Beginning SONS OF DOOM, by Hugh Wiley

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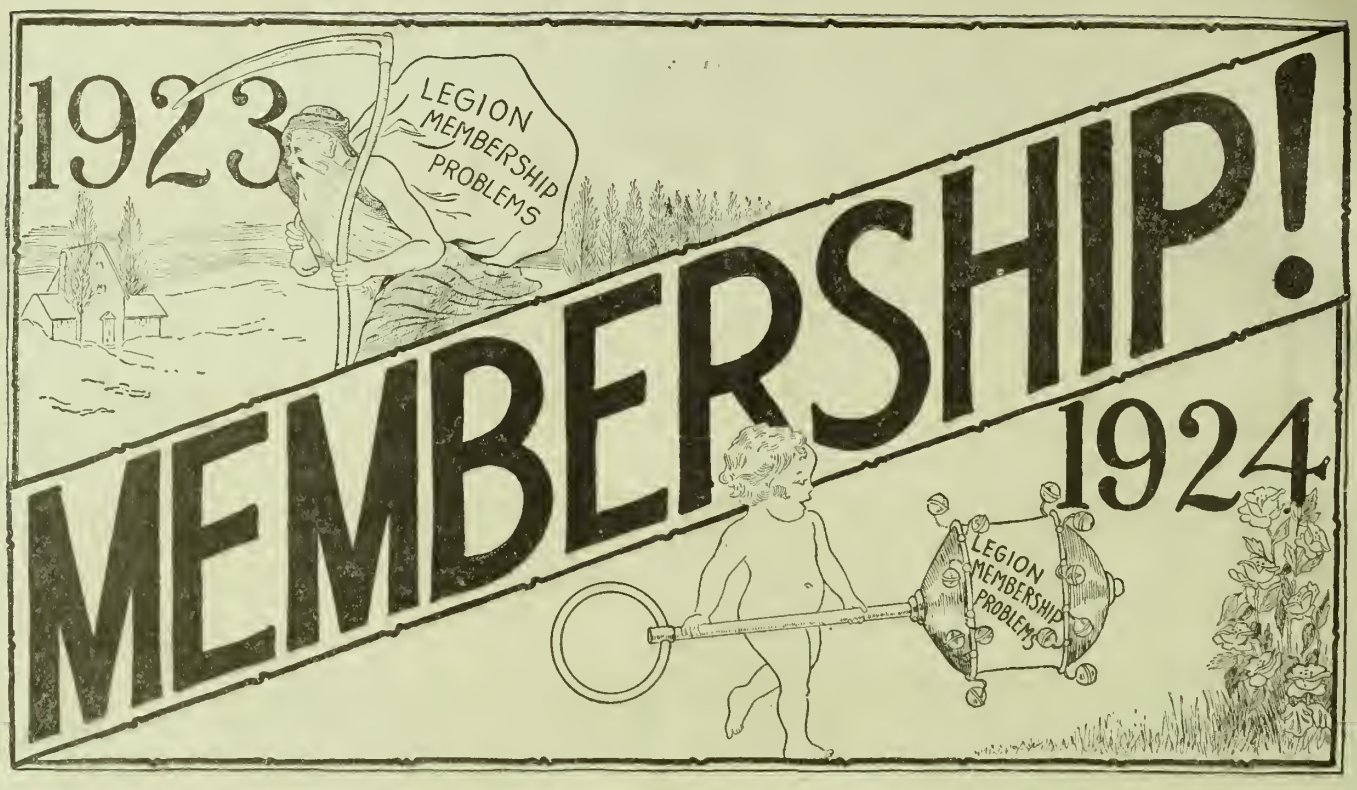

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(signed) Ben F. Jennings, Adjutant,
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Stanford, Kentucky.

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DECEMBER 21, 1923

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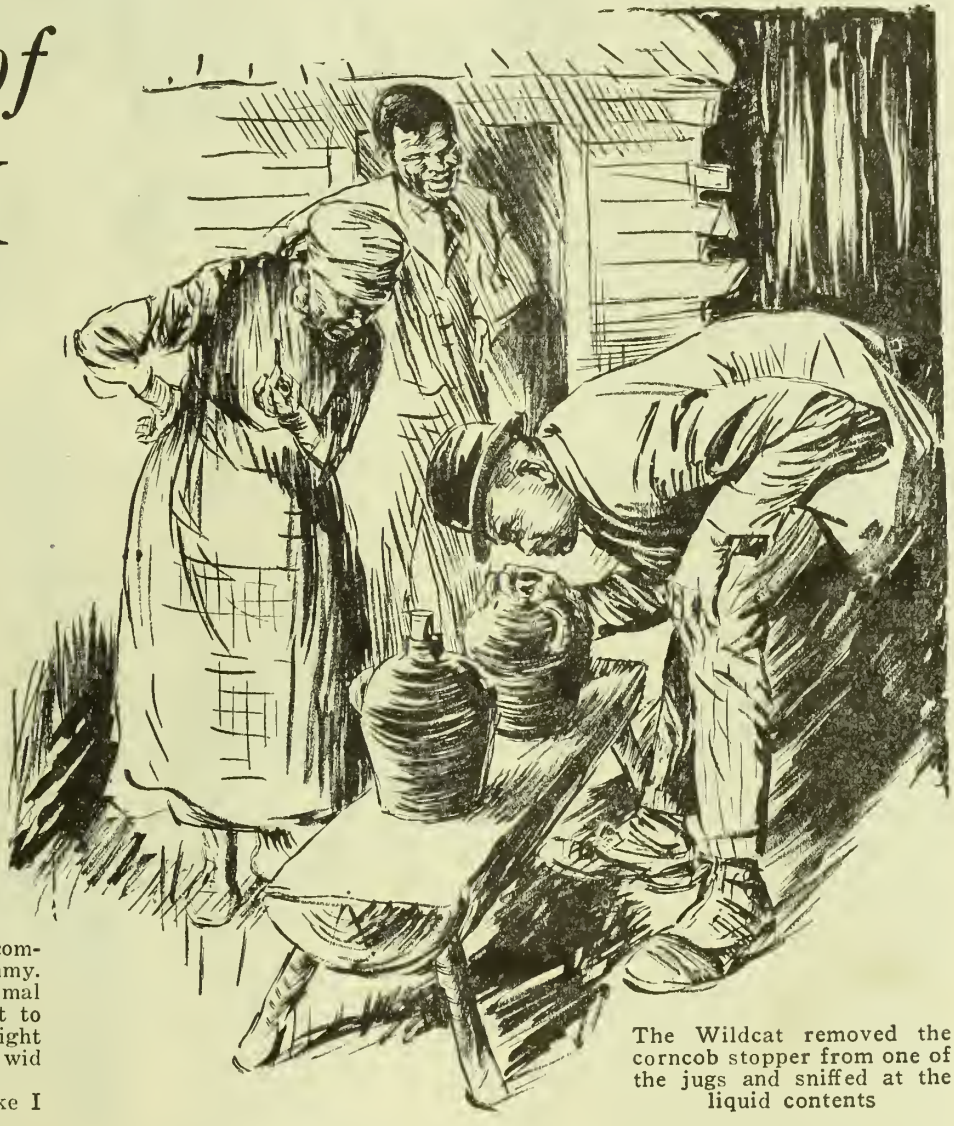
SONS *of* DOOM

A Wildcat Story in Two Parts

By
Hugh Wiley

Illustrated by
C. LeRoy Baldridge



The Wildcat removed the corncob stopper from one of the jugs and sniffed at the liquid contents

I

THE Wildcat, marching along a dusty Dixie road in a promised land that was nothing much but promises, growled a command over his shoulder at his half-size companion. "Come 'long heah, Demmy. Side meat an' biskit ain't no animal whut sneaks up on you. You got to run 'em down. Time is money right now. Clod dat Lily goat in de head wid a dornick an' le's git goin'!"

"I'se comin', Wilecat. Seems like I ain't had me no sleep f'r so long."

"Ain't had you no sleep? Huh! Does yo' stummick crave sleep?"

"Kain't say does it. Wisht us could come up wid some cornfield or mebbe a misguided pullet whut has seen 'nuf of life."

"Keep a-wishin', but whilst you wish, walk. Us eats in dis comin' town!"

"You sounds hopeful wid de whah at, Wilecat, but de when an' how of this eatin' bizness is whut aggitates me."

"Come 'long, boy! Leave de when an' how to Lady Luck. Whut dat farm nigger say dis comin' town name was?"

"Town named Weevil. Easy to remember does you know yo' Bible. Mind de place whah de boy gits smote an' returns good f'r weevil?"

"Ain't de same word."

"Neveh mind what dis town called—chance is folks eats in it. Dat's mo' 'n us has done since dis progress begun whut you said was leadin' to fame an' fortune. Us is like all de rest of dem progressive boys—gits so far ahead of Lady Luck dat when de dinner bell rings us kain't heah it."

"Demmy, mebbe de Lawd is yo' shepherd like you said a while back befo' dey runs you out of dat revival meetin' an' give yo' collection plate to a one-arm man. Mebbe de Lawd is yo' shepherd, but jus' now I'se close 'nuf to reach you wid frien'ly words, an' f'r de las' time I tells you quit moanin' an' come a-runnin' befo' I starts me a bullhead barbecue consistin' of one sawed-off nigger. I don't like dis country no mo' dan you does. Ol' Man Trouble drug me back to Dixie, an' de only way us kin git out of it is to git 'nuf money so de railroad boys will haul us back 'long de track to dat San Framcisco town."

"Wisht us was back dere now. Or even Los Angeles. Or Po'tland."

"Thought you tole me de police folks needed you in Lost Anxious. Ain't you said dey craves to meet up wid you?"

"Neveh says is they. Whut happened was I gits me a job wid a man whut runs a two-bit auto park. Got along good till de man sold a auto'beel whut neveh belong to him. All de police folks did was ax me questions an' turn me loose."

"Lucky you gits loose. Nobody axes

me no questions in dat ruckus down below heah. Nobody turned me loose. Ol' judge he told me things. In Lost Anxious dey axes you an' turns you loose. Down heah dey tells you, an' retains hold of you in de big stone house. Seems like dey don't know no numbehs 'til it's sixty."

"Wuz de jail cool?"

"Not so cool as us could keep by fannin' heavy wid a fo' leaf cloveh. . . . Come 'long oveh heah a minnit whilst us axes dis farm nigger some questions 'bout dat fo'thcomin' Weevil town. Got to ax 'bout de white folks an' de lodges. Always is betteh to find out whut you is steppin' into befo' it looms up in yo' face too close f'r runnin' purposes."

The pair, leading Lily, detoured from the road long enough to subject a laboring member of their race to a cross-examination concerning the social and economic features of the town of Weevil which lay down the road half a mile ahead of them.

"How is de lodge bizness in dis Weevil town?" the Wildcat asked.

"De Bulger Custis boy what runs de barbeh shop on Laurel Street is de likker secretary of de Hand an' Foot Club. He kin tell you mo' dan whut I kin. Same boy is pres'dent of de Grain Gin Careless Club an' de local leadin' soopreem aggitator of de Sons of Damon."

"Sho'! You tells me dey is a Sons of Damon lodge in dis Weevil town?"

"US is. Dat barbeh boy name Bulger Custis is sort of de head man since de last election."

The Wildcat turned to his diminutive company. "Hear dat, Demmy! Come 'long, an' come runnin'! Us is headed fo' my fraternal friend. Chances is us eats right afteh I gives him de grip an' de password."

Demmy dragged heavily on Lily. "Git comin', goat, whilst us 'filiates wid a chance to eat."

Fifteen minutes later the trio entered the front door of the Bulger Custis barber shop.

Age had brought weight to the lodge-leading proprietor of the barber shop, and when the Wildcat entered the place he discovered his fellow member of the Sons of Damon seated in a ponderous canvas chair. Bulger Custis was honing one of a group of razors. He looked up from his work and regarded the Wildcat with eyes from which gleamed little of welcome or fraternal friendliness.

The Wildcat held out his hand. "Does I greet a fellow membeh of de Sons of Damon?"

"You does." Bulger Custis admitted the truth without enthusiasm.

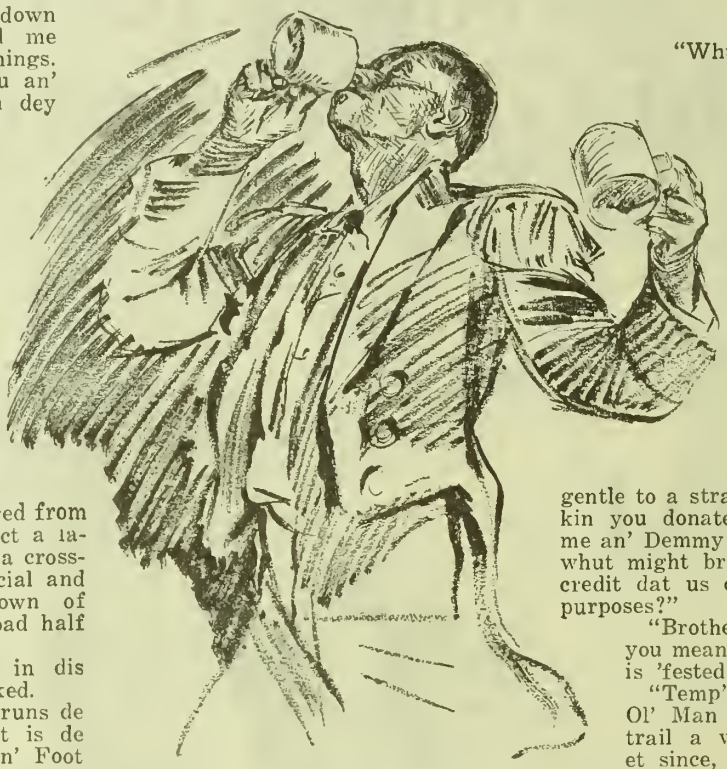
"Name bein' Bulger Custis?"

"Sho' is."

The Wildcat beckoned to Demmy, who had run back near the door of the barber shop. "Step up, Demmy, an' meet Brotheh Custis."

The hand of fellowship that was extended to Demmy held nothing of promise so far as rations was concerned.

"Well, dat's dat." The Wildcat sighed heavily, as if a week's work had been accomplished. "Us has come



"Whuff! Sho' tasted noble!"

miles to meet you. Whut dis Grain Gin Club which I hears you is pres'dent of? An' whilst I'se axin', is de roll of members filled up?"

The membership of the Grain Gin Careless Club was at the moment complete except for three of the transportation department, who were serving ninety-day sentences for bootlegging. Bulger Custis, thinking fast, figured that in Demmy and the Wildcat he had discovered replacement troops for the front-line battles with the local prohibition forces. "De membehship list is full jus' now 'ceptin' f'r two openin's. De club needs two good steady men in de Official Department. De Royal Imperial Bev'rage Porteh, an' de Secondary Servidor, is two offices which is vacant at de moment."

"Says you! Mighty official soundin' offices."

"Sho is! Full regalia—wid gold braid coats an' ev'rything. Does you know de West Corneh Ritual in de Sons of Damon lodge?"

"Sho' do! Me an' Demmy is held all de official chairs in de lodge."

"DAT'S good. Den de chances is you kin be conducted into de 'steemed an' honorary Grain Gin Club winin de next come twenty-fo' hours. Besides yo' official duties in dem two high rankin' offices you has a heavy sideline whut tests yo' 'sponsibility to a 'larmin' degree."

"Sho' do! Setch as what?"

"Dat will be revealed unto you, brotheh, at a fittin' moment."

"Is dey some social lunch or anything such as vittles goes wid de festivities?" Demmy craved to know more about the commissary department.

"Mo' dan you could eat wuz you rav'nous."

"Mebbe so. I ain't neveh cracked under de strain of eatin' yet, 'spite of whut I lacks in size." Demmy made his boast. And then, spurred on in his search for the bitter truth, "When de next social meetin' wid lunch?"

"Next meetin' happens tonight."

The Wildcat looked at Demmy. "You heahs whut Brotheh Custis tells you, Demmy. Next meetin' tonight. Guess de worthy brotheh has two applications. Furthermore, Brotheh Custis," the Wildcat continued, "speakin' gentle to a strangeh in a strange land, kin you donate some advice whah at me an' Demmy kin locate a sudden job whut might bring us fo' bits cash or credit dat us could use f'r stummick purposes?"

"Brotheh, you pains me! Does you mean to tell me dat you boys is 'fested wid poverty?"

"Temp'rary. Temp'rary only. Ol' Man Trouble camped on de trail a ways back an' us ain't et since, lately."

"How far since? De point is, 'nitiation in de Grain Gin Club is five dollars each. Mebbe you betteh walk down to de freight deepo. I hears dey is unloadin' fo' cars of coal an' some mo' shovel freight such as sand an' gravel, an' dey needs hands. Gin'ally dey pays fo' bits a hour, an' de chances is us could git de 'nitiation fee redoosted in a special case like dis."

The Wildcat looked at his brother Damon. "Diggin' mo' an' mo' into dis mountain of words, does you 'spect, Brotheh Custis, dat me an' Demmy could uncoveh mebbe fo' bits heah in yo' barbeh shop so as to git ten loaves of bread or somethin' befo' us starts wrastlin' wid dis coal bizness? In de name of Damon an' de sacred ties of humble fren'ship, dat is?"

The sacred ties of humble friendship creaked and groaned under the strain suddenly imposed upon them but held fast for a net stress of thirty cents. "Git back heah just as quick as de payoff boy sees you afteh you quits work tonight. Not dat I trembles 'bout de thutty cents, but because dey is lots of official things I has to tell you befo' de brethens assembles."

"Sho' will! Come 'long, Demmy! Us is gots lots of bizness to 'range befo' de lodge meets."

Demmy, fairly trotting beside the Wildcat and Lily, defined the nature of the immediate business which confronted him. "De main job is findin' a grocery sto' whut is careless about how much rations dey emits f'r thutty cents."

"Boy, yo' face is cluttered wid truth!"

The Wildcat and his companion lunched on a ten-cent loaf of bread and two ten-cent tins of sardines. "Sop up dat oil gravy whut oozes roun' dem sourdeen fishes, Wilecat," Demmy advised. "Seems like to me dese heah measly li'l fishes is got to work mighty hard to give you strength 'nuf to unshovel a carload of coal."

"Nearly ten o'clock now, Demmy.

De mos' I kin see is seven hours work, an' de Lawd knows us has trompled through twice dat much widout no rations a-tall. Dat bread is strength'nin'."

"Sho' is. But hard to cram down yo' neck widout trimmin's. My mind is dwellin' on ice wateh."

"Neveh mind, boy! Some place 'long de line us ketches up wid Lady Luck far 'nuf to count de cash whut adds up railroad fare back to San Framcisco. An' on de train, does you crave to, you kin bulge yo' pussonal stummick to de bustin' point wid free ice wateh!"

"Long ways ahead. I hates to strain my mind thinkin' how much coal us has to shovel befo' we digs down deep 'nuf to find de price of dem railroad tickets."

"Ain't goin' to shovel me no railroad tickets. All I craves is 'nuf to leave me 'filiate wid dese Weevil lodge niggers. Dat Bulger Custis boy in de barbeh shop said dey wuz consid'rable bizness goin' on wid dese field hands an' town niggers roun' heah. Leave me git twenty or thutty of de brethrens gathered togetheh! Leave me start wid one lucky gallop of de baby cubes! Us builds up a pile of cash so high you kin stand on de top an' see de San Framcisco fog f'm dis heah Weevil town!"

"You sounds hopeful, Wilecat."

"An' I ain't no rainbow! Whut I means, ev'ry time us gits fo' bits f'm dis coal car man us puts de bone yeast in it an' when she gits through swellin' on de gamblin' flo' she means anotheh hund'ed miles 'long de line to San Framcisco Bay. Dere is yo' railroad yard."

"An' dere is yo' coal cars loaded wid hopes an' railroad tickets. All dey needs is heavy shovelin'. Come 'long whilst us talks to de man." Under the spur of the Wildcat's hopeful words the sawed-off Demmy panted for action.

The coal car man was seated in the shade, half asleep under the influence of the heat and the bitter end of a five-cent cigar, when the Wildcat and Demmy accosted him. The first supplicant removed his hat and carried it, crumpled, close against his leg. Demmy, as usual, hung back and let the Wildcat do the talking.

"Cap'n suh, kin you thrive wid two mo' good shovel hands?"

"Where are they?"

"Me an' dis sawed-off boy heah craves to hire on."

"Can you unload that car single-handed before dark?"

The Wildcat answered without looking at the car. There was but one answer. "Cap'n, yassuh!"

"All right. Four bits an hour. I can't use that other boy."

The Wildcat opened his eyes. "Mebbe kin I 'splain about him you hires him too. Demmy is built middlin' low to de groun', but dat boy kin unload dis car long befo' any otheh nigger gits begun. He don't have to travel so far afteh de coal 'count standin' low down an' close to it."

The day was too hot for argument, and the white man's burden for the moment was getting the cars unloaded. "All right," he conceded. "Get your shovels out of that wagon over there and get started on those next two cars. There's free ice water in that keg under the wagon. Drag it, and get goin'."

"Cap'n, yessuh!"

THE pair dragged it rapidly in the direction of the free ice water. After the third cup of the gratifying fluid the Wildcat tied Lily to a spoke of a wagon wheel, and with Demmy beside him he moved, slow-time, toward his personal bituminous problem.

Demmy dug himself in during the first hour and thereafter nothing could be seen of him except the occasional glimpse of his woolly head bobbing above the side of the car. His industry was marked by a steady movement of coal.

At six o'clock the white man yelled an announcement. "Come and get it!"

He addressed himself to Demmy and the Wildcat. "Get back here at seven o'clock if you want to and keep on working until you get your cars unloaded."

"Yessuh."

The Wildcat pocketed his three-fifty without signing any contracts covering his return. He was grimy with coal dust, and the jet disguise had been streaked and furrowed by streams of perspiration. Demmy's eyes gleamed white from the dead black area of his face.

The pair hit the nearly empty keg of ice water for a row of quarts. Then, leading Lily, they started toward the Bulger Custis barber shop.

"Demmy, us has got seven dollahs betwixt us." The Wildcat mopped his brow with his sleeve. "I don't botheh work when work don't botheh me. An' I ain't a-skeered of work. But all I says is does dat coal white man see me again it won't be in de midst of no coal car."

"Like as not to, 'less Lady Luck rallies roun'. Coal money goes f'r de same kind of rations as whut gamblin' money does."

"Jus' de same kind of money, Demmy, 'ceptin' it sticks longeh when you mixes it wid sweat, like I tole you befo'. Dis mawnin' I figgers did I have fo' hund'ed dollahs I spends it all f'r groceries. Now, wid a measly seven dollahs betwixt you an' me an' Lily, us figgers a fo'-bit meal, any place, is big 'nuf."

"You an' me both! Size up de meal 'long side of de coal it took to earn it an' de way I feels I could eat hearty on five cents worth of dog meat."

Before they arrived at the barber

(*Continued on page* 24)

The Wildcat and Demmy faded through the back door

Miss Cinderella Parks

By
Herbert Corey

In the Yellowstone National Park, where wild animals and men live side by side in peace

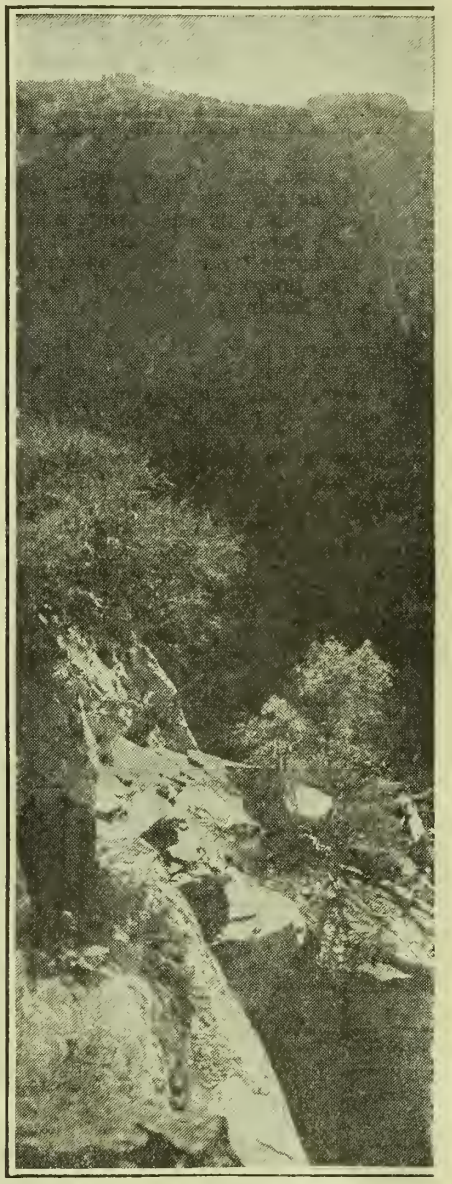
EACH family must have its neglected member, I suppose. Some one who wears out the old clothes and eats at the second table and is chased upstairs about the time the conversation begins to be really interesting.

Meet Miss Cinderella Parks.

Our national household is fairly well balanced, on the whole. Each department wants more money, of course. Under the budget system, however, a look is first taken at the amount of money the Government will be able to get from the taxpayers in a given time. Then this sum is apportioned according to the needs. At least, according to the needs as General Herbert Lord of the Budget Bureau sees them. In a popularity contest to be voted in by the other executives of the Government General Lord would run absolutely last in any field.

Each department could spend more money to advantage, too, if it could get it. The trouble is that too much of the national revenue is dribbled away on non-productive lines. This cannot be helped as long as we are a democracy. Each congressman must logroll other congressmen to get money for his district. Pretty nearly every fraction of the Government's activities has a congressman or a group of congressmen vitally interested in getting money for the folks back home. Except the national parks. The parks have a few. But they haven't chunked down many golden persimmons from the appropriations tree.

To condense this palaver into a few words, the parks are being starved. And it is a shame. It is unbusinesslike, although we call ourselves a business nation. It is a chump's trick, for every one of us has visited or will visit, the parks. And every blithering one of us,



COURTESY UNION PACIFIC

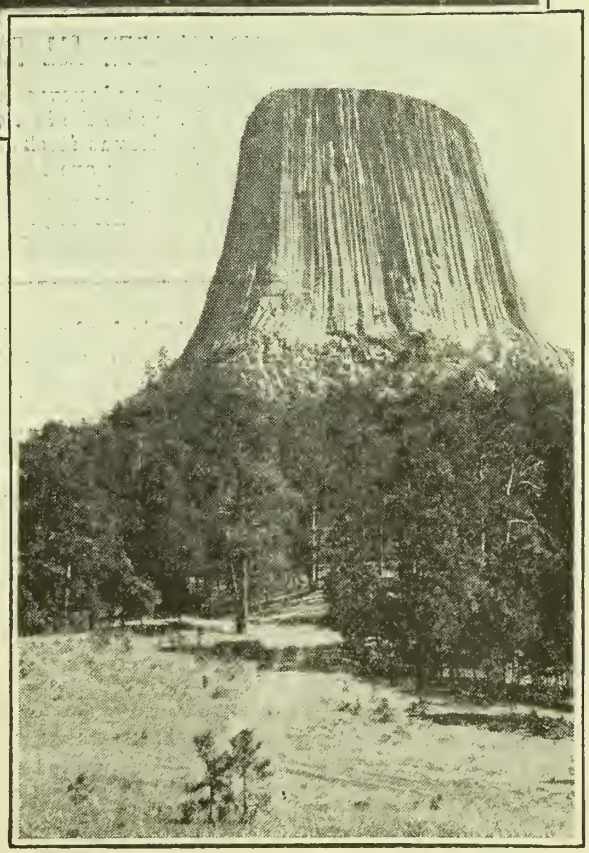
Zion Canyon, the principal glory teen years ago, but already it is at-

Glacier National Park, Montana, with Medicine Lake in the foreground and Mt. Rockwell beyond it

when he shoots Lizzie along a slippery road high on the side of a slippery hill, with a gray and white streamlet roaring four hundred feet below, and stops to put on the chains he should have put on four miles farther back, and makes the wife get out for fear the whole layout will do a fancy flop over the edge—

Each one of us will dig into his knowledge of the English language for a few cuss-words. Chances are there will be a lot of venom spilled all over

of Zion National Park. This park was established only four-



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tracting an enormous number of tourists to the State of Utah

the park management. Say that the man who made this road must have been skimmed out of the second boiling of hell. Announce that it is an infernal outrage to ask any citizen to take a good one-hundred-and-forty-dollar car and several million-dollar kids over a road that would scare a jackass. And forget all about it, in the good, easy-going, fat-headed American way just as soon as the park, going out, is passed.

Suppose that we take a look at the national park system; discover just what they are worth and whether they ought to be kept up and how much money they cost us and whether they are getting a square deal. This is an unselfish labor on my part. I haven't any parks. The last time I visited a park it cost me a lot of money, because I liked it so well I could not break away and get back to work. All right. Let's go. But first let's listen to Secretary of the Interior Work: "If the parks were put on a business basis," says he, "they would soon be self-sustaining. By and by they would make money. All they need is roads, camps, sanitation."

"What would a private company give for the entire outfit of national parks, to be operated as an amusement concern?" I asked him.

"Heaven knows," he replied. "Millions. And they would make millions out of it. Why, on one road alone—"

Never mind the illustrations he gave to prove

(*Continued on page* 19)

The Devil's Tower, Wyoming. This is one of our most famous national monuments. Its fluted columns, composed of igneous rock, rise six hundred feet above a rounded ridge on the Belle Fourche River. It is visible in nearly every direction for one hundred miles

EDITORIAL

TO reflect more accurately the opinion and sentiment of The American Legion, the occasional use of this page is offered to the readers of the Weekly who, through their membership in the Legion, are also its owners. Contributions are subject to abridgment and the Weekly assumes no responsibility for opinions expressed in them. They should be addressed to the Editors, The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

"One of the Great Shopping Holidays"

IT is high time that the commercialization of some of our great and solemn holidays be stopped. Glaring examples are to be found entirely too frequently. On November 11th last, for instance, a Brooklyn newspaper carried a prominent advertisement calling attention to a New York department store's "Armistice Day and Tuesday Sales". In the two upper corners the following appeared:

No School Tomorrow!

So bring the children in to buy their Winter clothes, for, of course, they will want new ones for Thanksgiving.

If you guide them to the Toys and to the Candy Shop and Soda Fountain their shopping day will be a huge success, and they will vote Blank's a splendid place to visit.

ARMISTICE DAY (MONDAY) OPEN ALL DAY

Like Columbus Day and Election Day is now one of the great shopping holidays. It is also the last one before Christmas. Since our Christmas stocks are now complete and fullest assortments are here to choose from. Why not plan your gift list today, and do your Christmas Shopping tomorrow, Armistice Day?

Both of these announcements—typical of many others appearing elsewhere—are decidedly open to criticism. "No School Tomorrow!" is not the proper way to call attention to Armistice Day. A concern like this one should at least tell what the Armistice meant. Being open all day on a solemn holiday isn't anything to be proud of; but special attention, it will be noted, is called to that fact.

Should Armistice Day be "one of the great shopping holidays"? It should not, and the sooner the department stores and other business concerns learn this, the better.—JOHN B. MOORE, *Past Commander, Warren C. Condit Post, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

A Chance to Make Good on a Slogan

THE motto of the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League is, "For the disabled, everything; for the able-bodied, nothing." New York State at the last election voted favorably on an amendment to the state constitution providing for the payment of adjusted compensation to all residents of the State who served in the World War. This was done—and by a tremendous majority—in spite of the opposition of most of the great New York newspapers.

The members of the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League now have a truly wonderful opportunity to prove their sincerity, the unselfishness of their aims, their high ideals and their solicitude for the wounded by simply devoting the entire amount of their state "bonus" to the disabled, either by assigning it to the Veterans' Mountain Camp or by giving it to some New York State organization to be devoted to the use of disabled World War veterans. Will they do it? Watch them.—GEORGE P. POTTER, *Murray Hill Post, New York City.*

How About an Army Day?

EVERY year the Navy observes Navy Day—and more power to that same. The Navy rates it. But why doesn't the Army rate a day, too? How about it? Why can't there be an Army Day—a day when army posts everywhere are thrown open to the public; a day when good citizens give a thought to the man in olive drab and take him into their homes as in the days of 1917 and 1918; a day when those of us who were of the Army five years back (and those of us who were of the Navy, too) can take it to ourselves again in memory and wish godspeed, good luck and a full messkit to its present representatives?

Honoring the Army doesn't necessarily mean that we are getting all primed for a "next war." We can honor it without asking that it be expanded to ten million men. We can honor it for what it is—a mass of Americans whose record has come down stainless since the days of its first great commander, which for nearly a century and a half has met every test confronting it, mastered every crisis and won its way to victory upon victory. Let's have an Army Day.—HENRY Z. DAVIES, *San Francisco, Cal.*

Fed Up

RECENTLY the Legionnaires of El Paso, Texas, needed some money with which to carry on their work. They could have done the easiest thing—started a drive—and had a full treasury in almost no time. The good people of El Paso would have dug down in their pockets and contributed liberally, as people almost always do under such circumstances. But the Legionnaires decided to give a circus instead. The *El Paso Times*, in commenting on the veterans' circus idea, had this to say about drives:

> No matter how advisable the project, "drives" are getting on the nerves of the American public. They are getting on the nerves of the Legionnaires as much as anybody else.
>
> True there are some projects which, because of their nature, can not raise money save by means of a "drive," although they are beginning to cloak it in softer words.
>
> The last time the Legion needed money it shied at a "drive" and endeavored to raise it by a carnival, in which it would be enabled to give something in return for the money. But the Legion was virtually forced into something very like a "drive."
>
> This time the Legionnaires determined to have things their own way—they can have them their own way almost any time they decide to—and are bringing in a circus.

Unquestionably a lot of people are fed up on drives. The Legion ought to think this subject over.—T. T. T. S., *El Paso, Tex.*

'Twas a mighty poor football player that didn't get on somebody's All-American eleven this year.

Poilus Who Wear *the* D. S. C.

By William E. Moore

UNCLE SAM is pretty thrifty when it comes to handing out decorations for valor on the fighting line. He couldn't be called open-handed even with his own soldiers, but in rewarding foreigners he is absolutely parsimonious. American practice in this regard in the late war was in striking contrast to the French habit of pinning Croix de Guerre on the Yanks who fought alongside them. Thousands of the latter were awarded to American soldiers and a few of our men even received the Médaille Militaire, which is the highest French decoration for bravery in action and can be compared to our Congressional Medal of Honor for distinction.

Seventy-seven French officers and 39 enlisted men of the French army did receive the American Distinguished Service Cross, but not a single one got the Medal of Honor. These Frenchmen, in nearly all cases, were attached to the American Army for service. Few American decorations were awarded to members of any of the French units fighting alongside our outfits. In this we acted far differently from our French allies, who made every battle an occasion to bestow honors on the Americans who had distinguished themselves.

It's all a matter of national temperament, custom and practice. Before you get a decoration in the American Army they make your superior officer produce sworn documentary evidence that you have done something worth while. This is viewed with a cold official eye and if no flaws can be found in it you may get a medal, provided the deed performed comes up to the high standards that have been set in our service. Those standards are without doubt the highest in any army. Even the celebrated Victoria Cross of the British service is not so hard to qualify for as the American Medal of Honor. Only 101 Yanks won the Medal of Honor in the late war. Ninety-one of these went to the Army and ten to the Navy. Four were given the unknown soldiers of England, France, Italy and Belgium.

The viewpoint of our late French allies is different from ours. Anyone who ever witnessed a French decoration ceremony knows just how different it is. With them it was a joyous occasion, that included a lot of kissing and back-slapping and laughter. In France we went about the same business in a solemn sort of way, lightened only by the cynical humor (spoken generally out of the corner of the mouth) of neighbors in the ranks who were wearing their blouses plain.

The giving of American decorations to foreigners was something new in our army. It had never been done before the World War and the practice was inaugurated only after many of our officers and enlisted men had been honored with valor medals by the Allies. Something had to be done, so Congress authorized the President to bestow American decorations on those of our Allies who merited it.

Of the 116 Frenchmen who wear the American D. S. C. only six were "simple soldats." The remainder of the 39 enlisted men who were honored belonged to those categories of French non-coms that were so difficult for the American soldier to assess properly as to their military rank. They include maréchal de logis, adjutant, interpreter, brigadier sergeant and corporal, which approximate our Army and Navy ranks from warrant officer down to corporal.

Among the recipients of the D. S. C. is one man who certainly is not a Frenchman, yet, since he was decorated as a soldier of France, must be included in the lot.

Front and center, then, for James A. Connelly, sergeant-pilot, French Air Service. It is not the first time in history that men of his race have been honored for their services to France "sur le champ d'honneur." This Irish-Yankee-Frenchman won his decoration for a little trick he pulled off near Suippes, September 6, 1918. The French air outfit Monsieur Connelly was serving with was assigned to the American Army for combat service. While out alone Connelly ran into a German formation of 12 Fokkers which he immediately attacked. In spite of the one-sided nature of the contest he shot down the German leader, and while the enemy flight commander was falling in flames Connelly forced the remaining eleven planes to seek safety in flight. Having headed them for home, he continued in pursuit until his ammunition gave out.

The only Frenchman to get an oak-leaf cluster in addition to his D. S. C. was Lieutenant Leon Marchand, who was attached to the 30th United States Infantry. The 30th was the regiment of the Third Division which held a position at the very brink of the River Marne at the bend east of Château-Thierry where, on July 15, 1918, the Germans managed to get a few troops across in their last offensive. Close by the river's edge there was a small clump of trees. Lieutenant Marchand repeatedly volunteered to proceed from the regimental post of command to this woods, through intense shell fire, in order to observe the progress of the action and obtain information necessary for the commanding officer. Marchand's citation declares that his "superb courage was an inspiration to the men of the regiment to which he was attached."

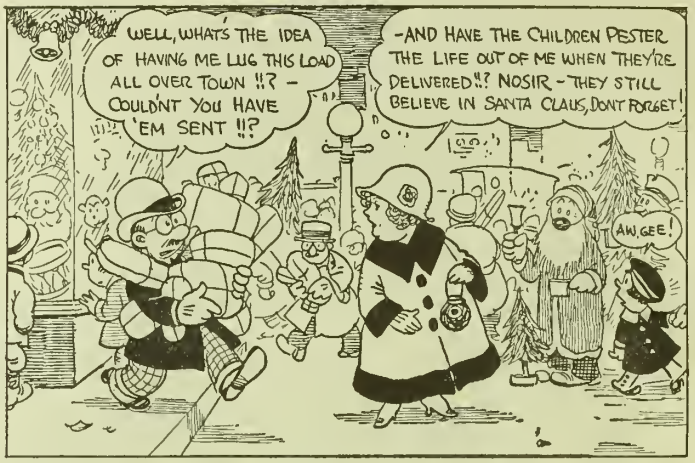
THE oak leaf cluster was awarded for extraordinary acts of heroism in the Argonne. Near the Ferme de Madeleine near Cunel, on October 14th, Lieutenant Marchand twice voluntarily accompanied attacking troops through heavy enemy barrages, and on one of these occasions was caught between friendly and hostile machine gun fire. Later the same night he volunteered and led a patrol into the Bois de Pultière to locate a dugout for the post of command. It was known that the woods were saturated with gas but Marchand was familiar with the ground and thought he could get through. He did, but was overcome by gas in attempting to return. However, he got his message back and later recovered from the gassing.

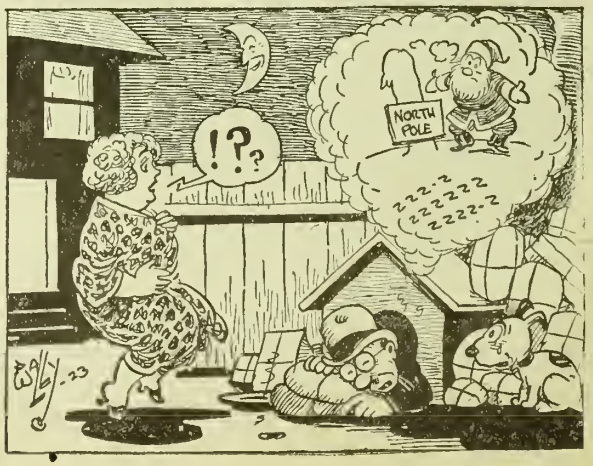
To tell what all these brave Frenchmen did in their winning of the D. S. C

(*Continued on page* 28)

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

By Wallgren





Why Adjusted Compensation Should Be Enacted NOW

HERE is an outline of the Legion's case for adjusted compensation. It summarizes the points which Legion officials have stressed for four years in presenting the Legion's argument to the President, the Congress and the country. Every Legionnaire and every ex-service man should read this carefully. Then—tell the public. Legion posts have helped a great deal by getting their local newspapers to publish accounts of the case for compensation. This digest is well adapted to such use.

I. *A debt is owing the ex-soldier and ex-sailor.*

1. The war was not won by the uniformed services alone. Capital and labor performed services universally recognized to be as patriotic and necessary to victory as the services of soldiers. Men were legally exempt from military duty on that assumption, and were assured that they rendered the greater service to their country by remaining apart from the armed forces as members of the great industrial army which supported the fighting forces.
2. Equal service was not equally rewarded. There was a great discrepancy in pay between those in uniform and the civilian war worker and war contractor —between the members of the fighting forces and those of the industrial forces. This disproportionate payment increased the cost of the war by several billion dollars. To pay this cost a national debt has been incurred.
3. The returned soldier is bearing his share of the burden of paying off this debt, which was contracted for the prosecution of a war which yielded enormous sums in increased wages and profits to those who stayed at home, but imposed a distinct economic handicap on the soldier.
4. The soldier asks no reward for his services while in uniform. But returning home, he asks that, in providing for himself and his family and in bearing his share of the national debt, he be given economic equality with the man who stayed at home. The soldier has not had this equality because of the superior economic position attained during the war by those who did not go to war, and because they did not go.
5. Therefore a debt is owing, and some adjustment of compensation or equalization of economic values is due the soldier to balance the scale in the daily economic struggle between him and his competitor who did not fight and by reason of that fact was able to improve his economic position at the expense of those who did fight.

II. *This debt has been acknowledged by the country and payment has been promised to the veteran.*

1. In the national elections of 1920 and of 1922 a majority of the candidates of all parties for national legislative offices campaigned and were elected on platforms which contained the statement that an adjustment of compensation was due the veterans and should be paid. The late President Harding, as a candidate, placed himself explicitly on record as favoring the passage of the Adjusted Compensation Bill. Candidates who declined to go thus on record in nearly every instance were defeated at the polls.

III. *The country wants this debt paid.*

1. The people of twenty States at general elections have voted in favor of adjusted compensation.
2. The legislatures of twenty-three States have petitioned Congress to enact the federal adjusted compensation bill.
3. The governors of thirty-three States called on the President to sign the Adjusted Compensation Bill when it was before him.
4. The legislatures of twenty-two States have acted favorably on state legislation of a similar nature.
5. The House of Representatives has passed the adjusted compensation bill three times, the last vote being 333 to 70.
6. The United States Senate, through its finance committee, has approved of this bill three times, the Senate as a whole passing it once by a vote of 47 to 22.
7. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States, a national organization which has been a consistent and active opponent of compensation, polled local chambers of commerce throughout the country on the four options of the bill. The result was 4,116 votes for and 2,657 against adjusted compensation.
8. The American Federation of Labor and many other organizations of large membership have endorsed the bill.
9. In addition to The American Legion, every recognized national organization of war veterans, from the Civil War down, has endorsed the bill and urged its enactment.

IV. *The country can afford to pay this debt; the funds are available.*

1. In 1921 and again in 1922, though a majority of the American people and a majority of their representatives in Congress favored the adjusted compensation bill, the measure failed of enactment because of the plea of the Secretary of the Treasury that the finances of the country were not equal to the obligation. If this were the state of affairs in 1921 and 1922 it cannot be the state of affairs today. The Treasury reported a surplus of $300,000,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1923. In his last communication to Congress on the subject the Secretary declared that the surplus for 1924 would be so great as to permit of a reduction of income taxes in the amount of $323,000,000.
2. The officially estimated cost of adjusted compensation is approximately $80,000,000 a year for the first three years. Therefore, the Treasury surplus of free funds for 1924 will be enough to pay that year's installment on the nation's debt to the veterans four times over. Compensation can be paid and taxes reduced $243,000,000 in 1924.

V. *The bill now before Congress arranged for the payment of this debt in ways which would benefit not only the individuals compensated but the country as a whole.*

1. The veteran who is entitled, by reason of his length of service, to more than $50 must take his compensation in one of these three ways:
   (a) A twenty-year-endowment paid-up life-insurance policy, or
   (b) A contribution toward building or paying for

a home or a farm or for improvements on a farm, or

(c) A contribution toward a vocational or industrial education. Or

If he is entitled to $50 or less he must accept his compensation in cash.

2. The options (a), (b) and (c), which would apply to the preponderant majority of veterans, represent investments which would make for a better, stabler and more prosperous citizenship among the 4,000,000 who would benefit by them. They offer no chance by which these values—which represent money that is owing the soldier and which the country desires shall be paid to him—may be dissipated by unwise or uneconomic use or investment. Life insurance, homes, farms, education—the money must go into these things. No sounder investments could be suggested.
3. In the transaction comparatively little actual money will change hands. Credits simply will move from the Treasury into 4,000,000 individual investments in discharge of an actual and acknowledged debt which the nation owes to 4,000,000 men who bore arms in the World War and as a consequence suffered an economic disability which can be and should be made good in part without further delay.

VI. *The United States is not in the habit of repudiating its war obligations. It is an established American custom to adjust the compensation of individuals and economic groups which have sustained financial losses by reason of participation in a war effort. In the last war this custom was observed except in the single instance of the soldiers.*

1. After the Revolutionary War President Washington asked Congress to adjust the compensation of the soldiers and this was done. President Lincoln did the same after the Civil War. Mr. Lincoln previously had applied for and received his compensation following the Black Hawk War, in which he served as an infantry captain.
2. During or since the World War an adjustment of compensation, in addition to their regular pay, was paid to Federal civilian employees totaling $225,000,000, and to the civilian personnel of the Army and Navy totaling $100,000,000.
3. The Government drafted the railroads during the war and guaranteed them satisfactory profits, and to this end, in 1922, settled upon them an adjustment of compensation totaling $764,271,000.
4. War contractors were guaranteed and paid profits which were always fair, frequently liberal and sometimes exorbitant. Since the war contractors have been paid an additional $700,000,000 in adjusted compensation and these payments are still going on.
5. The returned soldier, despite his economic handicap, is now paying and for four years has been paying his share of the foregoing in addition to the other expenses of the war. All other war debts having been liquidated, and with a surplus in the Treasury, the soldier who has waited four years merely asks that what is owing to him be paid *now*.

Georgia Sets *the* Pace *for* 1924 Members

WHEN the Georgia department this year almost doubled its 1922 membership and thereby won the Hanford MacNider Trophy for the second successive year, it apparently was only setting a pace that it intends keeping up indefinitely. Heyward C. Hosch, department adjutant, announced on December 1st that six posts in his department had already signed up for 1924 more than the total number of members who had been on their rolls in 1923. On that date also the total number of Georgia Legionnaires whose dues for 1924 had been paid into the department treasury was 698, and every post in the State had started or was starting a membership drive to place it as near as possible to or over the one hundred percent mark when New Year's Day dawns. Ten thousand members by January 1st is the record which the Georgia department is shooting at. "Get our ranks filled early so that we can give all our time to the real work ahead," is the word which has gone out.

Adjutant Hosch has found that The American Legion Weekly may be used effectively in getting new members. In a bulletin to posts he says:

"I suggest that posts make use of the Weekly for the next three or four months by getting copies into the hands of all ex-service men who are not yet members of the Legion. The Weekly will furnish these copies at only three cents each. Each post should be receiving at least ten extra copies each week for this work."

In a summary of the membership contests now under way in his State, Mr. Hosch says:

"Savannah challenged Columbus and Columbus manfully accepted the gauntlet. The fight is on there and the Legion in Georgia is expecting a total of 3,000 members from this fight. Gainesville has been taken up by Valdosta and it would not be surprising if these enterprising posts show a total of more than 1,000 members. When Augusta and Macon enter the fray the entire department can look out, as these two cities have great undeveloped resources. Marietta promises to give Albany a race for some material prize, and there Georgia expects a thousand more."

Georgia isn't the only State that has started piling up 1924 membership in the month before it is legally due. On December 1st, thirty days before the deadline date on which every Legionnaire should be right with his post adjutant or finance officer, more than 6,248 Legionnaires in various parts of the country were holders of the blue membership cards, signs that they had already paid their dues for 1924 and were registered on the circulation books of The American Legion Weekly for the coming year. In addition to Georgia, the States represented most heavily in the list of early-payments included Kansas, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, New York, Indiana, Ohio, Washington, Oklahoma, Virginia, Illinois, Nebraska, Oregon, Tennessee, Colorado, Michigan and California.

Anybody looking for a good betting rival of Georgia might consider Arkansas, where all the posts in the department are now striving to win two silver loving cups and other prizes which have been offered for the post and district making the greatest percentage gains in 1924 membership before January 1, 1924. The smaller posts of the State are unusually strong contenders for these cups, as the terms of the competition give them as good, if not better, chances to win as are afforded larger posts.

The Wingo Trophy, a silver loving cup, will be given to the post making the best percentage membership gain before New Year's Day. The Robertson Trophy, also a silver loving cup, will be given the district showing the biggest percentage gain in 1924 membership before January 1st. In addition, the *Arkansas Legionnaire* will give a bound volume of all its copies to the post in each district making the biggest percentage gain in 1924 membership. Posts in Helena, Russellville and several other towns expect to offer prizes donated by merchants as an incentive to their members to help bring into the ranks service men who have stayed outside.

Throughout Arkansas a favorite method of staging contests within posts, in the effort to win the department trophy, is to divide the post into two teams, the team obtaining the most members to be guests of the losing team at a banquet on Christmas or New Year's Day. Contests have also been arranged between posts representing communities of approximately the same size. Efforts were being made on December 1st to have Camden Post stage a membership battle with the post in Hope. Little Rock and Texarkana, El Dorado and Fort Smith, and Eudora and Lake Village were also rated as likely battle rivals.

Arkansas modestly is striving for 10,000 members in 1924, a gain of 2,700 over its 1923 membership.

Christmas Greetings from the National Commander

TIRED, hungry, homesick—there never was a more discouraged outfit than I saw march into a little town in the Moselle Valley on Christmas Eve, 1918. I know there was never a more discouraged outfit, because it was my battery. We hadn't eaten since the Lord knows when. We hadn't washed since before then. Most of the fellows were cattlemen from the West. We never before had quite so well realized how far we were from home and the people we loved. The future seemed a bleak eternity of marching and hunger and thirst and loneliness.

At the peak of this period of despondency a huge camion drove up. It bore a great Red Cross on each side. Out of it jumped a couple of men, and as we gathered around, they began dealing out chocolate and cigarettes, and things we thought were thousands of miles behind.

In five minutes we forgot we were tired and dirty, because we were no longer hungry. We forgot our loneliness, because here was evidence that the folks at home had not forgotten us. Each of us shook hands with those Red Cross fellows. The handgrasp was like a welcome home. It was the nearest approach we could make to the greeting around the box stove in the bunkhouse on the range.

We had to have such a greeting then, because, you see, it was Christmas. Christmas to most of us means an outpouring of love, a festival of affection, a season of giving. Not one of us but would rather make a gift than receive one, but we had made our gift—we had fought our fight for our country. And when the Red Cross came to us with gifts, we knew the country had not forgotten.

Christmas this year will mean to thousands of our disabled comrades just what it meant to us in those days, unless we of the Legion can serve our thousands. Our gifts are due first of all to those men who stood side by side with us in the war. Wracked by the wounds and ailments of war, they mean to the Legion on Christmas what our immediate families should mean to us.

Just a visit from a comrade may mean all the difference between a lonely, disconsolate, embittered man and a happy, hopeful, cheerful one. Every suffering comrade will regard you as his friend—his buddy. He will know every Legionnaire is his friend. When you visit him, you are bringing the same message of Christmas cheer to him that the Red Cross brought to us in 1918. Nobody understands the disabled man as you do. Nobody else knows the memories of hardship and glory that are his. We must give to these men, just as we give to our families.

A touch of the hand—that is the finest gift of all. The pledge of friendship. In your handclasp the disabled man realizes that hospital walls cannot bar out comradeship. He knows you are with him, carrying to him a Christmas message of love and willingness to serve.

Obey that impulse!

JOHN R. QUINN

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

That's Who's Boss

Kriss: "So you told your wife that you were going to be boss of the home?"

Kross: "You bet I did! And after that she never does anything unless she tells me about it afterwards."

Rather Unusual

Miss Catt: "How did he behave at his marriage with Miss Wry?"

Miss Nipp: "Splendid! He was so good-natured that they all took him for the bride's father."

Eskimo by Comparison

The devoted swain, who didn't know as much about women as he might have to his advantage, was talking over the phone.

"If you have nothing on," he suggested, "I should like to take you to the opera."

"I'm sorry," cooed Miss Swift, "but I'm all dressed for my bed."

Ex-Service Synonyms

Close quarters: Dancing with a flapper.

Bayonet practice: The dentist's daily dozen.

Hand-to-hand combat: Friendly argument with the wife.

Over the top: Flossie Footlights kicking off a plug hat.

Naval base administration: Paddling Annapolis freshmen.

Squad right: Gang that found out where they could get it.

Present arms: Petting-squad drilling.

All hands on deck: Poker showdown.

Lifeboat drill: A joyride.

K. P.: "Kiss, please."

At ease: Slipper detail.

As you were: Showerbath uniform.

—*Ray W. Frohman*

It's All a Gambol, Kids

(From the *Ashland* (Ore.) *Daily*)

Triplets have arrived at the home of Charles Lamb at 333 C Street. Mother and babies are doing nicely, but the father is not as well as wished for. They arrived the first of the month from Washington, and are delighted with Ashland.

Not Improbable

Judge: "This man says that after he fired a shot, he saw you run from his chicken coop."

Rastus Johnsing: "He could easy be mistaken, jedge. Fast ez Ah was runnin', it mought have been someone else what faintly resembles me."

Philadelphia?

Lady Godiva
Returned from her ride
And harked to the talk
Of the servants inside.

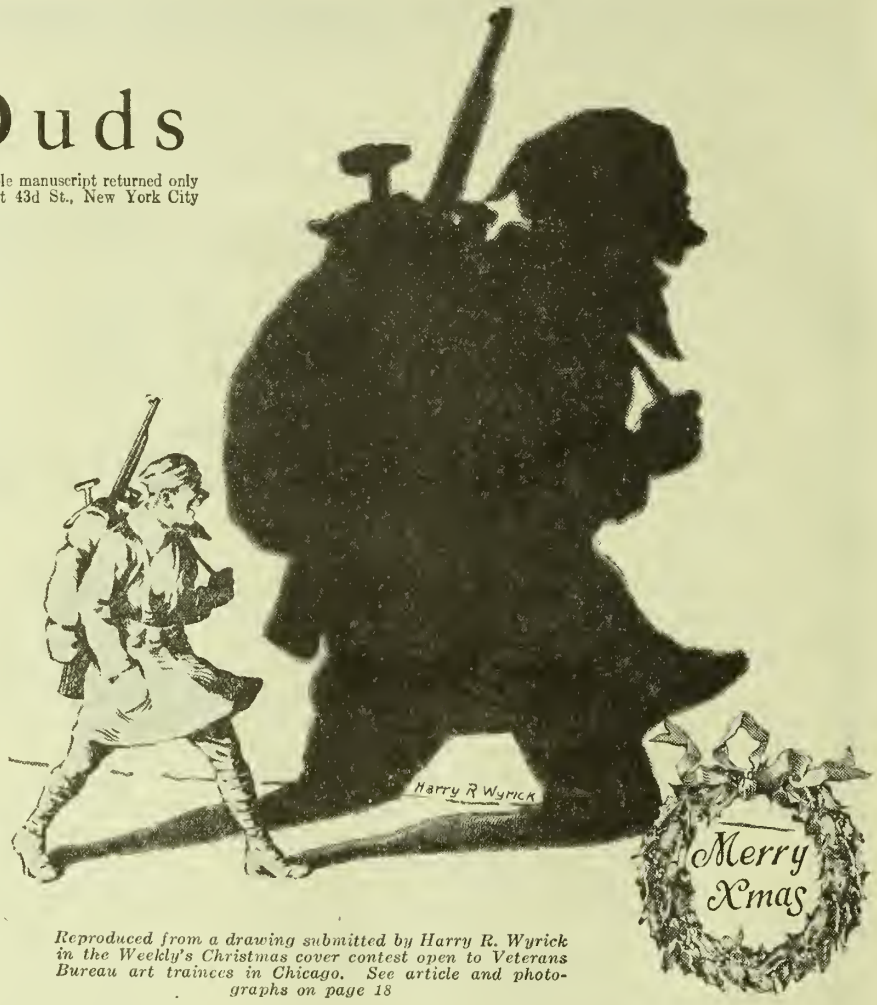
"Good heavens!" she gasped,
As she slipped on a gown.
"Only one fellow looked?
Ye gods! What a town!"

—*Edgar Daniel Kramer*

A Sad Case

Bumps, the ex-doughboy, had gone back to France to renew old acquaintances among les soldats and dans les cafés. In one village he met Pierre Dupont, but the latter, from the depths of an apparent fit of melancholy, barely noticed him.

"What's the matter with Pierre?" inquired Bumps of another former crony.



Reproduced from a drawing submitted by Harry R. Wyrick in the Weekly's Christmas cover contest open to Veterans Bureau art trainees in Chicago. See article and photographs on page 18

"Ah, monsieur, Pierre is so forgetful. Las' week he have fight a duel wiz hees oncle an' now he cannot remember which one of zem was kill'."

Wasting None

Betty: "Do you think this will be Mae's last marriage?"

Nettie: "Well, no. She still has two more theories on how to manage a husband."

Not Yet Qualified

Rastus: Ain't yo' 'tendin' de revival meetin's?"

Sambo: "Not till Ah has backslid some mo'."

Only Works One Way

"Paying for your furniture on the installment plan?"

"No. Just buying it on that plan."

The Duty of Chivalry

"Your sister?" asked the kindly old party of the urchin whom he found hauling a little girl along on a sled.

"Say," demanded the youth bitterly, "d'ye think I'm a ladies' man?"

Breakers Ahead

Jimmie: "Pa just gimme this dime fer throwin' away my tin whistle."

Storekeeper: "What's the idea?"

Jimmie: "It's his day of rest. Gimme a bunch of firecrackers an' a drum."

Blameless

Examining Lawyer: "Are you acquainted with any of the attorneys in this case?"

Prospective Juror (excitedly turning to judge): "Not guilty, Your Honor!"

Strange and Fearful

Waiter: "Did you not find that chicken an exceptional one, sir?"

Diner: "Exceptional! It must have been a freak! I don't remember ever having seen a chicken before that consisted of two backs, three necks, a gizzard and a wing."

Give 'Em Room

The Pugilist: "You a wrestler? Don't make me laugh, you big bum. Why, you couldn't even throw a fit!"

The Wrestler: "Why, you piece of petrified cheese, you a boxer? Blah! You couldn't box a compass!"

Cheap Work

Doctor's Wife: "I see in the paper where a man was killed for three dollars."

Doctor (absently): "What a small fee! The fellow who did the work must have a fake diploma."

It All Depends

The teacher had been trying to inculcate the principles of the Golden Rule and turn-the-other-cheek.

"Now, Tommy," she asked, "what would you do supposing a boy struck you?"

"How big a boy are you supposing?" demanded Tommy.

The Rogues' Gallery

An elderly man of ultra-convivial habits, but withal learned and bookish, was haled before the bar of justice in a country town.

"Ye're charged with bein' drunk and disorderly," snapped the magistrate. "Have ye anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced?"

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," began the prisoner

in a flight of oratory. "I am not so debased as Poe, so profligate as Byron, so ungrateful as Keats, so intemperate as Burns, so timid as Tennyson, so vulgar as Shakespeare, so—"

"That'll do, that'll do," interrupted the magistrate. "Ninety days. And, officer, take down that list of names he mentioned and round 'em up. I think they're as bad as he is."

Solitary Victim in View

Salesman: "Here is a very nice automatic pistol, lady. It shoots eight times."

Fair Customer: "Say, what do you think I am, a polygamist?"

Nothing At All

She: "How do you like my new dress?"

He: "Why, nothing would look better on you—"

She: "Sir!!!! How dare you?"

The Three R's *vs.* the Three K's

The Ku Klux father was questioning his small son on his progress in school.

"And what did you learn today, Georgie?" he asked.

"I learned my A. B. C., papa," replied the child.

"You shouldn't say 'A. B. C.,' Georgie," reproved the father. "You should say 'A. B. K.'"

Unanimity

"Business isn't what it used to be," grunted the erect stranger.

"You bet it ain't," corroborated Ben Hunchford, who used to drive a stage-coach.

"I fully agree with you," assented Ted Wallings, former saloon keeper.

"And it never will be," growled Ross Gifford, ex-champion rider of high bicycles.

"Right," moaned Grid Delaney, one-time maker of white clay pipes.

"I'm giving up hopes," muttered Hank Trippon, a non-hustling horse-shoer.

"You'd better," sighed Bill Dick, who once handled reins on a horse-car.

Then they all turned on the stranger, asking in chorus:

"What's your line of business, Mister?"

"Kitchen-policing," he replied.

—*G. T. Evans*

Striking the Boss for a Raise

As Planned:

"Mr. Bitherby, as you know, I have been with the firm for a number of years, during which time I have given to the business my untiring efforts, and if I do say it myself, the success of the company has been due in no small measure to my energy and initiative. Therefore, I feel sure that you will agree with me that I am asking no more than my just reward when I request that my salary be raised to one hundred dollars a month."

As Executed:

"Er—beg pardon—er—I thought you called me."

The Complimentary Tar

Miss Cutie: "Who told you that you had a boyish figure?"

Miss Angle: "I don't know who he was, but when I fell over the rail of a boat into the water, I distinctly heard one of the sailors shout, 'Man overboard!'"

Or, Fly Up the Flight

The ex-doughboy had brought home a French bride who had not yet mastered the peculiarities of la langue Américaine.

"I'm coming right back up, dear," he called, as he went down the stairs one day.

"For why you back up?" queried the bride, somewhat puzzled. "Why you not come up frontwards?"

"What did the doctor say, dear?"

"He said I was strong enough to fight Dempsey."

"Oh, isn't that wonderful! They tell me even the loser gets at least a hundred thousand!"

Kittenish

"Those firemen must be a frivolous set," commented Mrs. Dumpling.

"Why?" asked her overworked half.

"I read in the paper that after the blaze was under control, firemen played all night on the ruins. Why didn't they go to bed like sensible folks instead of romping around like cats?"

You're Out

Sam: "Don't yo' go foolin' wid me, boy. Does yo' know who Ah is?"

Rufe: "No. Who am yo'."

Sam: "Ah's de Count Ten, dass who!"

Cagey Business

He: "I am going to ask your father for your hand in a businesslike manner."

She: "I think that would be best."

He: "Yes—I'm going to ask him in writing."

More Easily Computed

Mrs. Flat: "How much do you pay your cook per week?"

Mrs. Bunga: "Oh, we pay them by the hour."

"Kind of sparsely settled here. Got any near neighbors?"

"There's Pete Hoskins sixty miles south, but he's sore at me because I didn't call him on the radio last Christmas."

Interest At Last

Staylate, the veteran who wanted everybody to know all about it, had just completed a long-winded war story, relating how he had crawled out into No-Man's Land amid the shells.

"And after that they all thought I was dead," he concluded.

"And were you?" asked Miss Sweet, yawning, but with a note of hope in her voice.

Suspicious Optimism

Huyler: "It's a great world, isn't it?"

Cuyler: "Let me smell your breath."

Not to be Cheated

Fat: "What are you tryin' so hard to pick a fight for?"

Mush: "I got a bump an' blacked my eye, an' I might jus' as well have the fight that goes with it."

Bright Idea

Father: "How is it, young man, that I find you kissing my daughter? How is it, I ask you?"

Sofa Squeezer: "Oh, great! Great!"

Synonymous

When all our days are ended
And we sleep our lasting sleep,
The goats will be divided,
It's predicted, from the sheep.

I'd hate to be the angel
Who will have this task to do,
For on earth it seems the sheep are
Usually the poor goats, too.

—*E. D. K.*

Hot Stuff

Inspector: "Don't you know it's against the law to hold a fraudulent fire sale?"

Merchant: "But it's legitimate! Can't I make a sale every time I fire a coupla cloiks?"

Guaranteed

Customer: "Are you positive that this bowl is of genuine cut glass?"

Proprietor: "Coit'nly! Mine own son cut it himself this morning from five dollars to t'ree-ninety-eight."

Old Stuff

Jenkins, a man whose character might be considered doubtful if it wasn't practically certain, came rushing up to the police station in a great state of excitement.

"Lieutenant, oh, lieutenant!" he gasped. "There's a thief in my house!"

"Go on back home," snorted the official. "I've known that for years."

And No Rebate

Macpherson: "Was Sandy frightened when the plane he was riding in began to fall?"

Kilduff: "That he was! Only five of the fifteen minutes he'd paid for had elapsed."

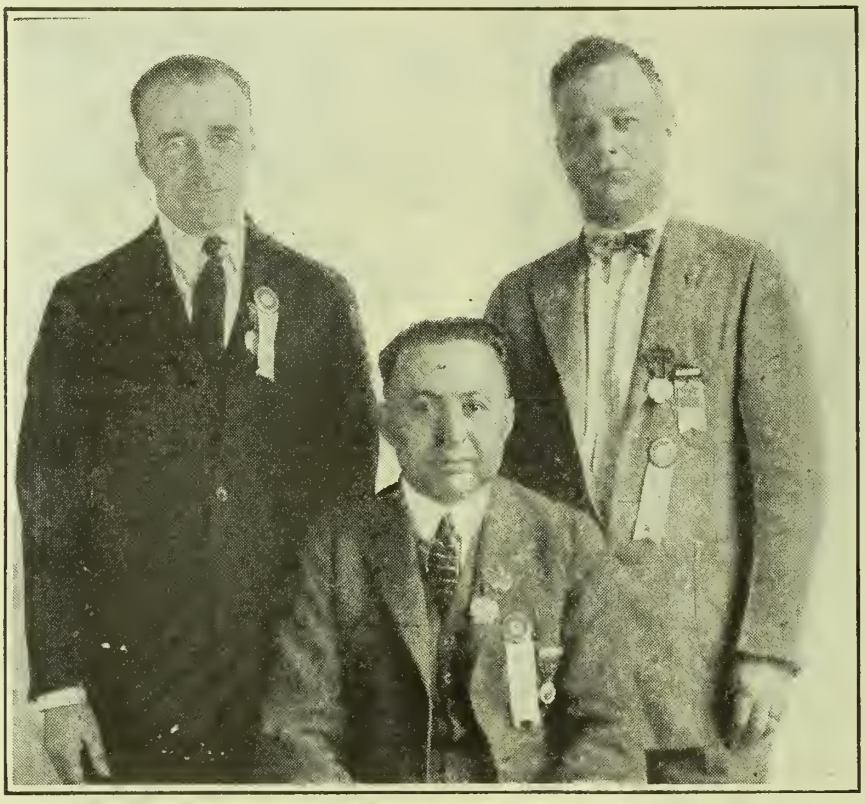
Foxy Freddie

"O-o-o-o-o, Freddie!" exclaimed the girl as her private sheik, much bandaged and court-plastered, met her in the park, per agreement. "Did papa do all that to you when you asked him for my hand?"

"Not on your life!" replied Freddie proudly. "He never touched me. I jumped through a window."

The Prompter

"Dear me!" sighed the maiden. "Just what I've been trying to say!" exclaimed the bashful young man.



FOURTEEN YEARS IN LEGION SERVICE.—These three veteran workers, adjutants of their respective departments since the spring of 1919, have served a total of nearly fourteen years. They are, from left to right, Jack Williams, North Dakota, who took office May 10, 1919; Morton M. David, Colorado, April 12, 1919, and Lyle D. Tabor, Michigan, May 12, 1919. Tabor will become Correspondent National of the Forty and Eight on January 1st

THE LAST TO COME HOME. — Shanklin-Attaway Post of Rome, Georgia, had charge of the ceremony at the burial of Charles W. Graves, the last of America's 50,000 war dead to be brought back from overseas. A monument was dedicated to this soldier of the 30th Division who died in the breaking of the Hindenburg Line

Minnesotans Invade Canada; Canadians Plan Return Call

MINNESOTA is expecting an invasion by a Canadian Expeditionary Force just as soon as the winter snow melts. It isn't digging any trenches or throwing up any barbed wire entanglements, however, along the Jefferson Highway, the path of the expected invasion. On the contrary, it is preparing to surrender lock, stock and barrel at the first appearance of the invading column.

For Minnesota is feeling good, having just returned from a successful invasion of Canada. Fifty Legionnaires, members of Elmer J. Eklund Post of Thief River Falls, composed a new A. E. F. which invaded Canada recently, making Winnipeg its advanced base, and spending a solid day fraternizing with the Great War Veterans of Canada. The Minnesotans were guests of the Canadian veterans at a dinner.

Eklund Post made its trip to Winnipeg over the Jefferson Highway after careful planning. Twenty automobiles composed the caravan which left the town, more than fifty miles south of the Canadian border, at six a.m. At each town along the route more automobiles filled with Legionnaires joined the party. At one o'clock the caravan arrived in Winnipeg. The Minnesotans carried with them a Legion band.

The whole affair went off so well that the Thief River post has decided to make its Canadian pilgrimage an annual affair. The Canadian veterans' association of Winnipeg has promised to return the visit in 1924.

D. C. Post Asks Whole Legion to Send Cornerstone Cement

GEORGE WASHINGTON POST of Washington, D. C., is planning to set the cornerstone of its new clubhouse in cement obtained from Legion posts throughout the United States and supplied by the governors of each of the forty-eight States. The post requests that each post forward to it in Washington an ounce or two of cement to be used in laying the corner stone. President Calvin Coolidge is expected to lay the cornerstone. Later the post will erect a new flagstaff, setting it in soil from all American battlefields of the World War and the overseas cemeteries in which American soldiers are buried. William F. Mahony, 1829 Eye St., N. W., Washington, is chairman of the post committee arranging for the cornerstone laying, and contributions of cement should be forwarded to him.

New Post May Assure Formation of Department in Honduras

HONDURAS, bonanza land of rubber, cocoanuts and bananas, seems likely to become the home of the newest foreign department of The American Legion. The second post in the central American republic has just been chartered with its headquarters at Puerto Castilla. Willard L. Beaulac, American vice-consul at Puerto Castilla, is post commander, and most of the post members are associated with the Truxillo Railroad Company. The other post in Honduras has the picturesque name of Forgotten Comrade Post. It meets at Tela, Honduras, and most of its members are connected with the Tela Railroad Company. The existence of two posts which have demonstrated their ability to carry on entitles the Legionnaires of any foreign country to form their own department of the Legion.

Arkansas Post's Rice Carnival Shows How Legion Helps Town

FOR years the annual Arkansas Rice Carnival at Stuttgart has been attracting national attention and bringing to Stuttgart visitors from all over the United States. This year Daniel Harder Post of the Legion in Stuttgart rendered a service to its town and State by taking over the management of the carnival and making it the best celebration which has ever been held in the town.

The post raised $7,490 to stage the carnival and it expended this sum, as it sought to make no profit for itself. In addition to the central pageant of King Ecir ("rice" spelled backward), in which the most beautiful woman of the rice belt was crowned queen, the post conducted a fashion show. The queen of the rice court was selected from candidates nominated by each town and city in the rice belt. School exhibits were also prominent features of the carnival. Every event during the carnival was free to those who attended.

Other organizations co-operated with the Legion by helping provide for the comfort of the vast crowds of visitors. Thirty-four thousand persons attended the carnival during three days. Eighteen thousand were present on the last day.

Stuttgart is a town of five thousand. It is situated on a broad and rolling prairie in the center of the rice belt in a county in which $20,000,000 has been invested in wells and irrigation machinery. The primary purpose of the rice carnival is to distribute information concerning the many uses of rice.

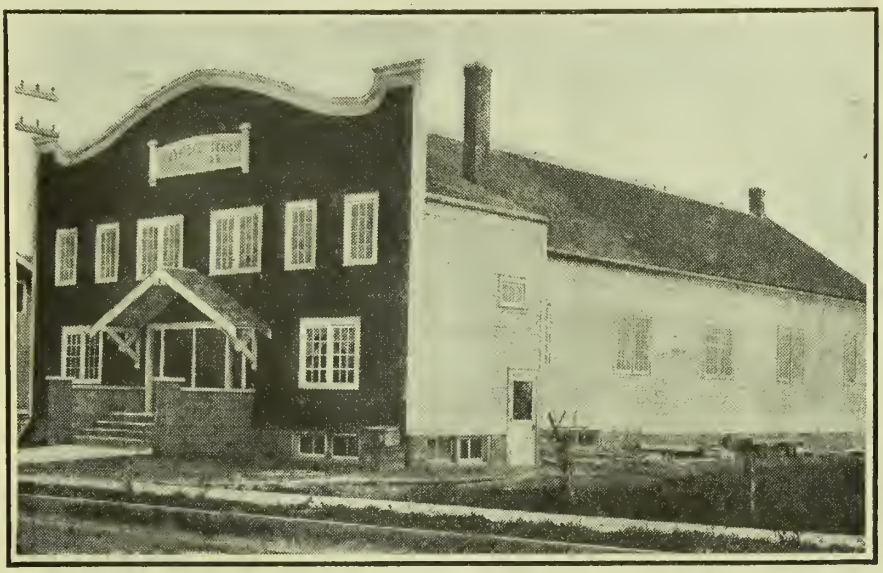
Thanks to its fine accomplishment in making this year's carnival the town's most successful one, Harder Post has strengthened its own position of leadership in the community. The post now has 220 members and is building a $10,000 clubhouse for which post members have subscribed half of a bond issue.

Treasury Figures Prove How This Carnival Succeeded

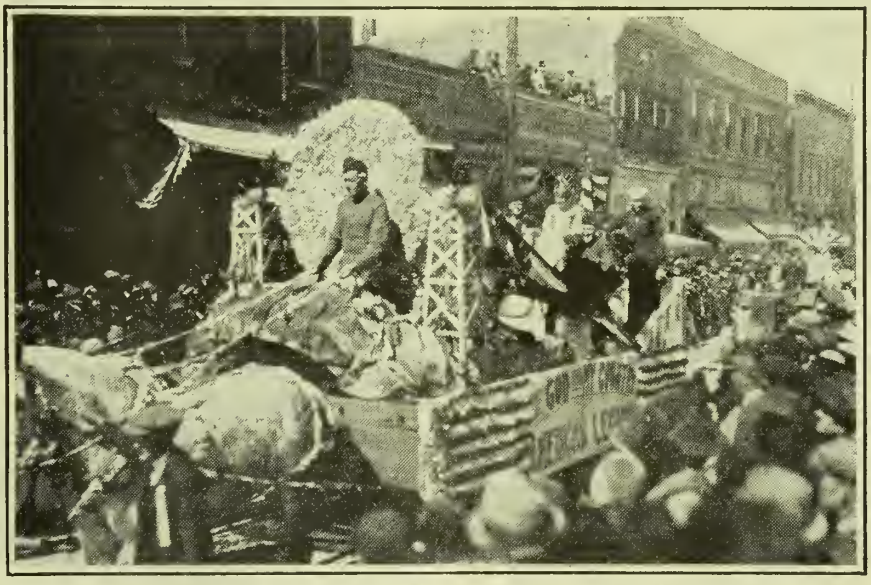
EVER since La Verne T. Perrottet Post of Wheaton, Illinois, figured up its profits from a post carnival at $2,900, the post officials have been busy replying to inquiries from other posts which want to know how it was done. Apparently many posts are planning their 1924 summer activities early, while others are arranging to hold carnivals indoors during the present winter.

Perrottet Post's carnival consisted of fourteen concession booths, a dance pavilion, and stands for pop corn, hot dogs and other sellables. An amusement company was chartered to operate a ferris wheel, a merry-go-round, a shooting gallery and side shows.

The post took in $7,900 during the carnival and its expenses were $5,000. In replying to inquiries the post advises that the first thought of an outfit planning to conduct a carnival should be the reliability of any traveling companies which it may engage and the adoption of a system which will insure a proper collection of receipts and payment of all bills. The post also stresses the importance of a properly-managed publicity campaign to start well in advance of the carnival dates. One effective advertising stunt employed by the post in promoting its own carnival was a racing automobile, decorated with lettered signs, which Edwin L. Schatz, post finance officer, drove to towns and cities in the neighborhood of Wheaton.

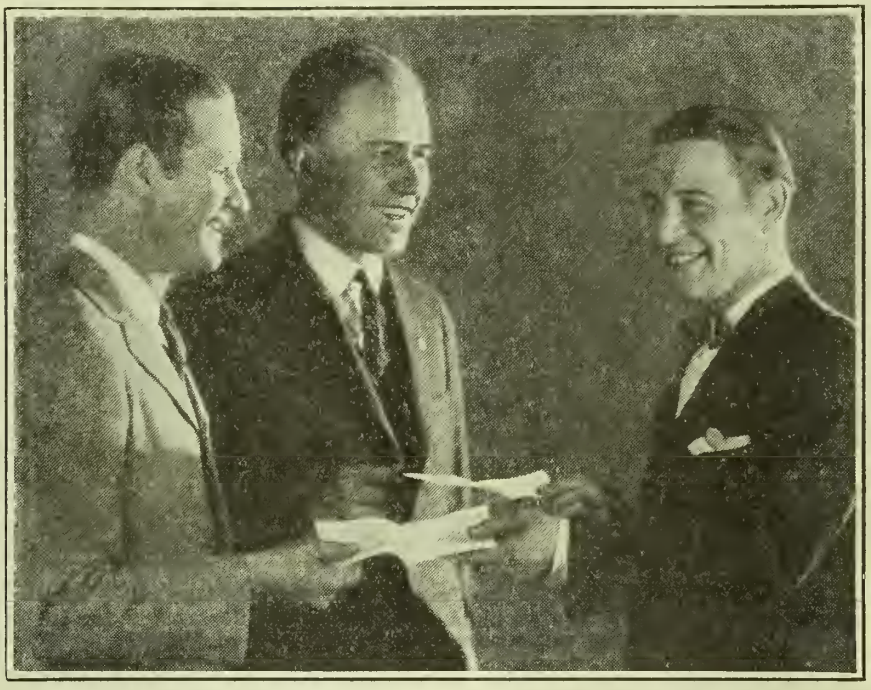


FOR POST AND FOR TOWN.—Joseph Gosz Post of Reedville, Wisconsin, built this joint Legion clubhouse and community center for its town of less than six hundred people at a cost of $12,000



The Legion float in the annual rice carnival at Stuttgart, Arkansas

Just one of the ways in which La Verne T. Perrottet Post of Wheaton, Illinois, advertised a carnival which enriched the post treasury by $2,900



Richard L. Fridrich of Theodore Roosevelt Post (right) presents the prize checks to Norman H. Kamps, first-prize winner (center), and Charles A. Overall, second-prize winner (left)

Chicago U. S. V. B. Art Trainees in Weekly Cover Contest

WITH the co-operation of Theodore Roosevelt Post of Chicago, the Weekly has been conducting a Christmas prize cover contest open to United States Veterans Bureau art trainees in Chicago which bears fruit this week in the publication of the first prize winning design, the work of Norman H. Kamps. The cover which won second prize, by Charles A. Overall, will be reproduced in the December 28th issue.

The Weekly asked Theodore Roosevelt Post if it would be willing to supervise the details of the contest, select the judges, confer with Mrs. Jean O. Mitchell, co-ordinator for art training at the Chicago school, and make all other necessary arrangements.

The post responded heartily, taking over the whole enterprise and carrying it through to successful completion. On its own initiative it arranged a ceremony at which the prize checks—$100 for Mr. Kamps and $65 for Mr. Overall—were bestowed on the winners.

The judges were Lorado Taft, the sculptor; John T. McCutcheon, cartoonist of the Chicago Tribune, and Floyd M. Davis, illustrator.

Honorable mention was given the following contestants: John Gee Curley, Thomas W. Keegan, Floyd Munson, Fred Mueller, Oscar Norberger, Ralph Urbanowicz, Harry R. Wyrick. Mr. Wyrick's design is reproduced in this week's Bursts and Duds department.

Nebraska Veterans Aid Law Gives Needy $100,000 Yearly

WITH $100,000 available for the relief of needy Nebraska veterans during the next year under the provisions of the Nebraska State Aid Fund, the Department of Nebraska of The American Legion expects to assist a larger number of service men and women than it has been possible to aid during the past two years in which the fund has been operated. The Legion Department of Nebraska is official administrator of the fund, and applications for relief are submitted through post adjutants. Owing to the fact that the $2,000,000 in the fund had to be raised by direct taxation, the fund did not reach its maximum until last June, and during the last two years the Legion had only $50,000 with which to extend relief, a fact that restricted disbursements.

Approximately 1,200 claims have been filed since the law went into effect. The average amount of claims during the first year was $39 and for the year just ended $41.66 per claimant.

All honorably discharged service men and women are eligible to relief under the law providing they were not conscientious objectors. Their widows or dependents under sixteen years of age may also be aided. Claims will only be allowed for emergency relief—to furnish food, wearing apparel, medical or surgical aid, and for payment of funeral expenses.

Ohio City Banks Help Post by Collecting 1924 Dues

THE adjutant of Perry Post of Sandusky, Ohio, had a hunch that he could collect 1924 dues by using his head instead of his feet.

So instead of walking, he tried talking. He announced at post meeting that dues could be paid any time. Furthermore, he said it would be easy to pay them—three Sandusky banks had volunteered to collect the post dues and give out receipts to those who paid. No sticking the postcard reminder in your pocket and forgetting about it; no bother about a checkbook and addressing an envelope. Simply step up to the desk the first time you are in the bank and pay up—that's the Sandusky plan.

Three States Sound Last Call on Adjusted Compensation

MEN who are entitled to adjusted compensation being paid by the States of Kansas, Maine and New Jersey must take immediate action if they want to collect their money. January 1, 1924, is the final date on which claims will be accepted. The original Kansas bill set this date as the time limit. In New Jersey and Maine, where adjusted compensation was granted soon after the war and the time limit for filing claims had expired, an extension to next New Year's Day was voted.

John T. McCutcheon, *Chicago Tribune* cartoonist (left), and Lorado Taft, the sculptor, inspect the prize-winning designs of Messrs. Kamps and Overall with Mrs. Jean O. Mitchell, co-ordinator for art training with the United States Veterans Bureau

NATIONAL PARKS AND MONUMENTS

National Parks administered by National Park Service, Department of the Interior

Name	*Located in*	*When Est.*	*Acreage*
Hot Springs	Arkansas	1832	911
Yellowstone	Wyo., Mont., Ida.	1872	2,142,720
Sequoia	Cal.	1890	161,597
Yosemite	Cal.	1890	719,622
Gen. Grant	Cal.	1890	2,536
Mt. Rainier	Wash.	1899	207,360
Crater Lake	Ore.	1902	159,360
Wind Cave	Dak.	1903	10,899
Platt	Okla.	1902	848
Sully's Hill	N. Dak.	1902	780
Mesa Verde	Colo.	1906	48,966
Glacier	Mont.	1910	16,508
Rocky Mountain	Colo.	1915	254,327
Hawaii		1916	118,695
Lassen Volcanic	Cal.	1916	79,561
Mt. McKinley	Alaska	.....	1,692,800
Grand Canyon	Ari.	1908	613,120
Lafayette	Me.	1916	5,000
Zion	Utah	1909	76,800

Administered by War Department

Chickamauga and Chattanooga	Georgia and Tenn.	1890	6,543
Antietam battlefield	Maryland	1890	50
Shiloh	Tenn.	1894	3,546
Gettysburg	Penn.	1895	2,451
Vicksburg	Miss.	1899	1,323
Lincoln's Birthplace	Kentucky	1916	....
Guilford Courthouse	N. Carolina	1917	125

National Monuments administered by National Park Service, Department of Interior

Devil's Tower	Wyo.	1906	1,152
Montezuma's Castle	Ariz.	1906	160
El Morro	N. Mex.	1906	400
Petrified Forest	Ariz.	1906	25,625
Chaco Canyon	N. Mex.	1907	20,629
Muir Woods	Cal.	1908	721
Pinnacles	Cal.	1908	2,080
Natural Bridges	Utah	1908	5,700
Lewis and Clark Cavern	Mont.	1908	320
Tumacacori	Ariz.	1908	10
Navajo	N. Mex. and Ariz.	1909	960
Shoshone Cavern	Wyo.	1909	210
Gran Quivira	N. Mex.	1909	720
Sitka	Alaska	1910	57
Rainbow Bridge	Utah	1910	160
Colorado	Colo.	1911	13,883
Papago Saguaro	Ariz.	1914	2,050
Dinosaur	Utah	1915	80
Capulin Mountain	N. Mex.	1916	681
Verendrye	N. Dak.	1917	253
Casa Grande	Ariz.	1889	480
Katmai	Alaska	1918	1,088,000
Scott's Bluff	Neb.	1919	2,053
Yucca House	Colo.	1919	10

Monuments administrated by Department of Agriculture

Gila Cliff Dwellings	N. Mex.	1907	160
Tonto	Ariz.	1907	640
Jewel Cave	S. Dak.	1908	1,280
Wheeler	Colo.	1908	300
Mt. Olympus	Wash.	1909	608,640
Oregon Caves	Oregon	1909	480
Devil's Postpile	Cal.	1911	800
Walnut Canyon	Ariz.	1915	960
Bandelier	N. Mex.	1916	22,075
Old Kasaan	Alaska	1916	38
Lehman Caves	Nev.	1922	593

Monuments administered by War Department

Big Hole Battlefield	Mont.	1910	5
Cabrillo	Cal.	1913	1

Miss Cinderella Parks

(*Continued from page 7*)

his point. They proved it, all right. Of course, being a business man, the Secretary had in mind that a private company would run the parks in a business way. Now that Europe isn't as sweet a pleasure ground as it used to be, the tide of travel—and we are a gad-about nation—is bound to flow toward the parks. In the general direction of the parks, anyhow. But it is checked and held up and damned because the Government will not loosen up financially. A one-way road will hold only so many cars. There are just so many beds in all the park hotels.

We have twenty-six national parks and forty-one national monuments in all. A national monument is not big enough to make into a park, and yet it has scenic or other values worthy of preservation. In the ordinary course of affairs a private owner would get hold of each of these monuments, and set up a hot dog pot at the gate and scatter tin cans over the best hills and skin the visitors down to the last buffalo nickel. The Government does a whole lot better. But it might do better yet, if it would only spend a decent amount of money.

Of these the War Department has seven parks and two monuments in its charge. These are the sites of historic battlefields, and no doubt the War Department is the best custodian for them. Then the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior, which was created by act of Congress in 1916, and the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture are in competition for the rest. The National Park Service has nineteen parks and twenty-eight monuments in its care. Just why the Forest Service should have eleven monuments to look after, when a park service bureau has been established, is one of the anomalies one finds at Washington. Things like this happen. That's all the explanation there is.

Of the nineteen national parks, which are what this article is dealing with, the Yellowstone is the best known. Not, necessarily, the best park, although to any one who has ever watched that majestic march of the last remaining grizzlies down from the pines at dusk, that is hardly debatable. But it is the best known park. More people talk about it. It is more nearly self-sustaining than any other. It would be self-sustaining this blessed minute if it were given the chance of a one-eyed Chinaman in a convention of Japanese laundrymen. Why?

Because the Yellowstone is the only park that ever got anything like square shooting from the Government. When the stories of its wonders were published to the world in 1870, people pished and tushed at them. Every one knew in those days that all men are liars. Modern skepticism had not begun to break down our Scriptural handholds. The wonders of radio and the automobile and surgery had not made the best inventions sound like the infants' catechism. The man who told about scalding his feet when fording the Firehole River in the springtime, with the ice running free, made a name for himself. I do not recall it, but it is on record. The old books about the Yellowstone have embalmed it in the amber of history, along with the general conviction that he was a liar. Maybe he was. Yet that story might have been true.

Anyhow, when the yarns about the gloriously colored cañon of the Yellowstone, and the spouting geysers and the herds of almost tame game that wandered over its hills and the mud volcanoes that bubbled and seethed unceasing finally enforced belief, the tin-can hotellers tried to get hold of the park. They had a fortune in sight and they knew it. But the wise men of the day in 1872, managed to get through a somewhat reluctant Congress a bill creating the first of all our national parks. It was given over to the War Department to operate.

The soldiers can get money from the Government. They never get as much as they want and maybe never as much as they need, but they always get some. They managed to pry $1,482,000 out of the Government for roads in Yellow-

stone, while they were operating it. They protected game during that period, too. That is, only soldiers and army officers and their wives and friends and the good old pals of the Secretary of War were committed to go in and shoot deer that were so tame they would almost eat out of the hand.

Because the army made roads in Yellowstone it is the most popular of the system. It is true that Rocky Mountain Park had 218,000 visitors last year against Yellowstone's 138,352, but that is because it is right on top of one of the centers of population. Denver was one of the first to recognize the value of the automobile tourist and created a magnificent touring park in its outskirts. From this the travelers can easily reach the mountain playgrounds of Colorado. Yellowstone is at a distance from any large city. But Wyoming and Idaho and Montana have built good approach roads to it. These roads add a wallop to the jolt when one strikes the roads inside the park. And to one's admiration for the wisdom of the three States.

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There are only two national parks in the East. Lafayette, in Maine, shown here, is one of them. The other is Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania. The South has seven national parks, the West fifteen

Three distinct sets of values can be found in the park system. One interests you and me, because we either have seen or will see, at least one park before we die. It may be labelled the recreational value. Almost one and a half million people visited the parks and monuments last year, and sixty percent of them went in their own cars. The parks will be as good for our grandchildren as for ourselves because the parks are not being "improved." No landscape architect is fixing over hills and streams to suit his school-made idea of how the Creator should have done it. They are today just as they were when John C. Fremont found his path through the West, with the exception that roads are being built into them. Slowly, it is true. And here and there hotels are ready for those who do not like to find tame bears sniffing at their toes when they sleep out.

The second value is that the parks are today almost the only game refuges left in the West. Hunting is also restricted in some of our national forests, it is true, but the parks are, and forever will be, safe for the beasts and birds. Some day the states bordering on the parks will likewise protect the game, but it is a regrettable fact that the parks really furnish the shootable supply for their neighbors. When the snows begin to settle in the high mountains the gentle beasts drift to the lower levels. There they are shot down by sportsmen—most of them from the East—before they have discovered that the men who were their friends throughout the summer have turned to murderers with the first tang of frost. The man who can stand on a railway platform and fire into the brown of a herd of elk ought to do his sporting in the Chicago stockyards.

The third value is of cash spent. The parks should be considered as a business concern. Yellowstone's revenues this year, taken mostly from the car-drivers who plugged over roads that were unholy in spots, amounted to $513,000. It only cost $600,000 to run it. It is estimated that $2,000,000 were spent in the park by tourists for food and lodging and the like, and that $4,000,000 more were spent by tourists on the road to the park through the three adjacent states. Wyoming was the first to see the money in the tourist business, but the others have swung into line. Every community on a parkward road now holds out a welcoming hand.

Let us go a little farther into this matter of business value. Glacier Park is believed to have brought $1,250,000 into Montana in travel money. A million and a half was spent by Mt. Rainier tourists in the State of Washington. A new $3,000,000 hotel in Seattle and a million dollar hotel in Tacoma are being built for the tourist trade. Crater Lake, Oregon, enriched the State by $320,000. Yosemite brought $7,500,000 to California, although much of the park cannot be reached by tourists and the roads are so narrow and bad that cars stand in line for hours, hitching along a length at a time. Rocky Mountain Park is easily worth $6,000,000 annually to Colorado's business. Grand Canyon brings $2,000,000 each year to Arizona. Not to speak of the others.

Every one sees the value of the parks except Congress, it seems. Since 1872 the Government has spent only $3,042,000 on roads in the parks. This includes the sums spent by the army in Yellowstone. There are today but eight miles of hard-surfaced roads in the Grand Cañon park and only four in Yellowstone. All the rest of the park roads are soft-surfaced. Soft-surfaced roads go to pieces each winter at the end of a disintegrating summer of automobile travel and wash into the gullies in the spring. There are plenty of trails, of course, for which Heaven be thanked. The National Park Service has had the blessed savvy not to pretty up the parks. The car-drivers can see the big part of the show, but hundreds of miles of trails have been made and blazed. Along them the hiker can go with his frying pan and blankets. Or if he wants to take a pack outfit he can dodge back in fifteen minutes to Kit Carson's time.

A million and a half men and women came. More would have come except for several reasons. For one thing, the Government will not advertise. We are the greatest advertising nation in the world. We invented the art. Other peoples stand pop-eyed in admiration of what we do with paper and ink. The Government not only will not advertise, but it will not even spend money enough to print the absolutely necessary pamphlets of advice. The N. P. S. has prepared a series of little booklets in which the principal features of the various parks are related and which concisely state the rules for the guidance of campers. These are sold. No money loss is possible. But Uncle Sam

From the National Chaplain

A Merry Christmas to the men who did their bit in the war. Here's hoping and praying that Congress and the President, realizing that promises, medals and decorations pay no doctors' bills nor replenish the empty larder, may get down to their real business and hurry legislation so that every buddy may find in his Christmas stocking the present of adjusted compensation. A Merry Christmas to the loved ones who mourn their dead, but mourn without despair; to the gold-star mothers whose sons are sleeping on Fame's eternal camping ground; to the disabled veterans who are battling against disease or, wounded and broken in body or mind, are striving to rehabilitate themselves in trade and profession. Help us, O God, not to forget the little children who will never know a mother's love or a soldier-father's care. May their Christmas be joyful because we in service remember them. For you all, my friends, Legionnaires, the Padre wishes a very Merry Christmas!

EZRA L. CLEMANS
Owatonna, Minnesota

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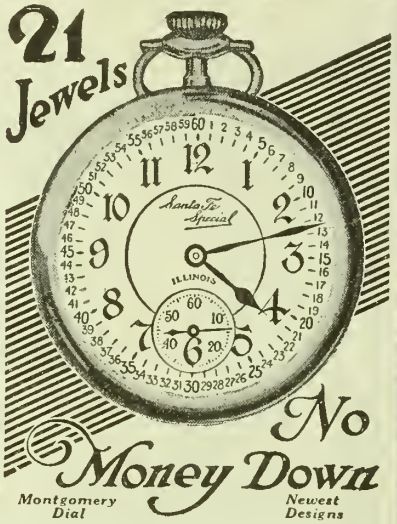

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will not spend the money needed to print enough booklets.

And the roads are rotten. That is the only word that describes them, although it is used at the risk of offending the singularly unselfish officials and employes of the National Park Service. They do the best they can. The road foreman in one park is such a wiz with scraper and blasting powder that a California engineer delivers lectures about him. They build roads at a cost of from $12,000 to $35,000 a mile which are not being built under similar conditions outside the parks for from one-half to double those sums. But they are handcuffed by the picayune sums they have to spend. The automobile tourist rolls up to the gates of a park over a fine, hard-surfaced road furnished by a State and pays a fee to go inside.

Then he would forget the grandeur that surrounds him except that he is, as a rule, a hard-boiled mahout who can skid around a hairpin turn on sloozy mud and burst into song at the prospect ahead. Once I accompanied a touring party of the National-Park-to-Park-Highway officials part way around that incredible six-thousand-mile circuit. It is not only the longest but the greatest scenic driveway in the world. Those who go upon it run the human gamut from the movie stars of Hollywood to the Blackfeet Indians in Montana. They wander through the cliff palaces of the Southwest, built by a forgotten race, and into the most luxurious hotels in the world. They edge perilously along shelves built on overhanging cliffs and scorch through deserts that seem not to have been visited by water since the primeval flood.

My friends did not mind hooting along a road so narrow that a chipmunk could not pass us. Or backing up to a turn-out with the rear wheel crumbling the edge of a two-hundred-foot drop into wild water. Or feeling the car slither sidewise in soft mud toward a grassy slide on which we might bounce twice before we hit the red rock at the foot. They were hardy pioneers of mountain roads. Speaking for myself, I minded it a heap. There were times when it took all my will power to concentrate on the scenery overhead to the exclusion of that under foot. But in eight years, in spite of the bad roads, the number of visitors had greatly increased.

It isn't any wonder. The charms of the parks fairly upset one. The day the duck shooting season opened in Wyoming I drove past a little lake. The ducks rose with a squawk and hurtled for shelter. A week later, enough time having elapsed to inform every duck in the world that a price had been set on his scalp, I stopped on the bank of a Yellowstone Park creek. It was black with ducks. They turned their bright eyes at me impudently. Not one so much as took a deep breath. They knew they were safe.

An hour before we had stopped to let a fawn saunter across the road. We had been held up by a robber bear. The old lady bear mooched and sidled around in the edge of the shrubbery, but two of the fattest, roundest, sauciest little black cubs you ever saw paddled out into the road and gave us the "stop" sign. Then they climbed up, with their feet on the running board and asked for chocolates. They would take biscuit or sardines or ham or anything; but what they wanted was chocolates. Because they identified me as the owner of chocolate they paced at my heels like a pair of side-wheeler pups. The mother bear waited for me in the bush. When she discovered that I really had chocolate she batted her offspring both ways from the ace. They picked themselves up and whimpered back to the car while we sat down together and fattened up.

The day before I had ridden in a buffalo stampede with the boss buffalo herder. A regular fellow, that lad. He used to be head packer for Black Jack Pershing in the Philippines. Buffalo herding is to my mind just as attractive as biting buttonholes in tigers' ears. Buffaloes never do tame. They are large, furry animals with a tremendous turn of speed which they love to exercise at the expense of casual visitors. Anyone whose horse is hit by a buffalo bull is to be indexed as a total loss. The only salvage might be a knife. Or perhaps a boot heel. The boss herder's horse hasn't been hit yet. That is why he is still the boss herder.

The buffalo in the Yellowstone are so well cared for that the herd is growing out of bounds. Now and then it is rounded up and a few young cows or bulls are sold to zoological gardens. Canada's fine tame herd came in part from this park. But the market for live buffaloes is restricted and so to keep the herd to a safe limit—for the amount of hay that can be cut for winter feeding is limited by the size of the mountain meadows—buffaloes are killed now and then and the meat sold. In the hills overhead is a herd of wild buffalo that never deigns to patronize the free hay counter. Perhaps two hundred of them.

The huge, savage looking animals aren't particularly dangerous. They prefer to keep to themselves. One snarly old bull did hold up the stage now and then, but he never did any harm. Just wanted to show people what he could do, or perhaps to give some dapple-eyed tourist a thrill. At nights you can hear the elk bugle in rutting time. Antelope scamper over the brown shoulders of the open hills. One morning in a fog I ran into a herd of deer, within fifty yards of the houses of the largest camp in the park. They twitched their white tails and bounded on. Not far. They knew they were safe.

One of the few herds of moose left is at Yellowstone, although they are cut down each winter by the imported sportsmen just over the Wyoming line. Mountain sheep are to be found, while in Glacier Park there are scores of mountain goat, the finest of our wild game. It is easy enough to find them with the glass, but not so easy to get near them. They live on the highest pinnacles of the sharpest rocks. A man who can climb to them must be some sort of a chamois himself. Almost every one of the parks has some sort of game. The fishing in many of them would send Izaak Walton into delirium. A good fisherman, the guides say, picks his fish. He throws rocks at the others until they go away, so the favored one can take the hook.

But that isn't all. Suppose we see just what the parks and monuments offer. Hot Springs, Arkansas, has the finest curative waters in the world. Yellowstone more geysers than the rest

of the world put together. Sequoia the most superb collection of Big Trees. Yosemite a valley of world-famed beauty. Mount Rainier the largest accessible single-peak glacier system. Crater Lake a lake of extraordinary blue in the crater of an extinct volcano whose walls are 1,000 feet high. Wind Cave a marvelous cavern. Mesa Verde the most important prehistoric dwellings in the world. Glacier has 250 glacier-fed lakes; and the three parks in Hawaii a flock of volcanoes, including the largest active one in the world.

Take them collectively and it is the limits of conservatism to say that no other nation has such a national playground. Twice as many people would go to them next year as last—beyond a reasonable doubt—but they cannot get in. The roads are too few, too narrow, and, because the surfaces are generally soft, the season is too short. The hotels are not large enough to handle the throngs that would come. The camps are too small. The sanitary conveniences are indecently restricted. These general statements apply to the parks as a system. They can be itemized in any park.

If any other nation handled a great asset that way we would pickle that nation in sarcasm. It isn't merely that they cover 7,000,000 of the most wonderful acres in the world, but they are one of the things we need. We talk of the melting pot of America, but the truth is that the pot does not always bubble. In the cities the people of this nation and that nation and the other nation clot down into little communities and at the end of fifty years are about as Jewish and Italian or Greek as they ever were. Director Stephen T. Mather of the National Park Service declares the parks are a real melting pot. "Not for the foreigners, maybe," he says. "They may be too busy in the cities. But for our own folks. We get acquainted in the parks. Last year there were cars from every State running through our parks. At a quarter to seven one morning I happened to ramble into the gas station in Yellowstone and found an old man fussing around there.

"'Where in the dickens are these people?' he asked. 'I want to fill up with gas and get on my way before the big cars begin to jam the road.'

"That man was seventy odd years old. He was flivvering out to the San Joaquin valley from Kansas City with his niece, because he proposed to buy her a ranch. He would never have had the idea if he had not formed the habit of paying a summer visit to the parks. An Indiana farmer took in two or three of the parks on his way to his summer home at Newport Beach, Oregon.

"'I like the ocean,' he told me. 'I saw it first when I drove out to see Mt. Rainier Park.'

"A pair of high school boys jaunted around the park circuit—six thousand miles of it—in a rattletrap car they had bought for fifty dollars. They went broke at Glacier and the superintendent gave them twenty-five dollars' worth of work to do. That gave them gas and grub and on they went. North and South and East and West get acquainted in the parks as they do nowhere else. We have too big a country to miss every chance to do away with sectionalism."

"Steve" Mather is worth listening to. He is a rich man who not only gives all

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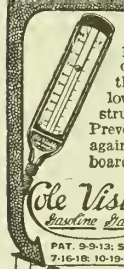

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his time to the management of the parks, but a share of his money. When Uncle Sam will not do things that must be done "Steve" has been in the habit of dipping into his own pocket. He is $200,000 behind now. Or ahead. Steve Mather would think it ahead. Not a year passes that he does not save something for the future—something which is being neglected by our oddly incurious and uninformed national legislators. Only three Presidents have ever visited the parks—Roosevelt, Arthur and Harding—and too many of our Secretaries of the Interior have only been prevented by force from robbing the parks of the next generation's heritage.

"Are they still trying to get damsites and the like located in the parks?" I asked.

"They never stop," was the concise reply. "But the fight isn't so hard now. The American people have wakened somewhat to the need of park protection."

Now we'll get down to business. All the way through this article I have said the parks are being starved. Let us have the actual figures. An enormous road-building program has been agreed upon between the states and the national government. We must have roads. The more roads and the better roads the more prosperity and happiness. That isn't an argument at all. It is simply the statement of a demonstrable fact. In this great road-building program it was agreed that the national government should between the years 1917 and 1925 put up $540,000,000 as aid to the road-building programs of the various states.

The National Forests were given $52,000,000 for that same period.

The National Parks got but $1,201,000.

I have no criticism to make of the money given to the States. Every penny can be well spent. Nor of the fifty-two million dollars to be invested in roads in the national forests. Many of these roads are needed. Many of them are, in fact, approach roads to national parks. Unless they are built it is difficult to enter the park and not possible to drive a car in, in comfort. But, after all, the national forests are tree reservations. They are not parks in which the people may enjoy themselves. It seems to me that the parks have been given a starvation sum. I would not pare a penny from the forest allotment. But in that six years from 1917 to 1923 the park revenues were two and a quarter million dollars. Every penny of it is due to the fact that there are roads in the parks. It is almost twice as much as was spent on the park roads. This does not seem to be business.

"We could make the parks pay a profit," says Secretary Work, "if we were to give them a chance."

Why not give them a chance? Starved hens lay no eggs.

Sons of Doom

(*Continued from page 5*)

shop they appropriated fifty cents apiece for a mass of nutriment at a lunch counter whose motto was quantity before quality.

Strengthened and refreshed they journeyed onward, down the street, arriving at seven o'clock at the Custis establishment.

Encountering the proprietor of the barber shop seated on the front porch, the Wildcat greeted him with a warmth that suggested to Bulger Custis's ears a shortage in the treasury.

"Me an' Demmy sho' is glad to git back to do social part of town where folks is human. So' noble to see you, Bulger! When does de brethrens mingle?"

"How much money is you got?" Bulger countered with a direct interrogation which failed to chill the Wildcat's friendliness.

"Demmy an' me is agitated all de coal in de world since last us seed you. White folks give us a measly li'l seven dollahs. Mebbe de 'nitiation rates kin be redoosted?"

Knowing the worst, Bulger Custis made haste to reduce the initiation rates so that he could make sure of a couple of gin runners whose capture would mean nothing lost to the local community. "Boys, speakin' wid de hand of friendship extended, an' de palm open, pay me de special dispensation rate of five dollahs f'r two candidates, an' you is drafted into de halls of pleasure."

The two coal heavers parted with their hard-earned wages, leaving for themselves but a dollar apiece.

"Bulger, when does us git de official re-ceipt f'r dis 'nitiation money?"

"As soon as de recordin' secretary 'rives in de lodge. Main thing, now, is f'r you boys to git appointed."

"Whut you mean? Git 'pointed?"

"Appointed on committees. Ev'rybody is on some committee or otheh. You starts with de entertainment committee an' finally gits up to de committee on travelin' roun'."

"You means us plays a ho'n in de band or somethin on dis entertainment committee?"

"Ain't said which. Whut you does do is go down de street 'til you gits to do big elm on de left, an' turns into de lane. You travels de lane 'bout a quarter, 'til it branches. You takes de spindlin' right-hand branch, crossin' de creek a half mile out, an' headin' straight f'r risin' ground. You passes through a li'l stand of hick'ry saplins an' down a side hill path to de swamp whah de moanin' cypress is. You knows de tree when you sees it—biggest cypress in de world. You edges de swamp, keepin' to de right f'r mebbe half a mile, an' you comes on Sis' Meeker's place. You tells Sis' Meeker I sends you an' you hands her dese two dollahs. Next thing you knows she hands you back two filled-up jugs."

"Filled up wid whut?"

"Filled up wid de ancient an' hon'rable social-purpose lodge-meetin' gin. You packs it back here to de back do' of dis place, avoidin' anythin' like makin' a public exhibition of yo'self on de way, an' you hits de back do' wid de three official knocks of de new candidate."

"Us does. Is dat all?"

"Dat's all—ceptin', as I said befo', let yo' good work be done in secret. Does you return safe an' sound you will be welcomed into de fold wid de faithful. On yo' way! It's afteh seven now an' de brethrens rallies about

eight. You has got de orders."

"Sho' is!" The Wildcat picked up Lily's leading string. "Come 'long, Demmy. Le's go." He started away down the street.

"Wait a minnit! Hold on wid dat goat."

The peremptory tone in Bulger Custis's voice halted the marching pair.

"Dey is a town law 'bout leadin' goats at evenin', 'count of dey scares farm stock and buggy horses. Take de goat in de back room of de barbeh shop an' tie him dere."

"Kain't see no sense in dis law bizness about goats." The Wildcat grumbled his objections but obeyed the command.

The command had been inspired by a desire for reasonable security for the two dollars entrusted to the gin smugglers, and with his design accomplished, the proprietor of the barber shop sat at ease on the front porch and saw the two new candidates march down the street without their goat. A placid smile of content settled on his countenance.

"De barbeh bizness ain't so good," he reflected, "but heah is free gin an' three dollahs oveh an' above ev'rythin' else. Well, de day ain't been wasted." He touched a match to the broom end of a frazzled cigar and enveloped himself in a pungent cloud of smoke. "No, de day ain't been wasted."

Farther down the road Demmy and the Wildcat voiced the same sentiments. "Us starts out worse dan nothin' dis mawnin', Demmy. Heah us is—goin' to git mingled into a grand lodge — got our stummicks quieted down wid middlin' noble rations—on our way to whah de gin spring flows—comin' back to mingle wid de boys. Looks to me like mebbe Lady Luck wuz flappin' roun' mighty close!"

WITHIN half an hour the Wildcat and Demmy had traversed the spindling branch of the lane that led toward the gin supply. They passed the hickory saplings on the rising ground and turned to the right past the big cypress on the edge of the swamp and covered the half mile to Sis' Meeker's cabin.

In front of the cabin a withered hag, blacker than the swamp waters around the cypress roots, sat on a split-log bench. Sis' Meeker was smoking a pipe and fanning away droves of foolhardy mosquitoes with a frazzled straw hat.

The Wildcat approached her. "Is I speakin' wid de lady knowed as Sis' Meeker?"

Sis' Meeker batted her eyes once in answer to the Wildcat's question.

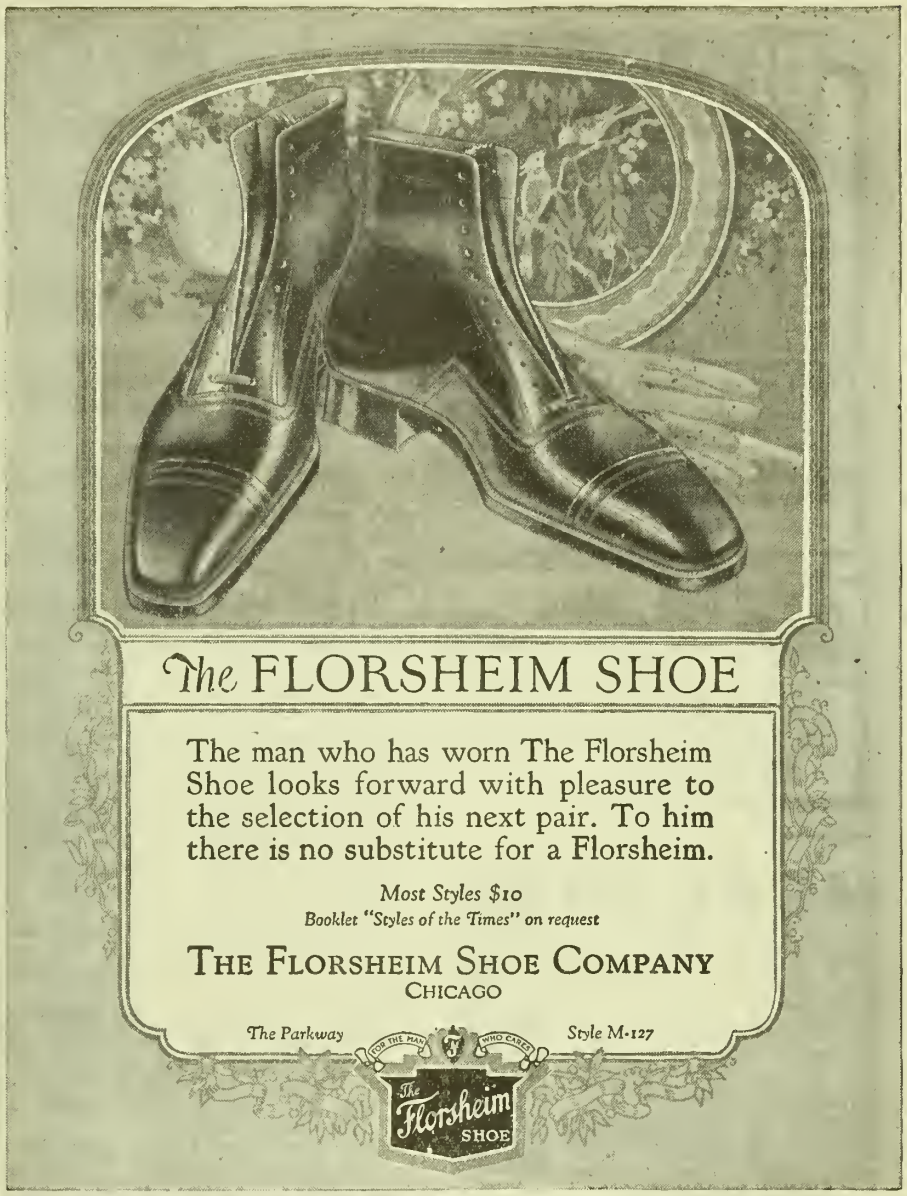
"Cause if I is, me an' dis boy craves to trade two silveh dollahs whut Bulger Custis sent f'r two jugs of yo' famous mope remedy."

Sis' Meeker held out a twisted hand, palm upward, and the action aroused all of the Wildcat's dormant business instincts. "Yaas, ma'am," he said diplomatically, "whilst you all is gittin' de jugs I sees whah at I laid away dem two dollahs." He began searching through one pocket after another.

Sis' Meeker laid down her pipe and the frazzled straw hat and hobbled into the dark interior of the hut that was her place of commerce and residence.

She came forth presently, bowed under the weight of two stoneware jugs. She set the jugs on the split-log bench and again held out her hand.

The Wildcat circled around her and



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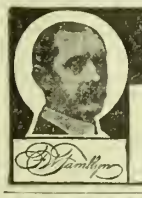

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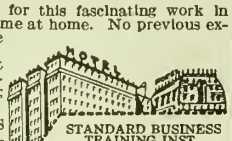

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removed the corncob stopper from one of the jugs. He sniffed at the liquid contents of the jug and then, without further hesitation, handed the aged crone the price of the mope-chaser. "Heah you is, woman. Sho' smells right! Me and Demmy an' de Bulger boy is obliged to you! Us sees you de next time us gits de cravin' f'r joy juice an' de price at de same time. Bids you good evenin'."

The speaker turned to Demmy. "Grab a-holt dat otheh jug, Demmy, an' come 'long heah to whah de lodge folks is waitin'."

Demmy lifted the other jug, giving it a precautionary inspection before he started the return journey at the Wildcat's heels.

They had marched back as far as the big cypress when Demmy voiced the thought that filled them both. "Dey ain't nothin' in de lodge manual whut says nothin' about not seein' how is dis gin when you is weak an' heavy laden, is dey?"

"Us ain't seed de manual as yet, but does I know lodge manuals I sez dey ain't. Wrastle yo' own jug whilst I wrastles mine an' it shows less in case de 'vestigatin' committee gits goin'."

Halted, and facing each other, the two gin-bearers thrust their thumbs through the jug handles. For ten seconds a low gurgling mingled with the lesser noises of the insect life that disturbed the otherwise absolute silence of the swamp country. The gurgling ceased and the corncob stoppers were pounded back to place. The march was resumed.

At eight o'clock, having eluded three or four prohibition agents, the pair came to the back door of the barber shop.

Inside the building they heard the noises of the first chapter of the lodge meeting. "Seems like de boys is rallied roun', Demmy," the Wildcat whispered.

"Sho' is! Try de three knocks an' see does dat git us in."

"Any time three knocks don't git us in, two jugs of gin will. Neveh seed no password yet any better dan havin' a quart of likker wid you."

Their alarm on the door was answered with an alacrity which suggested a thirsty reception committee.

Bulger Custis looked at the two jugs of gin and heaved a heavy high of relief. He greeted them with a sincerity which left no doubt of their being welcome. "Set down de official tonic an' adorn yo'selves wid de regalia — dem gold braided coats over dere hangin' agin' de wall."

While the Wildcat and Demmy were getting into their initiation uniform Bulger Custis occupied himself with cleaning the dust out of a dozen more or less dilapidated shaving mugs. By the time this work was finished the two candidates were ready for whatever duties might await them.

The initiation ceremony was comparatively simple. "Hold out yo' right hand," the director ordered. "Dis heah is a private 'nitiation into de Grand Gin Careless Club an' de Hand an' Foot Club. One an' all you two is hereby made e-steemed membehs! Dat's all de official part. Confidential, as yo' fellow lodge brotheh, I tells you, now, yo' next move is to gurgle de joy-juice into dem shavin' mugs an' circulate amongst de brethrens in de front room. Bring de gin 'long whilst I 'nounces yo' 'nitiation."

The candidates would have preferred a ceremony slightly more elaborate, bu on the word of the leading member they had been regularly inducted into membership in the local organization, and so, forthwith, they set about the performance of their fraternal duties to their thirsty brethren.

Laden with two shaving mugs hal filled with gin, Demmy started fo the middle room of the establishmen wherein the formal meeting of th lodge was taking place. He shoved th door open with his foot. "Brethrens heah you is! Come an' git it!" he an nounced. And then, seeing that th assemblage was not so formal as h had imagined, he handed his burden right and left, to the first two applicants.

The formalities in the lodge room a the moment consisted of kneeling in a circle about a pair of dice which passe from hand to hand with the rise an fall of points and sevens.

The Wildcat, following close behin Demmy, disposed of his two mugs o gin by handing the first one to a fellow member and pouring the contents o the second one down his own throat "Whuff! Sho' tasted noble!" H leaned over and whispered quickly t Demmy. "Leave me have yo' money whilst I filiates wid de festivilies whe de gallopers gits roun' heah!"

Without protest Demmy gave up hi entire cash capital.

The Wildcat clinked it against it fellow coin in his hand.

"Leave de new membeh git his ac tion! Leave dis Wilecat boy show whut kin he do!"

The Wildcat boy showed what h could do.

A record of his performance, in im promptu verse, is included in the min utes of the meeting.

Way down South whah de sevens bloom
De Wilecat he craved elbone room;
He rolled a seven an' done it again,
He hadn't shot a dollah since de Law knew when.

He made three passes an' bust int song,
Right then an' there de boy wen wrong;
He tole de world an' he rose to state
Dat he wuz de boy whut could duplicate

"So fade me, brethrens, cash on de flo
Whilst I throws six-ace or three an fo',"
"Roll 'em, brother, you is met—
Once a fly got ketched in a spider' net."

"You may be good but you sho' kain' last,
De ace an' a deuce on a fo'-time pass!
"De Lawd is yo' shepherd, now you i bust!
Dat learns you not to snake-eye fust!

Snake eyes had appeared, and wit them hope faded from the Wildcat' heart.

The look of dejection which over spread his face brought ready ora sympathy from a volunteer quarte They started moaning their song o fellowship, their voices blending in harmony which softened the clickin of the fatal dice. "Dis is f'r de benefi of de new an' worthy brotheh wh stumbled on de snake eyes," the leade announced, "sung in memory of whu might have been." Then, with thei heads wagging to the measured time o the chant:

Us is brethren, bound togetheh wid de sacred bonds of Love,
Sheltered f'm earth's stormy weatheh, reapin' blessin's f'm above.

The Wildcat listened without losing much of his gloom. And then: "Sho' is good singin'. Kinda slow an' doleful like though. Mebbe I is reapin' blessin's from above just now, but awhile back I wuz reapin' snake eyes f'm Ol' Man Trouble. Now, mo' dan de blessin's mentioned in de recent melody, whut I craves is a inside splash of Sis' Meeker's hope-juice. Come 'long heah, Demmy, whilst I puts out de mis'ry fire whut is ragin' in my bosom wid a drink of fraternal gin!"

Demmy followed his master's voice into the back room and the pair poured out, respectively, something less than half a pint of the fluid of forgetfulness.

"As de prize fool you ain't got no competition whut I kin see," Demmy whispered to the Wildcat after his drink of gin had disappeared down his eager throat.

"How come?"

"Whut you think how come? Who handed you dem dice?"

"Preacheh's boy."

"Who hands you de new pair afteh you makes yo' third pass?"

"Ain't seed no new pair."

"You ain't seed nuthin' much! You makes three passes wid yaller dice. An' you makes snake eyes wid white ones whut de preacheh's boy rolls back at you!"

"Don't tell me, Demmy, dat dese lodge folks is deceived me."

"Seems like I kain't tell you nuthin'!"

"Demmy, you grieves me when you states dat a lodge brotheh is fell so low f'm grace as to nick de skin of de sho'n lamb wid de razor of deceit. You grieves me!"

A summons, growled through the half-open door, awakened the pair of mourners.

"Come runnin' wid dat gin, brotheh! De social part is slackenin' up. Keep de gin flowin', an' keep it flowin' dis way!"

"Us is a-comin'!" Demmy arranged half a dozen shaving mugs along a battered table and promptly filled them from one of the jugs. While he was thus occupied the Wildcat walked to the door and opened it slightly with his foot.

Through the narrow aperture he watched the progress of the crap game, and then suddenly his attention was riveted on the door at the far end of the room. The other door was opening, quietly and steadily, and in the front room of the barber shop the Wildcat saw the gleam of a metal star, chest-high from the floor, pinned to a background of blue.

He withdrew his foot quickly and whispered to Demmy. "Come 'long! Grab dat goat an' de full jug! Police folks is in front! Mebbe dey ain't at de back do' yet."

With Lily and a half empty jug of gin, wearing the gold-braided coats, the Wildcat and Demmy faded through the back door of the lodge room in time to discover that the Wildcat's "mebbe" was correct.

At the moment the alley was clear, and a resolve to be away from there before it became populated with police folks lent strength to the running gear of the two-legged fugitives. In less than thirty seconds they had fairly dragged Lily past the elm at the end of the street.

They turned instinctively down the lane which they had followed toward Sis' Meeker's house. The panting Demmy questioned his galloping companion. "Whah at is us headed—Sis' Meeker's gin-house?"

"Us ain't! Chances is de second place whah de police folks visits tonight is de gin woman's house. Whah de lane branches us turns to de left!"

Where the lane branched the Wildcat directed a hurried retreat to the left and toward whatever might await them in the strange country that would come with the dawn.

Two miles out of town the trio slackened their pace, but until long after midnight they kept up a fast march that averaged nearly four miles an hour.

They crossed a wide field before morning, and while the day was breaking they saw before them the street lights of a town two miles away.

They halted in a wooded corner of a broad field, and here, concealed from passersby who might journey along the road which led into the town, they went into executive session, planning the next card to be played in their game with Old Man Trouble and Lady Luck.

"Whuff!" The Wildcat subsided with his back against a small tree, and Demmy was quick to follow suit. "Whuff! Don't aim to git no closer to no town yet. It's comin' mawnin' now, an' lots of rest ain't goin' to do me no harm."

"Me an' you both! Hand me dat gin jug, Wilecat, whilst I rests myse'f wid a gurgle. Whut does us do next afteh de sleepin' contest is done?"

"Demmy, I done me a lot of thinkin' 'long wid de walkin' and runnin'. Us still craves to git out of dis land permanent."

"Sho' do!"

"Sho' does!"

"You say right! Only way us kin git out is wid money. De quickest way to git money is to leave dese local farm niggers donate. De only way you gits dem to donate is afteh dey gits hog-wild wid big ideas. Me an' you give 'em de big ideas an' stands back whilst de cash showers down f'm de tree whah Lady Luck is roosted."

"Sounds hard to me."

"Sounds hard, does it? Well, Demmy, sleep dat way an' don't strain yo' brain! F'm now on until dis afteh-noon I aims to sleep me sixty miles. Fust man whut wakes up gits down to de creek crossin' de road down dere an' lugs back his hat filled wid wateh f'r whoever sleeps de longest. Does you wake up, all I says is roust me out at five o'clock. Beginnin' then, you an' me is de fust membehs of de new lodge called De Valiant Foes of Doom! I got de name. I remembeh a preacheh nigger named Honeytone Boone aimed once to start dat lodge. Aimed steady, but de police met him befo' he pulled de trigger on his aim. Wake me up at five—dat's all I tells you."

There was no reply from Demmy because Demmy was asleep, and within the same minute the Wildcat had followed him away from the harsh realities of earth into a land of idleness, strong gin, free ice water, and four meals a day.

(To be concluded)

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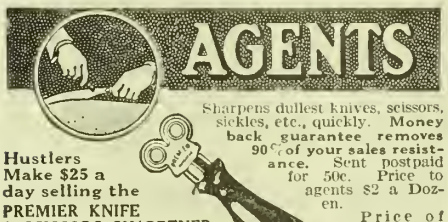

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Poilus Who Wear the D. S. C.

(*Continued from page* 9)

would fill a small book. One can only choose a few shining deeds to narrate.

Captain Robert Vallois was a French airman. At Thiaucourt, September 25, 1918, he volunteered to fly with Major Lewis W. Brereton, U. S. A., on a reconnaissance mission. On account of low visibility the two were forced to fly at a very low altitude and were continually harassed by anti-aircraft fire. Four enemy Fokkers attacked them and during the combat which followed Captain Vallois's gun jammed. After withdrawing to clear the jam they returned to the fight, and despite the fact that he had been painfully wounded in the face Captain Vallois dispersed three of the adversaries and fought off the fourth, a persistent combatant, until Major Brereton could make a landing.

Lieutenant Louis Andral, another French airman, lost his life in the final heroic action that gained the D. S. C. for him. He was attached to the American Third Army Corps as an observer. Near Dun-sur-Meuse, on October 30th, he distinguished himself by constant bravery throughout the day. Several times he returned from low-flying patrols with his machine riddled by bullets. Late in the day he attacked and drove from its mission an enemy observation balloon and then turned to attack four Boche planes which appeared. He was killed in the unequal contest.

Etienne Houroux, sergeant-pilot of Lieutenant Andral's plane, received the D. S. C. for the same action. When Andral was killed Houroux, already seriously wounded, succeeded in withdrawing from the fight and landing within the American lines. Although he was suffering intensely and was too weak to leave his seat without assistance he refused medical attention until his observer was cared for.

Sergeant Jean Marius of the French Colonial Infantry got his D. S. C. for saving an American officer's life. He did this by risking his own in a fierce fight with Germans at overwhelming odds. He had volunteered to accompany the American on a dangerous engineering reconnaissance. The two were surrounded by the enemy but Marius killed several of them with bullet and bayonet and put the remainder to flight.

Edouard Perrin, a brigadier (not a brigadier general) in the French 350th Tank Company, was out of luck at Gèsnes, in the Argonne, October 4th. He fought his tank brilliantly up Hill 255 until he had almost reached his objective, when a Boche shell made a direct hit and blew up his tank. Before he could disentangle himself from the wreckage he was captured. The following night, however, he escaped and returned to his outfit. In the afternoon he took another tank up Hill 255 in support of American infantry and, in spite of the fact that he was wounded early in the engagement, refused to quit until the attack was successfully completed.

Wounds failed, also, to drive Sergeant Jean Baptiste de Beliego, of the French heavies, from the battlefield. Fighting as an instructor with our big guns in the Argonne he was wounded on three different occasions, but in each case refused to be treated until after the mission in hand had been completed.

Yves Marie le Cam was a "simple soldat." Indeed Yves was so simple that he was a soldat second-class. But here's what he did: Up at Soissons in July this poilu strolled out toward the enemy in company with an American colonel. The colonel got busy with his gat when the fight grew warm, according to the cold official details, while Yves went to it with "Rosalie." He killed four Germans with his bayonet, including a sergeant, and saved himself and the colonel.

Leon Durand, private, first-class, French 2d Coast Artillery Corps, was with the Yanks at St. Mihiel, September 12, 1918. When his platoon was held up by enemy grenadiers he opened fire from his machine gun and prevented an enemy counter attack. While he was holding the enemy back an exploding mine put his gun out of action and the attackers rushed forward. Durand jumped from the gun position, seized some hand grenades and caused so many casualties that the Germans who were left alive fled.

The American D. S. C.s are worn today in France by both peasant and aristocrat. Count Robert Costa de Beauregard, captain in the 23d Territorial Infantry, won his by turning runner when no others were available at a critical moment at St. Juvin, October 14, 1918. The count was attached to the 306th Infantry, 77th Division, United States Army. He voluntarily carried a message to the observation post, through intense shell fire, and thereby re-established communication with the post of command.

The business of a French interpreter at an American headquarters was not believed to include leading attacks, but that is what Julien Morel did and that is why he was decorated with our D. S. C. He was attached to the 138th Infantry, 35th Division. In the attack on Cheppy he volunteered to go forward with his outfit, but was wounded and sent back. Even under those circumstances he carried an American officer back to safety. Then he forgot about wounds and volunteered to lead the tanks to Cheppy, thereby making possible the entrance of the infantry into that town.

Whole Legion Joins in Making Education Week a Big Success

AMERICAN Education Week was not observed in the Arizona desert, on Pike's Peak, or in the heart of the Everglades, but with the exception of these localities it seems to have included the whole United States. Garland W. Powell, Director of the National Americanism Commission of the Legion, has received reports from Legion officials and superintendents of public instruction in almost every State

describing the exceptional success of the Legion in bringing the schools to the attention of the public in the week of November 18th to 24th. With the experiences of two previous years as a background, Legion posts everywhere succeeded in making American Education Week hold the center of attention.

From North Dakota comes the story of a dramatic example of educational possibilities which contributed greatly to the success of the Legion's program in that State. At a time when the Legion posts of North Dakota were appealing to all citizens to visit the schools and to study such problems as the need for better buildings, higher salaries for teachers, the necessity of night schools and facilities for teaching English to the foreign-born, an elderly woman was introduced as a speaker in a public meeting. She said she had been born in Russia. When the World War broke out she had been unable to read or write English. Her son had enlisted for service on the border. She told her hearers of her anguish in those days when she was unable to write to her son or read the letters that came from him. Then it was, she said, that she prayed for an opportunity to go to school.

That opportunity came when a night school was established in her town—Kulm, North Dakota. She was one of the first pupils to enroll. She had had twenty-four lessons, she said. She told her audience what the American flag meant to her and she read from a text-book to prove that she had been able, at the age of sixty years, to acquire a practical knowledge of a language which had been strange to her.

All North Dakota found inspiration in the story of the Russian woman's accomplishment, and Legion posts throughout the State cited her as an example in their speaking program in schoolrooms during Education Week. With the help of the Legion, the teachers of North Dakota expect to win the campaign they have started with the slogan, "No Illiteracy in North Dakota in 1924," Minnie J. Nielson, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, has written Mr. Powell.

In Huron, South Dakota, William Reaves Post of the Legion found that a daily newspaper was the most effective means of getting the message of American Education Week before the public. A post committee acted as an editorial board in producing the educational edition of the *Evening Huronite*, which contained many leading articles on the needs of the schools and the Legion's program.

President Coolidge's proclamation urging the whole country to observe American Education Week was followed by other proclamations by governors of most of the States and mayors of cities and towns. Sunday, November 18th, was generally observed in churches throughout the country, pastors delivering sermons on school themes. Legion posts in most communities arranged for presentation of educational problems at luncheons of Rotary and Kiwanis clubs and other organizations of business men in addition to helping get parents to visit the schools on each of the five days for which programs had been arranged.

Mt. Pleasant (Michigan) Post arranged for special meetings in all the rural schools of an entire county, in addition to helping with the observance in its own town. The one hundred schools of the country were divided into five groups, and sixty-five Legionnaires volunteered to speak at the twenty meetings held each night. Legionnaires and other citizens voluntarily drove the speaking squadrons to the schools in their automobiles.

In Woburn, Massachusetts, George A. Campbell Post placed a Legion flag etiquette pamphlet in the hands of every school child at the beginning of American Education Week. This was also done by many other posts throughout the country. The observance of Education Week in California was featured by a mass meeting in connection with the California Industries Exposition held in the Civic Auditorium in San Francisco the week following the Legion's Fifth National Convention in that building. The program given centered about American Citizenship Day.

Time Limit on Back Pay for Training-Camp Candidates

On making application for additional pay due me as a candidate in the Fourth Officers Training Camp, I was informed that I am not entitled to the extra pay after June 30, 1918. Why is the Government discriminating against the candidates who attended the fourth camp?—W. R. J., *Kansas City, Mo.*

EXPLANATION of the time limit on extra pay due training-camp students was received subsequent to the publication of the article on this subject in the November 23d issue of the Weekly. The Comptroller General's ruling was based on the Appropriation Act of June 15, 1917, which provided "for pay at $100 a month for enlisted men if training for officers of the Reserve Corps." The provisions of this act terminated on June 30, 1918. The Appropriation Act of July 9, 1918, specified that pay of all enlisted men in training for commissions reverted on July 1, 1918, to the pay of their grades. As a result, a man is entitled to the difference between his regular pay and $100 a month up to June 30, 1918, and after that date only the pay of his grade.

The office of the Chief of Finance, War Department, advises that claims for additional pay are being handled in the General Accounting Office, Military Division, 1734 New York Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C., and applications should be presented direct to that office.

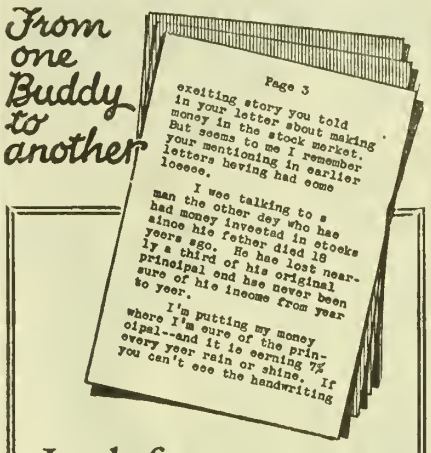
46 Veterans in 68th Congress Include Five Senators

WHILE every possible check was employed to insure the accuracy of the article entitled "Ex-Service Men Who Will Sit in the 68th Congress" in the Weekly of November 30th, a few errors crept into the compilation which have been brought to the Weekly's notice since publication of the article.

Several Minnesota Legionnaires have called attention to the fact that Governor J. A. O. Preus of that State is not, as was reported, a veteran of the World War. Governor Preus, according to the adjutant general of Minnesota, failed to pass the physical examination at the time the National Guard was mustered into the Federal service.

Corrections made in the roster of ex-service men in the lower house of Congress bring the total to 41, or 46 veterans in all, including the five in the Senate. The additions are Dr. Charles Browne of New Jersey and E. W. Gibson of Vermont, who was elected to fill out the term of Representative Porter H. Dale, resigned and elected senator. By error it was stated that Representative George H. Tinkham of Massachusetts was in service. Mr. Tinkham spent some time in Europe during the war.

By a typographical error the name of Senator Alva A. Adams of Colorado was placed in the list of representatives, though earlier in the article it was correctly stated that Mr. Adams's appointment to the Senate to fill an unexpired term gave veterandom five men in the upper legislative body.



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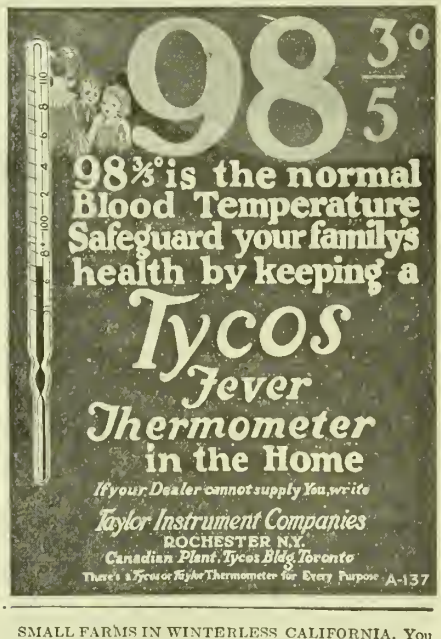

SMALL FARMS IN WINTERLESS CALIFORNIA. You can work a small farm with less capital investment. And in California you can work outdoors all the year. The State Land Board of California is offering choice twenty-acre farms at Ballico, Merced County, on 36 years time. The Rancho Santa Fe, in San Diego County near the sea, is now being developed into small farm tracts, with ample water for irrigation; climate delightful and ideal surroundings. Very favorable terms for these two propositions and many others equally good. The man of moderate means, who wishes to get a home of his own, should investigate California's reasonably priced lands. California is the richest state per capita in U. S. A. Most of this wealth came from the soil. No winter handicaps. Illustrated land folders descriptive of California mailed on request. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe Ry., 960 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

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In '17, '18 or '19 your organization was photographed. It's the only photograph of the "bunch" as you and they were then. It can never be taken again. Get a copy now, while you can, for your children and their children's children. If your outfit was photographed we can supply it. Give full name—camp and date. Price $3.00.

COLE & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.

Firelight Talk

By Steuart M. Emery

IT'S a sort of a get-together time
I guess, is Christmas night;
Round by the fire while the old bells chime,
Cozy and thankful, quite.
So that's why the six of us are here
Watching the shadows roam,
Kind of a habit, year by year,
It's getting to be at home.

Hank, he speaks from the farthest chair,
Hank of the big, broad grin:
"Remember the Christmas over there
In that village we wintered in?
Old Madame's house, do you mind that game,
With the tree on the brick-flagged floors,
And the size that the eyes of the kids became
When the top was Santa Claus?"

Julie, there by his side, smiles slow
As she pats him once on the cheek.
"Zen I wandaire undaire ze mistletoe
And he bring me to Amérique."

"Well, me," says Jim with a cheerful face,
"I reckon I wasn't around.
I'm thinking a bit of a little place
In a funny, queer old town.
The tables were just the proper size
For a talk with a Red Cross aide,
So I sat and I looked into blue, blue eyes
And I'll say it was Yule we made."

"You spent your pay for a month on that,"
States Ann from the next-door seat.
"And I remember the café cat
That came and purred at our feet."

"I'll just remark without any knocks,"
Say I, "through those hours of sport
I was wearing the oddest pair of socks
That ever a transport brought.
One ran all the way up to my knee
The other felt full of hay,
But they sure did carry the Christmas glee
To a buck, first-class, that day."

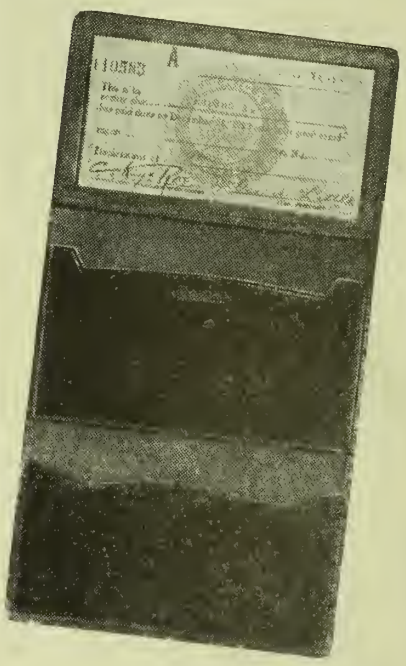
"Now that's enough," says the voice of Sue,
Which takes me down in my pride,
"It wasn't the socks I sent to you
But the note I tucked inside."

Additional Pay Ruling Includes Overseas O. T. C. Candidates

I served in one of the training camps in the A. E. F. in 1918. Do I come under the ruling with reference to additional pay for O. T. C. students published in a recent issue of the Weekly? Provided I am eligible, how soon could I expect payment after filing my claim?—M. R. W., *Portland, Ore.*

THE ruling of the Comptroller General granting to enlisted men who were candidates in Officers' Training Camps prior to June 30, 1918, the difference between the pay of their grade and $100 per month applies to the men who served in overseas camps as well as those in this country. While the money to settle approved claims is not now available, it will be as soon as the new appropriations are voted by the present Congress. Appropriations are expected to be made early in 1924.

We Are Giving These Away



Another Chance

Here is another chance to get one of these genuine calf's leather wallets without cost. So many Legionnaires took advantage of this generous offer when it first appeared that we decided to repeat it. This offer may not be repeated again so get your wallet now.

This handsome combination wallet and Legion cardholder is made of genuine calfskin.

The illustration is a photograph of this wallet which has a visible holder for your membership card two pockets for business cards and a roomy lengthwise billfold.

It Is Yours!

This wallet is yours for only one yearly subscription (non-member) for The American Legion Weekly.

To Spread the Legion Gospel

everywhere is our reason for making this unusual offer. To place The American Legion Weekly in every home is our aim. To pay you for helping carry the Legion's message and increase the influence of your organization and your own Post we are offering you one of these handsome leather wallets.

The price of a year's subscription for The American Legion Weekly to anyone not a Legion member is $2.00 (for 52 issues). You can easily secure *one subscription* from a friend or a neighbor. Or give a year's subscription as a gift.

At the same time you send the subscription, give your name and address and we will send you at once FREE OF ANY CHARGE one of these handsome leather wallets.

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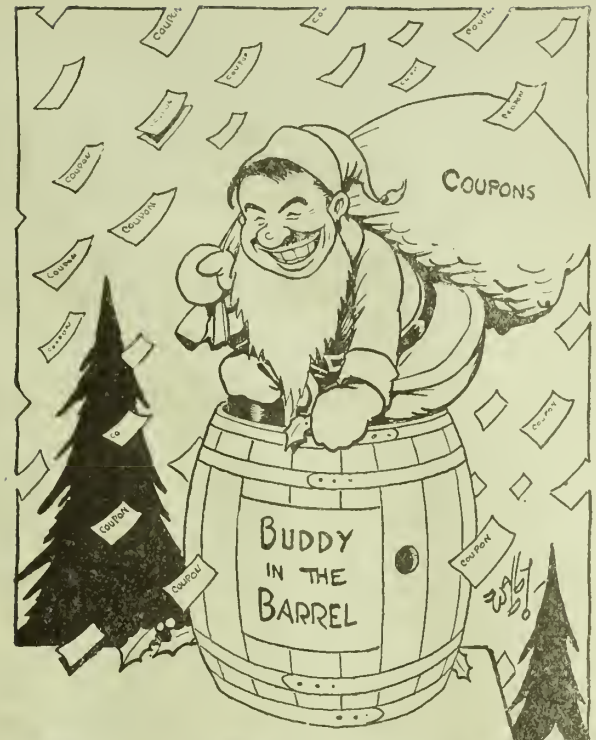

Merry Christmas & a Happy New Year.

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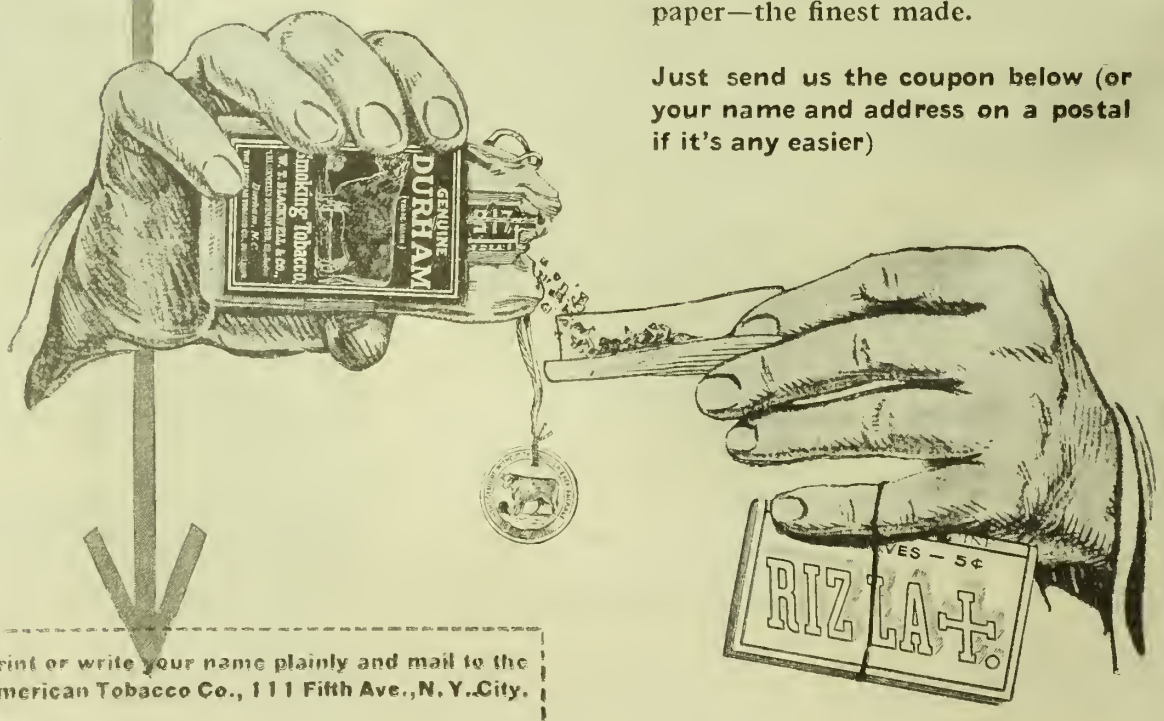

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