought in the 168th Infantry, Rainbow Division, and not one of whom was wounded or gassed, started on a fifteen-mile hike out of Des Moines, Iowa, last fall. Only one finished—the smallest and oldest man in the group. He explained that he had taken hikes regularly ever since he got out of the service.

The average man invariably insists that he's "just as good" as he ever was. A Marine who easily threw every man in his company who grappled with him cut out wrestling and all other exercise for three years after he was discharged, then was outwinded in four minutes and pinned by a seventeen-year-old high school lad fifteen pounds lighter than he. And the boy had had nothing like the experience the Marine had had.

The captain of an American Legion post's indoor baseball team, organized without practice for an indoor circus, had to use seventeen players in the game because only three were able to go the full route.

It's an amusing and tragic sight to see a group of ex-service men in their uniforms today—a group of the same men who four years ago were able to tackle almost anything. In those days they were trained down, their organs functioned perfectly, their steps were springy and sure, they walked erect.

But today here's one who can't make the blouse and trousers he wore in the service meet at his waist. Here's another whose uniform hangs on him like a sack on a bean pole. Another's blouse is short behind because he is stooped. Another's legs are so thin his trousers flap as he walks. The fellow next to him could now put both arms in one of his blouse sleeves.

The average age of the man in the service was twenty-three. It was generally believed before the war that few American men at that age were physically deficient. But what an awakening this country got when the youth called to the service from all walks of life were examined! About a third could not begin to pass the physical examination. Hundreds of thousands of others who were taken were wofully unsound but still had enough to them so that it was thought they could be made over.

The service training in the camps—regular hours of sleep, simple diet and hours upon hours of "Swedish" and drilling did wonders for many. Men in combat units, of course, had little regularity in anything and endured all kinds of hardships, but most of them were in such good shape by the time they got up front that they withstood the ordeal well, unless wounded.

So It's b[illegible] Sailor's Life

THE men in the Navy, which through no fault of its own did little fighting, were superbly healthy. In one twelve month period of the war the death rate among sailors was lower than for any previous year in peace. That probably was due to the more orderly life the sailors had to live when the country was at war than they live in peace, and they live, ordinarily, just as sanely as any other class of men, certain weird fiction stories to the contrary notwithstanding.

Now the average age of the men who served is under thirty. But if every one of them, soldiers and sailors both, who is supposed still to be abled-bodied were to be called for a service physical examination, the number who would be rejected would astound the nation. For the facts are that the idleness, insofar as physical exercise is concerned, of the World War veteran since he doffed the uniform is astounding.

Not one veteran in a hundred is today paying any appreciable attention to his physical self. It's not that the service made them laggards or loafers at heart—ninety-nine of every hundred of them would fight again in an instant if they were needed. Extremists, like most other Americans, they have let down completely, and they now seem to be disposed to get as far away from doing the things they did in the service as they possibly can.

Who'll Wake Buddy Up?

HOW to arouse ex-service men to the need of caring for their bodies now is a big question. Many groups among veterans' organizations have club rooms. Only a few have gymnasiums. The club rooms are used for reading, lounging, playing pool or billiards. For a year or two after the war was over many posts had athletic teams, but the number is decreasing rapidly. "We're getting past that age," is the usual excuse.

But should they be? The experience of men who have taken systematic exercise all their lives proves that it pays, and pays many, many fold for the investment in time and effort. The tendency nowadays is for men in all vocations to get away from physical work. Labor-saving devices, automobiles—the effect of these improvements has been to make men weaker because they do not use their bodies as men did a few years ago.

In the schools athletics are stressed, and it is a hopeful sign that general interest in sports is constantly growing. The colleges are giving ever-increasing thought to the physical side of the student, but beyond that, what? A few athletic clubs, which all too often are lounging places rather than body builders. Moreover, only a small percentage of our youth go to college. Many large cities do not have an athletic club worthy of the name, if any. Golf, tennis and like sports are played by some men to their invaluable benefit, but relatively few can afford the time and money for club membership and recreation.

The fact that so many young men were unfit for military service should have been made a matter of national concern immediately after the war ended. The fact that so soon after enforced physical training ceased so large a proportion of those who had it discontinued it should set everybody in this country to wondering what the ultimate result will be unless something drastic is done.

No one can read the programs of the veterans' organizations without being thrilled at the patriotism which inspired their writing. No one can see them taking their places in American life without admiring them for the stuff that's in them. No one can feel that America is in much danger from a

(*Continued on page* 27)

Comfort

By H. I. Gilchrist

AFTER we'd finished training and had had
One little taste of shrapnel and cold mud
We met a poilu in a small café
That had two walls and almost half a roof,
And joined him in a talkfest that was queer.
He could speak English, helped out by his hands,
But all the French we knew was pretty sparse.
We asked him how things were up in his sector;
He said, "Pas bon," and we pried out of him
He'd been there since the darned war had begun
Except for hospital. The week before,
He'd stood for twenty hours in the mud
Up to his knees before he got relief.
"Gosh, that was fierce, tereeble!" Shorty said,
"How could you stand it?" And the guy replied
With just a shrug, "Ah, if I had sat down
I should have been—how do you say?—submerged."
He drained his glass. We paid for the vin blanc.

Learning *to* Soldier *by* Mail

By L. M. Limpus

SCENE: Anyvet's office, Anytown, United States.

Time: Any time this year.

Dramatis Personæ: Anyvet, ex-A. E. F. shavetail, and X. Buck, a former member of his company.

Curtain rises, discovering Anyvet sitting at his desk, which is littered with maps and papers. He is smoking savagely and running one hand through his tangled locks, while he beats a nervous pencil tattoo on the desk with the other. Buck has entered unannounced and stands in the doorway, contemplating the scene in puzzled wonder.

Buck (curiously): "What's eatin' on you, Loot? Makin' out your income tax or just figurin' out the cost o' getting married?"

Anyvet (jumping nervously and attempting to cover papers with his hand): "Oh, it's you, Buck. You startled me. Naw, I'm just—er—working on a little hobby of mine."

Buck (after strolling across and leaning familiarly on the desk in a fashion that would have courted disaster in the old days): "Oh, but what's all the books?" (Picking them up, one after the other.) "'Army Regulations' . . . .'Manual of Courts Martial' . . . . 'Cooks and Bakers.' Why, Good Lord, Loot, the war's over now; whatcha using this trash for?"

Anyvet (nervously): "Why, you see, Buck, I'm still a Reserve Officer, and I have to keep up my studies."

Buck (severely): "Sa-a-ay, didn't you get a stomach full of that stuff during this here late unpleasantness?"

Anyvet: "Certainly I did, but this is kind of a game, besides."

Buck: "How do you mean, a game?"

Anyvet: "Why, it's this way. I'm taking an Army correspondence course, and we're fighting a war on paper with some Asiatic country. Right now I'm down in Pennsylvania with a newly organized unit, and one of my men has the measles. There's no medical officer around, and he can't go with the outfit, which moves tomorrow. What do I do with him?"

BUCK: "Easy. Stick him in a hospital and let him goldbrick a while. He'll show up when pay-call comes."

Anyvet: "Yes, but who pays the hospital bills? I don't want to, but if I'm not careful I'm liable to get stuck with them. And what reports do I have to make? And who pays the doctor? And can I transfer him to a military hospital when he's able to move? And what do I do with his equipment? And where can I—"

Buck (interrupting): "Go easy, Loot. I give it up. What's the answer?"

Anyvet: That's what I'm looking up in the books."

(And the conversation runs on until Buck takes his old commander out to lunch.)

The scene of the foregoing dialogue is laid "anywhere" because there are over 60,000 Lieutenant Anyvets scattered all over the United States today, and most of them are engaged in digging away at the War Department Correspondence Courses during their spare time.

They are the reserve officers of Uncle Sam's army, and practically all of them saw service during the war. Most of them accepted reserve commissions in the highest grade which they held during their military service, while a number of ex-enlisted men have taken examinations and qualified as reserve second lieutenants.

THERE are promotions ahead, but no promotion comes until the reservist can persuade a board of grim-visaged, square-jawed Regulars that he is fitted for it.

Therefore it behooves the applicant to be fully prepared when some strange Regular major barks at him, "What reports does a third assistant company clerk render on the last day of the month, preceding the first Friday?" and a Regular captain inquires, "Can a summary court case be tried by a special court, and if so, why not?" while the stuttering applicant is still stammering over the [illegible]estion.

The correspon[illegible]oburses given by the War Department furnish the preparation which the reservist needs to pass an ordeal of that kind, and therefore the younger officers go after them hot and heavy. Sometimes they find the game involved so interesting that they can hardly be pried away from it to answer the home mess-call.

It is evidently presumed by the War Department that the men who hold reserve commissions are fitted to function in their present grades, and they are therefore privileged to take courses which will prepare them for the responsibilities involved in the next highest rank.

Under this scheme lieutenants find themselves furrowing their brows over the problems of the company commander, while the latter frantically moves battalions around over a map in order to keep them from getting destroyed.

In the first course, an assumed war has broken out with an enemy power and the lieutenant visualizes himself as "Captain John Smith, 349th Infantry Regiment," stationed in a little Pennsylvania town. His command and its officers are scattered around that vicinity.

The declaration of war bursts upon him, and then comes the order for the reserves to mobilize. Captain Smith proceeds to do that little thing, but it isn't nearly so easy as it sounds, even if he does have to do it only on paper.

His lesson assignment gives him the telegram ordering the mobilization, and also tells him where his company is located and of whom it consists. His orders require him to produce that command at Camp Meade, Maryland, on a certain specified date.

Captain Smith starts solving the problems which bob up at every turn, and as soon as he gets one straightened out the eternal question sheet outlines another.

The bewildered student suddenly finds himself called upon to feed and house that paper company, and he starts making contracts that are going to cost him money if he makes a mistake. His company mobilizes — and then he discovers that one of his lieutenants is off visiting in Texas. After a frantic search of the regulations he gets the lieutenant properly notified and at once meets that terrible bugaboo, Transportation. First, he can't get it at all—it simply isn't available. And while he waits for it he has to take care of that company, which is easier said than done.

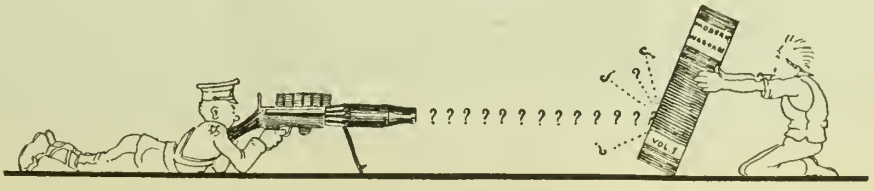
TROUBLES pour down on his devoted head. Two of his imaginary soldiers get in a fight down town and destroy fifty dollars worth of property, and the irate owner descends upon the worried commander. He can't even identify the miscreants, but he wants his money back—and what is the captain going to do about it? The captain has a hazy idea that somebody has to pay for it, and he starts another frantic search through all the books and manuals at hand. After a while he may find something about it and get it settled, only to face additional problems.

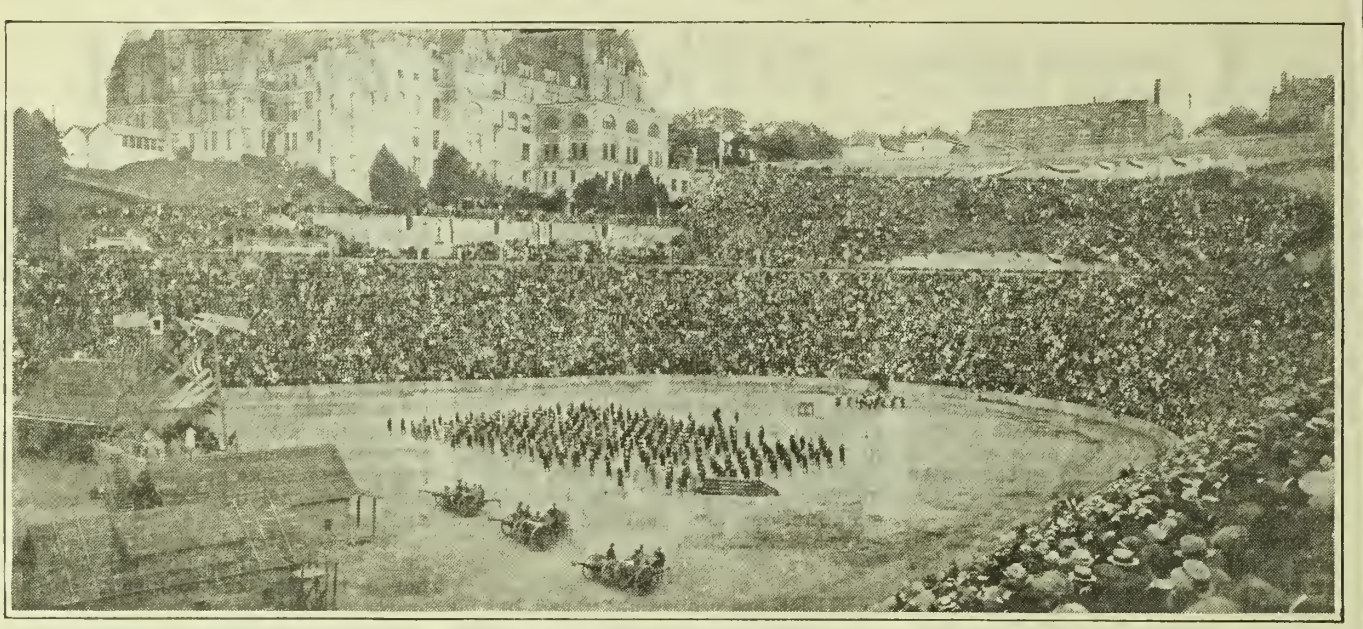
An ex-soldier appears and wants to re-enlist, and the student has to discover whether or not Captain Smith is authorized to accept him. The man was a sergeant, and if he decides to enlist him, in what grade is the recruit sworn in?

Disciplinary problems bob up. His paper cook is discovered with dirty fingernails, the men begin crabbing about the chow, and the room orderly gets fresh with the N. C. O. in charge of quarters. The captain finds dirt under a bunk in the corner. All of these problems have to be disposed of and the solutions sent in to a Regular Army officer for correction.

Harassed at every turn, the captain finally gets his cars. How many does he want? When does he want them? Does he inspect them? If so, for what? When? At last he gets his paper company marched down to the paper depot and entrained for Camp Meade on a paper train—and then his troubles have begun.

(*Con. on page* 23)





40,000 PERSONS SAW THIS POST'S COMMUNITY CELEBRATION.—The famous stadium at Tacoma, Washington, as it looked during a show put on by Edward B. Rhodes Post. At the left is a village which was destroyed in a battle act staged by the Tank Company of Centralia

Bay State Post Shows What Its Town Makes and Sells

THE list of Legion activities in the interest of community welfare was enlarged when Newburyport (Massachusetts) Post this year conducted a three-day mercantile and industrial exposition. The exposition was held in the Newburyport city hall. More than one hundred of the city's business houses and factories had exhibits and 7,000 persons visited the exposition.

The large auditorium of the city hall was transformed into a miniature village in which the exhibitors' booths lined the streets. Each booth was in reality a small store, with a show window, an entrance and interior counters for displaying articles offered for sale. The exhibition was a cross-section of the entire business life of the city, and the central prominence was held by shoes, testifying to the city's leading manufacturing industry.

A fashion show was conducted afternoons and evenings, living models displaying apparel furnished by exhibitors. There were also continuous band and orchestra music, radio concerts and special exhibitors' demonstrations.

The chamber of commerce co-operated with the post. As a part of the exhibition, special ceremonies were held to mark the opening of the old Newburyport Turnpike, a new State road thirty miles long connecting Newburyport and Boston.

President Obregon Helps Legion Mark Graves of Dead in Mexico

PRESIDENT OBREGON of Mexico has written to National Commander Alvin Owsley regretfully declining an invitation to attend the Fifth National Convention at San Francisco and explaining that a provision of the Mexican National Constitution prevents the President from leaving the country during his term of office.

President Obregon has already attested his friendship for the Legion on many occasions. The latest was his recent action in ordering that American army granite graves markers be admitted into Mexico without payment of customs duty. Arrangements have been made by the Department of Mexico of The American Legion for the importation of 200 of the markers, which are supplied free by the Quartermaster Corps for the graves of American soldiers of all wars.

The Mexico department recently called attention to the fact that gravestones in the American National Cemetery at Mexico City, where many hundreds of American soldiers are buried, have weathered so badly that many of the inscriptions are illegible. Some of the stones mark the graves of soldiers of the War of 1847. The Mexico Department will supervise the replacement of the worn headstones with new ones. It will also see that the graves of all World War veterans in Mexico are properly marked.

Before issuing a decree permitting the free importation of graves markers President Obregon received several delegations of Legionnaires at the presidental palace.

One of the many booths in the industrial exposition given by Newburyport (Massachusetts) Post

He has also assisted in the relief of American former service men who had become stranded in his country.

Gopher Legion Scores Official Welcome to Conchy

THE war has been over five years, but the Minnesota department of The American Legion doesn't believe that now or any other time is it fitting that a city council should extend an official welcome to a man just released from a Federal prison after serving a sentence for violation of the Draft Act. The united sentiment of Minnesota Legionnaires was expressed in a resolution passed by the Minnesota department convention condemning the city council of Minneapolis for giving a reception in honor of J. O. Bentall, a conscientious objector freed from Leavenworth prison.

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis denounced Bentall in a speech before the convention. He used his usual picturesque figurative language in referring to politicians who pander to disloyalty. "If any man comes up for public office in any primary or general election who is not a four-square American I ask that you get a baseball bat and lay that bat behind his ear as a final compliment to me," he said.

Convention Voting Strength Is Measured by Membership

MEMBERSHIP means more to an American Legion department than just the number of names on its rolls. It is the deciding factor also in the department's voice in the Legion's national affairs. It determines how many delegates the department is entitled to seat in national convention. At San Francisco each department will be represented by five delegates and one delegate for each one thousand members or major fraction of one thousand, and also by alternates equal in number to the delegates. Each department delegation's strength will be figured from the number of its paid-up members as shown by the books of the National Treasurer on September 15th.

In addition to elected delegates, members

of the National Executive Committee, composed of one member from each State, are seated in the convention as accredited delegates.

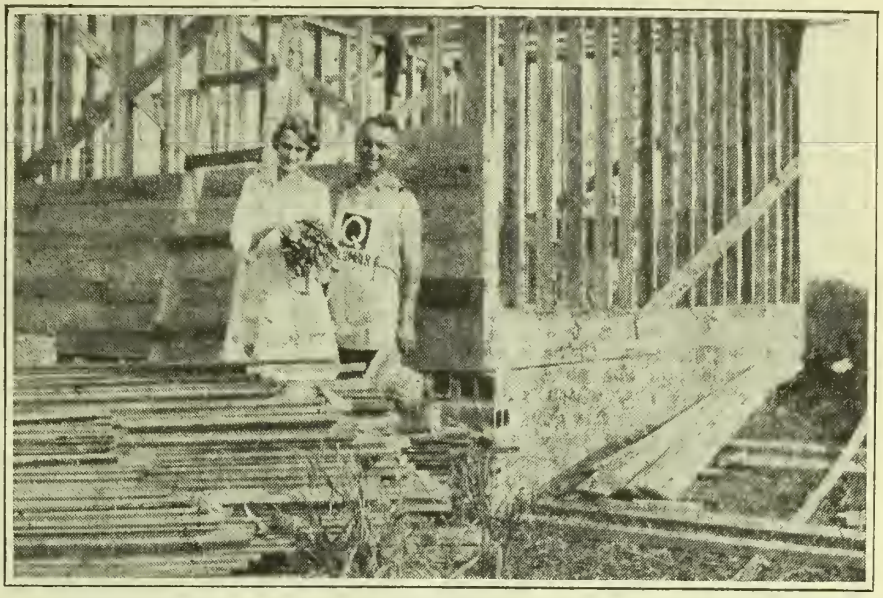
The term of office of the National Executive Committee expires with the adjournment of the national convention, and the term of the executive committee for the following year begins immediately after the adjournment. The present ex-executive committee will meet in San Francisco on the day preceding the convention—October 14th—at 4 p. m. The new executive committee will meet within twenty-four hours after the convention closes, as required by the National Constitution.

Two Laborers for the Legion Are Repaid in Legion Labor

VERGIL E. KEPFORD, secretary of Argonne Post of Des Moines, Iowa, not only made good at his job after he was appointed a year ago January but promptly proceeded to woo and win one of the post's charming nurses, Miss Violet Anderson. Married last October, they went on their honeymoon with the Iowa gang to New Orleans.

As all happily and thoughtful Legionnaire newlyweds should, Mr. and Mrs. Kepford at once decided to have a home of their own. Acquiring a lot in Des Moines, they employed a Legionnaire to build a four-room bungalow on it. No couple lives that is more willing and eager to help veterans at any time under any circumstances, so it was not suprising that about the time the foundation was finished, two of the post's members, Commander W. A. Stevens and Ralph E. Kittinger, told the Kepfords to expect a force of carpenters at the place the following Sunday. On the day designated fifteen Legionnaires turned to at daybreak and, despite a blistering sun, kept at it until dark. Auxiliary members served much food and gallons of cold drinks throughout the day to the volunteer construction crew.

Although much was accomplished that first Sunday, there was still a lot to be done, so the same group of comrades returned the following Sunday and worked all day, and then all day a third Sunday. Four weeks elapsed before the crew could be used again. On that Sunday about all except the finishing touches were put on, even to the wiring by an electrician Legionnaire.



Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Kepford, both members of Argonne Post of Des Moines, Iowa, pose in front of their partially completed bungalow. The odds and ends of legs protruding through the ceiling and over the walls belong to other Legionnaires, for Legionnaires built the house

Oklahoma Allows Aspirants for Office Chance to Become Known

HEADQUARTERS of the Oklahoma department of the Legion has adopted a practicable plan to acquaint the posts of the State with the qualifications of candidates for department commander and vice-commander. It announced that any post having a candidate might submit a short statement, attested by the post commander and post adjutant, for publication in the weekly bulletin of the department.

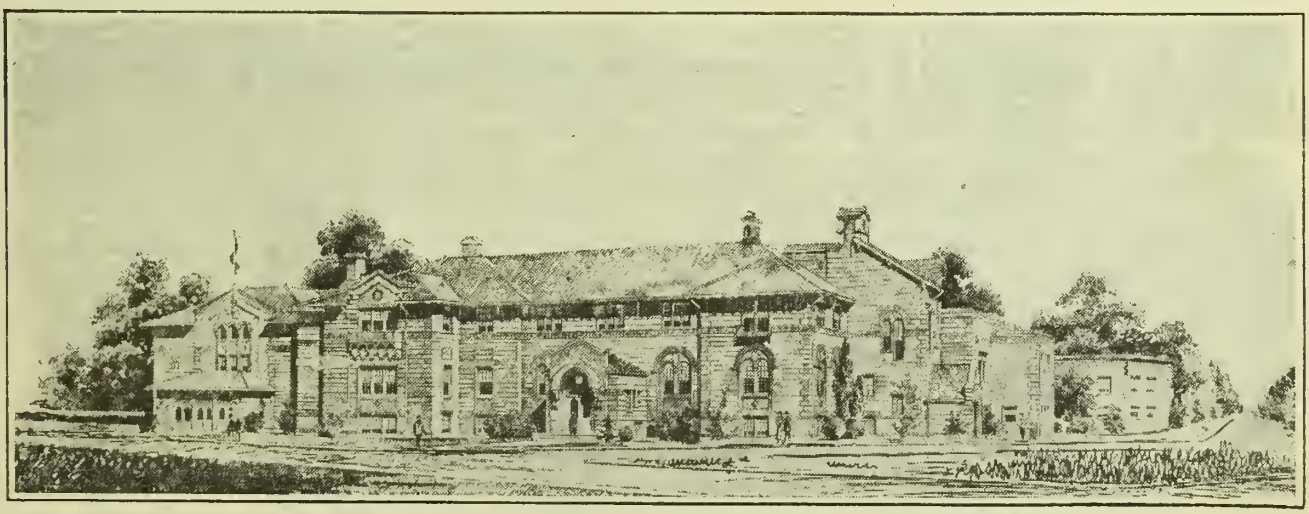
Standard Oil Gives Hoosier Town $450,000 Memorial

THE new memorial community house of Whiting, Indiana, which Whiting Post of the Legion helps dedicate this month, is the gift of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. It will cost $450,000. During the World War 580 employes of the Whiting refinery of the Standard Oil Company entered the service and ninety percent of them returned to their former employment after the war. A central feature of the building will be a memorial room with a seating capacity of 350, which will be dedicated by Whiting Post. Included also is an auditorium seating 1,000 persons. The Legion post has been assigned exclusive clubrooms, completely furnished. In other parts of the building are social and reading rooms, a large gymnasium with running track and swimming pool, pool and billiard rooms, dance floors and a large banquet hall.

Leave It to the Auxiliary to Try Out New Ideas

HERE is a new idea in party-giving: The Sea Cliff (New York) Auxiliary Unit gives Fifth Friday parties—they only come four times a year, and so do not attain staleness. They give bridge parties and hold cake sales now and then, too. The result has been a fund from which the Auxiliary donated $1,000 to the Veterans' Mountain Camp and $500 to their Legion post toward equipping a new clubhouse.

The "bake sale," which has long been



Whiting (Indiana) Post will have its quarters in this handsome memorial building, the gift of the Standard Oil Company to the town

a popular method to raise funds, has been discarded in the Department of Washington. Some of the substitutes employed are a pageant which brought $600, a May Day dance which cleared $695, and a huge card party which netted $800. A county fair arranged by another Washington unit resulted in a fund of $1,100. Another unit made poppies and capes and caps for a Fourth of July celebration.

Consider, too, the idea that came to Mrs. Ira M. Downey, department president of Indiana, who was faced with furnishing materials for an occupational school of 865 ex-service men patients at the Marion National Home. She had a friend in the china importing business. China is packed in grass. From him she obtained 1,300 pounds of china grass, which normally would cost $600, and this has gone to Marion, where the men are weaving many beautiful things of it. Mrs. Downey also obtained a load of lumber from which the men make small pieces of furniture. From her units she obtained scraps of silk, old stockings and clean rags for the making of rugs. The department intends to sell the manufactured articles, the proceeds to go to the soldier makers.

Auxiliary units of Little Rock, Arkansas, are busy doing good deeds for the men in Fort Logan H. Roots Hospital. Recently they gave a "periodical perambulator" for use in the wards. "The book-cart is a very substantial four-wheeled affair with rheumatic tires and will hold many volumes," declares the hospital paper, the *Pill*. "There are two stories; one below for ordinary reading matter, and one above for higher fiction."

The Regular Army has not been forgotten by Auxiliary units in peacetime. Not long ago a transport left—sh-h-h-h!—an Atlantic port with 600 soldiers bound on a cable-laying job. Mrs. Ella B. Ransome, secretary of the Department of New York, was informed at three p.m. on the day prior to sailing that the men would like magazines and other reading matter. She notified the Kings County (Brooklyn) chairman and before ten o'clock the next morning Auxiliary women reached the ship and distributed 800 packages of cigarettes, games, magazines and candies to the ocean-bound soldiers.

Minnesota-South Dakota Posts Provide Sport for Five Towns

FIVE American Legion posts of South Dakota and Minnesota have just shown that horse-racing is still hot stuff in this age when it's hard to see the county fair for the motor cars. The posts at Flandreau and Madison in the former State and at Slayton, Redwood Falls and Pipestone in the latter were not satisfied to put on horse racing meets in the usual way, each trusting to luck to get as entries a good assortment of speedy steeds. Instead they formed the Dakota-Minnesota American Legion Racing Circuit, lined up the best running horses in that part of the United States and then held three days of racing in each town with the same entries. The first meet was held at Flandreau June 12th, 13th and 14th, and the circuit closed at Madison July 10th, 11th and 12th.

Between the first jump-off at Flandreau and the final judges' decision at Madison the Legionnaires of five towns and the people of those towns generally saw not only the best horse races ever seen there but also league baseball games and an assortment of other sport events. The circuit worked so well that plans were immediately made to conduct another next year.

The celebration and race meeting at Flandreau was typical of that in the other four towns. Robert E. Kelly Post advertised the affair widely and many posts in adjoining towns sent large delegations and bands and drum corps to help make it successful. The race purses totaled $2,000 for the running race and $400 was given for The American Legion Derby of one and one-eighth miles. At night the race grounds were lighted with flood lights and large crowds thronged a midway. A traveling stock company played a series of shows in a tent which seated 2,500 persons, the post sharing in the receipts. The Sioux Falls and Watertown baseball teams of the Dakota League played one of their regularly scheduled games on one of the days. Open-air acrobatic exhibitions were a part of the free entertainment.

Rifle Meet Open to Individuals and Teams

INDIVIDUAL Legionnaires as well as department and post teams are eligible to compete in the national rifle contest to be held during the Fifth National Convention at San Francisco next month. The meet will be held on the National Guard range at Leona Heights, Oakland. Entries should be sent to Major W. H. Mallett, Chairman, Rifle Shoot Sub-Committee, Legion National Convention Headquarters, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

Re-opening of Schools Directs Attention to Second National Essay Contest

NOW that the school year has opened throughout America, Legion posts will be eager to bring again to the notice of pupils and teachers alike details of the Second National American Legion Essay Contest, which was announced in the Weekly by the National Americanism Commission three months ago just before schools closed for the summer vacation.

The subject of this year's essay will be: "Why America Should Prohibit Immigration for Five Years." National prizes of $750, $500, and $250 are offered for the first, second and third prize winning essays, the money to be used for scholarships in colleges indicated by the winners. In addition there will be, in each State, first, second and third prizes consisting respectively of a silver medal, a bronze medal and a certificate of merit.

The rules, as announced by the National Americanism Commission, are as follows:

All girls and boys between the ages of 12 and 18 years, inclusive, are eligible to enter this contest.

Only one essay to a person.

Essay will not be over 500 words in length.

Only one side of paper to be used. A margin of one inch must be allowed on either side of paper.

After essay is completed paper should be neatly folded, not rolled.

Spelling, penmanship and neatness will be considered in judging the winner.

Age will also be given full consideration.

All essays must be received at a place designated by the county superintendent of schools not later than midnight of October 12, 1923.

The county superintendent of schools is asked to select three judges whose duty it will be to choose the best essay for their county. The Americanism officer of the county shall co-operate in every way with the superintendent of schools and the judges of the contest. The winning essay of that county should be forwarded to the Department Americanism Chairman of The American Legion not later than midnight of November 1, 1923.

The state superintendent or school commissioner of the state schools will be asked to select three judges for his State. The duties of the state judges will be to select the three best essays from the winners in the counties of the State. These essays shall be forwarded to the National Americanism Director of The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana, not later than midnight of November 15, 1923. These essays shall be enumerated first, second and third.

The national winners will be announced a few weeks after November 15, 1923.

At the end of each essay the following pledge must be signed: "I hereby pledge my word of honor that I have written this essay myself. I am——years old." Signature, address in full and date must follow.

A close finish in the first round of the Dakota-Minnesota American Legion Racing Circuit, conducted by five posts. The race here shown was at Flandreau, South Dakota, where the season opened. The idea proved so successful that plans were immediately made to conduct a similar meeting next year

Then *and* Now

By the Company Clerk

THE Company Clerk begins to think that his choice of a title for this department fills the bill. Some other labels suggested were "Broadcasting, 1918-1923," "Auld Lang Syne," and "The Listening Post," with quite a number of men voting for "As You Were" and one elaborating on this last title with "As You Were, As You Are." Since we have seen "Then and Now" in print we believe it's pretty good. How about it? Shall we let it stand, or has anyone anything else to offer?

As we have said before, we invite comments on stories included in this department and we are glad to have the other man's viewpoint on any incident that is recorded. We therefore publish a letter received from H. J. Price, Colonel, General Staff, Second Corps Area, Governors Island, New York, who commanded the 154th Infantry Brigade of the 77th Division during the war, giving his version of an occurrence in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, told in these columns recently by Ives Calhoun, a former aviator. Comrade Calhoun reported that while on an observation flight he observed American troops entering a town in marching formation close on the heels of the retreating enemy troops, that the enemy had left a strong body of rearguard troops in a position overlooking the American line of march and that a message he dropped, reporting the situation, saved the American troops from a "complete massacre." Colonel Price's response follows:

1. Reference the statement by your correspondent Ives Calhoun of Chicago, ex-pilot, 1st Aero Squadron, on page 13, The American Legion Weekly of August 17, 1923, would state that your correspondent has his dates and locations mixed.

2. No such incident and no such conditions as he reports existed in the Raucourt-Haraucourt-Angecourt-Remilly sector on November 7, 1918. My brigade (154th Infantry Brigade, 77th Division) occupied this sector at that time. We occupied the towns mentioned above on the afternoon of November 6th, Remilly being occupied by advance troops (307th Infantry) about five p.m. November 6th. The troops seen by your correspondent on the 7th were American troops only.

3. A message from an airplane dropped within one hundred yards of where I was moving along Haraucourt-Angecourt Road reached me about 3.40 p.m. November 6th to the effect that the enemy was a few minutes previous to that moving out of Angecourt (some two and a half kilometers ahead) toward the Meuse River. My advance troops were at that time through Haraucourt. The information received by me was transmitted to advance troops, the 307th Infantry, Colonel Sheldon commanding, and his troops were pushed through to the Meuse, reaching Allicourt-Remilly about 4.30 to 5.30 p.m. on that date and so reported and made of record. The enemy made no stand east of Meuse in my sector after being driven from the heights about Raucourt on the afternoon of November 6th.

COMRADE EDWARD DE LUNA of New York City, candidate for the ranks of the benedicts, is all set and ready to go ahead with the ceremony. His appeal for the address of his outfit chaplain, whom he wanted to tie the knot, met with prompt and generous response. It so happened that the chaplain, the Rev. Fr. Charles Gaskin, is located right across the Hudson River from de Luna's home town, at St. Michael's Passionist Monastery, West Hoboken, New Jersey. The information requested was received from widely-separated parts, and we thank former Chaplains J. F. McNary of Middletown, Ohio; Terence King of Galveston, Texas, and Bernard J. Quinn of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Assistant Adjutant George A. Bechdol of Thirteenth Post of the Legion in Brooklyn, and A. P. Ryan, director of the Bureau of Historical Records, National Catholic Welfare Council, Washington, D. C. Who else wants his old chaplain to hitch him up?

Having shown in several cases what all of us can do to help our buddies, the Company Clerk is going to bulletin an appeal for assistance from S. T. Wells, of Coolidge, Kansas, the father of one of our former comrades, Saly Theodore Wells. Mr. Wells reports that his son failed to return home after the conclusion of the war and that he has been unable to secure definite evidence as to whether the boy was killed or reported missing in action. He has received conflicting evidence regarding the boy's discharge from the service, being informed that a man bearing this name was discharged from two different organizations. Here is the additional data:

Saly T. Wells was born in Barton County, Missouri, in 1895. He was inducted into service at Newton, Kansas, in June, 1918, and served in Company K, 357th Infantry, 90th Division. The son failed to write to his father after entering service, but this was not due to any misunderstanding between them, as they were always on friendly terms and the boy was well thought of in his home community. That is the reason his father cannot understand why the boy failed to return home if he came back from overseas and was honorably discharged.

A first lieutenant of Wells's company advised the father that because of having been wounded in the Meuse-Argonne offensive on October 24, 1918, he did not know what became of the boy. A second lieutenant and a corporal of the same company, who were both wounded on October 28th, reported that Wells was still with the company on that date. Another man of the company passed through Coolidge, Kansas, during 1922, and told the father that while he was acting as a runner from the front lines to battalion headquarters in the Meuse-Argonne offensive he met Wells, who was also acting as a runner and was leaving headquarters with a message. He stated that the incident was clear in his mind as he remembers having asked Wells for a cigarette. He stated, further, that he did not see Wells again after this chance meeting, although he remained with the company until demobilization and he was positive that Wells did not return to the States with the outfit.

The honor roll as published in the History of the 90th Division does not include the name of Saly T. Wells either as killed or as missing in action. If any Texas-Oklahoma Division men, particularly those who served in the 357th Infantry, can give any information regarding this comrade, the Company Clerk wants to hear from them.

HAVE you ever wondered what became of the old automatic or Enfield or Springfield that you wielded overseas—that is, provided you didn't manage to "salvage" it when the discharges were dished out? One of these A. E. F. rifles happened to carry its pedigree with it when it left its overseas owner's hands and, according to this story, came to light down in Fort Benning, Georgia:

When Private Swall of Company C, 29th Infantry, stationed at Fort Benning, was engaged in policing up a rifle which he had just drawn and which bore the number 721245, he pushed out a small roll of paper which was cosmolined as well as the rifle. Carefully unfolding the piece of paper, he found the folowing message:

"This rifle was used by Private Franklin Webster (2010213) Co. I, 125th Infantry. I fired this point blank at seven Germans October 7, 1918, in an attack on the Kriemhilde Stellung during the Meuse-Argonne offensive. On October 11, 1918, I fired with this rifle 115 rounds while in the Third Battalion, 125th Infantry. Gassed in Death Valley near Gèsnes, France. Whoever draws this rifle can know it has done its bit. (Signed) FRANKLIN WEBSTER, Monterey, Ky."

Because a wound which Swall received overseas began to trouble him again, causing his removal to hospital, he didn't get to try out the veteran rifle, but another member of the company to whom it was transferred won a sharpshooter medal with it.

ONE by one the old army cantonments of happy and unhappy memories are being relegated to the scrap heap. During August three were put under the auctioneer's hammer—Camp Dix, New Jersey, where the 78th Division trained and through which many thousands of men of the A. E. F. passed; Camp Meade, Maryland, the training camp of the 79th, and Fort Humphreys, Virginia. The whole works are to be dismantled — some two thousand or more barracks and other structures.

FOR those buddies who can't make the grade this year to the Legion convention or the old outfit's reunion, the next best bet is to join the Then and Now gang and talk over the old days through this department. Walter F. Loehwing, for instance, who was a shave-tail with the 80th Field Artillery, turns the clock back to Christmas, 1918, to tell of his flirtation with a court martial:

IN the rainy French winter of '18 every battery in our outfit at Meucon was doing guard about once a week. I had been on as commander of the guard with my bunch every Sunday for two months and planned to kill my ennui and appetite by taking my Christmas dinner in a French home, because I knew we'd be off that day. In a pig's eye we were! But I took the order detailing me as C. G. on Christmas Day to another looey, used my eloquence and got him to promise to relieve me. I fixed it up with the O. D. and the adjutant, then went down and explained it all to the sergeant of the guard and beat it off to my feed.

I came in in the wee small hours, fed, happy and tired to find the following billet doux from my colonel lying on my bunk: "You are under arrest in quarters pending preferment of general court-martial charges and will in no wise violate

arrest except under penalty of incarceration." Ask me if I slept on that, will you?

Early the next morning a guard, with gat and all, told me to report to the C. O. in person at once. When that guard walked behind me all the way to headquarters I surely knew what it was all about then. Some of my buddies who had heard me say in a fit of confidence that the brigade commander was a blithering, blinking son of a blockhead had squealed—or had somebody snitched on my buying two packages of cigarettes at the Q. M.'s when we were allowed only one?

I stood meekly before the C. O.'s door awaiting summons to enter when all at once he opened it himself from within. I came to and started, "Sir, I reported as—" when he countered with, "No charges will be preferred. You are released from arrest and will return to duty at once," and bang! went the door again. My cylinder missed a few just then.

Here is the postlude as I gathered it later. During the day the C. O. had phoned the guard house while the C. G. relieving me was out on an inspection. The following conversation ensued: "Hello, Guardhouse?" "Yes, sir, sergeant of the guard speaking." "This is the C. O. Is the C. G. there?" "No, sir." "What! Isn't Lieut. Loehwing there?" "No, sir. He went to town, sir." "He did, did he?" "Yes, sir. Several hours ago, sir." "Well, what the blinkety blink—blink. . . ." Click went the phone. And the colonel, mentally, "What, Lieut. Loehwing detailed by order as C. G. and gone to town! Try him! Try him!" And voilà, I was under arrest in quarters until the adjutant explained the whole thing next morning! Now I draw compensation for palpitation of the heart and am sour on that old boy, still claiming he owed me at least an apology.

SOME 500,000 veterans now pursuing their peacetime vocations are no doubt thinking back at this time to a little party they attended just five years ago. September 12th was the fifth anniversary of the St. Mihiel offensive in which the First American Army demonstrated to the Allied command—and to the enemy—that Americans under American leadership were to be a real factor in the war. It was the announcement to the world that the American Army was an accomplished fact.

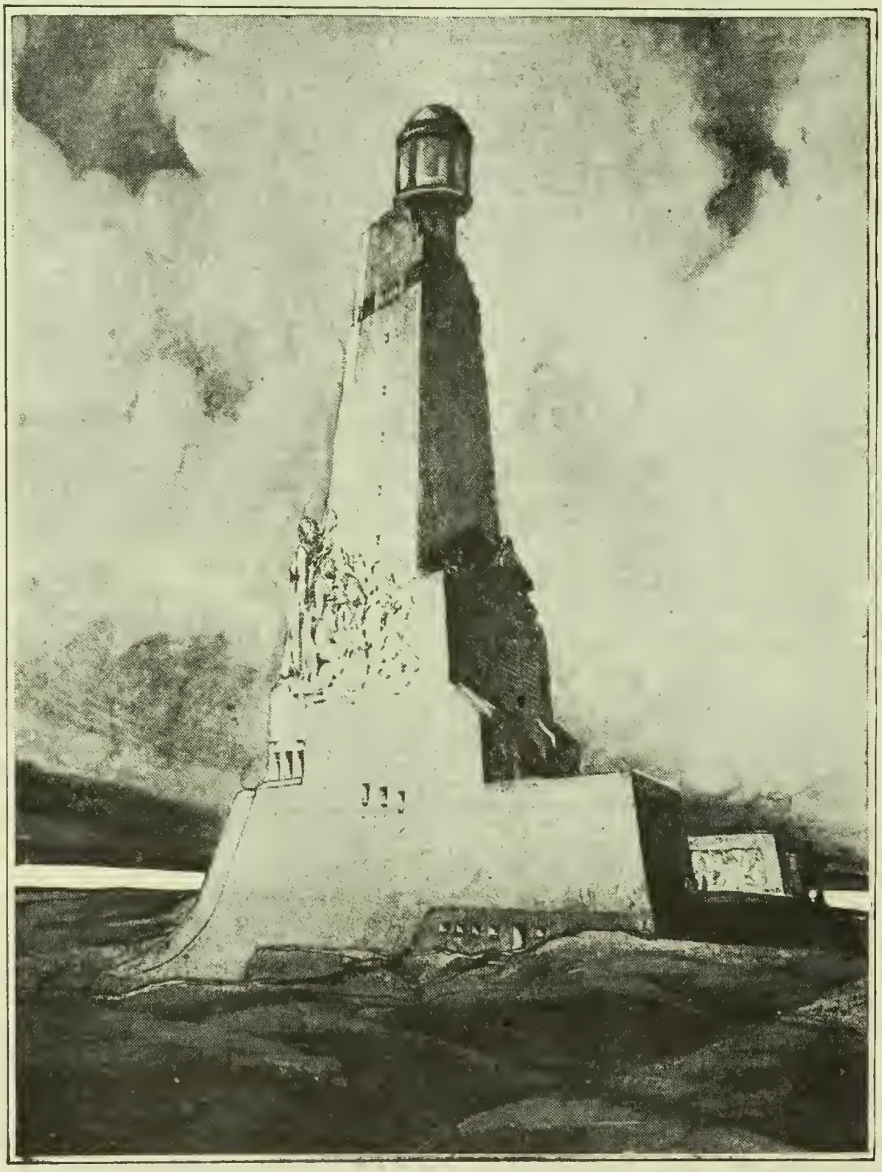
Within twenty-four hours after the beginning of the drive, at five a.m. September 12th, the St. Mihiel salient vanished from the map. The operation netted 16,000 prisoners and 443 guns and released approximately 150,000 square miles of France that for four years had been under German domination. The cost to the American Army was comparatively light, as only about 7,000 casualties resulted.

We wonder how many of the men who were being moved with their outfits to the so-called Toul sector preparatory to the St. Mihiel push ever heard about the American Battle of Belfort? It was a good battle, even though it was never fought—good from the fact that it was a bluff carried out by General Pershing and a certain major general which the Germans swallowed, hook, line and sinker.

The German high command had a sneaking notion early in September, 1918, that the green American troops intended to cause trouble along the lower section of the line, and Pershing and his staff were pretty sure that the Germans knew it. But the Germans weren't advised just where in Lorraine or Alsace the blow would fall. Just about this time an American major general and a complete staff, without any attempt at secrecy, made a grand entry into the town of Belfort down on the Alsatian front, 180 kilometers south and east of St. Mihiel.

The major general and his staff had with them a tentative campaign plan, official maps and other battle paraphernalia, and after establishing a P. C. in a hotel they proceeded to work out the details. Although there is no record of subsequent court martials or reductions in grade for any of the officers involved, maps, plans and everything were carelessly lost on the first day. The hotel was searched from top to bottom; hotel servants and the proprietor were put through the third degree, but without avail. Belfort was down near the German and Swiss borders in a part of the country infested with spies.

As things developed, just when the St. Mihiel offensive got under way, three German divisions from the Metz area arrived in the sector opposite Belfort, making just so much less opposition for the Americans to meet when the real blow actually fell at St. Mihiel.



GUARDING AN OLD A. E. F. GATEWAY.—On the Point de Grave, at the mouth of the Gironde River, up which sailed tens of thousands of American troops to the port of Bordeaux, France is erecting this imposing monument in gratitude to America. It was originally planned to have a light at the top figuratively flashing back the greeting from the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. The first stone of the memorial was laid by the President of France and the American Ambassador on Lafayette-Marne Day, September 6, 1919. On the ocean side of the monument a colossal figure representing France looking toward America is the central feature of an emblematic group. On the land side a large tablet with appropriate inscription will be draped with the American and French flags guarded by the figures of a doughboy and a poilu. The buttresses which flank the entrance are decorated with two bas-reliefs, one representing Lafayette's arrival in America, the other the arrival of American troops in France

OUTFIT REUNIONS

THE Navy as well as the Army is going in for reunions in conjunction with the Legion's Fifth National Convention in San Francisco, October 15th to 19th. A call has been issued for all former members of the crew of the U. S. Transport *Plattsburg* to gather at that time. Brent B. Lowe, former chief yeoman, requests former members to register with him at 51 Chardon Street, Boston.

Other reunions reported.

316TH INF.—Annual reunion, Hotel Lorraine, Philadelphia, Sept. 22. Address Raymond A. Cullen, 5347 Whitby av., Philadelphia.

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

BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address 627 West 43d St., New York City

Mos' Aggervatin'

"Am dis Misto Gibbs, de lawyer what handles divo'ce cases?" inquired a buxom-looking colored woman, opening the door of an attorney's office.

"I handle some divorce cases," admitted the lawyer. "Do you want one?"

"Ah suttinly does. Mah name am Mrs. Mandy Purdin, an' Ah wants to sot mah-se'f shet of dat good-fo'-nothin' husban' o' mine, Lysander Purdin."

"What are the grounds?"

"Groun's? Says which, groun's?"

"What is your complaint against him? What has he done?"

"Complaints, Misto Gibbs, is somethin' Ah ain't got nothin' else but. An' dat low-life he's done ever'thin'. But de lates' is dat he's up an' gone on' went an' insured his life fo' five thousan' dollars! Kin yo' 'magine dat?"

"But, my good woman, his insuring himself is no grounds for complaint."

"Tain't, huh? Looky here, suh. Dat man done tuk out all dat insurance when he ain' got no idea a-tall o' dying. He done it jes' to tant'lize me! Yassuh, jes' to tant'lize me!"

Titles

A buck private who had strayed from the fold—the fold of his encampment—decided that he would spend his last handful of jack in a blaze of glory before surrendering to the M. P.'s. Accordingly, he went to a big hotel, picked up the pen and was preparing to sign the register when he saw inscribed on the lines above:

"Rev. James Morgan, A.M., Ph.D., D.D."

"Gen. Morton Butterby-Miggs, K.C.B., O.B.E."

Sighing heavily, the buck wrote:

"Pvt. Jim Harnish, A.W.O.L., probably S.O.L."

Of Corsets True

Mayme: "Girls are not as staid as they used to be."

Corinne: "No, they park them at the dances now."

This Week

(Or Any Other Week)

MONDAY

In Springfield, a finicky wife with a gun
Has shot up her hubby
Whose beard was too stubby,
And then she must boast of the deed she has done.

TUESDAY

In Newark, a man with two wives to support
Finds one is a plenty,
For two might be twenty,
Since safety in numbers won't count with the court.

WEDNESDAY

In Tucson, two couples decide they're mismatched.
With auto-suggestion
They soon solve the question,
And, swapping their husbands, their blow-out is patched.

THURSDAY

In Oakland, a schoolgirl is scared lest she flunk,
So, writing a letter
That "Death is far better,"
She rides on the ferry and dives off—kerplunk!

FRIDAY

In Oak Park, a youth is so gone on a jane
That, balked from caresses,
He cuts off her tresses,
And alienists judge him just slightly insane.

SATURDAY

In Brooklyn, an Amazon blows out men's brains.
When asked for the reason,
She says, "It's the season;
I fear that I have what they call 'shooting pains.'"

SUNDAY

It now is the custom in all of the States
For women to carry
A gun when they marry,
And rule with revolvers recalcitrant mates.

Charles Irving Corwin

Remarkable Is Right

The commuters' smoking car was filled, mostly with proud young fathers who had been relating everlasting anecdotes of the clever remarks made by their offspring. Finally Mr. Spiffington, seeing a hole in the conversation, horned in by saying:

"I don't like to talk, but I honestly think that boy of mine is the most remarkable little fellow I ever saw."

Everybody yawned.

"Yes," pursued Mr. Spiffington. "He's six years old and, so far as I recollect, he never said a bright thing in his life."

Inside Stuff

He was a star ball player,
Who dreamed he'd made a single
When he won his sweetie's hand
And heard the church bells jingle.

But ere the honeymoon had waned,
The lad became more wise.
He found he's made no hit at all,
But just a sacrifice.

—E. D. K.

Barks From a Pup Tent

If book censorship becomes a reality, instead of having a three-mile limit, we'll have a sex-mile limit.

And we can imagine the popular novelists saying: "I regret I can give no more spice to my country."

During *la guerre* (French) it would have been considered a glorious victory if one book had not only been censored, but completely eliminated. Meaning, of course, the I. D. R.

Our own memory test: Name the last marathon dance champions.

Famous dogs: —days, —tags, under—, —gone, —robber, hot—, —of war, and Laddie Boy.

Wonder if those guys who used to sing about the last long mile are the same ones who now walk a mile for a C—m—l.

What the world really needs to make it better is to put the soft pedal on a lot of people who are always telling it what it needs to make it better.

The five-cent cigar has returned. Gas alert!

Getting married is just like ordering eggs in a restaurant.

Some girls, when a fellow kisses them, become real indignant. Others like it, too.

—Bill Netch

The Very First Kiss

She was so innocent! Jack had taken her riding in his car and just as he kissed her a tire blew out.

"Oh, Jack," she murmured. "How lucky that we didn't stay at home! Father is such a light sleeper."

Non-arrestable

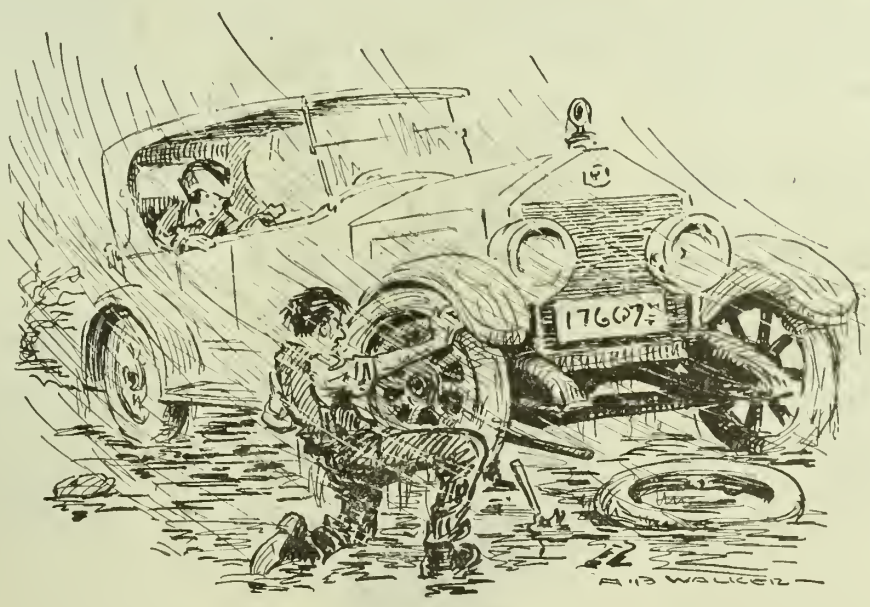
Visitor: "Why didn't you arrest that fellow who just drove his flivver up the wrong side of the street?"

Hicksville Constable: "An' have me get his meals for him for a week? No, sir—I know that feller—he won't pay fines.

Good for the Sole

Private Crableigh: "Mud, mud, nothin' but mud. Seems to me they oughter police up a port of embarkation."

Private Grouitch: "Make a clean Brest of it, huh?"



DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

"Spencer, dear, why are you so long? The garage man changed one for me the other day in less than five minutes."

Mysterious Indeed

"Seen any mysterious strangers around here lately?" casually inquired the detective from the city.

"Waal," answered Uncle Eben, "there was a feller over to town with the circus last week what took a pair o' rabbits out o' my whiskers."

Color Blind?

"You will have trouble with a dark lady," predicted the fortune teller.

"Think hard, sister, and be sure you are right," replied the wise wisdom seeker. "I'm married to a blonde."

Even So

"Then you have met my wife before?"

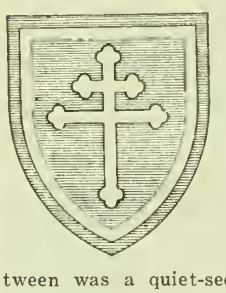
"Yes, indeed. I knew her quite well before you married her."

"The deuce you say. You certainly had the advantage over me."

THE LEGION LIBRARY

Through the medium of The American Legion Weekly, The American Legion expects to assemble a complete library covering the field of American activity in the World War. It is intended ultimately to assemble this library in a room of its own, preferably at National Headquarters. Books received in the office of this magazine for inclusion in the library are listed on receipt, and in most cases noticed in reviews

Montfaucon*



THE combat record of the 79th centres around two affairs: the taking of Montfaucon at the start of the Meuse-Argonne offensive, and the height known as the Borne de Cornouiller just at the end. Sandwiched in between was a quiet-sector period in front of Troyon.

Montfaucon, of course, is the point of outstanding interest in this record. The failure to take it on the first day of the offensive gave rise to a wide variety of explanations and charges, pro and con, which must have led to very contradictory impressions. The divisional history's account of this action is less complete and much less clear than we hoped for, but it states certain essential points in explicit terms, and renders a great service in disposing of much wild talk.

On the morning of September 26th the 79th attacked with two regiments in line, Montfaucon falling in the sector of advance of the 313th Infantry on the left. Both regiments lost their barrage almost at the start, the 313th on account of the thick tangle of wire, shell-holes and underbrush in the Bois de Malancourt; the 314th for reasons not made quite clear. By nine A. M. the 313th reached the Boche line of resistance, two kilometers or so back, in front of an open clearing known to the map as the Golfe de Malancourt. "The slaughter at this point was indescribable;" according to the estimate of the history the position was defended by 170 Boche machine guns. Here the regiment was held up five hours. For some reason the support regiment did not take a hand, although it was waiting a thousand yards back; but early in the afternoon some French tanks were brought up, and in a final assault the Golfe was cleared.

The Boche then pulled out rapidly, the 37th Division (next in line to the left) having pushed well ahead in the meantime, while the 4th, on the right, had gone ahead four or five kilometers. At the northern edge of the woods, "the 313th was again checked by machine gun fire. Under its cover the retreat was rapid to the comparative safety of Montfaucon. By now it was four p. m., and Col. Sweezey paused to reorganize." The pause continued until six p. m. when, on receipt of urgent orders from the 5th Corps, the regiment moved forward to the assault of Montfaucon, which stood out two kilometers or so to the north of the crest beyond a broad open valley. The 316th, in support of the 313th, does not seem to have got forward or to have been called on to join in the attack. "Progress was necessarily slow;" by the time the line reached the bottom of the valley (a mile or so this side of Montfaucon), darkness came on, and the tanks could no longer do business. "Col. Sweezey, in the face of an utterly hopeless situation, ordered the regiment back to the Bois de Cuisy" to bivouac for the night.

During the day the 313th lost 79 killed amongst its enlisted personnel.

At seven a. m. next morning the 313th again started forward down the slope supported by the French tanks and also by a battalion of seventy-fives which had come up before daylight. Although met by an "incessant and terrific fire of high explosives and shrapnel," and "machine gun fire withering in its intensity, yet not so bad as that encountered the previous night," the line went ahead, reaching the outskirts of the town at eleven. Forty-five minutes later Montfaucon was safely mopped up. In the afternoon the regiment attempted an advance toward the Bois de Beuge, but again met withering machine-gun fire, and halted for the night along a line about one kilometer north of the town.

The history points out that Montfaucon was captured with remarkably low casualties; in the course of the day (including both attacks) the regiment's loss in killed (enlisted personnel) amounted to 19. No mention is made of the whereabouts of the 37th Division or of any contact with its neighboring units, but it seems clear that the 313th received little or no support in either of its two efforts for Montfaucon from the right regiment of its own division, the 314th.

In regard to the 314th the account is far from clear. From a rather indirect phrase on page 88 it would appear that this regiment did not get past the enemy outpost line until four and a half hours after the offensive started; it got forward too late to join in the six p. m. attack of the 313th. Early next morning General Kuhn relieved the brigadier-general commanding in these parts, but again there was delay in moving; the text here is confusing, but it seems clear that the 313th had cleaned up Montfaucon before the 314th came up abreast.

The history lays great emphasis on the breakdown of liaison on September 26th. The commanding officer of the leading brigade moved forward without leaving any address behind him; throughout the night and even at five next morning division H. Q. had not learned the position of the 313th or of the 316th. Various divisional histories have commented on an order from General Pershing directing commanding officers to move forward with the advance of their units; the text of this order (received by the division soon after midnight of September 26th) is here printed. The appendix gives a series of important field orders, and interesting tables of casualties (unfortunately the authoritative figures were not available). Although begun while the division was still in France, the writing of the history met unusual difficulties; in all, the text has been written three different times and by three authors. It is due to this, perhaps, that we find certain contradictions in the narrative and a good many irritating omissions, particularly in regard to the time and place of the events described.

The maps, issued in a separate folder, illustrate the general region of operations, but are on too small a scale to show trenches or to allow the reader to follow the very detailed basis of the narrative.

The 79th was one of the divisions which jumped off into the Meuse-Argonne without ever having been in action, or without even a seasoning period in a quiet sector. But few people will have realized how seriously it was handicapped in regard to training. Although organized as far back as August, 1917, Camp Meade proved a tempting spot for "wholesale raids upon the personnel." "The result was disheartening and discouraging to the 79th." In all, 95,000 men served in its ranks; and when the division sailed for France in July sixty-five percent of its men had been in the service less than six weeks. The brief training period in August gave these men "their first opportunity to receive instruction in musketry and to become generally acquainted with their rifles." On this basis of preparedness the division was selected for the sector in front of Montfaucon.

T. H. THOMAS

—From the "History of the 305th Infantry."

*HISTORY OF THE 79TH DIVISION, A. E. F., DURING THE WORLD WAR. Compiled and edited by History Committee, 79th Division Association. Published by Steinman and Steinman, Lancaster, Pa. Obtainable from Legion Library Book Service. Price: $5.

Book Service

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

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN LEGION. By Marquis James. An interesting and accurate narrative of The American Legion written by a man who has been behind the scenes in Legion activities since the formation of the organization, and who brings to light many hitherto untold incidents which have shaped the Legion's course and influenced public affairs. The story begins with the negotiations which led to the Paris Caucus in March, 1919, and runs through the New Orleans convention. 320 pages. 36 illustrations. Price: $2.50.

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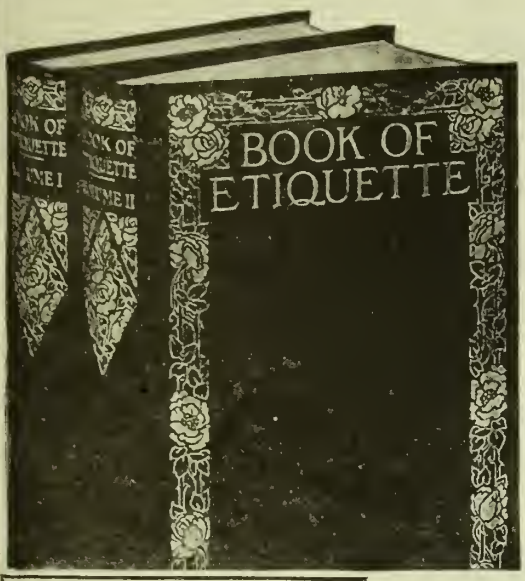

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STATE CONVENTIONS

MINNESOTA

ADJUSTED COMPENSATION: Repeated indorsement of Federal Adjusted Compensation Bill.

ADMINISTRATION: Voted that department should pay expenses of delegates attending Fifth National Convention. Decided that publication of department newspaper should be continued at existing subscription price of $1 a year. Adopted amendment to department constitution providing that past department commanders shall serve with department executive committee only for one year after expiration of term as commander.

LAND: Directed department commander to appoint committee to make study of land settlement projects approved by Veterans Bureau and to investigate charges that land sold to service men settlers on these projects was unsuitable or excessively priced.

LEGISLATION: Instructed newly-appointed department legislative committee to work for bill enabling boxing exhibitions under Legion auspices, bill requiring that all school teachers must be American citizens, bill for erection of World War memorial by State and amendments to soldiers' preference law and soldier peddlers' law.

REHABILITATION: Voted for continuance of American Legion Memorial Hospital at Rochester in connection with Mayo brothers' clinic and recommended that posts make voluntary contributions to hospital fund in proportion to membership. Directed department commander to appoint committee of eleven to make survey of present and future needs of disabled men of Minnesota, including need for new state hospitals. Adopted report urging abolishment of district office of Veterans Bureau and delegation of its authority to new unit to be known as a state organization. The report also suggested all veterans bureau hospitals be placed under control of States and that States take over district functions of handling adjustment of compensation claims.

MISCELLANEOUS: Recommended that all posts exchange visits with posts of the communities near them. Specified that all posts shall see that members can repeat from memory Preamble to the Legion's Constitution.

MONTANA

ADJUSTED COMPENSATION: Urged public support for adjusted compensation bill which will be voted on by people of State in November, but voted down resolution criticizing state supreme court for nullification of compensation bill previously enacted.

NATIONAL DEFENSE: Declared for all necessary steps to preserve National Defense Act and indorsed National Guard, Reserve Officers Training Camps, Organized Reserves and Citizens Training Camps as essential to country's safety. Denounced pacifist campaign being carried on by American Peace Welfare Association.

REHABILITATION: Opposed all proposals for centralization of activities of Veterans Bureau and called on bureau to make system of decentralization effective by making necessary changes in regulations. Urged that disabled men be given same unconditional rights for reinstatement of War Risk Insurance as are held by men able to pass physical examinations. Recommended that compensation granted a father or mother on grounds of dependency should not be withdrawn because person receiving allowance is shown capable of earning an income. Advocated law under which Government might consent to be sued by disabled men claimants dissatisfied with adjustment of claims.

Overseas Graves Fund Total Now at $148,307.11

GRAVES FUND TOTAL	
To August 20th.....	$147,467.22
Week ending August 27th.....	839.89
Total to August 27th.....	$148,307.11

THIS is the season of Legion department conventions. That means that it is a busy season for members of the Legion. But no convention apparently will be too busy to prevent discussion of The American Legion Overseas Graves Decoration Fund—if the department has not already filled its quota of the fund. A good example of how department officers feel toward the fund was offered in letters received recently by National Adjutant Bolles from many department adjutants who promised that if their States had not gone over by the time of their conventions, the subject would be brought up then for a resumption of campaigning.

"You may be sure that if Illinois's quota for the Graves Endowment Fund is not completed by the time of our convention (September 17th and 18th)," writes Adjutant Percy Owen, "the matter will have early consideration at that time."

Almost identical letters came from Adjutant Frank H. Henley of Indiana and Adjutant Austin A. Petersen of Wisconsin.

Contributions to the Graves Endowment Fund, the income from which will be devoted in perpetuity to the decoration on Memorial Day of the resting places of America's soldier dead on foreign soil, should be sent to the National Treasurer of The American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind. All contributions of $1 or more **which are received by the National Treasurer on or before September 15th** will be acknowledged in the Weekly. The Weekly will continue to publish the names of contributors until due acknowledgment has been made of all contributions received by September 15th. The following are hereby acknowledged (names of contributing Legion posts, Auxiliary units, 40 and 8 voitures and other Legion and Auxiliary groups are printed in italics):

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Learning to Soldier by Mail

(*Continued from page* 13)

But if the rail trip brings drops of honest perspiration to the brow of the mythical Captain Smith, he really begins to sweat blood when he arrives at Meade. Property Responsibility swoops down upon him like an avenging angel, and he begins to realize why so many captains are gray-headed.

The war on paper goes remorselessly on, and Captain Smith's paper soldiers are as aggravating as any flesh-and-blood ones could ever hope to be. One of them loses some equipment, and when it is charged to him he refuses to sign the pay-roll. How about it, mon capitain?

Along about that time he wakes up to the horrible realization that the company fund requires some attention. Disturbing rumors are afloat, and they have to be investigated at the bank and elsewhere. The bank book is barely crushed to earth when the correspondence book presents itself in place of the victim, and other books bob up on every hand.

Then Captain Smith is transferred, and immediately he has to turn over all the company property. The student breathes a long sigh of relief and proceeds to get rid of all the vexing paraphernalia. Then he breathes two long sighs and opens the next lesson, to discover — that his orders are cancelled, and he has to transfer it all back to Captain Smith again.

The student also is very kindly presented, about this time, with a ream or two of nice looking blanks, all labelled "W. D., A. G. O. 589" or "Q. M. C. 659-b-2" or "X. Y. Z., P. D. Q. 23" or something like that—and all he has to do is to fill out each of the 1,001 kinds perfectly and send it in for correction. There are Reports of Change, Company Returns, Service Records and a lot of less common things that only a regimental sergeant major can call by their first names.

Days grow into weeks and weeks into months, and the war with that mysterious "enemy," thinks the weary Captain Smith, as he plows through his paper work at a paper Camp Meade, must have been all fought and finished long ago. He knows now why company commanders were so anxious to get their outfits overseas. He has a real hope that the field desk will be hit by a sixteen-inch shell in the first battle—and if not, then that he will.

There seems to be no end of the war on paper in sight for the Reservist. His only hope is promotion, and then he can take up a little larger phase of it.

In fact, Lieutenant Anyvet has just about decided that war on paper is almost as perplexing as war on land.

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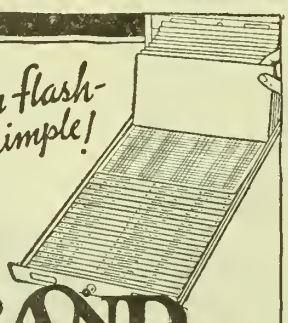

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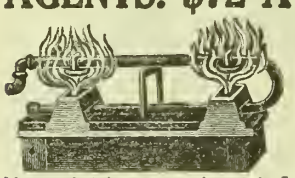

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One Fought in '64, One in '18—Now They Share the Same Post Home

Post headquarters. What post? U. S. Grant Post of the Grand Army and Lt. Laurence C. Lovell Post of The American Legion, Brooklyn, New York. Grant Post has appointed Lovell Post its successor and a sale of the property to the Legionnaires has been arranged. But Grant Post will continue to use its old clubhouse

EIGHTY sits in his armchair, dreaming of Appomattox and Missionary Ridge. Twenty-five strolls by, talking of Cantigny and the gap at Grand-Pré. Eighty feels the velvet curtain of the past brushing him as it enfolds the shadowy and unreal present. Twenty-five is warmed by the glow of the footlights of the stage of life. Eighty is getting ready to depart. Twenty-five has just arrived. Eighty is mellow in the spirit of farewell. Twenty-five is flushed by anticipated joys and tense for the task ahead.

Eighty and Twenty-five are together in a three-story mansion on Washington Avenue in Brooklyn, New York. The Grand Army of the Republic and The American Legion are there enacting the drama which has its counterpart in hundreds of other American towns and cities. In Brooklyn, Ulysses S. Grant Post of the G. A. R. is selling its clubhouse and grounds to Lt. Laurence C. Lovell Post of The American Legion.

Both the G. A. R. men and the Legionnaires now carry latchkeys to the front door of the Brooklyn mansion. On one night gray-haired veterans play at billiards or cards or lounge in the parlors or read in the library. On the next night their places are taken by young men of the World War. And so, week after week, the footsteps of Eighty and Twenty-five alternate upon the threshold. After a while the Legion post will complete payment of the $20,000 purchase price and will come into full ownership of the building, but when that time comes it will not mark the final farewells of the members of Ulysses S. Grant Post. The G. A. R. post will continue to use the building until the time—and may that day be far off—when a bugler shall blow taps as a firing squad sends a volley heavenward over the grave of its last member.

A few weeks ago, after Commander Charles L. Clark of the Grant Post and Commander Percy C. Burnham of Lovell Post had signed their names to an agreement looking toward the ultimate transfer of title, two hundred veterans of Lovell Post were hosts at a banquet to fifty of the one hundred and thirteen members of Grant Post.

When General U. S. Grant died in 1885, No. 327 was the first G. A. R. post to offer condolences to his widow, and won her permission to act as military guard of honor at the funeral. In recognition of their services the department commander of the G. A. R. permitted post No. 327 to take the name of Ulysses S. Grant. Mrs. Grant presented the post with many relics and papers, and an excellent portrait in oils of her soldier husband.

Many of the details of the post's history were related at the Legion-G. A. R. dinner. The Civil War veterans told their younger comrades that they should consider themselves fortunate in moving into a home of their own in 1923, less than five years after the signing of the Armistice, for Grant Post was still renting a meeting place forty-one years after the surrender of General Robert E. Lee, for it was not until 1906 that they bought their present home.

When the question of buying a clubhouse came up for discussion in 1904, some members said such a purchase made in the evening of their lives would be a mistake. Nevertheless the members voted to buy a house. Soon all Brooklyn learned that Grant Post was raising money to buy a building. To relieve individuals from responsibility, the post formed the U. S. Grant Post Realty Corporation, capitalized at $20,000 with shares at $5. Of the total,

the Ladies' Auxiliary of Grant Post contributed $5,317 raised mainly by a great fair. The members of the post grabbed up the remainder of the stock.

The post members moved into their new home in 1906. They have never regretted the venture. The property has increased. They built a $10,000 hall in the rear which has been let out for banquets, dancing schools and meeting places of other organizations. Conservative appraisals have placed the present value of the property at from $30,000 to $50,000.

Now the stock will be redeemed dollar for dollar or exchanged for stock in the company organized by the Legion men. The individual members of Grant Post will not lose on their investment. If they had so desired, they could have made money on the deal. They could have sold out the property to private interests and received more than the $20,000 which will be paid by the Legionnaires. Yet they refused to sell to anyone except the Legion. They know that their trophies and records will be preserved by the younger veterans.

Lovell Post has organized the Lt. Laurence C. Lovell Post Realty Corporation capitalized for $20,000 at ten dollars a share, cumulative non-voting first preferred stock, with interest at seven per-cent. In a report to Commander Burnham, Edward C. O. Thomas, chairman of the house committee of the Legion, wrote that they have appealed for support, "not only toward post members and members of the Auxiliary, but toward fathers, relatives, friends and all patriotic citizens who desire to affiliate themselves with the worthy endeavor of carrying on Grant Post traditions."

The income to pay the interest will be derived by the corporation from rents received from Lt. Laurence C. Lovell Post under an annual lease and from the rental of the hall.

A Nameless Hero Speaks

SOFTLY, friend, the ground you tread
Is ground where brave men fought
And fell and bled.
To walk the long lanes through
Between the crosses, reading names
Which are but names to you
Is sacrilege. Ah, names mean naught
To us; we are but one in name—
The Army of Your Dead.

Rather stand you, friend,
Where your living eye may sweep
The breadth and depth of these white rows.
Regard them well, the multitude; then lift your eyes
To where on high, and guarding us,
Our country's banner flows.

Carl Helm

Air Conference Proposal

(*Continued from page 9*)

for anything to be done that will in any way limit military armament within reason, provided that all the nations join. I am not in favor of our reducing and the other fellow going ahead.

Representative John J. Kindred, New York.—I favor an international conference to limit military air armament, if it is in the interest of the United States.

C. F. Carroll, dean, Gonzaga Univer-

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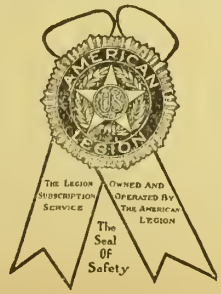

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sity, Spokane, Wash.—I favor a conference, but no reduction of American strength until the other great powers bind themselves to do the same and give guarantees.

R. G. Bradfield, editor, Nacagdoches (Tex.), Sentinel.—Unless a conference is called the United States must enter upon a campaign of airship construction costing billions or be at the mercy of any nation that has provided a superior plane fleet.

The dark view Congressman Ayers takes of the result of the naval conference is not shared generally. That conference has been widely extolled by leaders of nearly all schools of political thought as the outstanding achievement of the Harding administration, and endorsements of the air conference idea continue to come in on the basis that such a meeting should logically succeed the gathering called by Mr. Harding. Here are a few expressions of this character:

Representative Charles E. Winter, Wyoming.—I favor a conference for all the reasons advanced for naval limitation, and the additional reason that air limitation alone can attain the object sought. It is the necessary complement of naval limitation.

Representative Grant M. Hudson, Michigan.—We are in the same danger of rivalry for air supremacy as we were for naval.

Governor William E. Sweet of Colorado.—I am glad to know that The American Legion Weekly is agitating the question of imposing a limitation upon military aircraft armament. This method of making warfare is rapidly developing into one of the most effective and deadly known to man. Certainly if armament on the land, on the sea and in the form of submarines can be limited by agreement, why should we not limit aircraft armament as well? Personally I am in favor of the utmost limitation of armament and should like to see America lead the world in this laudable undertaking.

But, regardless of the naval limitations parley, the vast majority of opinions received are in favor of an effort to limit air forces which is seen as the greatest menace to world tranquillity. Many would include in the bargain poisonous gases which are recognized now as main adjuncts to warfare in the air. Further expressions from men in public life follow:

Senator Holm O. Bursum, New Mexico.—I am decidedly in favor of such a move [for an air conference]. The only obstacle that I can see at this time might be Russia. A general limitation of armaments by all of the countries is the safest protection against possibility of war.

The utilization of poisonous gas should be outlawed. This kind of warfare is inhuman and barbarous. Self-preservation is the right of any country. Standing military preparations sufficient to destroy other countries is a menace to the peace of the world. The regular standing military strength should be amply sufficient to meet all internal disturbances and sufficient to, at all times, and under all circumstances, preserve the peace, and protect life and property. Outside of this, any nation may properly train its civilian population so that in case of need the nation will be in position to make adequate defense. The basis of military preparations should be measured by the probable, or possible, requirements for national defense.

Competitive military preparations between nations in times of peace is not only burdensome to the citizenship of the country, but also a menace to peace.

Senator F. McL. Simmons, North Carolina.—I think the necessity for limitation of military and naval equipment applies equally to the limitation of military aircraft armament and I am in favor of limiting both. I can therefore see no objection to an international conference for this purpose and I am of the opinion that such a conference would probably result in much good.

Representative John C. Speaks, Ohio.—I am heartily in favor of this movement, and believe it a matter of paramount importance to the welfare of the world that limitations on preparations for war, not only in aircraft but all other forms, be adopted. You can rely upon my supporting a proper program of this character.

Representative Henry R. Rathbone, Illinois.—I heartily approve of the proposition put forward by The American Legion Weekly for a conference to be held dealing with the subject of limitation of air forces. I am very glad to learn that this important movement has been inaugurated under such auspices. You can count on my unqualified support.

Representative Miles C. Allgood, Alabama.—I favor any measure to prevent war.

Representative Peter G. Ten Eyck, New York.—I am thoroughly in accord with your idea in relation to calling an international conference for the purpose of limitation upon military aircraft armaments, and can assure you it will give me great pleasure to help along the good work which you have outlined.

Representative Thomas L. Blanton, Texas.—I favor a conference to limit military air armaments. I am also in favor of the Great Powers reaching an agreement to materially reduce all armament, military and naval.

Representative Edward H. Wason, New Hampshire.—Without having studied the proposition thoroughly, it appeals to me strongly that a conference can do no harm and may be of great benefit.

Representative H. E. Barbour, California.—I favor any action which will reduce the possibility of future wars.

Representative J. E. Rankin, Mississippi.—Limitation of armaments is the greatest possible guarantee of lasting peace. I favor an air conference.

Representative Cordell Hull, Tennessee.—Since the World War I have favored disarmament of every kind everywhere.

The Weekly has made every effort to obtain expressions from persons of every shade of opinion, and we have received comments from individuals as widely divergent in mental range as Lieutenant General Sir Arthur Currie, former C.-in-C. of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, and Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of *The Nation*. Mr. Villard is one of the country's leading pacifists and prior to 1917 he was only lukewarm in his support of the allied cause. Both favor a conference. The letter of General Currie, now principal of McGill University, Montreal, has been printed. Mr. Villard is one of the very few who endorses the suggestion that whether a confer-

ence is called or not we decline to add to our air forces. His letter follows:

I am only too happy to endorse your proposal for an international conference for the limitation of aircraft armament, all the happier because I have so often found myself in opposition to other policies of the Legion and its Weekly. I only would not stop at *limiting* aircraft armaments, but would absolutely forbid the use of any aircraft for military purposes or any experimenting therewith. Because of the ease with which commercial airplanes and airships can be made over for military purposes there is no use *limiting* military aircraft; we must abolish all experimenting with aircraft along military lines, i.e., the development of bombing, pursuit machines, etc. Let us avoid the mistake of the Washington Conference in not wiping out altogether the chemical warfare services of the world. You are the more correct in calling this conference, because there is no question that another great conflagration might easily result in the destruction of civilization itself.

As a pacifist, of course, my standpoint is different from yours, and therefore I protest against one point in your editorial in which you say that if there is not an international conference we shall have to join in the mad race for aircraft supremacy. That strikes me as foolish and as mistaken as Woodrow Wilson's insisting that if we did not join the League of Nations we must have the greatest navy in the world. The Washington Conference found another way, and made a good beginning in the right direction, so there are other ways to be found for the United States to take even if France and England continue their suicidal course of aircraft rivalry, which can have only one result—war, precisely as the German and English naval rivalry prior to 1914 would inevitably have brought about war in Europe if the Austrians had not fired the train—with German permission. Isn't it absolutely plain now that armaments protect nobody? It is admitted now even by French generals that France had as large forces as Germany at the outbreak of the war, but neither their forces nor German militarism prevented the horror of 1914. Alas! all over the world people have forgotten the plainest lessons of the war to end war. Curious military men everywhere cannot get it into their heads that war will never be ended by war, any more than drunkenness will be ended by drunkenness, and the use of morphine by increasing the doses.

None of which is, however, to be taken as detracting one bit from the high praise it seems to me the Weekly deserves for taking the lead in this all-important aircraft matter.

Word from the editorial sanctums continues to give evidence that the press constitutes one of the strongholds of the proponents of the conference idea. Other representative reflections from editors:

Richard J. Walsh, Collier's Weekly.—I most heartily approve.

R. W. Ruhl, Medford (Ore.) Mail-Tribune.—An international conference might lead to a genuine world organization for peace.

Herschel Dove, Bristol (Va.) Herald-Courier.—The United States should propose such a conference to the nations.

William Edlin, The Day, New York City.—I favor every effort to make war, if it is altogether unavoidable, as civilized as possible.

The week's mail brought only two negative votes to which explanations were appended. One of these is from Governor James G. Scrugham of Nevada, former National Vice-Commander of the Legion. Governor Scrugham takes a position similar to that of the President. He does not believe the moment propitious.

I thoroughly believe [writes Governor Scrugham] in the limitation of the system of competitive armament which has for the past generation laid an increased burden upon the taxpayers and which has tended to increase the danger of war, but I doubt whether an international conference on the subject of air armament would be successful in the immediate future.

The limitation on navy armament agreed to at the Washington conference was made practicable in part by the changes developed in the art of war as a result of the experience of the World War. It was very apparent that the nations which came to an agreement at the Washington conference were unwilling to extend their agreement to a limitation of armies, aircraft or submarines. In view of this historical fact, I would not be willing to advocate another conference in the immediate future for the purpose mentioned.

Much the same considerations seem to have weighed with Dr. Harry Pratt Judson, president of the University of Chicago. He writes:

I am not prepared at present to favor the conference. The status of air warfare is as yet too uncertain, it seems to me, to call for specific action in the way of limitation. The next war will be largely in the air and a war of chemicals. The United States can defend herself. I doubt whether the other great powers in Europe are prepared, in the absence of more definite knowledge, to limit their aircraft activity.

The views of some other educators:

Walter D. Agnew, president, Woman's College of Alabama.—Your editorials express my views. The importance of limiting armaments is so obvious that discussion seems unnecessary.

M. A. Brannon, chancellor, University of Montana.—I favor a conference.

John W. Hoffman, Ohio Wesleyan University.—Yes, most decidedly. Note the utter failure of the last war to solve a single problem.

Mary E. Woolley, president, Mount Holyoke College.—Every conference which will help toward substituting law for war I approve.

Ain't It the Truth?

(*Continued from page* 12)

foreign foe, or from the foes within, so long as the spirit of the ex-service men is what it is now. But in all these programs, in all these constructive efforts, how much thought is given to physical welfare? Granted the spirit, is the flesh unwilling?

Not everybody can belong to an athletic team, but everybody can watch his diet, and nearly everybody can exercise at home if he has the will power. A professional man, now thirty-six years old, in an Illinois city, is constantly swamped with work at his office. He is

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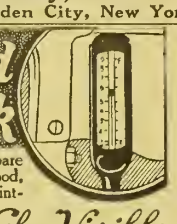

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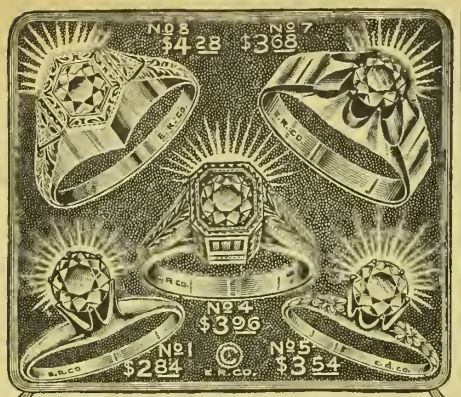

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on the job every morning at eight o'clock and works until six in the evening, with only a few minutes for lunch. Frequently, too, he works after dinner, but he looks like a college athlete. Why? Jumping out of bed at six thirty every morning, he goes through twenty minutes of as strenuous exercise as he can do in his bedroom, the exercise keeping him warm while his room warms up after he closes the windows, which he keeps wide open all night. He shaves, then takes a cold plunge and rubs down, eats sparingly, and is ready for his drive to his place of business. A thin sandwich and glass of milk satisfy him at noon. In the evening he eats about half as much as many men who are no larger than he who think they need three big squares every day.

He says the exercise habit would be almost as difficult for him to break as that of eating. He simply cannot function during the day without it. Three years ago he had a rapidly growing stomach. His shoulders were covered with soft, useless flesh. His legs were flabby and he couldn't walk far or work long without tiring. He was often afflicted with headaches and dizzy spells.

The writer's waistline measured thirty-one inches when he was furloughed to the Naval Reserve. A year of physical inertia and it had grown to thirty-three inches. Now, through abdominal treatment at home—bending, stretching and twisting—the two surplus inches have disappeared, and his waist is back at thirty-one, where it will stay for many years to come. Abdominal exercises are the best cathartic, the most effective stimulus to the digestive organs a man can use.

If only all Americans could be made to catch the vision of the few stalwart souls who really know what it means to have a perfect body, or one as nearly perfect as nature will permit; if only a message could be carried to every American who is now neglecting himself that would stir him as if he were in momentary danger of losing his life, what a change would take place! And every person who is not guarding his physical self is as surely trifling with his life as if he were playing with poison or an explosive.

The World War veterans, who know, better than any other class, the blessings and riches of physical culture, and the churchmen, lodgemen and civic club members who are smart enough so that they should know, have a challenge before them. Will they accept it?

Priceless Parchment

(*Continued from page* 4)

repayment of loans, but with small prospect of getting anything, for even the soldiers of the Continental Army had not been paid. Requisitions were not honored; in the cities, trade was more paralyzed than in present day Berlin; in the country the farmers were broke and hundreds were selling their lands. The emergency paper money issued by many of the states was almost as worthless as German paper marks. Massachusetts, which had refused to print these cigar coupons, was no better off, for at this inauspicious period she found herself with an insurrection on her hands.

No one knew better than Washington how near hovered the peril of anarchy. After a long-drawn-out war he had forced Cornwallis to tender his sword in surrender; and in that same year of victory ('81) the colonies had ratified "Articles of Confederation." But that loose-jointed arrangement had failed to bring order out of chaos or establish a real central authority. England shrugged her shoulders at us and delayed two years before she signed the treaty of peace. France, a good enough friend, was none the less at the end of her tether and could risk only one more small loan; you can't hope to borrow much money from a man whose house is on fire. America in those days must have been a good deal like Russia just after the smash-up of the autocracy, with the difference that while there were not so many people in young America, we had a larger census of citizens who could use their brains. But that had its drawbacks, too—no two of our forefathers held quite the same views about what ought to be our form of government.

Men of many diverse opinions and temperaments and estates in life were the deputies to that convention in Philadelphia. There was only one thing upon which they were all agreed, and that was in a passionate desire to save from the wreckage of war and the demoralization that set in after the war whatever they could of the prizes for which the Revolutionary Army had so heroically fought.

This aftermath-of-war task was not dramatic; it was a job of thinking and writing, sweat and argument; mental drudgery out of which no individual was to get any personal glory, or publicity, or pay; a thankless task to be rewarded with bitter criticism. Have you ever served on a jury? Then you know what it is to battle in a locked room hour after hour before twelve minds can be made to agree upon so simple a verdict as "yes" or "no." Then you will see something rather heroic in what these deputies to the Constitutional Convention accomplished. They pledged themselves to absolute secrecy like a Grand Jury; behind closed doors in that jury room they battled not for a few hours or a day and a night, but from the middle of May through a hot summer to the 17th of September.

Time and again their labors seemed lost in a deadlock. The question of how much power the new nation's President should have, how he should be elected and how long his term should last was fought over long and bitterly, and arbitrated at last by agreement that his powers should be limited by the approval of the Senate, his term to be four years, and his election not direct but via an Electoral College. The big states and the little ones battled hotly over their proper representation in the houses of Congress, and compromised by granting equal representation to big and little in the Senate but according the big states larger representation in the lower house on a scale determined by the number of voting population. The ticklish question of negro slavery could not be settled, but was staved off. Each time that the

convention threatened to break up the fervent pleadings of real leaders prevailed; they tried again and made successful compromises.

It so happens that the days of the week in 1787 fell just as they do in the calendar of 1923. The committees laboring on the draft of the Constitution and using many of Webster's ideas had completed their work by the night of Saturday the fifteenth, and the order was given to a professional penman to have the document engrossed in time for a reading on Monday. "The intervening Sunday was," we hear (as well it might be!), "a day of anxious thought and consultation."

When the convention assembled again on Monday and the engrossed copy, ready for the signatures, had been read, the venerable Dr. Franklin rose and requested that a speech and a motion that he had prepared be read for him by his associate from Pennsylvania, James Wilson. The deputies from twelve states, all of the original band represented except rebellious Rhode Island, heard then a patriotic but temperately stated plea, with a spice of humor, in behalf of concerted action, and a motion that the records read that the Constitution was "done in Convention by the Unanimous Consent of the States present."

A deputy from Massachusetts, Nathaniel Gorham, rose next, and moved to increase the number of Congressmen from one member to each 40,000 of voting population to one from each 30,000. His motion was supported by another Massachusetts deputy, Rufus King, and seconded by Daniel Carroll of Maryland.

The tension of the situation was increased. George Washington rose, apologizing modestly as he expressed the satisfaction he would feel if this motion should be adopted. The amendment was accepted unanimously. The deputies began to affix their signatures.

Alexander Hamilton of New York, though he was one who believed that the Constitution did not center enough authority in the national government, agreed to sign and urged all his colleagues to do the same.

"Is it possible," he argued, "to deliberate between anarchy and convulsion on the one side, and the chance of good to be expected on the other?"

That same sentiment—that divergent views should be compromised in the hope of saving the land from anarchy—was also expressed in the only equivalent for our modern "statement given out to the public and the press." This took the form of a letter accompanying the Constitution when the document was forwarded to the Congress; a letter signed by George Washington:

"It is obviously impracticable, in the Federal Government of these States, to secure all rights of independent sovereignty to each, and yet provide for the interest and safety of all. Individuals entering into society must give up a share of liberty to preserve the rest.... In all our deliberations on this subject we kept steadily in our view that which appeared to us the greatest interest of every true American—the consolidation of the Union—in which is involved our prosperity, felicity, safety, perhaps our national existence."

There were no reporters present on that memorable day. We do not know how to proportion the credit for the general scheme or the wording of this famous charter. The members of the convention not only kept their pledged secrecy about the proceedings at the time; they also turned over all their papers to the secretary, put them under seal, and gave them for safekeeping to George Washington. That seal was not broken for another thirty years, and within the envelope then was found no account of the debates. What little we know about what happened behind closed doors in Independence Hall that summer is drawn chiefly from a journal kept by James Madison. Why all this secrecy? Because they deemed it inadvisable that their inevitable clashes of opinion should reach the ears of the public and keep stirring up antagonisms that might increase the difficulty of finally reaching an agreement.

That the convention adjourned in good spirits, at length, is attested by a passage from the diary of George Washington:

"The business being closed, the members adjourned to the city tavern, dined together, and took cordial leave of each other."

The document of the Constitution then started upon adventurous travels; and it was not until the present year that this cherished sheaf of engrossed parchment was finally assured the kind of preservation it deserves as one of the most precious of historical relics. Keeping company with the Declaration of Independence most of the time, it journeyed from city to city as the national capital was changed, and from building to building as Washington, D. C. was growing up. Once it had an adventure with a thrill in it when it narrowly escaped destruction by the invading British in August, 1814.

James Monroe, serving then as Secretary of State, had the foresight to order it and the Declaration, along with such other precious papers as could be gathered quickly, hurried out of the capital. Clerks crammed these precious parchments into coarse linen sacks and made off with them in wagons into Virginia. The Declaration and the Constitution spent the first night of this retreat in a barn near the Chain Bridge, and ended their jaunt in a preacher's house at Leesburg, thirty-five miles farther, on the night that the British set fire to Washington.

Upon their return these bits of old parchment knocked around Washington for another eighty years before they found anything like fitting hospitality in a steel safe in a gray old structure next door to the White House—the State, War and Navy office building. The Constitution fared slightly better in this long period of neglect than its comrade. The Declaration, in a frame along with George Washington's commission as Commander in Chief of the army, was for thirty-five years exposed to light, the chill of winter and the glare and heat of summer, until "both faded to a uniform dimness." So relates John C. Fitzpatrick, assistant chief of the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress, in a recent paper on the "Travels of the Declaration of Independence." (*D. A. R. Magazine*, July, 1923.) The Declaration was rolled and unrolled until the signatures were nearly worn off. Then someone took heed and raised a row. After that no one was allowed access to these two famous documents except upon special order of the Secretary of State.

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ferred from the semi-fireproof headquarters of the Secretary of State to a vault in the Library of Congress. Mr. Fitzpatrick describes this transfer as a ceremony of "fitting democratic simplicity" and relates:

"The Secretary of State and the Librarian of Congress were present when the safe containing the Declaration and the Constitution was opened; both documents were carried by Library of Congress employes to the Library's mail wagon and, resting upon a pile of leather U. S. Mail sacks for a cushion; guarded by three young Americans who were fully conscious of the unexpected honor that had fallen to their lot, the Declaration whirled down the rain-washed asphalt of Pennsylvania Avenue, unnoticed and unheeded amid the crowded traffic of a September afternoon, to the gold-domed, granite library building in front of the U. S. Capitol."

And its fate henceforth? He gives us every assurance:

"Here, along with the Constitution, it will be placed on exhibition as soon as proper exhibition furniture can be completed, and under artificial light, in which the damage-causing actinic ray has been carefully neutralized, these charters of American liberty and government will be displayed to the public. Under the plans worked out no further fading from this exposure is possible, and this exhibition will be made at the direction of the President of the United States, 'to satisfy,' as President Harding has fittingly expressed it, 'the laudable wish of patriotic Americans to have an opportunity to see the original fundamental documents upon which rest their independence and their Government.'"

On the Trail of the Fighting Yanks

(*Continued from page* 6)

filling in the trenches the answer was that it did not pay to take the trouble yet. The first thing was to redeem the land on either side of the trenches, especially when the land was poor land and had been largely used for grazing.

The effect gave a sense of desolation which seemed almost more horrible than it was in war time when the trenches were kept in condition. It made you grateful for the labor which had transformed other front lines and fields, pummeled by a long siege of shellfire, into stretches soft with the green of growing crops.

Where the trench line ran through woods which had been subject to heavy bombardment the result is even more uncanny. You remember the skeletons of trees, their trunks whittled and their limbs lopped off by shellfire. Occasionally one has shot out little bursts of leaves in a brave, pitiful effort. But the dead part of these and the wholly dead outlines of the others are blackened by time and seem the blacker because of the green carpet of underbrush from which they rise like ragged demoniac charred posts from a lawn, because of the flowering yellow of gorse. Everywhere, at the time of my visit, the devastated portions of the battlefields were blooming with single bushes, little and large patches and even vast beds of this yellow which was so brilliant that it seemed to flame. Not the red poppies—as the poets would have it—but this gorse which economizes leaves in order that it may give all its strength to its blossoms, has sprung up like a mantle of golden mist over soil fertilized by human blood.

When nothing else will grow it will grow in the shell-torn earth. It has found root in gashed stony hillsides and the walls of ravines where it throws out its vivid masses of petals on clay backgrounds; and it flames, too, in the midst of the woodland undergrowth where the soil is rich.

Not only did I see it—and it is a floral display worth coming far to see in its season—at the jumping-off place of the first great day of the battle, but in places over the whole field where we weaved and thrust our way foot by foot. The holes and trenches which we dug for protection, as well as those of the Germans in that six weeks' Armageddon, are still visible where the soil has not been tilled. Those caves in the reverse side of a ravine, where doughboys found cover while the shells screamed overhead, the peasants will not disturb. They will remain until nature closes them.

It was the sum of all the effort, the memory of the hundreds of thousands who struggled in the Argonne and of those who were killed, maimed and wounded three thousand miles from home, which held me in a grim and majestic spell as I went over this familiar ground. Lucky were the men who escaped and go their ways in good health today with the recollection of having had their part in the battle. They must have a more tender feeling for the relatives of the dead than others of their countrymen can. Their sympathy for the maimed must spring from a deeper understanding.

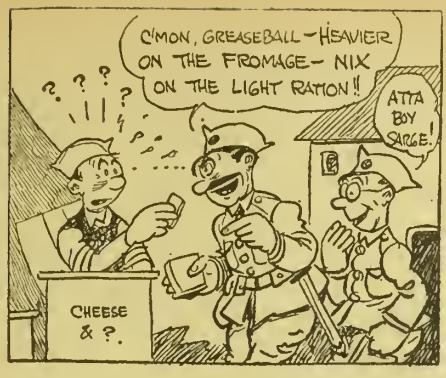
Of all the show sights the one that interested me least was that prize exhibit for tourists, the German Crown Prince's luxurious dugout in the Argonne. It did not mean as much to me as the sign that here on a crest which he had gained an infantryman had dug himself a tiny pit which he meant to hold to the death against counterattacks.

So I went back and forth across the field of our greatest battle. I swung up the "hell-trough" of the Aire, past the white walls of the rebuilt villages, and on to Grand-Pré, with its hillside main street almost entirely rebuilt, while the church was sufficiently repaired for services. Finally I swung down the valley of the Meuse.

From afar the Verdun hills seem the same smudgy gray that they were five years ago. Even the weeds that have grown on them have a hue of desolation. Those hills never did grow much except defense for the invader.

Our men who fought east of the Meuse will find Samogneux, through which they marched, still a wreck, and see tourists seeking souvenirs among old dugouts and shell holes; and those who knew Malbrouck Hill, and the Haumont and Consenvoye Woods, and finally reached the Borne de Cornouiller, will find the scene of their struggles little changed.

(*This is the final instalment of Colonel Palmer's series on our battlefields in France.*)



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