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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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MEMORIAL DAY

THIS cover design, by Charles H. Kurtz, was awarded first prize in a Memorial Day competition open to vocational trainees of the United States Veterans Bureau in Pittsburgh. (See page 22)

Buddy Says a Pipeful

"Open Letter" to Mr. Pipe Manufacturer

Dear Mr. Pipe Manufacturer:

I drop you these lines to let you know that I am still on a strict diet of cigars and cigarettes. There's a reason! 'Tis the "fag-end" of a smoker's day, and I must confess I feel sort o' fed up with my regular tobacco ration.

Somehow I yearn for a good old pipe. A jimmy pipe, seasoned to the dark O. D. color which adds untold value to such a friend. A meerschaum or a mere briar. Perhaps a Missouri cob. Being out o' pipes, the best I can do is to "draw" upon my imagination.

After looking thro' the advertising columns of my pet magazine, The American Legion Weekly, I begin to suspect that your pipes possibly have withered at the stem. At least, they are not represented here in The Weekly—the nation's best market for smokers' materials.

Throughout this broad land of ours are hundreds of Legion posts, and nearly every one a center for smokers' powwows. We have our arguments, but in the long run we're a harmonious bunch, and pass the "pipe o' peace" at every meeting.

You can address this huge nation-wide audience of discriminating smokers *only* through the columns of The Weekly.

The magazine which makes no claims but *makes business* for its advertisers.

Yes, sir, you'll find that your advertising in The Weekly will *pull* with the consistency of your *pipes*.

Yours sincerely,

Buddy

1st INDORSEMENT

Name.....

Address.....

Remarks (if possible name brand you desire to see advertised).....

.....

.....

I am a.....dealer.....salesman.....consumer

Post.....

Buddy's boosters are requested to aid the effectiveness of his "Open Letter" to Mr. Pipe Manufacturer by filling out above "1st Indorsement" and mailing it to Buddy in care of The Advertising Manager, The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

OUR DIRECTORY *of* ADVERTISERS

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

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

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

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★ STAR—AWARDED WHEN THE SEVENTH SERVICE STRIPE IS DUE.

LET'S PATRONIZE THEY ADVERTISE

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THEY ADVERTISE LET'S PATRONIZE

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627 West 43d Street, New York City

MAY 30, 1924

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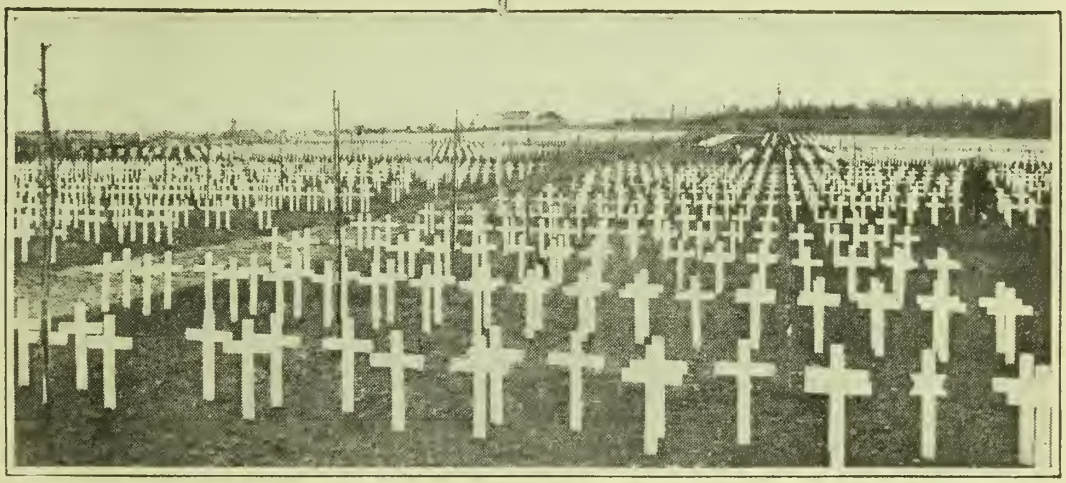
The Day of the Gold Star Hosts

THE troop transports are gone, but palatial ocean liners are carrying to France in this month of May many thousands of Americans—the leisurely beneficiaries of our prosperity. They are following the ocean road to Le Havre and Cherbourg traveled seven years ago by the strongest of America's youth. But because there are no milestones in mid-ocean, and because ocean waves do not hold the impress of those who pass over them, the cabin passengers of today have no reminders of those in khaki who traveled the road before them.



Picture thousands of American flags waving beside these crosses and the bright flowers of spring on each grave and you will know how this plot of ground, forever American, the Oise-Aisne Cemetery at Fère-en-Tardenois, looks on this Memorial Day. Here rest more than 5,000 Americans who fell in battle in the Soissons-Château Thierry-Rheims salient in the summer of 1918

Leaving behind a proud and happy land, flushed with the health that comes of freedom from care, the American tourist of today lounges in gilt and marble salons or strolls along glass-inclosed promenades while his ship strives to lower transatlantic speed records. He dines more luxuriously than in his own home. Radio gives him news and entertainment. Small wonder that he arrives in Europe buoyant, vigorously optimistic, with the spirit of a conqueror who has come to prod through the ruins of a decadent continent.

Small wonder, likewise, if he lives wholly in a present and has no memory carrying him back six or seven years to the time when his countrymen who were coming to Europe came differently and on a different mission. The top of the world which the doughboy of the A. E. F. preferred above Valhalla is now occupied by the American tourist and pleasure seeker who is retracing the footsteps of the A. E. F.

More Americans will travel to Europe this year than in any preceding year in history, according to those who ought to know—the tourist agencies and the steamship lines. These are preparing to break all old records. The golden year of the past was 1913, the year be-

The principal Memorial Day ceremony this year will be held in this cemetery on the heights of Surèsnes, overlooking Paris, but altogether Legionnaires will place flowers and flags on more than 30,000 graves in eight large A. E. F. cemeteries

In the quiet solitude of this cemetery at Bony lie more than 1,700 Americans who fought beside the British in the 1918 campaign along the Somme

fore the World War broke, a year in which globe-trotting Americans swarmed in marvelous numbers through the capitals of the old continent and penetrated every by-path. Some observers have speculated concerning the effect of this year's invasion on the impoverished, tax-ridden peoples of Europe. They will take our gold, but what will they return—envy or gratitude? A knowledge of human nature supplies the answer. Much will depend, however, upon the attitude of the American expeditionary Force of 1924.

There would be nothing to fear if, by some prearrangement, the de luxe tourist of today might be properly introduced to Europe on the battlefields of yesterday, and if, instead of rushing to Paris by the fastest express trains, they might first walk among the thousands of white crosses of the cemeteries left behind by the American Expeditionary Forces of six years ago. No American could look upon the fighting fields of his countrymen, upon the vast God's acres where his countrymen sleep, without walking more humbly thereafter.

IT happens that just as the great rush of tourists starts in Europe this year, America will be giving her great yearly honor to the memory of the 30,000 American dead in France, Belgium and England. It is wonderful to arrive in France at the close of May, when the apple blossoms and the lilacs have saturated the air with perfume, when forests and fields are vivid green and the sun is shining warm out of a blue sky. It is happy fortune that under such auspices America's Memorial Day dawns in France. And as in France, so also in Belgium and England. In these three countries are the eight American military cemeteries where the bodies of our 30,000 dead lie.

American tourists have indeed a privilege if they are in Europe on Memorial Day this year, for on May 30th, for the first time since the war ended, the American military cemeteries have taken on the form and arrangements which they will hold for the future. And this year, as in years past, The American Legion, with the assistance of other organizations of our countrymen abroad, will place flags and flowers on every grave and in each of the eight cemeteries dedicated to American dead will hold a memorial service for our Division of the Dead.

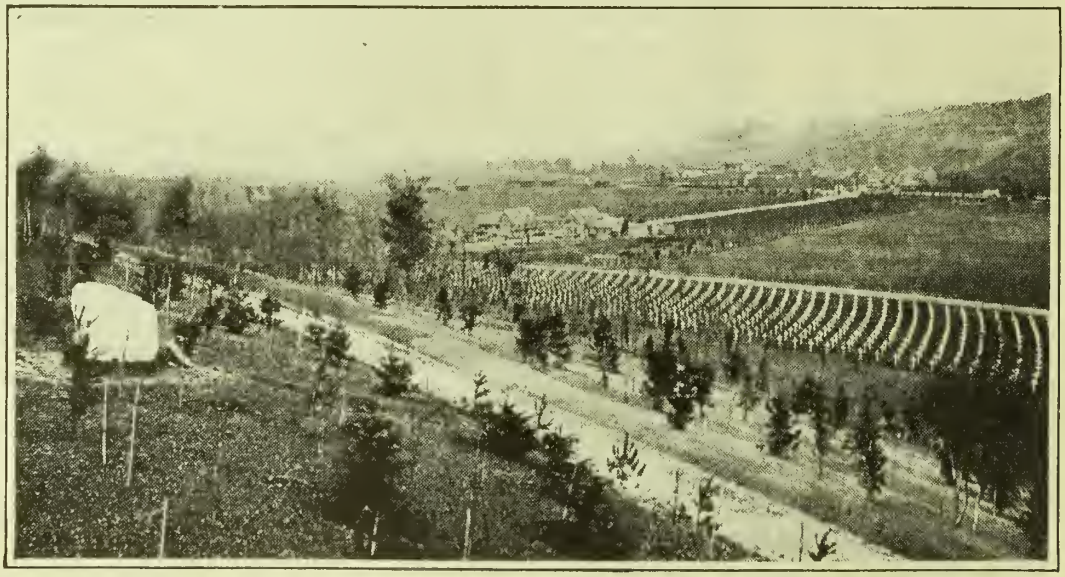
Memorial Day this year finds the rows of white crosses in each cemetery unbroken, the trees and shrubbery planted for the years to come, with winding driveways of a whiteness to match the crosses. The cemeteries were not thus last year or the year before. For then they had not been reformed after the work of transporting to the United States more than 46,000 dead had necessitated an entire regrouping of graves. This task has now been fully completed.

For two years the Graves Registration Service has been engaged in the task of making each of the eight cemeteries abroad conform to the ideals of beauty and appropriateness which had been set by an art commission composed of foremost American landscape gardeners, artists and engineers. For a time an element of uncertainty had interfered with the plans. The War Department contemplated replacing the white crosses with marble headstones. The American Legion entered a plea that the white cross should remain and that the wooden crosses should be replaced eventually with crosses of identical appearance but of more permanent material, and the Legion's plea has prevailed.

SO today in most of the cemeteries the graves and the white crosses appear just as they probably will appear ten or twenty years from now. The beautification that has been effected is striking. In simple beauty, these cemeteries are much better to look upon than is Arlington Cemetery at Washington with its 33,000 graves marked by headstones.

Long rows of white crosses sparkle in the sunshine against a green carpet and background of terraced shrubbery. Majestic flagpoles rise against the blue sky. The French poppy is blooming, its color as vivid as its fame, and the tiny cornflower, known to few by name, has the blue of the American flag to match the poppy's red. Nature has supplied another perfect touch to supplement the harmony of color in the

(*Continued on page* 17)



Belleau Wood Cemetery is a great crescent of white crosses which winds around the base of the deadly hill where six years ago was fought one of the hardest battles of the war. The scarred forest of the slopes and the cemetery are now an American memorial park

Would-be immigrants turned back at Ellis Island because the quota for their country was exhausted. One argument for taking care of all the details of admission at American consulates abroad

The Other End *of the* Bridge

By Nathaniel Peffer

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Peffer describing the transoceanic effect of our present immigration laws. The first article appeared in last week's issue.—THE EDITORS.

IN a previous article I sought to give some picture of just what the American immigration law means in Europe. I tried to show just what conditions are there and what the American consul has to face in administering at that end the laws we pass so easily at this one. My point was that it was easy to pass laws at a distance of three thousand miles but another thing when you have to be where it works out and to administer it. In this article I wish to point a moral or two from the picture and emphasize a few of the lessons it teaches.

I wish to make it quite clear, however, that I have no policy to recommend for immigration as such. I am not concerned here with the question of what policy we adopt. Whether we let in immigrants at all or bar them entirely is not the point I am discussing. I am concerned only with the problem of working out intelligently and efficiently and justly whatever policy we do adopt.

There are just three possibilities in the situation. We can let down the bars entirely and admit everybody who wants to come in, as we used to do. We can exclude absolutely all immigrants. Or we can admit only a limited number. Of these the first two would be by far the simpler. If you let in everybody, there is nothing to administer beyond routine quarantine examinations. If you let in nobody there is also nothing to administer. The most difficult is the third.

Now, I repeat, I am not arguing which of the three we should choose. But as a plain matter of fact it is clear that we shall not, in the immediate future at least, do the first again. A majority of American sentiment is opposed to that. Also we have not yet come to the point of doing the second. A majority of American sentiment has not yet been won to that. So by compromise we are left with the third. But numerical restriction is not only the most difficult to handle, it also involves the most responsibility. The burden of selection, of elimination of those we don't want, is on us.

It is not only an administrative responsibility, it is a moral responsibility as well. For more than a century America has stood as the open door. That has been its tradition and its place in the world. We have heralded ourselves as the asylum for the oppressed, the haven of opportunity for those who sought a fresh start in life. The word America has had those connotations from end to end of Europe. There has been built up the tradition: when fed up with everything, make a fresh start in America. The tradition has grown slowly and is therefore more fast-rooted. And as we have planted it ourselves and helped water it, we must at least share the fruits of it. Our national honor and sense of fair play so demand.

This does not by any means entail our taking everybody or anybody who wants to come in. It only means that we have to work out some system that will operate with the least possible injustice, with the greatest ease and efficiency, and also one that will give us the best possible stock for future American citizenship. Now, we have not had such a system. That was the burden of my first article. We just had a law. The rest—the administration of it—was just left to chance. And, of course, it has worked out badly. Badly from any point of view, but particularly from that of getting the best human material with the least confusion in administrative machinery and from the point of view of causing the least suffering to those Europeans who wish to emigrate here.

THERE are two questions involved. First, there is the principle on which restriction will be based: whether numerically, racially, past rate of assimilability or something else. Second, there is the question of machinery: how we shall handle selection, both on this side and the other side. Of these the first may be the most difficult to decide, but

the second is the most difficult to work out and apply.

With respect to the first, we are thus far committed to the principle of numerical restriction based on the number of those who have come to America in the past. The reason is chiefly that this is the most obvious and the easiest. But the arguments that have been made in Congress in the last few months show that it is not necessarily the most satisfactory. It involves the charge of indirect racial discrimination as soon as you try to determine on what census you base the quota. If on an earlier census, like the one of 1890, you favor the people of Western Europe; if on 1910, like the law in force now, you let in a majority of South and East Europeans. But when you go in for racial selection, you tread unfamiliar ground. Too little is known of race, too little of what constitutes good and bad race qualities. This is a moot point. But it will be generally agreed that if you make race the test it is better to make it openly and directly, to say frankly that such and such races are desirable here and such and such not. Then not only we, but all the nationalities involved, will understand clearly what our position is and much difficulty will be avoided.

NO one can formulate a specific. Pat solutions are impossible. But it may be suggested that proved record of assimilability is a much more logical test. How large a percentage of each nationality has taken out American citizenship papers? How large a percentage of each nationality has come here to stay, to be absorbed into the body of America as a permanent part? It would be necessary, then, to work out a formula for the percentage of each nationality naturalized per decade of stay. This would have to be modified by the factor of number of decades since immigration from each country began. That is, you would not expect as large a proportion of Swedes to be naturalized as of Irish, because the former began to come to America only a relatively short time ago. You would have to make tables showing the length of stay of the Irish as a whole, then the percentage of naturalization per decade, and then do the same for all the others. This sounds more complicated than it is. In the Census Bureau there is no lack of professional statisticians who could work it out.

Also there are figures available to show how many of each nationality have come in and how many have gone home again. Hundreds of thousands have come here, stayed only long enough to make enough money to live comfortably in their native lands and then left. They never intended to become Americans. They were only transients. There is no reason, therefore, why the quota should be calculated only on the number of those who have entered American ports. It would be more logical to calculate it on the number of those who have come, less those who have gone. If your quota is two percent, then it ought to be two percent of the balance which represents those who really want to make their home in America and contribute to American life as well as take from it.

Whatever the basis of restriction may be, the second question remains. That is the question of machinery. In any case you have what I called in the first article the excess of supply over demand. Many more want to come to America than we are disposed to admit; probably more than twice or even three times as many. That situation will not change in the near future because it grows out of disturbed conditions in Europe. So there is the problem: which will get in and which not. That is to say, not which nationality but which of each nationality.

AT present this is determined by hit or miss, and as I showed in the first article the result is a tangle of confusion. It makes immigration a police problem in Europe, a mob scene. And it is obligatory on us to change that. First, because otherwise the American consular service abroad becomes clogged by immigration matters, and in this country the immigration service is overwhelmed by judicial questions — rulings here on cases arising out of those who have come as far as Ellis Island without certainty of their status. Second, it is obligatory on us to change that because if we have helped to foster the tradition of America we must at least in part take the consequences if the tradition has produced a rush to our shores. We have to make the rush as little inconvenient to ourselves as possible and as little costly as possible to those who want to come in and are not allowed to.

I think this will be granted as a premise to start: An American visa must be equivalent to admission into the United States. When a prospective immigrant has been passed by the official representatives of the United States and received on his passport a visa bearing the official seal of the United States, that seal must stand for something. His troubles must be over. Nothing should be left but the trip. Now the visa means little more than nothing. He has been through infinite

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Memorial Day—Its Inner Meaning

MAY 30TH—Memorial Day—is here again. America pauses in her stride, to honor and revere the men who died for our nation's destiny. It is the sixth Memorial Day since the World War added thousands of lives to that long list of heroes whose blood is the mortar of our country's foundation.

Every city, town and hamlet is sending flowers to those graves; the white crosses which march in tragic alignment over hill and dale in France are almost hidden by flowers. It is the day when we recall the men who died, their deeds, and the ideals for which they gave an unstinted all.

At home the Civil War veterans, with more blank files than last year and with ranks more numerous than they will be next year, pay their annual tribute. Too soon their faltering march will be no more, and only the memory of the deeds which they wrote on the pages of our history with sword and musket will remain for us to cherish.

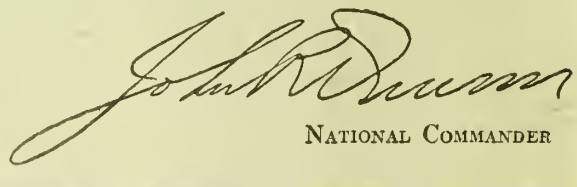
The slouch-hatted Spanish War Veterans gather to honor the men who died in '98, the heroes who wrote "Freedom from tyranny and protection for the weak" on world history in letters of scarlet.

With these veterans of two great conflicts foregather the khaki-clad millions who fought the fight for democracy. They fought, they believe, a war to end war; there was to come a new peace on earth, good will to all men. That ideal has not yet been achieved, but on this day of memories let us pray that it will some day be realized, that our dead are not sacrificed in vain.

Since last Memorial Day Woodrow Wilson has passed on, and sleeps with the thousands who died for democracy's fulfillment. Our war-time President died for the cause he so fervently believed in as surely as if his pain-racked frame had been found hanging limply on the barbed wire of Château-Thierry. He was our comrade, our inspired leader, with universal peace as his heart's desire.

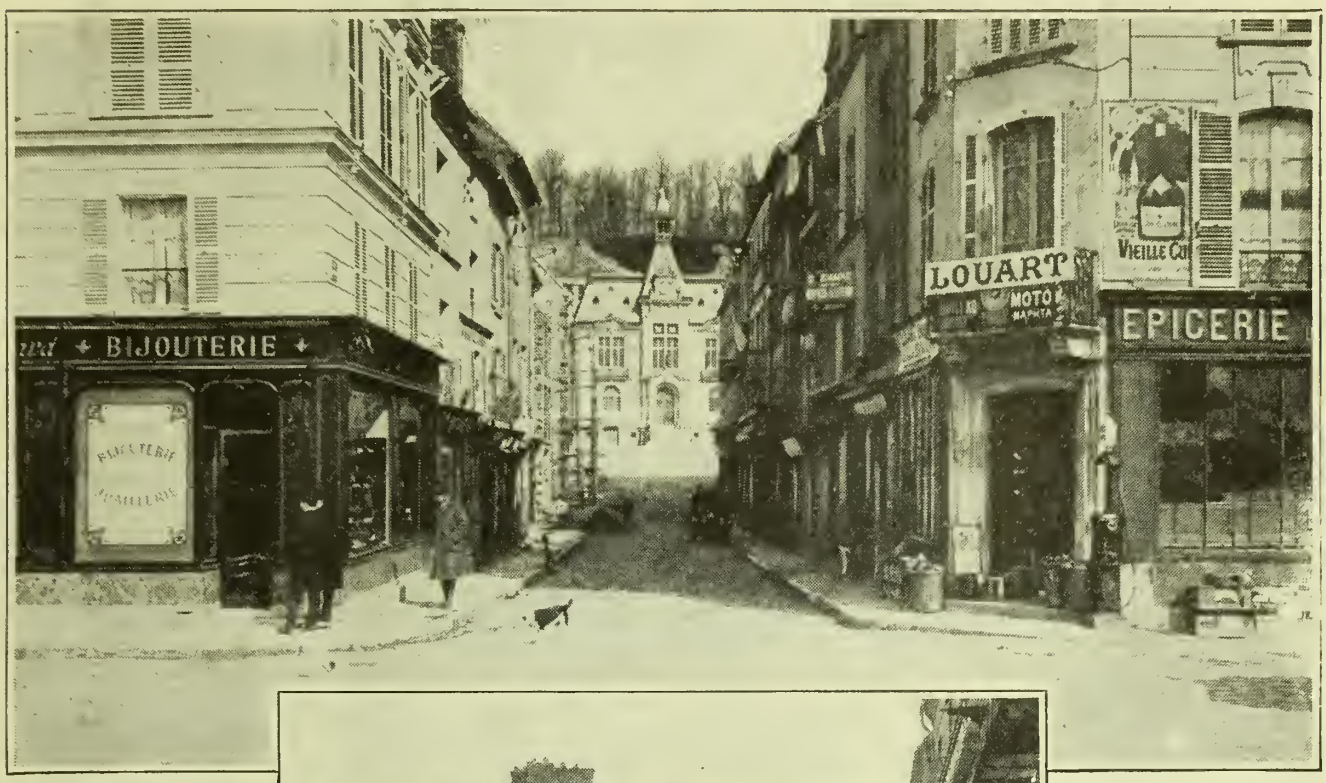
In him were crystallized the ideals upon which this nation is founded, the ideals for which veterans of three wars today pay homage to their dead. As we make the pilgrimage today to the grave-strewn cemeteries let us remember his fearless leadership, and his goal—perpetual peace.

And in remembering the ideals for which he and our comrades lie buried, let us pray that a way will be found to end all war forever more, so that no future generation will mourn on Memorial Day for another generation of youths offered on the altar of sacrifice in another war.



NATIONAL COMMANDER

Château-Thierry: 1918 *and* 1924



Château-Thierry as it appears today and the same street as it looked when the refugees returned from the Armistice. The building in the background is the hotel de ville

JUST six years ago — on May 31, 1918 — the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion of the Third Division filled the heroic rôle of Horatius at the historic bridge which spans the Marne at Château - Thierry. Rushed in motor trucks to this critical point in the line of the second German advance toward Paris, the unit went into action immediately and prevented the enemy from crossing the river. This last-minute resistance permitted the withdrawal of the French troops to the south side of the Marne. On June 2d the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion also withdrew to the south bank and the stone bridge spanning the stream was blown up by order of the French general in command.

On the night of May 31st the Ninth Machine Gun Battalion of the Sixth Infantry Brigade arrived at Montmirail by train and was marched rapidly to Château - Thierry to take up position on the southern bank of the Marne. While all of the defensive fighting against the second German advance at the Marne is popu-

(*Continued on page* 20)

A new stone bridge—the Pont Roosevelt—across the Marne is replacing the structure blown up in 1918. Beyond is the steel bridge constructed by American engineer troops after the Allied advance, and still in use

EDITORIAL

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

In Memory of Those Who Served

Warm summer sun, shine kindly here,
Warm southern wind, blow softly here,
Green sod above, lie light, lie light.

—*Robert Richardson.*

THE blank rounds which Legion posts the world over will fire this Memorial Day in salute of comrades who have gone on will honor as many men who have died since the war as died while wearing the uniform of their country's service. We are not old. The average age of the World War veteran is thirty-two or three. Yet as many of us have passed into the shadows as civilians as passed as soldiers on fields of battle and elsewhere. It is a milepost worthy noting as we go by.

On this Memorial Day, the sixth such day since the great guns' sudden silence brought us peace, we can honor our war dead with a new hope that the things they died for may be realized in larger measure than lately has been apparent. On other Memorial Days the tragedy of their sacrifice seemed a little deeper than it should have been, but the glory of that sacrifice lost nothing of its resplendence. The glory of that sacrifice has lost nothing because Americans went into the World War with as high and lofty a purpose as ever led a nation's hosts to battle. If disappointing days came after, it was not the fault of those who fought, nor of the ideals which impelled them to take up arms. The shadows which too soon enveloped and obscured the brightness of the first years of peace did not extend to the ranked white crosses which will remain forever on foreign soil. The unhealthy fungus growths of suspicion and distrust among former fighting allies, which sprang up in that dismal shade, has not marred the greensward of the soldiers' graves. They gave their all fighting for the flag they loved.

Now the sun shines through and the shadows seem about to be dispelled. The indefensible differences, among allies themselves, as well as between allies and former foes, which have been as salt in the wounds which should have healed by now, seem on the way to composition. Each gun which booms this Memorial Day in memory of our wartime dead, each flower which sheds its petals on their mounds, should emphasize the prayer in all our hearts that it should be so, that peace and agreement among the nations ought not be deferred another day.

On this Memorial Day we shall honor also our comrades who have gone since they came back from their duty in the great emergency. We recall with quickening hearts their service to their flag. We mourn their untimely departure from the ranks of a great brotherhood which takes seriously its intention of continuing in the service of its country. This year some conspicuous figures in the ranks of veterandom have been taken from us. Our late Commander-in-Chief, who wrote the scriptures of peace which stopped the fighting, has gone, his spirit forsaking the crumbling body which the war had devastated quite as definitely as if a hostile missile had stricken him down in the heat of battle. Like Lincoln, Wilson now belongs to the ages, and perhaps not even in our time will the sum of his sacrifice be set forth so clearly that all may appraise it. But in the perspective of the years it is certain that his memory, without abating any of its rugged individuality, will imperceptibly merge into the composite memory of the hosts whom he captained to victory. And in hundreds of hospitals scattered throughout the land other broken soldiers have gone in the same fashion. Today we delight in honoring their war achievements and their peace achievements, both alike conspicuous.

The actuaries can tell with uncanny precision just how many of us will go this year and the next, and so on until there are no more of us left. But we are still young and we are numerous. We will hold out a long while yet. And when we all have gone we will have left our monument of peacetime as well as wartime service. Our wartime record is done. That record is made, and it is unalterable, for better or for worse. It is the peacetime record which lies before us like a scroll upon which only the preamble has been written. On some Memorial Day the salutes will be fired and flowers will be plucked to honor us. Let us demonstrate by the manner in which we perform the humdrum tasks of everyday life that we are entitled to them. Let us throw ourselves into the day's work with the same spirit which moved us in those memorable days when, with the eyes of a whole world upon us, we proved our courage. Memorial Day should not become merely a name, an empty custom, nor a mere remembering of deeds done in time of war. It should be an occasion for honoring the citizen as well as the soldier; and the citizen should be worthy of that honor.

It is the aim of The American Legion to be the instrument with which the ex-soldier now citizen may serve his community, his state and his nation in a manner which should merit the recognition of new generations. Memorial Day should ever memorialize one thing and one thing only—service.

The Summer Training Camps

IT is encouraging to note the interest which the Officers Reserve Corps and the National Guard are taking in the Citizens' Military Training Camps which will open throughout the country in July. The simon-pure citizen soldiers of the Guard and the Reserve are doing a good work. They are really creating the typical American institution of a citizen soldiery. A citizen soldiery has always been an American tradition, but generally it has been more of a tradition than an institution. Washington dreamed of a citizen soldiery which should know something of the use of arms and of the military life, but his conception got little past the dream stage. The state militias, which gradually evolved into the federally co-ordinated National Guard, kept the tradition alive. This country owes a lot to the old militia and to the National Guard. Since the war the Reserve Corps has come forward. The citizens' training camp idea, orginated by General Wood in 1915, has been revived as a feeder for the Guard and the Corps.

Thus the citizen soldier tradition takes form as an institution, with a visible means for perpetuating itself. It is a great step in sensible preparedness for the country. It is a fine thing for the youth of the land, this summer training—a thing which will return big dividends in health and disciplined character to every one who avails himself of it—and all this aside from any indirect gain for the nation's security. Thousands of interested reservists and guardsmen who are promoting enrolment in these camps are Legionnaires, and the spreading interest which the Legion as an organization is taking in the effort is an assurance that the movement is on the way toward the success it deserves.

A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things *That* Count

WHO should realize the perils of immigration if not ex-service men? They were in the army with fellow-citizens who could hardly speak our language; they saw what numbers of our youth were turned back by army examiners as being physically or mentally defective.

The statistics of the unfit in '17–'18 astounded all thoughtful Americans. But astonishment of itself achieves nothing. We had had outcries before over immigration. Still the tide kept flowing in. One influence and another defeated adequate restriction.

Wasn't this a free country? asked the opponents as they dilated on America as the asylum of the oppressed and poverty-stricken. Capital wanted cheap labor, and our unskilled labor was immigrant. Without it, we were told, development and expansion would cease.

The "melting pot" phrase became a justification for taking all who offered themselves into the national stew. Yes, yes, our school system and our gift for assimilation would Americanize them. A beautiful theory, the melting pot. So was the Ford peace ship which was to take the men out of the trenches in '15. Only the theory did not work.

And the melting pot had ceased to melt. There was not enough fire in the stove to make it boil or a ladle long enough to stir its depths. It was filled to overflowing with all kinds of fermenting and dissimilar substances which might lead to an explosion, cracking its sides and spilling the contents in a mess of disorder. Or, to put it in another way, we were like that grotesque old fishing bird, the pelican, who will take three fish in his bill when there is room for only one in his stomach, thus inspiring the verse which runs, "his bill holds more than his belliean." Or, we were in the condition of the small boy who ate dried apples for breakfast, drank water for dinner and let them swell for supper.

Another favorite quibble of the opponents of restriction was that we Americans are all descended from immigrants, all except the Indians, and even they, the scholars tell us, probably came originally from Asia. The Indians were here a long time without doing much in the way of raising bumper wheat crops, laying telegraph lines, regulating motor traffic or learning how to read and write.

They gave way to the white newcomers who knew how to make something of the country. The twenty-four dollars for which the Indians sold Manhattan Island, where New York now stands, to the Dutch was an exorbitant price for any improvements which the Indians had made on the island in their thousands of years of occupancy.

AGAIN, melting pot enthusiasts frequently reminded us that our early colonists who won our freedom were themselves a mixed lot. So they were: English, Irish, Scotch, Hollanders, French, Swedes and Germans. But there was strictly selective immigration then, selection by the hardships that the settlers had to endure crossing the seas on cockleshell sailing ships and to maintain life here in those rough days.

They did not live in layer on layer in crowded city tenements but in the open, tested by exposure and the battle with nature. If, instead of upon them, George Washington had had to depend upon the shoals of immigrants who have been dumped upon our shores in the last ten years, we should not have come as far as a Declaration of Independence, let alone the deeds to back it up.

There have been immigrants who did not know whether Jack Dempsey or Calvin Coolidge was President. One of this type who arrived just after Harding's death wanted to know if the civil war had already begun. He took it for granted that there would be an armed campaign of candidates to see which would be Harding's successor. It was evident that he thought that the interpreter who explained our customs was kidding him.

You may go into a big factory, or plant, in one of our large cities where not one man out of five, including many full fledged citizens, can speak intelligible English. You may go through swarming streets where one foreign language is spoken almost exclusively and then through another section where another foreign language is spoken almost exclusively. These strangers can read only foreign language papers which often carry more news from some foreign capital than from Washington.

Yet so used had America become to these herds who were bound to think and act as blocs within the nation that they accepted this monstrous and cankerous subversion of national unity as being as much a matter of course as other everyday fixtures in our lives. Educating these blocs was becoming such a strain that the educators themselves were being weakened in the principles which they were trying to apply; our national character was being injured in trying to adapt these masses to our character.

IT is true that this was a free country, and still is a free country, and we mean to keep it so. Our people were the first to take and develop the Pacific as well as the Atlantic coast and we propose to remain first there. We do not want to interfere with the ways of the Japanese or any other people in their own country, but we want to keep our country secure for our ways. This by the same reasoning that leads the Japanese to exclude Chinese from Japan. It is the best practice in preserving friendship among peoples.

We cannot send back the foreigners who are already here. We can say that no more shall come, or only such as we choose may come. As long as those who already are here try to be of us there will be no discrimination among them. An American citizen is an American citizen, judged only by his quality as a man or woman, regardless of when he or his ancestors arrived.

American democracy is a principle which must be more than skin deep. It must be bred into us, if it is to work. There was one sure and courageous way of meeting the danger and that was to put down the bars entirely for a period of years until we had made a start in digesting some of the alien mass already within our borders. The Legion took this stand. Its campaign of education, as reflected in Congress this winter, has reached Château-Thierry.

If restriction means higher paid labor, I do not think that this calls for the hard times that some pessimists prophesy, but better times, not only in the terms of industrial prosperity but in other ways that are more vital to national well-being than money. Cheap labor stands for a cheap country, as the cheap coolie labor of the Orient attests. The thing that counts is that we shall have self-respecting, educated American labor, and we shall have a higher dignity of labor, which is the finest dignity there is.

We would grow rich in what makes a people really rich and not in what makes them soft, ignorant, spoon-fed, hand-led, thoughtless, excitable, self-destructive and servile. We would look forward to the day when there is no foreign language press in America and only one language spoken, and when, if we go to war again, our youth will universally have sound bodies and minds, bred in the right ideas and ideals. That must be our goal. And there was a lot of hard work between Château-Thierry and the end of the Argonne.

"Under Eternal Bonds *of* Fidelity"

ON Memorial Day of 1919 Woodrow Wilson spoke at the ceremonies which were held at the hillside cemetery of Surèsnes, which overlooks Paris. The President said:

"I beg of you to realize the compulsion that I feel that I am under. I advised the Congress to declare that a state of war existed. I sent these lads over here to die. Shall I—can I—ever speak a word of counsel which is consistent with the assurances which I gave them when they came over? It is inconceivable. There is something better, if possible, that a man can give than his life, and that is his living spirit to a service that is not easy, to resist the counsels that are hard to resist, to stand against purposes that are difficult to stand against, and to say, 'Here I stand, consecrated in spirit to the men who were once my comrades and who are now gone, and who have left me under eternal bonds of fidelity.'"

Thus did Woodrow Wilson, on the first Memorial Day of peace after the World War, consecrate himself to the task of vindicating the ideals which Americans in that war died to uphold. The task, as he says, was not easy. Alas, no. He realized it even then. Yet he resisted with all of his power those forces which seemed to him to stand in the way. He resisted until he fell, exhausted. Less than four months ago his ebbing but ever valiant spirit passed on to join the spirits of those for whom Wilson fought, fell and died. On this Memorial Day we mourn and honor them all.

When the President had finished speaking that day at Surèsnes five years ago a blue clad figure arose in front of the speaker's stand and saluted. It was Captain William H. French, seventy-four years old, late of the 14th New York Volunteer Infantry. The President smiled and returned the salute. After the ceremonies Captain French said:

"When the President smiled and saluted I cannot tell you how deeply I was moved. I felt as though I represented the old soldiers of the Grand Army and was appearing for them before our President three thousand miles from home. His speech carried me back fifty-four years to the day I heard Abraham Lincoln address us on the field of Gettysburg."

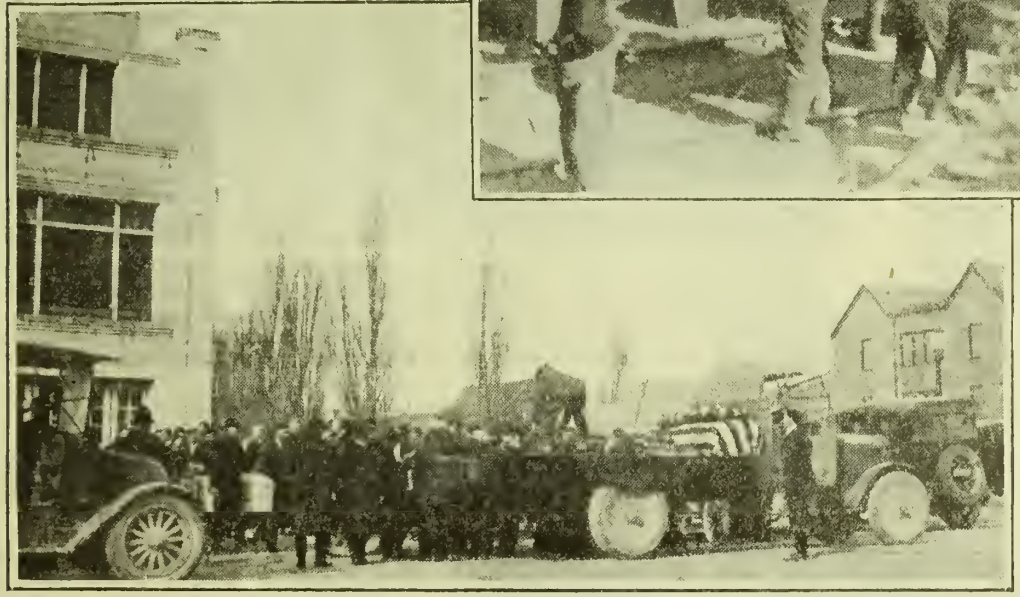
There was a picture. Woodrow Wilson, a son of the South whose forbears upheld the cause of the Confederacy, the President of a united country whose armies had crossed the sea on the most idealistic mission which has ever taken men to battle. He greets a soldier who helped to make that nation possible. He stands beside the graves of those who died in the later contest and pays them tribute. Now he has joined those men, and our tribute swells to include him with them.

In the clustered graves on the hillside at Surèsnes Woodrow Wilson saw concretely exemplified the lesson of sacrifice to an ideal. Less than a year before, the men who in 1919 lay below those ordered mounds had been crusaders in a righteous cause — a cause which they had paid "the last full measure of devotion" to defend. Their Commander-in-Chief acknowledged in their unseen presence that they had left him "under eternal bonds of fidelity" to their memory and their cause — his cause. Woodrow Wilson himself now belongs to the Legion of the Gold Starred. To his memory, no less than to theirs, are we who remain under eternal bonds of fidelity.

In Time *of* Disaster: *The* Legion

TWICE this spring, in widely separated sections of the United States, American Legion posts have given sublime demonstrations of the tradition that the Legion shall always be first to answer the call of danger when disaster overtakes a community. In a mine disaster in Utah, in which 173 men were killed, and in a tornado which swept through a half dozen Southern States, leaving death and wreckage in its wake, The American Legion found opportunities for rescue and relief work which will be emblazoned on the Legion's service record for 1924.

At Castle Gate, Utah, when three thunderous explosions sounded from the depths of a mine of the Utah Fuel Company, every person in the canyon mining town knew that a calamity had occurred. While the ground was still trembling, the entire population of the town was hastening toward the mouth of the mine. The dazed townsfolk saw hopeless wreckage in the entry ways, from which rose thick columns of smoke and dust and deadly gases, and every veteran of the mines knew that it would be miraculous should any of the almost two hundred men in the depths below remain alive.



Above: Rescuers preparing to enter the wrecked mine at Castle Gate, Utah, where 172 men, nineteen of them Legionnaires, lost their lives. At the left are shown the coffins being placed aboard trucks for the journey to the cemetery outside the town

It happened that among the scores of miners who had been trapped were almost all the members of Castle Gate Post of The American Legion. But the news of the disaster, given quickly to adjoining towns, brought one of those inspiring mobilizations of which the Legion is always capable in an emergency. All the posts of Carbon County immediately sent detachments of members to take part in the rescue work. Less than two hours after the explosions, fifty Legionnaires were assembled at the mouth of the mine. Those who came from the town of Hiawatha had brought with them helmets proof against fumes and mine gases, and they prepared immediately to enter the smoking entrances to the workings.

Meanwhile the Legionnaires had undertaken the task of restoring order. Guards were assigned to the roads leading to the mine. Ropes were strung to hold back the crowds of grief-stricken relatives of

(*Con. on page* 20)

All that was left of a house at Anderson, South Carolina, in the path of the tornado which swept through a half dozen Southern States. The Legion posts at Anderson and other cities and towns hit by the tornado assisted in caring for the distressed, and guarded property

Violet Sanderson and Theodore Radjizewski, Dorothy Perry and Adoryan Dobos—the roll call at the Legion's Children's Billet in Michigan is reminiscent of ancestors hundreds of years on American soil and others transplanted from Europe in this generation. These children of many ancestries have come under the Legion's protecting hand in the most impressionable

Rekindling *the*

BUD PERRY was a child and his child mind was confronted with the greatest of all mysteries when he was still lisping his first words. His father had died in France. Daddy would not come back, Bud had been told while he was learning to walk. His mother sorrowed as she bravely worked to hold her home, but there came a day when she found herself no longer strong and she knew that she, too, was going to die.

Bud had wondered what Heaven looked like and whether the railroad that wound out of sight over the hill led to it. His Sunday School teacher had spoken of the kingdom of heaven and of the Great Teacher who said "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not."

Then came the day when Bud said good-by to his mother, sobbing as a train gathered speed and rolled on toward the top of the hill at nightfall. That night Bud cried himself to sleep. When morning came he looked about in another world, a world without blank brick walls or dreary streets, a world that stretched away on every side in a panorama of dazzling snow. And Bud was in a new home, warm and comfortable, looking out upon this other world, while a new mother was welcoming him and a score of new-found brothers and sisters were playing about him. Surely, Heaven could be no better than this, although there were no streets of gold and nobody had wings.

Bud is one of the twenty-six children who are living today in The American Legion's Children's Billet at Otter Lake, Michigan, the first working unit of the Legion's national program for the care of the wives and children of deceased and disabled service men.

High up on a wooded hill overlooking Otter lake and facing the village of Otter Lake on the opposite shore, stands the first cottage of this first Legion home, proof that the godfathers of the Legion and the godmothers of The American Legion Auxiliary are carrying out their pledge to preserve the heritage of happy childhood. Founded by the Michigan Department of the Legion and several months ago placed under the control of the Legion's National Child Welfare Committee, the home at Otter Lake has become the inspiration of the Legion's whole effort to help the needy and orphaned children of its comrades. It is perfectly located in the heart of a 96-acre tract of virgin Michigan timberland which encompasses three beautiful lakes.

An impromptu meal on a kitchen table—Dorothy Perry serving. One of Michigan's richest farming districts, roundabout the home, supplies the wholesome food which is helping build strong little bodies

ALTHOUGH the cottage has been in operation for only a few months, it is already certain that the 26 children it shelters will have a happy childhood in an environment that will give them a right start in the world. The surroundings are ideal. The atmosphere is clean and wholesome. The boys and girls have the influences of the small town with its right ideas and the country with its breadth and cleanliness. There is no mark of "the institution" on the billet. No uniforms. No repulsive odors. No deadly routine. The billet is truly a home, of the type that the average Legionnaire in his child-

years of childhood and, lacking their own fathers and mothers to care for them, they are growing up under the guidance of their new-found father, the Legion, who will see that they have every chance. This photograph was taken on a Sunday morning when dinner was almost ready, and as soon as the camera clicked the detail fell in for chow—wishbones and all

Home Fires

hood would have been delighted with.

The sleeping quarters of the cottage are located on both the ground and second floors. These are spacious many-windowed rooms. The windows, with their low casements, open out toward the lake. Each child has a single cot, with good linen and warm blankets—immensely comfortable, even when the windows are flung wide. There's a chance for the moon to shine into these bedrooms at night. And the rising sun can do some excellent "peeping" in the morning.

WASH rooms and dressing rooms are also on either floor, as well as the single rooms for the elders. Each wash room has its shower baths which afford rather startling evidence of the effect that the home life has already produced on the children. That they are obedient in the face of youth's greatest temptation is certain in the fact that there are no pencil or chalk marks of names and faces on the white walls.

Opening off the entrance hallway downstairs is the large, well-lighted living room with a huge grate that has held many a booming fire during the cold winter evenings. The furniture is comfortable and substantial, and a thick rug offers untold opportunities for delightful sprawling. The dining room, equally as large, is but a continuation of the living room. Off the dining room there's the kitchen, well-equipped for the strenuous demands on its possibilities. At the opposite end is a play room, and other rooms of convenience.

The basement houses an adequate steam-heating plant, storage cellars, the laundry, a room where the boys stomp in from the outside and leave their coats and rubbers; a workshop with a carpenter's bench and tools, and a sand pile. The plumbing is modern.

PHYSICALLY, that's the home. But, of even greater importance than these clean comforts is the location which permits the feeding of the children, on the fat of the land, at an average cost of 30 cents a day. All buying is done direct from the farmers in the vicinity. While city-dwellers were paying 75 cents to $1 a dozen for eggs, the farmers around Otter Lake were selling eggs for 21 cents. Milk is supplied for 8 cents a quart, potatoes for 40 cents a bushel. Meals are served to the children of a quality equalled only in the homes of indulgent parents. Coming in from their romps in the woods or from their hike of a mile from Otter Lake's $75,000 school, their appetites are keen. Healthy, robust youth demands food, in quantity. And these children get it. When the bell rings, they simply deploy on the victuals.

But there's another sidelight on their life here. As they reach their places around the tables they stand quietly for a moment and then say grace, in unison. It may be said a bit hurriedly, but it is said sincerely. Youthful appetites, however, are impatient. And with the "Amen" gone, an attack is

Sunlight and lake winds go with this model cottage which is the first of a number being constructed to give the Legion's children homes of a kind which anyone might love

launched that, for vigor and brilliance, overshadows even the gastronomic feats of their fathers during the days of bully beef and beans. It is an attack that cannot be denied. And it is not concluded until the entire series of objectives has been taken.

Mrs. Eva Ingersoll is the "godmother" of the children. She is a widow, and she had lived in the nearby town of Fostoria. She reared a family of her own and she knows children. She was a nurse for fifteen years and she knows how to cook. Every day she follows out a progam, but, with the charity of a mother, she tolerates occasional irregularities. Electric bells ring at 6:30 to rouse the children. Breakfast is served at 7. After breakfast the boys do odd jobs, each one having a specified task. Two of the girls help with the dishes after clearing the tables. Two others make the beds. Some sweep. Several help care for the infants and the younger tots. At 8 o'clock they are off with a snap to school.

They follow a winding road down one hill and up another through the wood until they come to the gravel road that the county supervisors secured at a special session. School at Otter Lake, where excellent teaching methods are employed, starts at 9 o'clock. Not once this winter has one of the Legion's children been tardy.

Lunches are carried, of course.

"We might get the General Motors to donate a truck to carry the children back and forth," suggested a recent visitor at the billet.

"Tut, tut," answered Mrs. Ingersoll. "I never walked less than a mile in my life to school. It does the children good. And while they are walking they're not up to mischief, you know."

About 4 o'clock the children return. They play and read until 5:30. Then supper is served. After supper, when the work has been done, they read and play more. At 8:30 they usually gather around Mrs. Ingersoll in the living room. Sprawled out on the rug they listen to some fairy tales. And then, after they say their prayers, they go to bed.

Such is a day at the billet now. But the wild flowers are blooming in the woods up there. And school won't last much longer. Every spare moment after the books are put away in June will be spent outdoors. Summer will come on. The lakes have excellent beaches. A Detroit manufacturer has donated a slide. Several boats will be anchored from a dock. And the billet will be a resort. It will be mostly play then, with both the boys and girls. But they will work, also. Several open spaces will be ploughed soon. Garden vegetables will be planted. There will be a stable of cows, perhaps a pen of pigs and surely a big coop of chickens. And the sun-tanned youngsters will one day be "bugging" potato vines or "doin' the milkin' " when they'd much rather be getting "ducked over" down in the lake.

The billet at Otter Lake is the result of a prank of fate, or perhaps it was fortune. During the early days of the Legion in Michigan, the children of unfortunate veterans were cared for as well as possible, but nevertheless haphazardly. They were buffeted around from place to place and were finally located at Grindstone City. Then Dr. O. G. Johnson of Fostoria, state representative from the Twenty-first district, and Clarence R. Myers of Cairo, state finance officer, planned the purchase of an unused sanitarium on the shores of Otter Lake in Lapeer County. Legion posts and individuals subscribed funds. Township officials held a special meeting and remitted $2,500 back taxes on the building and grounds. The purchase price, $12,500, was paid over.

Just before bedtime, Mrs. Eva Ingersoll reads to two little sons of the Legion the tale of Goldylocks and the three bears

And on the day that Dr. Johnson took the train to Lansing to get the deed, the sanitarium burned. There was no insurance.

Undaunted, they carried on the work. Before them was the vision of an organization's pledge to keep the faith. The success of the project of establishing the home and farm was assured when the state legislature made an appropriation of $25,000 out of the War Preparedness Fund. Aside from this amount and funds raised by the Legionnaires of the Seventh District, $50,000 was subscribed by the Wayne County Council, the Upper Peninsula Association of American Legion Posts, by other districts and individuals. The American Legion Auxiliary was very active and women's clubs throughout the State contributed their support. Plans for the first cottage were drawn and the work was soon under way. Prominently identified with the plans, up to this time, was Mark T. McKee of Mt. Clemens, Michigan, member of the Michigan Department's Children's Welfare Committee and treasurer of the Legion's National Child Welfare Committee. As the father of nine children and the adopted father of three more, he took a trained interest in developments. Through Mr. McKee's efforts, the Michigan department decided to make the billet much like the model American Legion home soon to be constructed on a 388-acre tract of land near Independence, Kansas, recently accepted by National Commander John R. Quinn. With this plan in mind the first cottage was constructed. Shortly after its completion the entire project was turned over to the National Child Welfare Committee, to be operated under its general plans and supervision.

Work on the second cottage of the Otter Lake billet has already been started. The foundation has been laid and the framework is up. The billets will be cottage homes and will represent so far as possible every detail and activity of normal American family life. In each cottage will be small groups of various ages, each group constituting a family. Each cottage will have its own yard and surroundings, its own kitchen, dining room, baths and bedrooms. There will be no institutional routine or uniforms. The children will be sent to the public schools and the Legion will do its share in keeping these schools up to the highest standard. The children will be kept in contact with the community outside as they develop. Utter avoidance of institutionalism will be the aim of the Legionnaires in charge of the project. They will hope to fit each child for his life after he leaves the home by giving him training suited to his needs and abilities, so that as men and women the graduates will be prepared to make their own way once they have left the sheltering wing of the Legion.

At present, besides the twenty-six children, the Otter Lake home is sheltering two mothers. One has a child in arms. The other has two children. They cook, sew and do general housework in co-operation with Mrs. Ingersoll. But they are paid for their services. This pay gives them a feeling of independence and interest.

The children have come in chiefly from Michigan's larger cities. Aubert and Virginia Mary Bair, two and seven years old, are the children of Guy I. Bair, a first lieutenant in the Motor Transport Corps during the war. He is in the Roosevelt American Legion Hospital at Battle Creek, Mich., suffering from tuberculosis. Mrs. Bair is dead. Luther D. Follett, a private in Co. G, 18th Infantry, enlisted at Ionia. He took a French bride and there were two children. Mrs. Follett died and Follett disappeared from his home in Ionia. The children are at Otter Lake.

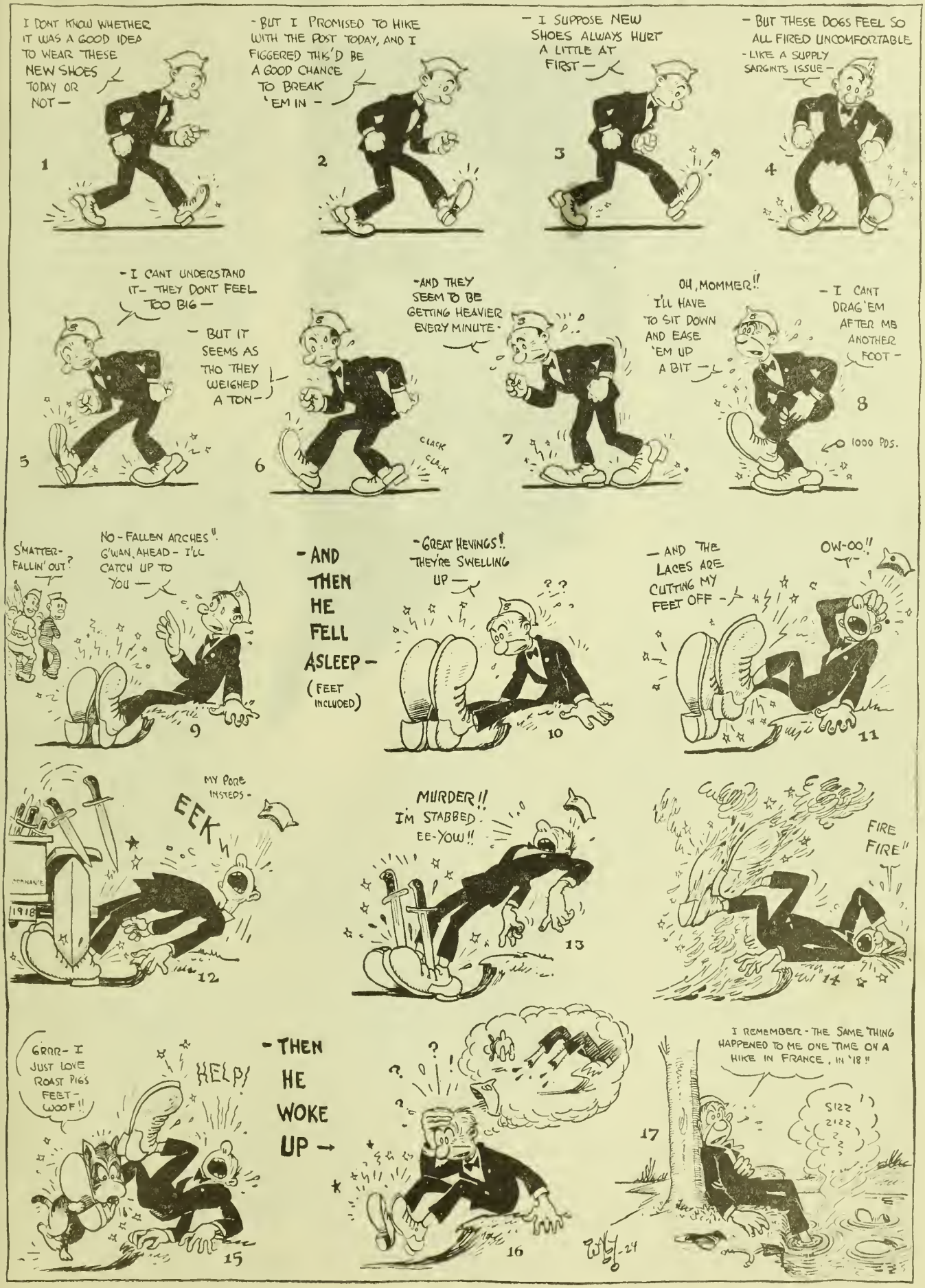
They are typical residents of the billet, the first of a series of homes which will be tangible evidence that the Legion does not forget the children of its buddies who have passed on.

Room for More Children

THE Children's Billet at Otter Lake, Michigan, first of the Legion's national homes, has present facilities for caring for a limited additional number of orphaned or needy children of service men, and children from any state will be received. Information may be obtained from George A. Withers, Clay Center, Kansas, chairman of the Legion's National Child Welfare Committee.

New Shoes

By Wallgren



RESURRECTION: A Blind Veteran Tells His Story

FOR five flaming days Michael Aaronsohn pushed forward in the Argonne, six years ago. For five nights he fought in fire-splashed blackness with the roar of battle all about him. Then, when he was numb with weariness—an automaton in olive drab—a bursting shell sent a fragment of steel to the threshold of his brain and destroyed his sight. Michael Aaronsohn was twenty-two years old then. He has lived in darkness ever since.

Michael Aaronsohn was a battalion sergeant major of the 147th Infantry, Thirty-Seventh Division, and his regimental commander was Frederick W. Galbraith, Jr., who became national commander of The American Legion and died at that post. In his home city of Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. Aaronsohn last year drew the veil from the memorial which the Legion had erected to honor Mr. Galbraith's memory.

As he stood before Mr. Galbraith's tomb, Mr. Aaronsohn symbolized the triumph of the human will over blindness. He had been graduated from the University of Cincinnati, and shortly before the dedication of the Galbraith Memorial he had been graduated from the Hebrew Union College at Cincinnati. As a rabbi he had become widely known in America for his personality and accomplishments. For three years he had served as national chaplain of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War. Always he has been active in the affairs of Frederick W. Galbraith, Jr., Post and the Robert E. Bentley Post of The American Legion. At present he is field representative of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations.

The editors of The American Legion Weekly asked Rabbi Aaronsohn to give his impressions of the change from his seeing life to his life in darkness, and in reply he wrote the accompanying article.

FRANCE, October 1, 1918! I was tired. Sleep, rest, sleep—to have these was enough. So I slept in the tomb of the hospital for two months.

"When I awoke all was darkness. Little by little, almost foot by foot, I learned to walk in darkness. I began in the hospital, feeling my way from bed to bed. Later I ventured on the thoroughfare. At first the rumble of trucks would frighten me as I paced along the sidewalk with an attendant by my side. Six months later I walked through the streets of Manhattan and was as one with the human waves that rolled through its avenues of traffic. But always with a faithful companion, for I have not yet learned the art which hundreds of sightless creatures have mastered—that of self-locomotion.

"The problem of locomotion having been solved in an agreeable fashion, the elementals of social and intellectual media were one by one attempted and developed to useful degrees. Dressing, eating, shaving, early assumed natural form. To be systematic with every detail became the slogan of my life. Then I learned how to dance and slowly and pleasingly I found myself acquiring grace of carriage and poise. I came out of the toddling period of childhood and began to walk erect and blithesome. Every arm became an eye for me and every companion soon learned to regard me as an alert, vigorous creature ready to dash through the subway maze in New York or climb the dizzy stairs on the slope of Pike's Peak.

"As for writing, my fingers had been trained to use the typewriter many years before. When I first set myself before the machine in the month of December, 1918, I amazed my companions and astonished myself with the speed and ease with which I was able to swing along on the mechanical keyboard. Thus the art of writing was already achieved. Today and for years I have been writing out thousands of words for personal and commercial correspondence, hundreds of papers for essays, sermons, theses, meditations and lectures. My typewriter has been and still is my constant joy and ever faithful friend. I bestow as much care on it as I would upon a child.

"Most difficult of all and, therefore, highly satisfactory with its accomplishment was the plunge into Braille (the code of raised dots). The search for dots became a dreary game. One by one those deceptive pin-heads were captured. They began to form letters, then words, then phrases, then sentences. Lo, one great day these dots bristled with meaning and thoughts, real, genuine, stimulating thoughts, sprung up under the magic touch of my envisioned fingers. Perhaps the day may come when I shall be able to read with as much celerity as my little brother, age nine. Though at present I am decidedly pleased with my power to unravel 'dotty' messages with the cultivated cuticle.

"NEVERTHELESS, much of my reading is done by others, through the eyes and the tongue of others. The volume of required reading is so vast, at times I find it necessary to employ three readers a day. I read everything and anything. Everything except the daily newspapers. The newspaper with its buoyant style and perpetual optimism fascinates me. Yet I fear to luxuriate in the immensity of scandal, advertisments and bloated vanities. The press has been my best friend. It has cheered me, sustained me and, above everything else, it has been my lodestar—pointing to the fulfillment of a mission which may have been allotted to some mortal. I want that star to be as perfect in its mission to instruct and guide others—as perfect as human power and will can attain.

"Life for me is a series of animated pictures. Reels of movement have been flashed across the screen. There has been much action in the form of travel and public demonstrations. Scores of smiling beings have cheered me on the way. Many beautiful voices have sung me on to achievement. My vitalized pictures abide with me. I see the forms of soldiers, and nurses. I hear the voices of teachers and friends. I feel the arms of patient comrades who have led me onward to joy and glory. I am still a child made mature through reflection and sympathy. But I am still a child eager to taste of the sorrows of life as well as of its joys. I am still a boy almost straining for new adventure. I am growing."

The Day of the Gold Star Hosts

(*Continued from page 4*)

cemeteries—the larks that sang oblivious of tragedy while the dead of battle were being buried still sing. No one who has heard their song mingling with the music of the bugle echoing Taps ever forgets it.

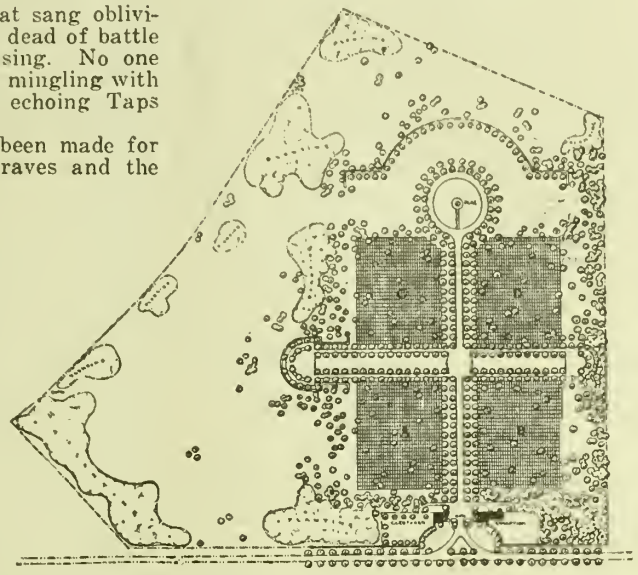
Elaborate plans have been made for the decoration of the graves and the memorial services in the cemeteries, made possible by all the posts of The American Legion, which last year raised more than $160,000 as a permanent Graves Endowment Fund. The arrangements are being executed by the American Overseas Memorial Association, of which Myron T. Herrick, American Ambassador to France, is honorary chairman, and Dr. Edward L. Gros, past commander of Paris Post of the Legion, is president. Ceremonies will be held in each of the six large cemeteries in France, and at Flanders Field, the American cemetery at Waereghem, Belgium, and at Brookwood American Cemetery in Surrey, England. Legionnaires will carry flags and flowers to each of the cemeteries, and each grave will be decorated uniformly. As in other years, the French citizens of the towns near the cemeteries will assist in this task. London Post will have charge of the ceremony and decorations of Brookwood Cemetery.

The principal ceremonies will be held at Surèsnes Cemetery, near Paris, and at Belleau Wood Cemetery near Château-Thierry. Military and governmental representatives will attend both these ceremonies in a body. Among the speakers will be Ambassador Herrick, Marshal Foch, Charles Bertrand, President of the FIDAC, the Inter-Allied Veterans Association, Marshal Joffre and Attorney C. A. Irwin, of Denver, whose son was killed in the World War. Colonel T. Bentley Mott, military attaché of the American embassy in Paris, is in charge of the decorations committee.

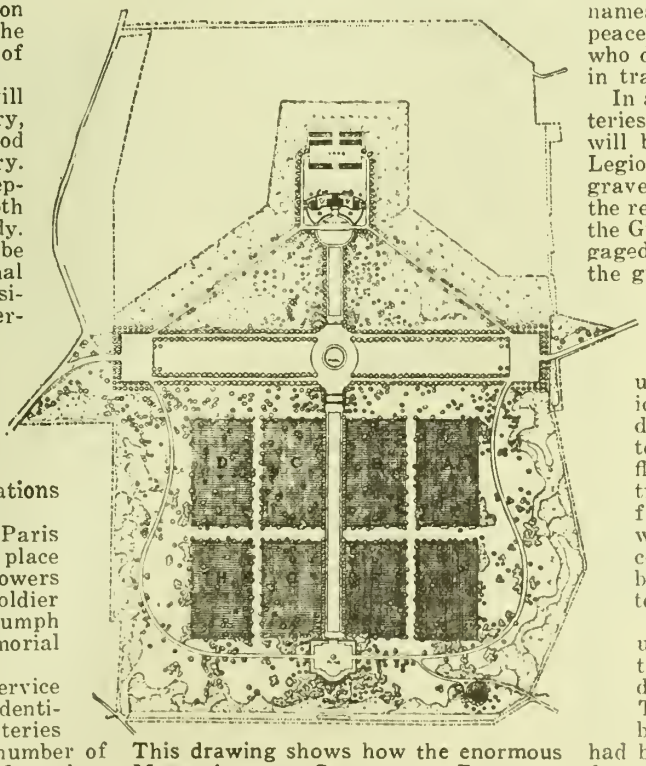
In keeping with custom, Paris Post and its color guard will place a memorial wreath of wild flowers on the tomb of the unknown soldier of France at the Arch of Triumph early in the morning of Memorial Day.

The Graves Registration Service reports that the number of identified dead in the eight cemeteries abroad is now 30,216. The number of unidentified dead is 1,624. More than 46,000 bodies have been brought back to the United States, and the bodies of more than 500 American soldiers who were born under other flags have been sent to their native lands for burial.

In the Meuse-Argonne Cemetery at Romagne, the largest American cemetery in France, are the graves of 13,960 known dead and the graves of 469 nameless dead.



The artistic plotting of Thiaucourt Cemetery, which holds more than 4,000 who died in the St. Mihiel drive, is shown by this drawing, made after the plans of the government art commission had been carried out



This drawing shows how the enormous Meuse-Argonne Cemetery at Romagne, where almost 14,000 Americans are buried, has been arranged by a government commission of artists and landscape architects. The graves lie in eight huge quadrangles facing a broad double highway and a reception house, the whole surrounded and beautified by trees and shrubbery

The next largest cemetery is the Oise-Aisne Cemetery at Fère-en Tardenois, where lie 5,929 of the identified dead and 658 unidentified dead—the bodies of those who died when they were helping expel the Germans from the salient between Rheims and Soissons. At Thiaucourt rest 4,240 who took part in the St. Mihiel offensive, 119 of them unidentified. At the Aisne-Marne cemetery at Belleau lie 2,420 Americans, including those who died in the battle of Belleau Wood. Of these, 232 have not been identified. Three unidentified dead were found only a few months ago in a swamp of Belleau Wood by the searchers of the Graves Registration Service.

On the scarred battlefields of the Somme at the town of Bony is the cemetery holding 1,771 Americans of the Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth Divisions who died while fighting beside the Australians and the British. Fifty of them have not been identified.

The 1,504 graves in Surèsnes Cemetery, within sight of the Eiffel Tower, are for the most part those of men who died in hospitals of their battle wounds. Only two unidentified dead lie in Surèsnes.

At Waereghem in Belgium there are 390 graves, the last resting places of the men of the Thirty-seventh and Ninety-first Divisions who fell in the Ypres-Lys offensive in the closing days of the war. Twenty-nine of the graves are marked with crosses bearing no names. Across the English Channel in peaceful Surrey are 499 graves of men who died in hospitals or were drowned in transport sinkings.

In addition to the graves in the cemeteries there are 89 isolated graves which will be decorated with flowers by the Legion on Memorial Day. They are the graves which were left untouched, at the request of parents of the dead, when the Graves Registration Service was engaged in its great task of concentrating the graves in the small group of cemeteries.

The fall in value of the French franc during the last year greatly increased the potential use of the income from The American Legion's Overseas Graves Endowment Fund. Looking forward to the Legion's expenditures for flowers and wreaths, the administrators of the fund bought 75,000 francs at a time when the franc was quoted at three and one-half cents. Shortly thereafter the franc began to rise which carried it back to over six cents.

A report by the National Treasurer on March 31, 1924, showed that the total of the Graves Endowment Fund was $160,008.93. Twenty-nine departments' contributions exceeded the quotas which had been assigned them during the effort made to raise the fund last year. The Department of old Mexico led all departments in proportion to membership by making a percentage of 1591, figuring its assigned quota at 100.

The raising of this fund was one of the most popular efforts which The American Legion has made nationally. Thousands of Legion posts and in-

dividual Legionnaires freely made contributions. Many of the posts conducted campaigns in their communities, in co-operation with newspapers and other agencies, giving all citizens the privilege of contributing.

The announcement of the fund was made six weeks before Memorial Day last year, and by Memorial Day the contributions forwarded to the Legion's national treasurer exceeded $100,000. All during the summer of 1923 the work of adding to the fund was continued by Legion posts. The late Woodrow Wilson was one of the first Legionnaires to send in a contribution. The late President Harding was also an early contributor. Numbered among the other contributors were hundreds of parents of service men who had lost their lives in the war.

The Graves Endowment Fund is now under the control of a trust fund committee composed of the Past National Commanders of the Legion of which Milton D. Foreman of Chicago is chairman. The fund is invested in securities yielding an income which is expected to be sufficient each year to meet all the needs of decorating the graves.

Following is a table showing the sum each department has contributed and the percentage ratio which each department's contribution bears to the quota assigned it, the comparisons being based on membership of all departments on December 31, 1922:

Africa	$2.00	71.4
Alabama	540.60	72.4
Alaska	195.20	123.9
Arizona	710.89	127.5
Argentine	25.00	219.0
Arkansas	1,652.91	104.1
Brazil	25.00	145.0
California	5,786.13	84.1
Canada	24.45	284.0
Canal Zone	108.18	93.6
China	21.02	45.2
Colorado	921.29	56.4
Connecticut	3,146.11	190.0
Continental Europe	10.00	3.7
Cuba	54.50	122.2
Delaware	290.42	213.8
District of Columbia	1,202.15	119.6
Florida	1,480.27	98.9
Georgia	1,535.19	137.2
Hawaii	298.50	132.0
Idaho	624.34	79.4
Illinois	7,458.25	53.8
Indiana	4,969.65	75.5
Iowa	5,390.49	40.1
Japan	100.00	458.8
Kansas	3,280.47	50.1
Kentucky	1,698.60	74.1
Louisiana	716.51	33.0
Maine	1,486.86	74.0
Maryland	1,693.95	191.8
Massachusetts	8,987.59	96.7
Mexico	1,078.95	1591.0
Michigan	4,504.13	75.1
Minnesota	5,285.94	65.9
Mississippi	1,561.82	120.0
Missouri	2,409.66	35.3
Montana	1,216.05	84.6
Nebraska	2,433.01	48.8
Nevada	77.25	33.4
New Hampshire	1,874.91	124.8
New Jersey	4,040.57	89.1
New Mexico	919.08	151.7
New York	13,932.59	95.7
New Zealand	14.78	434.7
North Carolina	1,213.59	53.7
North Dakota	1,388.00	51.6
Ohio	12,032.85	108.7
Oklahoma	3,736.44	89.1
Oregon	1,822.66	80.9
Pennsylvania	12,383.43	84.6
Philippine Islands	30.20	100.0
Rhode Island	2,230.94	257.8
South Carolina	1,488.53	143.7
South Dakota	1,072.65	31.2
Tennessee	823.61	44.1
Texas	1,896.52	45.6
Utah	512.90	100.6
Vermont	2,257.68	169.4
Virginia	1,700.72	106.0
Washington	4,251.24	154.4
West Virginia	4,520.27	273.4
Wisconsin	5,622.77	87.6
Wyoming	917.35	124.0
1922 Unexpended Balance	6,321.32	
Total	$160,008.93	

The Other End of the Bridge

(*Continued from page 6*)

pains and tedious delay getting it. Having it, he sells all his belongings, buys steamship tickets for himself and his family, takes them to the port of embarkation, which may be a day's journey from his home, and then starts on a long and disagreeable ocean voyage. And when it is over and he is just outside New York he may find himself excluded because the quota has just been filled, because he comes under some other nationality classification for some complicated legal reasons or because the regulations have been changed since he got the visa. Then he has to turn back, homeless and often penniless, perhaps ruined. That is inexcusable. Also it is expensive to the United States and altogether unnecessary.

Now, there is only one way that a visa can be made a guaranty of admission, and that way is, I think, if not a solution then at least a marked lightening of the problem. That is, to enforce restriction on the other side. At the ports of entry here there should be only the routine inspection of visas and quarantine examination for diseases contracted since examination on the other side. The work of determining who gets in and who is barred should be done in Europe—all of it. Our immigration service must be stationed in Europe. It is not enough to do as is often proposed, to have medical examinations in Europe. All the work must be done there. Here there should be only routine. This doubtless would be expensive, but there is no alternative.

To begin with, the handling of immigration must be taken out of the consular service. First, because it is too heavy a duty to lay on consuls. They have too much other work to do if they are to fulfill their function properly. The number of American residents abroad increases yearly. The volume of American trade with Europe is already enormous and growing. The duties under these two heads are all the consular service can perform efficiently. Second, the handling of immigration, if it is properly handled, demands special training. A corps of high grade men, well educated, knowing Europe and its people and its social conditions, well versed in the law and competent by experience to exercise judicial functions, must be selected, given special, professional training, and then sent abroad and kept in one country or at least one part of Europe permanently. To detach a man trained for the consular service and by some haphazard choice assign him to immigration duties is like giving a man a medical education and then asking him to try police court cases. Consular duties constitute a profession in themselves. Training for them does not fit men for immigration work.

A head immigration office should be maintained somewhere in Europe, which would direct and co-ordinate the whole movement of aliens to the United States. Under it should be bureaus all over Europe, working under the head office and reporting to it in detail. The quota should be operated from the head office and the departure of all immigrants checked against it immediately. A record of every alien who leaves for the United States should be kept there. On any day it should be possible to know exactly how many of each nationality have already sailed during the quota year and how many more are entitled to.

Every American immigration bureau in each country would get figures from the head office every week showing what the quota status for its country was. This is necessary, because often a native of one country will get an American visa in some other country in which he happens to be living. Yet he will be figured on the quota of his native land. An Italian living in Budapest can go to the American consulate in Budapest and get a visa there and then leave for America, but the American consular authorities in Italy have no record of him and do not know the quota balance has been reduced by one. If there are many like him the American authorities in Italy are likely to issue too many visas and some will be turned back. If, however, a record of every departing alien were kept in a central clearing house in Europe (the steamship lines now have something like that but it is not official) the American office in Rome would know every week exactly how many Italians had gone to America, no matter from what country they started. Then it could issue visas only up to the number left, and if the quota were divided into twelve monthly periods, so as to produce a regular flow of immigrants instead of sudden and irregular spurts that upset calculations, there would be no danger of an Italian sailing from Genoa and then finding at Ellis Island that the quota had been filled because other Italians had sailed from Havre and Barcelona just before him.

All the statistics bearing on the quota should be kept in Europe. This would make it possible to avoid any question about the standing of the quota at any time and also avoid the large number of deportations now necessary, with all their tragic accompaniment. It would then be impossible to read, as we now often do, of a ship getting in just too late with three hundred aliens who will have to go back. It will be impossible to have incidents such as the one last winter, when a large number of English were held at Ellis Island pending lengthy hearings, which first came to one decision and then another. The quota would be administered in Europe entirely. When an immigrant left Europe he would bear a definite number, his exact number in the quota. As far as the quota was concerned, when he got on board he would be through.

Similarly, every visa must bear a quota number. Which is to say that every alien must have met all the qualifications necessary for entry before he has been granted a visa. He must have produced all the documents required to show his birthplace, his record, his ability to be self-supporting and his character as a law-abiding citizen, and any other tests that experience will teach us to require. He must also have undergone a strict medical examination. Further, the frequently difficult legal questions arising out of mixed or unusual origins must be settled before the visa is issued. That is, there would be no more cases of children of English parents being excluded at Ellis Island and separated from their parents, be-

cause it is discovered there they were born in Portugal and therefore come under the Portuguese quota, which is filled. Or of a Scotch widow of an Italian being denied admittance because the Italian quota is full, though she already has a visa. Of incidents such as these there has been a lamentable number, with tragic results. All that must be settled in Europe—by the local immigration office if possible or by reference to the head office if necessary. The office which issues visas must, therefore, be more than a routine office. It must be staffed by the kind of men I have described. They must be experts.

They must be experts who know local conditions and whose judgment of the eligibility of applicants will be helped by their knowledge of local conditions. They must have, if necessary, an investigator or two to check up on applicants. They themselves will have to exercise a certain amount of judicial function, because often, even with a system of first come, first served, there will be more than one applicant for each place on the quota. Then they will have to use powers of discrimination.

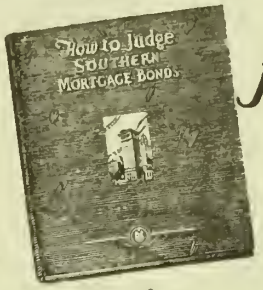
That would, of course, place a great deal of power in individuals. But I have already said that the individuals chosen as executives of bureaus must be men of the type who can be trusted with power. And, besides, there could be appeal from individual judgments. We have appeal boards here now. We could have them in Europe just as well. There could be a small board of review in each country, in the case of large countries, or one for two small countries. The appeals would not be so numerous as one might suppose. They would arise chiefly when there were difficult legal questions of nationality or when certain intangible human factors were involved that no one would like to rule on finally: questions of fitness, physical and mental, and so on. As experience increased and the system progressed, as the central office through its experts analyzed figures and facts from each country, a larger and larger body of rules, regulations and suggestions for the guidance of individual officers could be built up. Guess work and chance judgment would enter less and less into the work of each official.

The element of judgment would enter most in the handling of the large and difficult class of temporary visitors to the United States. These are the ones who wish to go to America either for personal visits or on business and professional trips. As I said in the first article, there are numerous cases of aliens who get visas nominally for temporary visits and then stay in America. They present letters from alleged relatives in America inviting them over for a visit or asking them to come over on some business mission. At present the American consul before whom they apply can do nothing but look over their papers. If they meet all requirements he has to issue a visa even if he has a little suspicion. He is allowed little latitude. Generally he hasn't the facilities to make an investigation. If, however, there were a regular immigration bureau with investigators such applicants who were not obviously bona fide could be checked up adequately. Fraud would be minimized. A good deal of the present evasion of the immigration law would be stopped. And in doubtful cases, or cases where the first immigration office ruled unfavorably, appeal could be taken before the board of review, not necessarily by personal visitation but by presentation of papers, affidavits, etc., as with some of the regular appeal courts here.

This all looks like very elaborate machinery costing fortunes, but it must be remembered that we are already spending a great deal on our immigration service, and it is immaterial whether we keep them on this side the Atlantic or the other. And inasmuch as many of these officers would be relieving consuls now doing immigration duty, it would be immaterial whether we recorded the salaries on the payroll of one department or another. And we should have efficiency into the bargain.

I have not attempted to make any final and rigid recommendations. I do not suggest any detailed method, or even any definite system. My chief object is to point out that one principle is dispensable: immigration must be handled in Europe and not in America if it is to be handled intelligently, efficiently and decently. By all those who know the situation it is agreed that the present system—if it can be called that—is shockingly inadequate. The consensus of those American officials in Europe with whom I have discussed the subject is in favor of something of the sort I have suggested. They may differ in detail but agree on the main point. Some will want one form of organization and some another. That can be worked out later, as experience suggests. But all will endorse the need of an immigration service as such stationed in European countries.

THE LEGION SPIRIT.—This poster is used by Homestead, Pennsylvania, Post to remind service men of the honors which the Legion accords its dead comrades. It shows the decorations which the post places on each of the ninety graves of service men in its community cemeteries on Memorial Day



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In Time of Disaster: The Legion

(*Continued from page* 11)

the trapped miners, many of whom had to be restrained from rushing headlong into the deadly tunnels. Confusion and intense excitement combined to make difficult the preparations of the rescue squads. The mine water system and the air circulating machinery had been destroyed by the blasts, and there was always the possibility of a new explosion.

It required heroism of the highest order to enter the mine. The Legionnaires from Hiawatha led the way, and at the very start encountered fresh tragedy. George Wilson was captain of the Hiawatha Post's rescue team. His gas helmet was faulty. He had gone but a short distance when he fell unconscious. He was dead when his comrades carried him out. But the rescue work continued.

Among the 172 bodies which the Legionnaires helped carry from the mine were the bodies of nineteen members of Castle Gate Post. The shifts of the rescuers were long and arduous. Rest and food were meagre. Many of the Legionnaires worked at their regular occupations during the daytime and went to the mine at night to relieve their comrades who had been on duty all day. The American Legion Auxiliary prepared and served food to the men on duty, and the women of the Auxiliary visited the families of the victims carrying relief and whatever comfort was possible.

While all Carbon County mourned its dead, the Legion posts of the county furnished firing squads and gave full military honors to the twenty Legionnaires who had lost their lives. The Legion posts also assisted in the digging of the graves for all the victims.

The memory of the Legion's work in the Utah mine disaster was still fresh when Legion posts of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana found themselves confronted with a similar call to duty. A violent storm which had its start in Arizona and Mexico developed into a cyclone as it swung eastward and twisted back toward the Gulf of Mexico, and in its narrow path it killed a hundred persons and wrecked homes and factory buildings in scores of towns and cities. The property damage occasioned by the storm was estimated at ten million dollars. Dozens of Legion posts mobilized to help carry the dead and injured from wrecked buildings and form patrols for guarding devastated districts. In Sumter and Anderson, South Carolina, the Legion's work was typical of that done in the other communities.

Sumter Post sent automobiles to all sections of the storm belt near its city to bring the injured to hospitals. Physicians belonging to the post turned their offices into first-aid stations to dress the injuries of the storm victims. William Edward Dick, a member of Sumter Post, was killed when the tornado struck his home. He was twenty-eight and was to have been married a week from the day he was killed. Announcements of his wedding had been addressed, and these were found scattered over the countryside by the Legionnaires engaged in rescue work. Another member of Sumter Post, Curtis H. Edens, escaped with his life when his house was blown down. His wife and his children were slightly injured. His planted crops were destroyed. Sumter Post, after its rescue work, took part in raising a relief fund for the storm victims and helped distribute food and clothing.

At Anderson, fifty members of W. A. Hudgens Post answered the call of the post commander within an hour after the tornado had swept the city, killing eight persons, injuring fifty others and causing property damage of almost one million of dollars. In commenting editorially on the help given by Hudgens Post, the Anderson *Tribune* said:

"And what of The American Legion? That organization will be more sincerely appreciated than ever before. It will be more clearly realized that in the Legion our city has an organized, disciplined force, ready to jump into the breach when a dire emergency comes—when conditions render partially inadequate the usual protective forces of the community. And nobly the Legionnaires responded on this occasion."

Château-Thierry: 1918 and 1924

(*Continued from page* 7)

larly known as the "Battle of Château-Thierry," these two units—the Seventh and Ninth Machine Gun Battalions of the Third Division—were the only American outfits that actually fought in the town of Château-Thierry.

Soon after daybreak of June 1st, after movement in trucks from the vicinity of Bar-le-Duc and forced marches, the Ninth and 23d Infantry and the Fifth and Sixth Marines of the Second Division arrived in the Château-Thierry theater of operations and were placed in line with French troops about fifteen kilometers west of Château-Thierry on the Paris-Metz road. The divisional artillery was brought up and posted in support. While no spectacular engagements between the enemy and the Second Division occurred at this time, it was from this line that the troops of the Second Division later made their successful attack on Belleau Wood.

The greatest results accomplished by the presence of the Americans was the successful checking of the enemy and the fact that the American units supplied a nucleus about which the retreating groups of French soldiers, then disorganized, could form. The morale of the French troops was thereby effectively re-established after their disheartening forced retreat from the Chemin des Dames.

Commemorating the stand of the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion in the town, a Third Division memorial has been erected in Château-Thierry just west of the north end of the Marne bridge that the machine gunners defended. A glimpse of the two shafts of the monument may be seen at the right in the bottom photograph on page 7.

The new bridge across the Marne will be known as the Pont Roosevelt. Meanwhile the structure over the river built by Yankee engineers in 1918 is still in service.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

FORTY - AND - EIGHTERS OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY VOITURE, PENNSYLVANIA, have formed boys of that county into an organization which is planned to carry on the work of the Legion when the last veteran of the World War shall have passed on. The voiture gives medals each year to schoolboys who do outstanding work along lines set by the voiture. The boys who win these medals become members of the society, constitute the organization, and elect their own officers. National Commander Quinn attended a meeting in Pittsburgh at which the youths gave evidence of their ability to carry on.

ISHAM A. SMITH POST OF BROWNSWOOD, TEXAS, has formed a Knothole Club. Knothole Club for boys under fourteen. The lads are given a special low-price ticket for admission to athletic activities run by the post. The qualification for membership in the club is attendance at some Sunday School.

WINNEBAGO POST OF WINNEBAGO, MINNESOTA, hauled in 235 tons of carp and buffalo fish from Bass Lake and boosted their treasury some $700.

EARL COWAN POST OF WEST FRANKFORT, ILLINOIS, is $118 richer as the result of serving an army chow at which it served two hundred people. A field kitchen, presided over by army cooks and willing K. P.'s, gave atmosphere to the occasion.

When it was discovered that Harry Wilson, who died in the detention hospital in Virginia, Minnesota, was a veteran of the Canadian Army and was without relatives, friends or acquaintances in the town, J. BURT PRATT POST AND ITS AUXILIARY took charge of the body and gave it a proper military burial.

CARLISLE (PENNSYLVANIA) POST gave a big banquet and dance free to all service men, whether they were Legion members or not.

After a number of park benches used by a group of G. A. R. veterans in Fulton, New York, had fallen to pieces from age, the members of HOMER RUSSELL POST of the Legion supplied new benches.

The Legion band of JOHN W. ROGERS POST of Westfield, New York, has opened a school for bandsmen in which all citizens are given free instruction.

REV. JOSEPH L. N. WOLFE, member of CAPT. W. M. GEARTY POST OF PHILADELPHIA and active Chaplain in the Pennsylvania National Guard, distributed a four-page printed folder explaining the service man's side of the Federal Adjusted Compensation Bill to every citizen in his home district as his personal contribution in the Legion's fight.

When the French cruiser *Jeanne D'Arc* called at the port of Hilo, Hawaii, for a four day visit, the six hundred men of its crew found a canteen operated by HILO POST which served coffee, sandwiches and smokes without charge. The French gobs found signs in French posted in conspicuous places directing them to the canteen where ladies of the Auxiliary assisted in serving the sailors.

COLUMBIA (SOUTH CAROLINA) POST has appointed a committee to confer with the Columbia Chamber of Commerce regarding the feasibility of a community chest plan for charitable work.

FRANKLIN POST OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, rescued the body of Alexander Murray, who had been a member of Roosevelt's Rough Riders during the Spanish-American War and had been cited twice for bravery, from burial in potter's field and honored the deceased comrade with a military funeral. Murray's son Charles was killed in France while serving as a sergeant in Company H, 312th Infantry.

A night school is being conducted by FREDERICKSBURG (VIRGINIA) POST. Members of the post are instructors of the classes, which are open to everyone.

When the GRAND RAPIDS (MICHIGAN) LODGE OF ELKS presented a stand of colors to FURNITURE CITY POST of that city, they found a good Elk to make the presentation speech—John G. Emery, Past National Commander of the Legion and a Grand Rapids man.

CHESTER (PENNSYLVANIA) POST is not the only organization in that city that has benefited from the Legion campaign for a post home. The local units of the G. A. R. and of the United Spanish War Veterans will share the new clubhouse with the Legion as a result of the support given the Legion by the veterans of the older organization in the campaign.

An average of more than five dollars per member was contributed by ERNIE BROWN POST AND ITS AUXILIARY UNIT OF CANEY, KANSAS, to the fund for The American Legion Orphans' Home now being established between Caney and Independence, Kansas.

The first contribution for the building of a home for LEGION POSTS IN PATERSON, NEW JERSEY, came from the Grand Army of the Republic. When the campaign lagged and the Legionnaires needed more funds, the older veterans made an additional contribution of $50. Every member of the Civil War organization is more than 78 years of age.

To assist in the development and promotion of the Legion's national defense policy, Charles A. Mills and John F. Nolte, Past Commander and Commander, respectively, of HARVEY SEEDS POST OF MIAMI, FLORIDA, arranged a mass meeting of officers of the Officers Reserve Corps.

The DEPARTMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS OF THE LEGION, through its executive committee, has endorsed the recommendation of Governor Cox that two million dollars' surplus from the appropriation made to pay adjusted compensation to World War veterans of Massachusetts be used to erect a memorial to the veterans of all wars in which the country has engaged.

In order to maintain liaison between all of the men who attended French universities in the A. E. F., FRENCH UNIVERSITIES POST OF NEW YORK CITY has met the expense of maintaining and circularizing a complete roster of all former A. E. F. students.

A troop of Boy Scouts sponsored by the Legion in NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS, consists wholly of boys who are blood relatives of Legionnaires. The troop is in charge of a member of the Legion.

Because of the many demands from the United States for liaison work with the French, the correspondence of PARIS POST has been extremely heavy, and to lighten the financial burden of the post in France THE AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY OF MINNESOTA has sent it a contribution of 1,075 francs for stenographic assistance.

PETERSON, IOWA, has only 600 population, but citizens and Legionnaires raised $14,000 for a new community building sponsored by the Legion.

KENOSHA (WISCONSIN) POST brought about a reorganization of the civic societies of the city into an All-Kenosha Civic Federation with a Legionnaire at its head.

Mild Mellow Tobacco

WHAT is the Tobacco Guarantee Agency, we are often asked. The Tobacco Guarantee Agency is a Government of Porto Rico office, the work of which is to prevent fraud or adulteration in Porto Rican cigars and tobacco.

The Agency neither makes nor sells cigars, but can recommend reliable manufacturers or dealers to those who wish to purchase Porto Rican tobacco products.

Buyers of Porto Rican cigars and tobacco may be certain they are getting the genuine article. On every box of cigars and every barrel or bale of tobacco Government Guarantee Stamps are attached, certifying to the origin of the tobacco.

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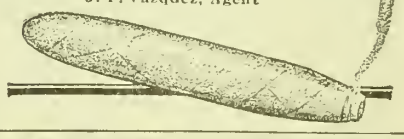

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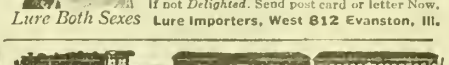

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J. F. GREGORY, Dept. 147, Lebanon, Mo.

WINS BUDDY BOOSTER CONTEST

Square Post No. 232, Chicago, Illinois,

won a Wally cartoon for sending in the most coupons from the Buddy talk on Soap.

TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

WILLIAM R. BRIETFIELD, *Winnek Post, Geneva, New York.* D. Apr. 28, aged 31. In Air Service at San Antonio, Tex., and Alabama.

CHARLES S. BRYAN, *Vincennes (Indiana) Post.* D. Jan. 12 from accidental gunshot. Served with 158th Depot Brigade Medical Dept., Camp Sherman, O.

WILLIAM E. BRUCK, *Frank Durwin Post, Hamilton, Ohio.* D. April 24, aged 28. Served with Co. E, 55th Telegraph Battalion.

JAMES L. CALLAHAN, *Lonnie Boyd Post, Camp Kearny, California.* D. Apr. 23. Served with M. G. Co., 364th Inf.

PHILIP COSSICH, *Lonnie Boyd Post, Camp Kearny, California.* D. Apr. 23. Served as seaman, U. S. Navy.

SOL B. EBERT, *St. Paul (Minnesota) Post.* Burned to death in airplane accident at Ft. Sill, Okla., Apr. 10. In Air Service during war.

JOSEPH HUDOCK, *Kit Carson Post, Fort Lyon, Col.* D. May 2.

JOSEPH M. INGERSOLL, *Mainland Post, Pleasantville, N. J.* D. Apr. 21. Served with Co. L, 311th Inf., 78th Div.

DR. A. E. LANE, *Albany County Post, Laramie, Wyoming.* D. Apr. 8.

EARL W. LAVIOLETTE, *Reino Post, Stambaugh, Mich.* D. May 1. Served with Co. B, 97th Engineers.

FRANK M. LERARD, *Milton Jarrett Norman Post, Sunbury, Pa.* D. May 5 of injuries on Pennsylvania Railroad, by which he was employed. Sergeant, Hdq. Troop, 28th Div.

ANDY J. LYLE, *Bernice Cole Post, Helena, Montana.* D. Feb. 24, accidentally in bath tub at Breckenridge, Tex.

THOMAS F. MAHER, *Lonnie Boyd Post, Camp Kearny, California.* D. Apr. 21. Served as seaman, U. S. Navy.

JOHN M. MARTIN, *Lonnie Boyd Post, Camp Kearny, California.* D. Apr. 4. Served with Co. G, 168th Inf., 42d Div.

DR. W. B. MCCAULEY, *Gallagher Post, Rockwell, Iowa.* D. Apr. 21, aged 40. Served as first lieutenant, Hospital No. 28, Nantes, France.

EDWIN NORD, *Davenport (Iowa) Post.* D. May 3, aged 28. Served with Co. B, 55th Inf.

WILLIAM M. PERRY, *Arlington (Massachusetts) Post.* D. May 10, aged 27. Served as cook, U. S. Navy.

ARTHUR E. SHUMWAY, *Chester (Vermont) Post.* D. Feb. 13 at Washington Co. Hospital, Barre, Vt., aged 35. Served with 102d M. G. Batt. and 101st Sig. Corps, 26th Div.

EVERETT S. STONE, *MacDuff Post, Cambridge Springs, Pa.* D. Mar. 25 in Fitzsimmons General Hospital, Denver, Col., aged 25. Served on the *Oklahoma*, U. S. N.

EDWARD S. TIGHE, *Cusick Post, West New York, N. J.* D. May 2, aged 27. Served with Battery D, 31st Regt., C. A. C.

BENJAMIN WAGNER, *John Bridges Post, Detroit, Minnesota.* D. Apr. 5.

DR. HAROLD F. WAGNER, *Massillon (Ohio) Post.* D. Apr. 10. Major, M. R. C., 112th Eng., 37th Div.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

CAMP MERRITT—All who were on duty at this camp invited to dedication exercises at which Gen. Pershing will deliver principal address, May 30, a.m.

2D DIV.—Reunion at Syracuse, N. Y., June 5, 6 and 7. Address Edward Egan, 607-8 City Bank Bldg., Syracuse.

319TH F. A., 325TH INF., 82D DIV.—Reunion at Savannah, Ga., June 7. Address Braiford J. Wood, P. O. Box 753, Savannah, Ga.

ARMY-NAVY LEGION OF VALOR—All men awarded Congressional Medal of Honor and D. S. C. invited to get-together at Astor Hotel, New York City, June 13.

BATTY. A, 311TH F. A.—Second reunion at Delaware Water Gap, Pa., June 14-15. Address Herbert S. Keat, Secretary, Pen Argyl, Pa.

U. S. A. A. C.—Annual reunion, Cleveland, O., June 19-21. Address Wilbur P. Hunter, National Secy., Philadelphia, Pa.

CO. H, 325TH INF.—All interested in gathering at Pittsburgh, Pa., July 4-6. Address E. S. Bossler, c/o Lorain Steel Co., Johnstown, Pa.

CO. G, 319TH INF., 80TH DIV.—Reunion, Seventh Ave. Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 24, 7 p.m. Address Joseph B. Neely, c/o First National Bank, Oakmont, Pa.

ROYAL ORDER OF FLEAS.—Members and former members of this society organized on the Mexican border during 1916 and continued during the World War, interested in proposed reunion at Legion national convention address John F. Nolte, P. O. Box 1440, Miami, Fla.

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

The drawing reproduced herewith won second prize, fifty dollars, in competition among trainees of the United States Veterans Bureau in the Pittsburgh district for a cover for the Memorial Day issue of the American Legion Weekly. It was drawn by Walter E. Manges

Pittsburgh Vocational Trainees in Weekly's Cover Contest

THE cover for this Memorial Day issue of the Weekly was awarded first prize in a competition held among vocational training students taking art courses under the supervision of the Pittsburgh office of the United States Veterans Bureau. For this competition The American Legion Weekly offered two prizes. The first prize of $100 was won by Charles Kurtz, and the second prize of $50 was given to Walter E. Manges. Honorable mention was given designs submitted by Robert E. Lee, Charles Schuman and J. M. Custer. The judges were James Boudreau, director of art of the Pittsburgh public schools, and Howard Imhoff and Howard Pearce, Pittsburgh illustrators. The design which won second prize is reproduced herewith.

The Pittsburgh competition was the fourth open exclusively to disabled veteran trainees to be held under auspices of The American Legion Weekly. To obtain covers for the Fourth of July numbers in 1922 and 1923 competitions were held among Veterans Bureau trainees in art courses in New York City. The covers for the last Christmas number and the issue following were selected in a competition among service men art students in Chicago.

Full details of the contest were handled for the Weekly by Chamber of Commerce Post of the Legion of Pittsburgh.

LEGION LIBRARY

THE OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE 86TH DIVISION. Official. A story of the Black Hawk Men who trained in Camp Grant. The training period is covered unusually well. While the division never got into action as a unit, more than 115,000 men were trained with the 86th. Roster of all men who sailed with the division. Over 150 photographic illustrations. A silver "Black Hawk" belt buckle is given with each copy of the history. 319 pages. Special price: $2.50.

OVERSEAS STARS AND STRIPES. A reprint of all of the 71 issues of The Stars and Stripes, the A. E. F. newspaper, printed from February 8, 1918, to June 13, 1919, when the paper was discontinued. 568 full pages. 18 x 24 inches. Price: $10.80.

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

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

Too Early

History Teacher: "Do you think that Washington expected to see fighting when he crossed the Delaware?"

Student: "No, sir."

"And why not?"

"Because I don't believe that Boyle's Thirty Acres was in existence then."

On the Rebound

"Why has that crowd been hanging around the entrance to the court house all day?"

"Several bootleggers are on trial, and it is rumored that the judge has threatened to throw a case out of court."

She Insisted

Mrs. Neuwedd: "You shouldn't complain. You ought to have taken into consideration before you married me that I couldn't cook."

Neuwedd: "I did—but not that you would."

The Alarm

Barber: "I cut a gash in a customer's chin today and it cost me five dollars."

Friend: "He made you pay him that?"

"No, but he was sound asleep, and I figure the gash that woke him up stopped me from doing five more dollars' worth of work on him."

Appreciation

Willie: "I get a nickel every time I cry."

Clarence (proudly): "I've got you beat. I get a spanking from my father every time I cry, and his time is worth ten dollars an hour."

The Generous Cop

"Did you have a good time in the park?" asked mother, as Betty came back from her walk.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "We talked to a nice policeman, and he didn't arrest us even when nurse kissed him."

Precaution

It was three a.m., and the irate married lady who had been waiting awake all night at last heard uncertain footsteps on the stairs.

"Are you sober?" she demanded sharply.

"If you're m-m-my w-w-wife," answered a cautious voice, "I mos' shert'nly am."

Efficiency Pays

"That efficiency expert makes it a rule to search five minutes—no more and no less—when he loses a golf ball."

"It's a good rule, too. I played with him once when he lost a ball, and we found three in five minutes."

Flattering

Mae: "How did George take it when you told him you didn't love him?"

June: "Simply wonderfully! He carried on like a wild man."

Shoes? Boes?

Customer in shoe store: "This shoe pinches my joint."

Salesman: "Sorry, madame, but all the joints in town are pinched."

Hookey

"Hey, Jimmie, why wasn't you at school yest'day? Was you sick?"

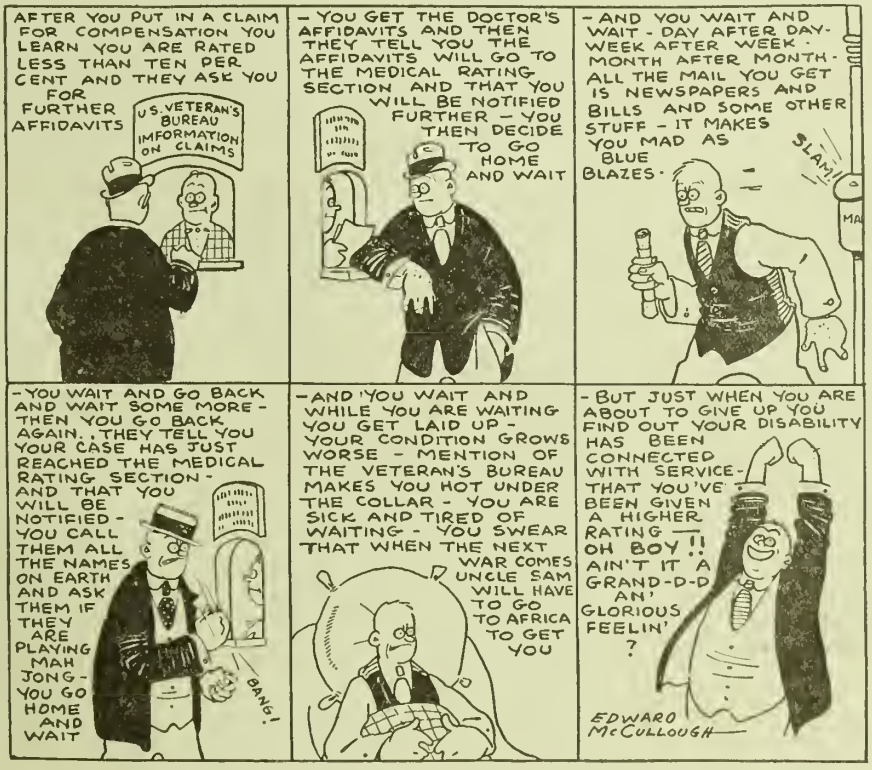
"Course I was sick."

"Sick abed?"

"Naw! Sick school."

AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELIN'?

(With apologies to Briggs)



An Equalover

He had been looking over the cards of greeting on the counter for some time when the saleslady suggested:

"Here's a lovely sentiment: 'To the Only Girl I Ever Loved.'"

"That's fine," he said, brightening. "I'll take five—no, six of those, please."

What's the Use

Mrs. Suburbs: "Why, Sarah, the parlor windows are so dirty I can't see through them."

Housemaid: "Well, ma'am, I just come in the front door, an' except fer Miss Ritz an' her young gent across the way in the windy, there ain't a thing worth lookin' at."

At Arm's Length

He sauntered into the strange office with much self-assurance and an air of familiarity, threw down his business card and inquired:

"Who's the main squeeze around here?"

"Well," replied the good-looking stenog, "they'd all take me fer it if I'd let 'em."

Speaking of Climates

What," she inquired, "could be horrida han to spend the summer in Florida?"
Nothing," was what her fellow wrotea,
Except the winter in Minnesota."

Wuxtry!

Boast: "I am descended from a long ne of strong men."

Roast: "Well, several of my ancestors ere newsboys in the Stone Age."

Oh, I Sye!

Patricia: "Why are you so unfriendly ward that young Englishman, Freddie?"

Freddie: "Well, if you must know, old ah, I cawn't stand the affected mannah which the silly awss talks."

Opportunity Is Golden

The Backward Suitor: "What makes you excited tonight, Mildred? You've never ed like this before during the three irs that we've kept company."

The Hopeful Maid: "Oh, Arthur, I just covered this afternoon that this is Leap ar."

The Little Nuisance!

The schoolmaster in an old and isolated district school in the mountains was a World War veteran who had been partially deafened by his service at the front. Among his adult pupils were represented both factions of a bitter feud, and from the very first day scowls were dark and menacing and pockets bulged ominously.

Then one day guns flashed and several reports succeeded each other in rapid succession. As a stricken victim half rose from his seat with one hand clutching at his breast and the other clawing toward heaven, the teacher turned from his blackboard demonstration and said calmly:

"Yes, Curtis, you may be excused for a few minutes, but please don't snap your fingers so annoyingly to attract my attention."

A Noble Ambition

Aunt: "What are you going to be when you grow up?"

Willie: "A prize fighter."

"A prize fighter! Why?"

"So people will be too scared to bother me by asking a lot of silly questions."

The Man Pays

Ann of the Follies: "I have a husband with money galore."

Stella: "Why, dearie, you never told me you were married."

Ann: "I'm not—he isn't my husband."

Entirely Useless

"Yo' good-for-nothin' houn'! So yo' went an' pawned yo' watch?"

"Might's well. What good is a watch ter me if Ah ain' got money 'nuff to go nowheres notime."

We Call This Service

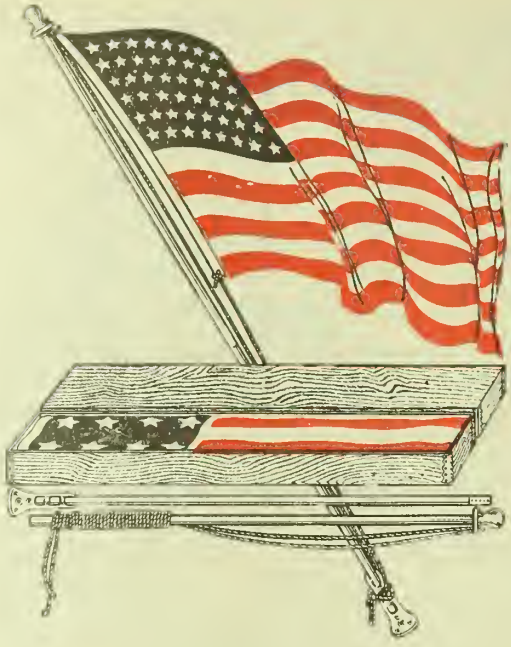
Bursts and Duds contained the news
E. D. K.'s baby needed shoes.
I've a youngster, too, dear ed.,
So come across, she must be fed.

—*F. F.*

Half and Half

Mike: "An' don't ye remimber me?"

Pat: "By golly, I do but I can't."



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If You Love "Old Glory"

you will want one of these beautiful and convenient Flag outfits. Think of the patriotic holidays when you have seen the Flag proudly displayed by your neighbors and friends. Haven't you envied them and regretted that your own home was not honoring the Flag in a similar fashion? Here is just the Flag you want for Flag Day, June 14th and the

Fourth of July

You, as a good Legionnaire, should display "Old Glory" on all patriotic holidays and set an example in patriotism to your fellow citizens. To encourage this spirit of patriotism, we will give you one of

These Flag Outfits Free
For *Only One* (Non-Member) Subscription
For The American Legion Weekly

The more people we can get to read The American Legion Weekly, the more friends The American Legion will have. If you will give five minutes or less of your time to make a friend for The American Legion by securing a new reader for The American Legion Weekly, we will give you *free of any charge* one of these complete Flag outfits.

A GENEROUS OFFER

This is the most generous offer we have ever made. Ask your local dealer what a Flag outfit like this would cost. You will be surprised that we can make such a generous offer for just a few minutes of your time.

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Call on a friend. Sell him (*or if you can afford it and prefer to do so, give him*) a year's subscription for The American Legion Weekly. The price to a non-member of the Legion is $2.00 a year (52 issues). Fill out the coupon correctly. Enclose in an envelope with check, postal or express money order for $2.00. Address and mail to The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City. ***If West of the Mississippi River send Twenty-five Cents Additional to Cover Extra Postage.***

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If you want one of these beautiful American Flag Outfits as a free gift, act before we withdraw this offer. Get a subscription now and send for your Flag outfit at once. USE THE COUPON.

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627 West 43d Street **New York City**

Complete Description of Flag Outfit

Each outfit comprises a 3 x 5 foot flag, brass screw jointed hardwood pole, with rope and ball, also holder.

This Flag is made of best quality, soft cotton bunting—colors fast to sun and rain, double stitched throughout. Double hem, well made, canvas heading and strong brass grommets. The stars are printed and the stripes are sewed.

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

Send Flag Outfit Free of any charge to

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