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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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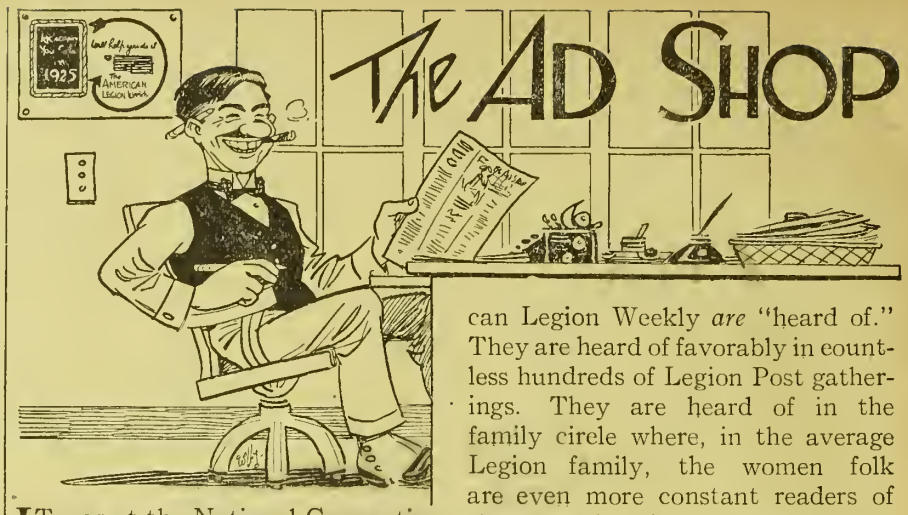
By Robert Mountsier



The Ad Shop

IT was at the National Convention of The American Legion.

"What outfit, buddy?"

"Two Hundred and Umpth Infantry," the questioner was proudly informed.

"*Ne-e-ever heard of it!*" was the retort.

The fight started. But it didn't rage very long. The delegate who had served in the gallant Two Hundred and Umpth was convinced by peace disciples that he had been the victim of a joke.

"Never heard of it," is one thing the Legionnaire doesn't want to hear about his old outfit. He doesn't claim that it won the war—even if he was with the marines. But he wants to keep on thinking that the fame of his regiment has gone farther than the records in the war department. He wants to think that it is still affectionately remembered in France and that it is not unknown wherever the winning exploits of the A. E. F. are in recollection.

The phrase, "Never heard of it," when applied to a product he exploits, hits the advertising man even harder. He believes that the children of his genius should be both seen and heard.

To wage an advertising campaign only to meet the "wise crack" above quoted would rankle in the breast of the stoutest advertiser and discourage the newcomer in the field.

But advertising, like warfare, is no longer guesswork. The general of sales through printer's ink doesn't dispatch his troops—which are words and pictures—into territory where there is no advantage to be gained. And he gives the order to advance only after he's heard the real truth as to magazine circulation and other vital facts.

Products advertised in The American Legion Weekly *are* "heard of." They are heard of favorably in countless hundreds of Legion Post gatherings. They are heard of in the family circle where, in the average Legion family, the women folk are even more constant readers of the magazine than the regular subscribers.

The advertisement of a commodity in The Weekly is more than just "heard of" in the homes of Legionnaires. Such an article is sought after and bought by members of the family both through loyalty to their Weekly and through faith in its policy of backing only good goods.

Another place where advertised-in-The-Weekly goods are heard of is in the shop of the retail dealer who himself is a Legionnaire.

This storekeeper has never heard of a good many manufactured things striving for a market,—seeking retail shelves on which to display their stunning labels.

He's a rather busy chap. He works long hours, and the newspapers and various magazines of general appeal get only his casual attention.

But The Weekly is what he *reads!*

If you've advertised your product in The Weekly, he's heard of it. He is thereby favorably disposed, not only through loyalty but because he knows that if it's in his line, he can make it a sell r among his Legionnaire customers and among others.

What we say about the attitude of Legion readers toward advertisers in The Weekly is not a generalizing statement, for we can back it up with proof. Write for further information to Buddy the Ad Man, whose business office is at 331 Madison Avenue, New York City—in case you've never heard of it!

(signed) Buddy
THE AD-MAN

331 Madison Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary.

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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627 West 43d Street, New York City

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SEPTEMBER 26, 1924

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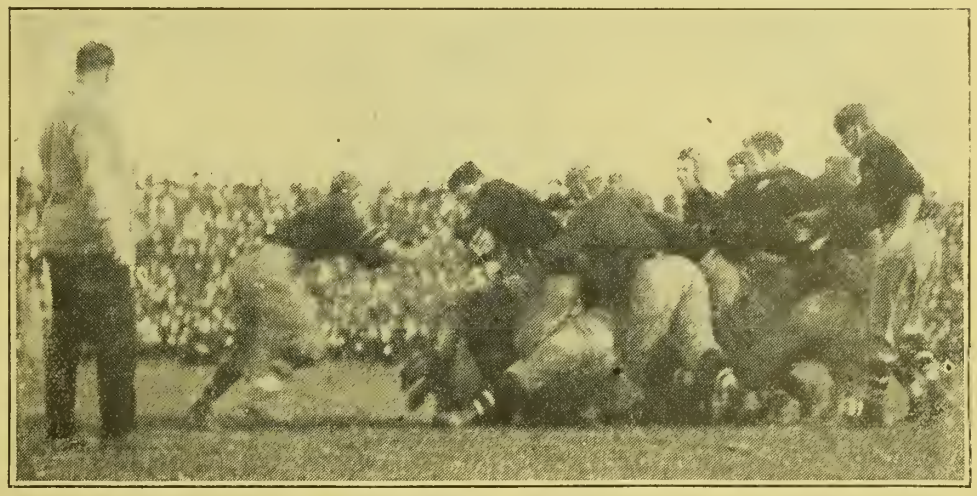
The Greatest Football Play I Ever Saw

By
Eleven Famous Coaches

"WHAT football play stands out most vividly in your memory?" the Weekly asked a group of famous American coaches. Their answers are given herewith. It is interesting to note that only two of these sport historians go back before 1906—the year in which the forward pass came into being. For all the others the big thrill in football came with the new game.



When the Army and Cornell met at West Point in the fall of 1907 the new football was in its second year. The forward pass was still considered an emergency measure, and piling up on the man with the ball remained the order of the day. In this picture an Army player is trying to wriggle out of a mass consisting of everybody on his side and ten Cornell players. Cornell won, 14-0. On this very field two years later, Cadet Byrne of Buffalo was fatally injured in a similar play—the open game had not yet come into its own. Compare this photograph with those on the next two pages

HUGO BEZDEK
Penn State

SOMEONE has computed the probability of a football player in a college game making a touchdown by running back a kick-off as one chance in 350. Of the few such touchdowns scored, many have been called "accident," "fluke," "lucky break."

Surely many a player, dripping perspiration and breathing heavily after such a run through eleven men on the other side, has considered the feat a gift from the gods, an accident.

I know one such run that wasn't an accident. Rather, it was a perfectly executed play, a maneuver for which the team making it rehearsed many times from kick-off formation just as they rehearsed other plays. It required exceptional ability on the part of Glenn Killinger of Penn State, who made the run, to carry it through and remarkable interference on the part of his mates.

Georgia Tech, in that game of 1921 at the Polo Grounds, New York, had marched down the field for a touchdown early in the first quarter. Their attack appeared irresistible. Elated at their 7 to 0 lead, Georgia Tech kicked off to Penn State. The ball sailed in a spiral to the fifteen-yard line, where Killinger, a 150-pound back, gathered it in and started running up the field in a straight line for his rivals' goal.

The Southerners came speeding toward Killie straight as greyhounds leaping at a rabbit. Killinger, watching until the rival ends were sucked in to the center of the field, shot out to the sidelines. His mates cut down with deadly precision the Tech men who, too late, realized they had been tricked.

Straight down the sidelines he ran, crossing the goal line for a touchdown. A remarkable feature was that not a single Tech player touched Killinger on his run. This dash turned apparent defeat into a 28 to 7 victory for Penn State. It demoralized the confident Tech team. I consider this one of the greatest plays I ever saw in football.

WALTER CAMP
Yale

ONE of the most interesting plays I ever saw happened only two years ago at the Polo Grounds, New York, when Washington and Jefferson defeated Lafayette, 14 to 13, by taking advantage of a new rule known as a "try for point after a touchdown."

When the Washington and Jefferson rooters, bearing a placard, "Lafayette, we are here," greeted their eleven as they trotted on the field, they were cheering a team that had not lost a contest in seventeen games. Yet the Presidents were to face a team that likewise had an impressive string of victories, sixteen straight.

At the end of the first half, Lafayette led 13 to 0. In the two tries for point after touchdown they had kicked a goal from placement and had missed a second kick.

The muddy condition of the ground and the Harlem fog hanging over the field made the ball slippery and footing insecure, so that a player found it hard to make an accurate kick.

In the third period Washington and Jefferson scored a touchdown. West added a point by drop-kicking the ball over the bar after the touchdown, making the score, Lafayette, 13; W. & J, 7. In the fourth period, as the game grew to a close, the Presidents, through the aid of their "Statue of Liberty" play, an old trick renamed, scored a second touchdown, tieing the score at 13 to 13.

They had a chance to win by adding an extra point. Brenkert, back in the kicker's position, received the ball on a direct pass from the center. The Lafayette line and backs charged forward to block what they were sure was to be a drop kick, as Brenkert kept his

head down until after the ball had settled into his hands. Suddenly he turned and shot the ball out to Kopf, an end, and the latter scored. This intelligent play won the game.

JOHN HEISMAN

Rice Institute, formerly of Georgia Tech

SOME writer of sports coined a happy phrase to describe the three ways an attacking team may advance the ball from a scrimmage: (1) by throwing a forward pass; (2) by running with the ball; (3) by kicking the ball. He called it the "triple threat." This phrase makes it easier for me to explain a play that gave me a great thrill during the game between Georgia Tech and Alabama Polytechnic Institute (Auburn), Thanksgiving Day, 1915.

When Tech advanced to Auburn's thirty-five-yard line, within striking distance of a score, we sent in a substitute back, a more or less untried sophomore named Ernie Strupper, a slim youth weighing 149 pounds. He was yet to grow into the 165 pounds he attained by his senior year.

We sent him in because he could run well, and the play we proposed called for fleetness of foot. Later, especially in the match in which Tech defeated Pennsylvania, 40 to 0, he convinced me that he was one of the greatest ground-gainers that ever lived in running with the ball.

On his first play against Auburn, Strupper ran around the end for fifteen yards until forced out of bounds. To give him a rest for another run, the quarter sent another back through for a line buck with negligible results.

Then came the signal for Strupper to try a run through tackle. Tech covered up its real intention by spreading its line across the field. This formation compelled the Auburn players also to spread out and led them to look for any one of the three options in a triple threat, a run, a pass, or a try for goal only fifteen yards away. Tech went through all the motions, excepting throwing the ball, of making a forward pass.

Strupper, instead of passing, ran through the Auburn tackle for a touchdown. His teammates gave him excellent interference. He dodged and twisted and slipped past the rival secondary defense. In covering the fifteen yards from where he started from the line of scrimmage, he zigzagged his way over at least thirty yards. Plotted on a diagram, his course outlined a capital S and several other strange shorthand hooks and a final dot where he touched the ball down. Tech won 6 to 0. The triple threat is high strategy, and strategy is the soul of football.

CHARLES MORAN

Bucknell, formerly of Centre College

CENTRE COLLEGE had the ball on Harvard's thirty-five-yard line. As the teams lined up I heard the signal for a play that we had rehearsed and practiced for many hours at Danville, Kentucky.

McMillin was to carry the ball on an off-tackle play, a straight football attack with just enough deception and interference to hide our intention from our rivals.

As a coach I knew that if McMillin was to succeed in breaking through he needed the co-operation of the other ten players on the team. Each man had to take care of a rival. Each man had to be prepared to follow through the play to completion.

It was a tense moment. The year before, 1920, Harvard had defeated us 31 to 14, and here we were in 1921 back again in the stadium trying to conquer an eleven that had not been defeated in five years. Centre, a little college with a student enrollment of 287, was trying to accomplish a feat that Yale, Princeton and other colleges had failed to accomplish in five years.

The first two periods passed without a score. Then in the third period came our chance. As the center snapped the ball back to McMillin, eleven youths in red jerseys charged into eleven youths in white and gold jerseys.

"Watch Bo McMillin!" cried the Harvard stands.

The play went off perfectly. Each Centre man did his part. The ten men made it possible by their blocking and interference, especially that of Red Roberts, for McMillin to break through and make the only touchdown of the game.

Those who shouted a warning for the Harvard team to watch McMillin should have advised them to watch the entire Centre eleven. The eleven men playing together enabled McMillin to get away for a thirty-five-yard run.

That play gave me my greatest satisfaction—that of a teacher who sees his pupils execute an attack just as it was taught to them.

KNUTE ROCKNE

Notre Dame

THE play I consider the most intelligently executed occurred in a game between Notre Dame and the University of Indiana at Indianapolis in 1920.

At the end of the third period Indiana led 10 to 0. When the fourth period opened, Notre Dame had possession of the ball on its rival's one-yard line. On the first play Gipp went over for a touchdown and kicked the goal, making the score Indiana 10, Notre Dame 7.

Fourteen minutes later, in the fourth period, with less than sixty seconds before the whistle would blow to end the contest, the score had not changed.

Once more Notre Dame had worked the ball to Indiana's one-yard line. Three times had Notre Dame assaulted the Indiana line in an effort to make ten yards, and three times had Indiana held. Now it was the fourth down and Notre Dame's last chance to break through for one yard and victory.

The Indiana players dug their toes into the ground and braced for the charge they knew must come. The secondary defense kept their eyes open for a forward pass or an end run.

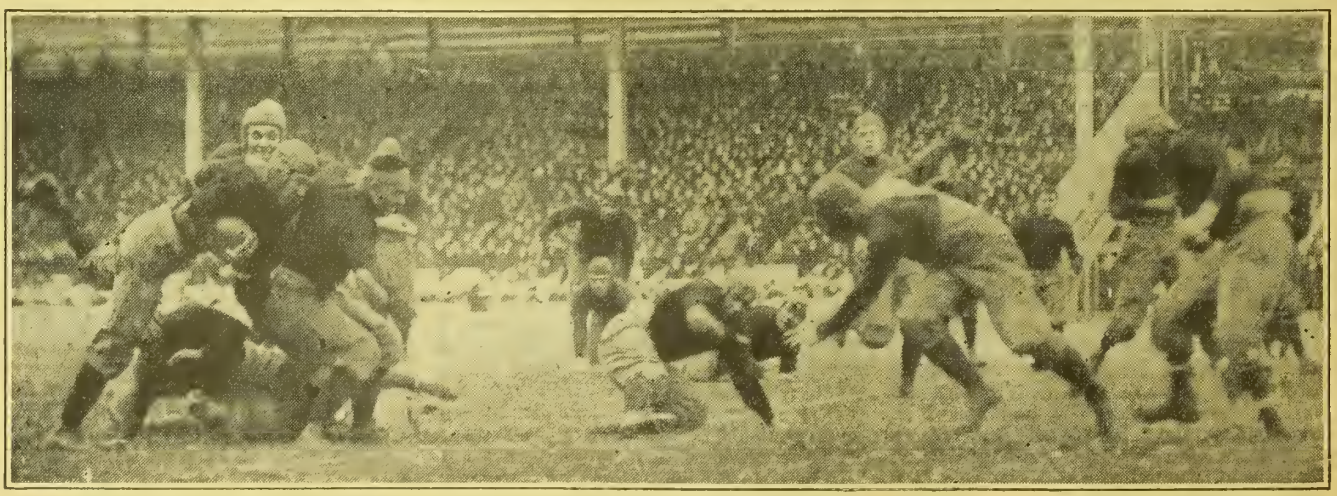
Joe Brandy, Notre Dame quarterback, called for a quarterback sneak play, whereupon George Gipp, left halfback, turned his face away from the crouching Indiana line and cried out in a loud voice:

"Wait a minute, Joe! My headgear's caught and I can't get my breath. Wait till I pull it off!"

As Gipp proceeded to remove his headgear, the Indiana players relaxed and raised their eyes to watch him.

Brandy, standing about a yard from the center, simulated a yawning and a sleepy man stretching out his arms.

As Gipp finished the last word of the



By 1913 the wriggling-mass type of football was fairly well headed for the discard. The man with the ball here is a redoubtable Carlisle Indian, about to end a long run against Dartmouth at the New York Polo Grounds. The Indians won, 35-10. If something had happened to prevent this, her last game of the season, Dartmouth would have been the 1913 champion, as she had not lost a game

The great open spaces of modern football. A Notre Dame player is headed for the Army's goal over the same ground as is shown in the photograph on page three. This was in 1921, by which time the open game had become a reality. Notre Dame won, 28-0

sentence, the center snapped the ball to Brandy and the whole Notre Dame line, from end to end, charged, shoulder to shoulder, against the Indiana players.

Brandy held on to the ball, took two steps and fell forward for the winning touchdown.

W. W. ROPER
Princeton

ONE of the most spectacular plays I ever witnessed occurred in one of the greatest games ever played, the intersectional contest at Chicago in 1922 between the University of Chicago and Princeton. At the end of the third period Chicago, mainly through the aid of the line-plunging of John Thomas, led us 18 to 7.

A few minutes after the fourth quarter started, Princeton found itself in possession of the ball backed up to its own one-yard line. The Princeton backs lined up in kick formation behind their own goal line.

"Princeton's going to kick," a spectator said.

"Princeton's *got* to kick," commented another.

Certainly a kick was the orthodox thing to do. Yet Princeton doesn't always play orthodox football. Once football teams practiced the axiom: "Always fall on the ball. Never try to pick up a fumbled football."

This axiom wasn't heeded by Sam White of Princeton in 1911. By picking up a blocked kick, instead of falling on the ball, he beat Harvard by running ninety-five yards to a touchdown, and two weeks later, by picking up a fumble, he beat Yale by running sixty yards to a touchdown.

At Chicago, in 1922, Princeton smashed another precedent. Cleaves, Princeton fullback, dropped back and, feinting a kick, threw a long forward pass to Gorman, who ran to his forty-five-yard line before he was tackled. The Chicago players, expecting a punt, had rushed in to block the kick, and were entirely taken off their guard.

This break in the luck started the Tigers on their way to victory. It raised their morale and lowered the morale of the enemy. In the center of the field, Gray of Princeton picked up a fumble and ran for a touchdown, making the score 18 to 14. Crum made the third touchdown and Princeton won, 21 to 18.

At the whistle of this terrific game, Princeton had just stopped John Thomas two feet from the goal line. It was a great game, and that forward pass from behind the line started the Princeton rally that ended in victory.

ANDY SMITH
University of California

I HAVE coached in the East, the Middle West and on the Pacific Coast, during which time I have seen many thrilling football plays, but I had to wait until New Year's Day, 1921, at the Pasadena Tournament of Roses East versus West contest to receive the supreme thrill.

That happened when Brick Muller, end on the University of California eleven, threw a forward pass to his mate, Brodie Stephens, behind the Ohio State goal line fifty-five yards away as the meadow lark flies. It was a marvelous piece of workmanship, considering distance, accuracy, timing and the calibre of our rivals.

Ohio State, as champions of the Middle West, accepted an invitation to play California, champions of the Pacific Coast. Since 1915, when California abandoned English rugby, the Golden Bears had been playing the American game.

Just before Muller wrapped his No. 9½ hand around the ball to make his record heave, California led 7 to 0, and had possession of the ball in the middle of the field. The quarter signalled for a series play. That is, one signal sufficed for two or more plays to be executed in rapid succession.

First came a plunge through the line, and the back carrying the ball, acting as center, covered the ball as the other California players lined up around him and snapped it into play. A back caught the ball and bluffed an end run by taking four or five steps forward.

Meanwhile the principal actors in the drama were coming on the stage. Stephens was running down the field apparently going nowhere. They tell me that an Ohio State player shouted at him: "Hey, where are you going? Don't run away! Come on back and be sociable!"

Muller, who had dropped back fifteen yards from the line of scrimmage while the first play of the series was under way, received a rugby pass from the back who bluffed the end run. Brick drew back his freckled paw and heaved the ball through the climate into the outstretched hands of Stephens behind the rival goal line. That toss cinched the game, which the California Golden Bears won 28 to 0.

A. A. STAGG
University of Chicago

ONE of the greatest plays I ever saw was the day in 1904 that Walter Eckersall of Chicago ran 105 yards for a touchdown from a kickoff against Wisconsin. That was a remarkable run by a remarkable player.

The feat has been discussed so much that I will go back to 1891 when American rugby football was definitely breaking away from English rugby, and tell of another long run made by Dr. Seerley

(*Continued on page* 20)

"America *for* Americans"

By James S. Hearst

WE were sitting by the fireplace at the club the other night. Somebody started on the immigration question and we all took hold with avidity. After a great deal of discussion John Phelps, a hard-headed financier and a bully, took his cigar from his mouth and snarled, "Well, by God, I say keep America for Americans and shut the gates on all that foreign trash. What's the good in letting in all those old-country people? You can't teach 'em anything and they mingle with us and by God they . . . . they. . . . "

"They contaminate us, eh, Phelps?" broke in Bickly. We smiled at the idea of anyone contaminating Phelps. "But did you ever stop to think of the number of nationalities that compose the American nation?" went on Bickly, addressing himself to Phelps. "Don't you know that there's no such thing as a pure American, so far as blood is concerned? Except the American Indian," he added sadly, "and he can't even be a citizen in his own country. America has been settled by every civilized nation under the sun, so when you talk of America for Americans it's just talk."

"No," said a voice from the corner. Westcott, a new member, was speaking. "It isn't just talk. America for Americans is a mighty good slogan if it is taken in the right spirit. We send our ships to get foreign people; our steel manufacturers and our mine owners beg them to come; we point out to them the glorious futures to be made in America, and when they get here what do we do? We let them drop. We ignore them as though, as Phelps intimated, they might contaminate us. If we are going to allow those people to enter our United States of America we should take the added responsibility of making them into good Americans. That is America for Americans in the right sense."

SOMEBODY clapped and said, "Bravo, go ahead." We were all a little surprised to hear Westcott speak so earnestly. He was one of those silent chaps that never say much. We all liked him but nobody knew much about him. We kept still, hoping he would give Phelps a deserved reproof. Then he said, "If you fellows don't mind I'd like to tell a story that is true and that exactly illustrates the point I want to make." There was a chorus of approval. So Westcott began:

"About the year 1910 a German by the name of Jacob Schonberg emigrated to this country and settled in Illinois. A son Karl, who came with him, was all the family he had for his wife, daughter and another son had recently died in Berlin during a typhus epidemic. Schonberg was a man about sixty years of age and Karl was a bright looking chap of fourteen. They rented a farm and settled down.

"At first they had a hard time, not being used to our ways of farming. But Karl was a smart boy and easily picked up the language and our up-to-date way of doing things. He soon made acquaintances and friends among the neighbors, but his father rarely left the farm and made no progress in that direction. The older Schonberg was sensitive to the indifference of the neighbors and somewhat fearful of being ridiculed. Upon Karl he lavished the deep affection of a great and loving heart. He helped his son in the fields, but his especial care and pride was the garden, which was the best for miles around. He never acquired much skill in handling a plow but he could not be surpassed in his use of a hoe.

"The owner of the Schonberg's farm, whom we may call Benson, was a big frog in a little puddle and very intolerant toward his new tenants. He bullied and ragged them and made things generally disagreeable. Why they never resented his treatment and moved elsewhere I can't say. Perhaps they thought they had a good farm and didn't want to give it up, but more probably they thought that it was the custom of landlords to mistreat tenants and that moving wouldn't help.

"THEY were industrious, and four years later they surprised everyone by buying eighty acres and building a small house on it. The farm they bought adjoined the one that they had rented of Benson, and he seemed still to delight in causing them trouble. Once the Schonberg pigs got into Benson's cornfield and he made a great fuss about the damage done and threatened suit. However, he didn't have a chance to go to court, for the next morning Karl came to his office and, without a word, paid the sum asked by Benson. Another time Benson insisted that the fence which divided the two farms encroached on his land. He had the field surveyed, knowing that if Jacob's fence was set over too far the surveyor's bill and the expense of moving the fence would have to be met by the Schonberg's. To his chagrin the fence was found to be the other way and he was forced to set it right. Benson was grealy angered at this and swore vengeance on 'those damn Germans.'

"By this time the war had been going on several years, but the busy people in our section had paid little attention to it. Then came the *Lusitania* disaster and subsequently the entrance of the United States into the war. The lethargic town near which the Schonbergs lived woke suddenly from its sleep. Liberty Bond drives were organized, Red Cross societies formed and . . . . well you all remember.

"The Schonbergs were not molested until somebody remembered that they were Germans and had not subscribed to the First Liberty Loan. A group of men went to see Jacob and explain the need for money. They tried to appeal to his patriotism. 'It's for your country' they said.

"'My country?' said Jacob in a puzzled way.

"'Sure," said one of the men, 'you're an American, aren't you?'

"Jacob shook his head.

"'Well, by gosh, I'll bet he's never taken out his papers!' exclaimed a committeeman, then to Jacob, 'Are you naturalized?'

"'No,' replied Jacob more puzzled than ever, 'I don't know anything about it.'

"'Well, I'll be damned!' chorused the committee.

"Three Liberty Loan drives went by without any assistance from Jacob, and then Benson, now serving on the draft board, decided to stir things up a little. He demanded that Jacob and Karl be interned as enemy aliens. He also tried to organize some of the young fellows into a kind of vigilance committee and give old Jacob a scare. But nothing came of either of these attempts, first because the Schonbergs had done nothing to invite the suspicion of the War Department, and second because the young chaps respected Karl too much.

"A few weeks later old Jacob, dressed in a queerly-cut wrinkled black suit, came to town and went directly to the office of the draft board. Benson was there alone. He saw the old man enter, but made him wait in nervous agony, and then suddenly, 'What do you want?'

"Old Jacob cleared his throat, 'My poy,' he began huskily, 'my poy he vants to enlist und I can't hardly tink about it. Is der something he could enlist for vere he don't half to fight?'

"Benson growled, 'Might enlist as a stretcher-bearer, they're non-combatants.'

"'Is it . . . is it . . . dangerous?' asked old Jacob timidly.

"HERE was Benson's chance, 'Dangerous? Hell, yes!' he said, maliciously. 'They all shoot at 'em,' and he watched with satisfaction the tears gather in Jacob's eyes as he turned away.

"The next day Karl enlisted as a private in the infantry and two weeks later he was in camp.

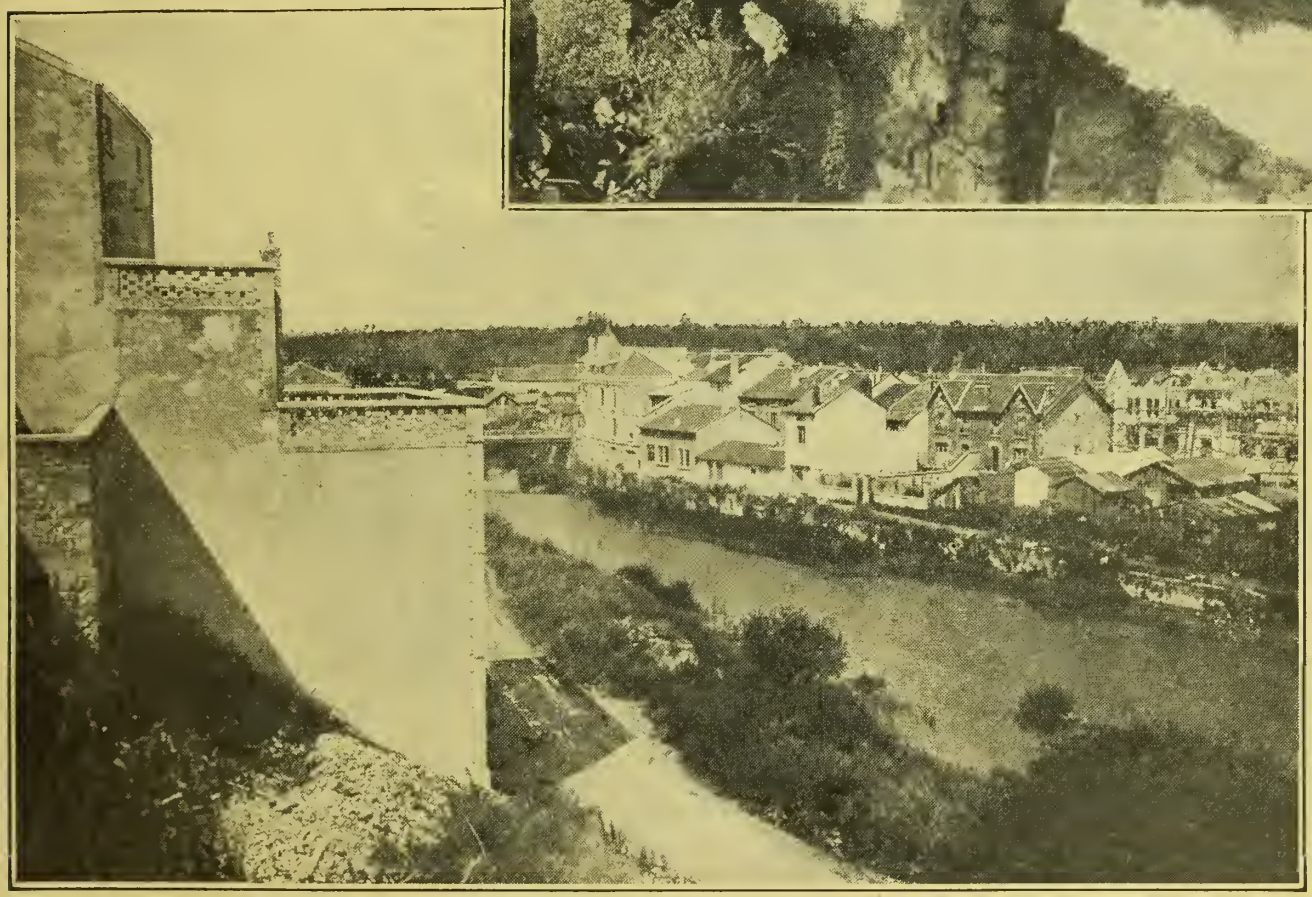
"Old Jacob, left alone, was kept busy from early morning until late at night. Every morning at ten o'clock he was at the mail box waiting to see if there was any word from 'my poy Karl,' and he was rarely disappointed.

"Six months passed and Karl came home on leave. Old Jacob was proud as a peacock of his soldier son, and he had every reason to be proud, for Karl was a fine looking chap in olive drab.

"Then Karl's division was ordered overseas and old Jacob, more bent and with his face more lined, came to town to announce the fact and to give fifty dollars to the Red Cross. After a letter from Karl he gave an additional fifty dollars to the Salvation Army and when the Fifth Liberty Loan Drive came on he bought two one hundred dollar bonds, 'one for me und one for my poy, Karl.'

(*Continued on page* 18)

Varennes: Prize *of* Two Divisions



On the site of the ruins of Varennes (above) which was captured jointly by the 28th and 35th Divisions on September 26, 1918, has now arisen the trim town pictured in the lower photograph. This view is across the Aire River, which at this point formed the boundary of the divisional sectors

THE town of Varennes, situated on the Aire River just east of the Argonne Forest, was a joint prize of two American divisions during the first day of the Meuse-Argonne offensive six years ago. The official reports of both the 28th Division, composed entirely of Pennsylvania National Guardsmen, and the 35th Division, whose members were from Missouri and Kansas, refer to the taking of Varennes. This is readily understandable when it is explained that the town is well spread on both banks of the Aire River, which at this point was the boundary line of the sectors of these two divisions. There was plenty of room for units of both divisions to operate and plenty of work to do before their common efforts cleared the ruins of the town of all its enemy occupants.

The 28th and 35th Divisions, with the 77th Division, formed the First Corps, which was on the extreme left flank of the forty-kilometer front of the American First Army extending from the Argonne Forest to the Meuse River. The problem of this corps was to clear the Argonne Forest, the valley of the Aire and the heights of the eastern valley wall of this stream. The 77th Division was assigned a sector leading through the Forest; the 28th at its right was to clear the edges of the Forest and force the enemy from the Aire valley, while the 35th, holding the eastern sector of the corps advance, was to move forward along the heights east of the river.

The 28th Division at the jump-off on the morning of September 26th met with stiff resistance, as its course lay between enemy fire from the edges of the Forest and from the heights on the east bank of the Aire. Vauquois Hill and the village of Vauquois fell to the 35th Division without serious opposition. The advance of both these divisions was greatly retarded because of dense fogs rising from the Aire and Buanthe Rivers which made liaison extremely difficult between the adjoining sectors and between units in each division. The resistance gradually stiffened before the advance of the 35th, and it was not until the afternoon of September 26th that the town of Varennes was captured.

The left flank of the 35th Division

(*Continued on page* 20)

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.

The Objective

A BRITISH historian of the war—John Buchan—calls the Argonne "a desperate country." Some hundreds of thousands of American veterans, looking back at this season to the supreme struggle of the A. E. F., inaugurated just six years ago this week, will agree with him. The Argonne was a desperate country, and the winning of it called more men than America had ever thrown into battle in her history. By so much, certainly, the Meuse-Argonne campaign may safely be called the greatest feat of arms in our military annals.

Comparisons are never so odious as when they are applied to the severity of battles. In the heat of combat the individual soldier will perform just as great feats of prowess in an unimportant skirmish as in a struggle that is deciding the fates of nations and of ideas. The brave man (and that usually means the ordinary man in a critical situation) can do so much and no more—as one individual. To appraise, therefore, the expenditure of valor and effort in battle, it seems reasonable to multiply the unit of those qualities by the number of men engaged. The formula is so much cold mathematics—but much of war always is cold mathematics and no more.

Even so, the bare statistics of masses of men engaged may not necessarily form a safe index of the importance of a battle. "What were they there for?" the student of history may reasonably ask. "What did they accomplish, and of what importance was it?"

In the instance of the Battle of the Meuse-Argonne the answer is simple and satisfactory. The American Armies were there to break down German resistance at a point where, if that resistance did break down, Germany would no longer count as a power in the field.

That was the problem. The solution may be read in any newspaper of November 11, 1918.

Big-Time Bootlegging

PASSAGE of a law does not automatically put an end to the condition for the suppression of which the law is enacted. Murder and highway robbery are practices which are rigorously frowned upon, yet men continue to die violent deaths at the hands of their fellow men and to surrender their watches at the behest of individuals equipped with ugly shooting instruments. Prohibition of intoxicating liquors has not altogether prohibited—neither has prohibition of bigamy, forgery, counterfeiting and other not-so-innocent pastimes.

As a democratic people, and therefore the framers and enforcers of our own laws, we are somewhat prone to regard an evil as corrected once we have tacked an official thou-shalt-not in front of its name. This is because the majority of us are pretty consistently law-abiding—we may complain, for instance, about our taxes, but we pay them.

When the new immigration bill was finally enacted, many American citizens who had been viewing the situation with alarm sat back and breathed sighs of content. It was all fixed. The immigration problem was settled. No vast influx of unassimilable foreigners. Now we had a chance to Americanize those already within our borders.

A pleasant prospect, but a somewhat inaccurate one. The bootlegging of aliens has developed into an enterprise which, considering the risks involved and the profit accruing, makes the bootlegger of liquor appear like a small-time gold-brick salesman. There are certain physical facts about our country which no law can change, and among them are a combined sea-and-land frontier some ten thousand miles in extent. Not everywhere along this frontier is it possible for an immigrant to come among us conveniently, but there are plenty of points at which he may be smuggled across with comparative ease—and at considerable expense to himself.

And the expense to us as a nation is by no means negligible. Naturally anything approximating exact statistics it is impossible to obtain, but that the number of smuggled aliens is formidable is conceded. The penalties are severe, but the rewards are heavy.

What is the answer? There is a limit to the effectiveness with which we can patrol ten thousand miles of border. At all events, the problem is one which is certain to receive Congressional attention next winter. It deserves it.

Personal Correspondence

THE following is from a personal letter written to a Legionnaire friend by a Legionnaire member of Congress. The writer of the letter was a patient in Walter Reed Hospital, at Washington, getting the regulation treatment for recurrence of disability due to wounds received in battle:

My experience at Walter Reed has been much like it was in the hospitals in France in that I could move around, meet patients and approximate their situation, and to some extent analyze their feelings. I have found the same situation that you would find in any hospital, namely, complaints perhaps founded on fact but not expressed, and men given wonderful treatment who did not appreciate it.

I have found a class of people, unheralded and unsung, who have given the disabled very much, and I assume that the situation must exist in every Veterans Bureau hospital. At Walter Reed I find a certain type of woman, sometimes the wife or the mother of a deceased soldier, or, again, a woman whose patriotism has outlived the war hysteria period, who gives the same service today as she did in 1917, 1918 and 1919.

I find that the Keith Vaudeville Circuit gives at Walter Reed, every Thursday afternoon, exactly the same program as it gives in its Washington and New York theatres. To verify this I attended one entertainment at the hospital and went to town that evening and bought a seat at the theatre. This work involves a serious discomfort for the performers, who squeeze their hospital show in between a matinee and an evening performance in town.

The outstanding impression that I have, and will take away from this hospital, is that a great many considerate people on the outside have not forgotten the men who bore and still bear the real burdens of a war which so many already have put out of their minds.

It is not possible for the Weekly to present the roster of these generous friends of the disabled veteran, to thank each of these considerate people separately, so this letter is published as one soldier's thanks which speaks for all.

After all, goldfish were the first globe girdlers.

In the case of a motorist at a grade crossing life is not what he makes it but if he makes it.

This campaign has brought forth the usual number of silver-tongued orators, who again demonstrate that silence is golden.

Catalina Shoots *the* Works

Something phoney about this bull, you'll say. His fore and hind quarters don't seem to synchronize, and that left front hoof more than gives the game away. It's all part of the big peerade of California Legionnaires and their friends that was a feature of the annual Catalina Island excursion this past summer

BY 8 a. m. the Legionnaires began arriving at the dock. By 9:45 a large excursion steamer was loaded to capacity, and pulled away to make room at the pier for the second "transport." Soon she, too, was loaded, and sailed. A navy vessel, likewise carrying Legionnaires, made the trip in record time. Everybody went on the outing who could get away. And a pleasant time was—but what was this affair?

The Third annual pilgrimage of the Los Angeles County Council of The American Legion.

It's one of the large events of the Legion in California every year, now, this pilgrimage to Catalina Island. It's a stunt worth while for the outfit wherever there are enough Legionnaires to put on something of the sort.

Not only does it give the membership a good time, but also it boosts membership and interests in active work a lot of the men and women who have hitherto been content simply to pay their dues and let their posts run themselves. It peps up the whole vicinity for the Legion, and gives the outfit a zest for more Legion work, more Legion play and better acquaintance with everybody else in the Legion.

It all started three years ago, when someone or other got the idea of putting on an event like a picnic, only more so. Catalina Island is just a short haul by steamer from Los Angeles harbor. It is the logical playground for Southern California, just as is Lake Minnetonka for the people of Minneapolis, or Niagara Falls for those of Buffalo.

Why not have a week-end outing at Catalina Island, instead of simply a picnic or a hurry-up round trip? Some genius asked this question—and once it had been asked, nobody could think of a good answer. So they held the outing.

Now the annual outing has become so pleasant, and significant, an event that it seems quite as necessary as the annual convention.

The pilgrimage starts on Saturday. The Legionnaires who can get away in time take the first boat, around 9 or 10 a. m. Other boats leave during the morning, afternoon, and early evening, so that no matter when work ends for a prospective pilgrim he can begin pilgriming right away, with very little loss of time waiting for connections.

There is dancing on the boats going over. And once they get ashore on the island, the fun begins. As soon as rooms and cottages are assigned, and baggage stowed safely, the pilgrims scatter to whatever pleasures suit their fancies. They can swim on the famous beach of Avalon. They can make the well-known trip in glass-bottomed boats to view the marine gardens. They can take rowboats, or motor boats. They can see the flying fish. Or they can obtain a place in one of the two speed boats and be whisked through the water at a speed too great for actual sailing comfort.

The pilgrims do all these. The town of Avalon, and for that matter the whole island, are the Legion's for the week-end. Anywhere from 1,500 to more than 2,000 Legionnaires and their families descend on Avalon each year—and the number is steadily growing.

The entertainment is good—and, per capita, inexpensive. Each pilgrim pays the Los Angeles County Council of the Legion $4.85 for the transportation, a dance, a room, entertainment, program, and his pro-rata share of the general expense. Of course he has to pay for his meals besides this—and a reduced rate for any extra amusements he may wish to take in. The pilgrim who succeeds in getting rid of $10 as his total expense, including the $4.85, is a wanton waster of money, and liable to court custody as a spendthrift.

It is purely a social affair. Anyone who suggests business, or a business meeting, is immediately deported back to Los Angeles. Everyone has come to have a good time, and to get acquainted with as many Legionnaires and their families as possible. The affair is successful from both points of view.

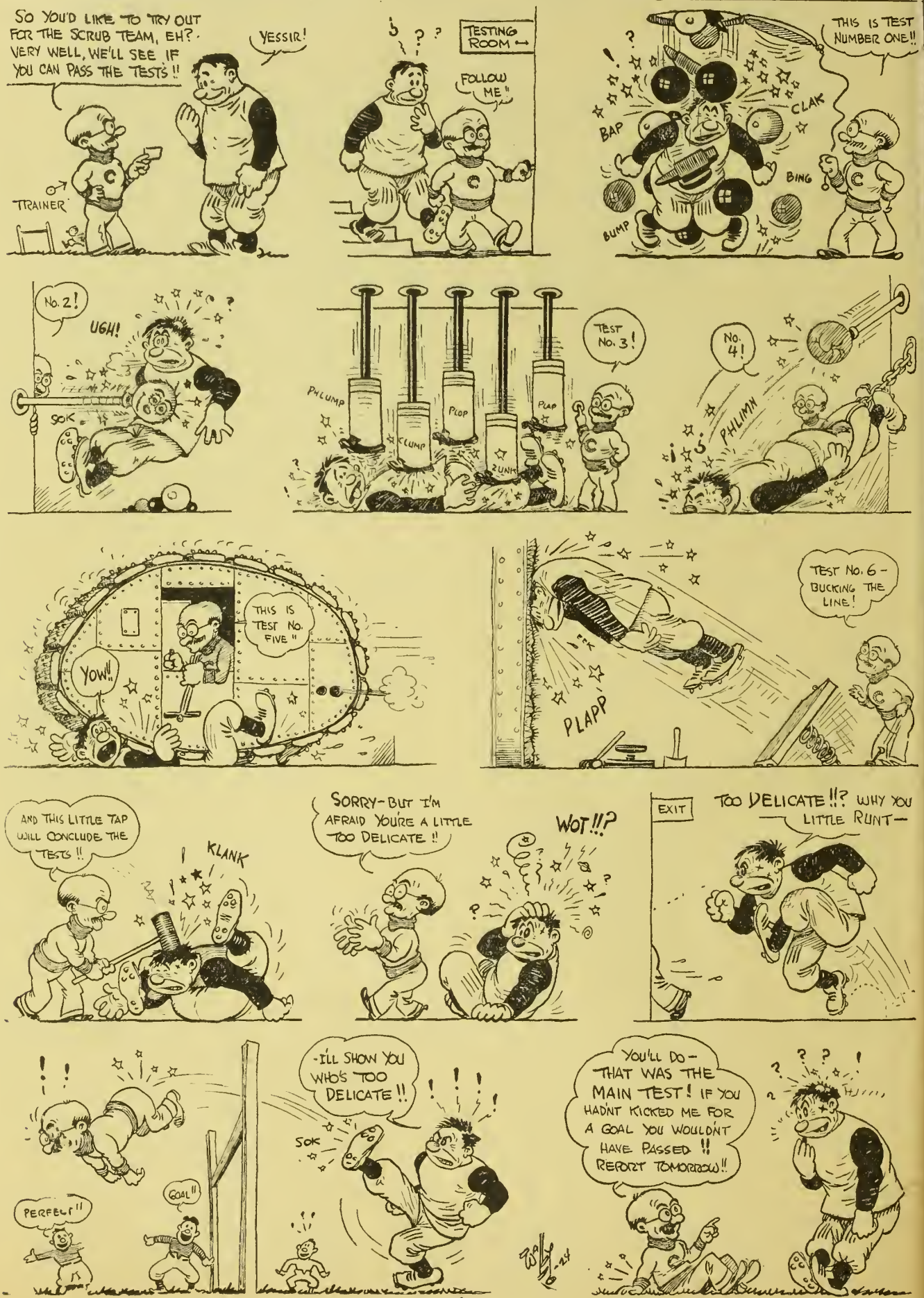
WHILE the pilgrimage is run by the Los Angeles County Council, it is by no means confined to Los Angeles Legionnaires. In the first place, any Legionnaire is at liberty to invite just as many of his friends as he wishes—and the more he brings, the better everyone likes it. Of course there is a tendency to bring only families and ex-service men—for the pilgrimage has a strongly military flavor which is best appreciated by those who have been in the service.

The Los Angeles Legionnaires this year invited the posts of the whole state to come and bring their friends. To be sure, not a great many showed up from the extreme north end of the state—for California stretches along

(*Continued on page* 16)

Making the Scrub

By Wallgre



A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things *That* Count

I WONDER if two or three of my correspondents who have thought that I was unfair to the Germans rejoice more than I do that the premiers of France and Germany shook hands at the London conference after they had agreed to the Dawes plan.

The clasp was not exactly spontaneous. It was not followed up by embraces or kisses on the cheeks. Frenchmen and Germans are not yet quite affectionate enough with one another for that. Premier MacDonald of England drew the hands of the two statesmen together.

We were four years winning the war. Six years elapsed after the war before even that kind of a handshake was exchanged between the ancient enemies. America's added weight brought the war to a close. We fought the war for civilization. After six years an American is the author of a plan that gives civilization a chance to make good.

It is easy to say that a lot of time has been wasted and that the present understanding should have come at the start. But British, French, German and various other forms of human nature compounded of self-interest, racial antipathies and war animosities interfered. Time and gradual recognition of facts were required for the composure of differences as the situation worked itself out.

If France had not gone into the Ruhr I do not believe that we should now have the Dawes plan in operation. At the time of the occupation Germany was defaulting on all payments and Stinnes controlled German policy. Germany had suffered no war devastation of the kind that brought the war home to France. The French saw no guarantee of security against Germany except a strong army. They thought that Germany was secretly arming while she dodged her debts.

France insists she acted under her treaty rights by occupying the Ruhr. That was a use of force that brought matters to a head. The result was educational on both sides. Germany found her steel business paralyzed. It could not revive while the French remained.

Having this stranglehold on the heart of German munition-producing power, and having a strong army and alliances, the French people were recovering from their fears. But the Ruhr was not bringing German payments. It was only an expense.

Both sides were losers. France better take part payments than demand all and get nothing. Germany could get France out of the Ruhr only by coming to terms. It was a time for compromises. America, the neutral, was called in as an honest broker.

THE Allies were a unit to end the stalemate. Germany could not withstand world opinion. France could not. Either might complain the plan was unfair—but there it was as the only hope.

Refuse the plan and Europe was back where she was. America would withdraw; her bankers would withdraw because they could not get the investing public to subscribe to the loan which Germany must have in order to put the plan on a sound basis, and restore stability to her currency.

But the German Chancellor, soon after he had shaken hands with the French premier, told his people that Germany repudiated the war guilt article of the Treaty of Versailles. That was a sop to home sentiment upon which Ludendorff and the old war-lord crowd play to keep up the war-and-revenge spirit.

If you are going to look into a Frenchman's mind it is only fair also to look into a German's mind. Although to the world the German cause is personified by Kaiserism invading Belgium, the mass of Germans were taught by their leaders that they were in self-defense against a ring of enemies who were trying to crush Germany. The German people were in wrong under bad advice and misinformation. Other peoples have been. They have had to pay the price. So Germany must.

Hate of the Germans was always stronger behind the lines than with the soldiers at the front. Our men knew that it was Kaiserism that had brought them to France. Their job was to free the world of its blight. The quicker they licked Heinie the quicker the job would be over. It is a fact that we were fighting to free the Germans themselves as well as ourselves from Kaiserism.

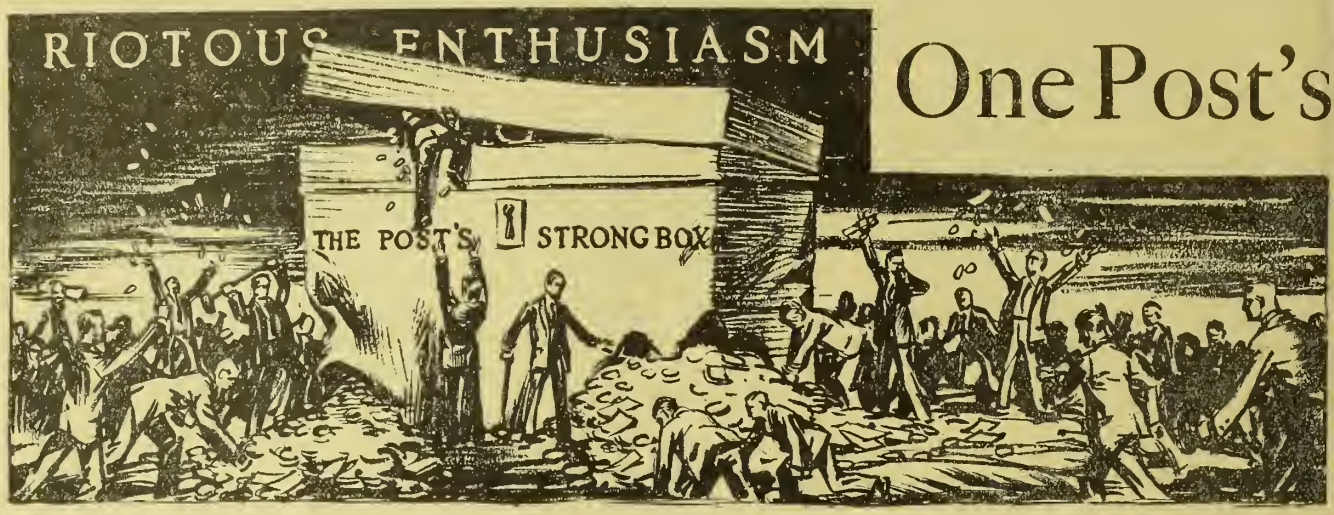
Once Kaiserism was definitely and finally out our quarrel with the German people was over. Kaiserism is now out. The republic is in. The thing is to keep Kaiserism from returning. Considering Germany's sixty million people and the enormous power she exerted in the war there is no danger from a militaristic France with forty million people. The danger is the restoration of the war-lord system in Germany, which would be as bad for Germany as Louis Napoleon was for France or George III for England.

WHAT the French, the German and all the European peoples need is peaceful co-operation. The expert plan supplies the method. The handshake, although grudgingly given, is the symbol of co-operation. France, which has been accused of militarism of the same type under Foch and Poincare as Germany under her war lords, is not blindly following her extremists.

Although the streams of stricken refugees and the ruins of their villages are still fresh in mind, the French are prepared to evacuate the Ruhr when the Dawes plan is carried out. That is going a long way for a Frenchman, when it means releasing a strangle military hold on an outnumbering enemy whom the French have fought for a thousand years. In turn Germany must not listen to the hate preaching of the war-lord revenge party if the hands that MacDonald clasped are not to become closed fists.

Whatever the politicians may foment, whatever selfish leaders may plot, the veterans of France and Germany have this in common. They have had enough of war. Another war would plunge both peoples down the chute to final ruin. This and the common desire for prosperity are the surest bases for a period of European peace.

The world needs the energy and brain of both peoples, and of all European peoples in producing more goods, increasing consumption and broadening markets in an era of world well-being. It is well that the agent-general who is to act in Germany to help her back to prosperity and to collect her payments comes from the country which has the strains of all the European nations in its blood and wants none of the European racial animosities to recur in its citizenship.



One Post's

THE accompanying article is a post official's from the disease of debt. Lopping off post is rather startling surgery—a method that would conditions. But the author of this article has reduced to emaciated convalescence, is now climbesting regardless of possible differences of opinion

PRETTY nearly every post in the Legion has had the experience —unprofitable and unpleasant— of putting on some sort of activity intended to make money which lost money instead. Every post has a measure of members who are longer on ambition than discretion. Usually these men mean well; but that does not put the money back into the post's treasury after a disastrous experiment.

We had our full share of this in Blanktown Post Number Umpty-steen. I am not going to disclose who I am, or where our post is located. For if I did I could not come right out in meeting and tell the story of what happened to us in all its baldness of detail. Yet I think that the story needs to be told, because it may help some other posts to get on top of this problem instead of letting the problem burden them.

To be quite frank about it, we had in the post a large number of members who were a bit young in spirit if not in years. And then, too, we had our share of the fellows who are willing to use the Legion to further their personal ends if they think they can get away with it.

We started out with a large membership, back in 1919. And we held it. But we found that under certain circumstances a large membership may be quite as much of a drawback as it is an advantage. We have passed through a period, since then, of having a much smaller membership; we are now setting about the task of rebuilding the membership to its former size. We are ready to handle the problems of a large post intelligently, where previously we could not manage it. But more of that as I tell my story.

Ours is a factory town of medium size. And at first, selling tickets to anything sponsored by our post was the easiest thing we did. Say "American Legion" to anyone and he would dig down into his pocket for $1 or $2 or anything within reason. The town thought well of us, from the local merchants and heads of the factories down to the lowliest sweeper in the mills, just arrived from Europe.

We put on a good many entertainments. They were, in general, good entertainments. People got their money's worth, and we made some money. With a large post, even though the dues were only $3 a year, we had ample funds and the best of prospects.

Then the ambitious boys began to get in their deadly work. As I recall it, the whole thing started after we had put on a boxing match one Saturday night pay day. It was a pretty good match, with good boxers from the nearest big city. And the post cleared $800 on the show, for the mill hands, their pockets bulging, turned out and bought tickets with great good will.

The committee which had run off the show got up in meeting next time with chests bulging and heads expanded to about number 8¾ hat size. And in fairness to them, it must be admitted that they did a good job that first time. But now they had lost all sense of proportion. "We want to put on a really big boxing show," they told the assembled members. "This time we'll clear at least $5,000 for the post."

Some of us slightly older heads arose and tried to point out that it was a pretty risky thing, in an organization with resources no larger than ours, to put on an enterprise which would be big enough to earn $5,000 if it succeeded. "You will have to spend at least $4,500 to put on your show," Bill Moore told them. "We haven't got anywhere near that much money in the treasury. And if the show flops we're in over our heads."

"WHAT do you mean, 'If it flops?'" demanded the chairman of the athletic committee. "Don't be silly. It isn't going to flop. And here is where the post gets its $5,000 right in the bank."

Well, we fought them on it. We did our best to show the danger of anyone going into a large and risky business enterprise on a small amount of cash capital. But we did not have a chance. The boys were all enthusiastic after the big show of the last Saturday night. They voted, by a clear majority, to empower the committee to run another show according to its best judgment. These ambitious lads are always canny enough to get their committees appointed with the fullest power to act!

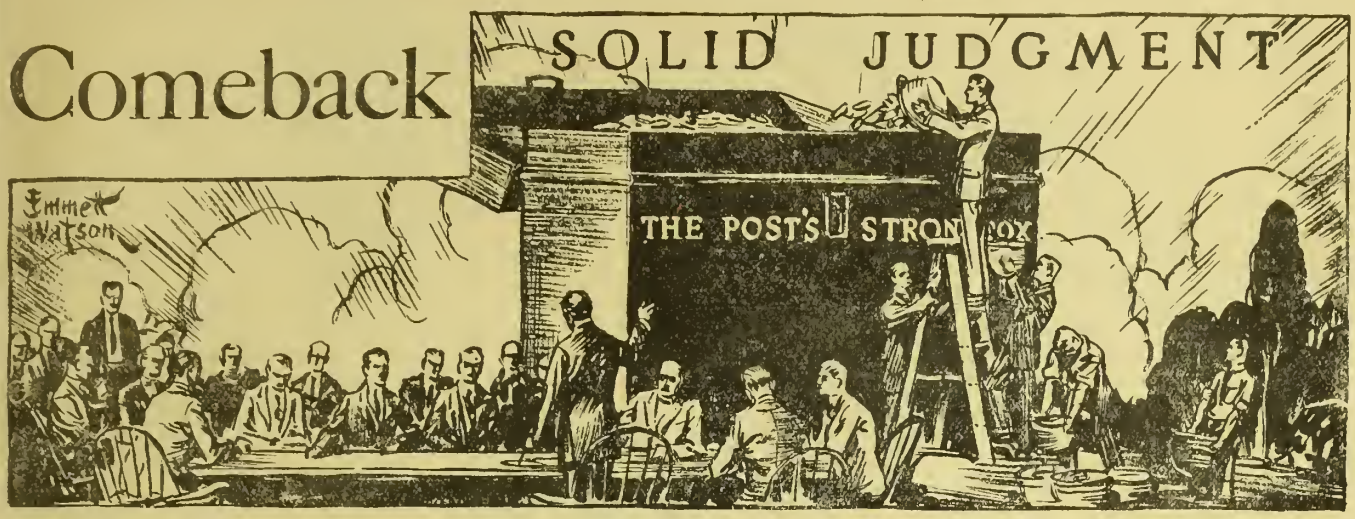
The next boxing show was almost as ambitious as the one of the summer of 1923 in Shelby, Montana. And while none of our local banks failed as a result, when we had finished paying for the fancy boxers that the athletic committee had imported from New Orleans and New York and Minneapolis and Denver the enterprise had lost us almost exactly $2,000. Subtracting $2,000 loss from $800 previous profit left us just $1,200 out of pocket as a result of our boxing activities. It was too much, for it left us owing money to various folks around town; boxers, you know, get cash in hand before they'll go out and swing a fist.

That started it. You see, the post now needed money badly. We had previously put up a hut—not a big one, but we had intended to pay for it out of regular income according to well-worked-out plans. Now that we were in the hole for cash, we could not meet our regular payments on the hut, because some of the money had to be diverted to folks who were owed money from the boxing show.

And some of the ambitious youngsters who lacked business experience saw a chance to make money for the post and to make names for themselves. So we began to be overwhelmed with ambitious plans.

There was the big Fourth of July celebration, for one thing. A couple of young lawyers planned it out, got a lot of their friends out to the meeting and passed the plans. It fizzled, and cost us $400 or so. A little bit later it became evident what they were driving at, for they started out in politics. They had been planning to get themselves well known as outstanding patriots through the celebration on the Fourth, and thus build up a following more quickly than they could have done without the help of the Legion. As it was, they got the advertising. And the

Comeback



account of the method used to save his post members with the pruning hook of increased dues be open to emphatic challenge under normal faith that his too-corpulent outfit, having been ing back to full health. His account is inter- regarding the policy he so brilliantly discusses.

post had to foot every one of the bills.

It was repeated a good many times, with variations. If a member conceived an idea, or felt the need for excitement, he saw to it that he had a majority of the membership present at a meeting. He turned out all his friends in force. Then the meeting officially approved the program by majority vote.

If the first program was successful —and it must be admitted that often it was successful and made a little money — the ringleaders immediately formulated plans to put over an activity ten times as large. What is more, they not only put on a program that was too large, but also they put it on unreasonably soon after the first one. If a town like ours has a big splurge on the Fourth, it does not want the same sort of a splurge, only bigger and more expensive for the public, on Labor Day. If the mill hands turned out to the public park on the Fourth and spent their money for ice cream cones and shooting at targets with a .22, they probably want to put the family in the tin automobile and go out for a drive over the next week-end three-day holiday. But the ambitious boys never took this point into consideration; they figured that if a man likes plum pudding for Sunday noon dinner, he likewise yearns to have twice as much of it for Monday breakfast.

IT is always mighty easy for a committee to get a second scheme approved after it has made a little money by the first program. The membership present at a meeting is always more inclined to vote "Yes" than to vote "No." And almost invariably the second enterprise fell flat. Like the boxing shows, the second one ate up all the profits of the first, and left a deficit beyond that.

Then the ambitious members withdraw from meetings for a time, because they find that the adulation in which they basked after the first success has turned to bitter criticism after the failure. Unfortunately, however, the promoters never withdrew from meetings until they had done their promoting and had left the post owing the local business men. These bills were of various types. But always they had been incurred by majority vote of the Legion.

Scarcely would the post recover financially after a few well-planned activities of high standard at a minimum cost, when another promoter would spring into prominence. By the time he got through with us we would be down beneath the surface, with only a few bubbles to tell the tale of where we had sunk.

The last straw, and a good big straw it was, came when one of our members returned to town with a diploma from a window-dressing school. It was doubtless a good window-dressing school. Probably its faculty is composed entirely of the men who put in the gorgeous windows for Marshall Field's, Wanamaker's and some of the other huge establishments which are noted for beautiful window displays. Anyhow, our fellow townsman and Legionnaire was full of ideas on the Marshall Field scale.

This man was yearning to do something big in his chosen line. He wanted to show the natives what he could do. And I would not say, even though I might think, that he figured that by making a big splash he could get to be the window-trimmer for the best stores along our local State street. But you know how it is when a fellow just recently has learned something; folks tell him to go out and get a reputation before he comes around trying to give them a lot of advice at so much per hour.

Anyhow, our window-dressing graduate—and there is not one-half of one percent exaggeration in this story—came around to meeting with his friends, and in the way which by now had become standard with all our men of promotive mind, got himself authorized to put on a style show. He at least saw it as a big money-maker.

If the style show had simply been put on as a one-night or two-night show, like a theatrical entertainment, it would have been a money-maker. We found that out after it was all over. For we had a good crowd the first evening and a fair crowd the second. After that it was a frost.

INSTEAD of making this a plain, everyday sort of evening entertainment the promoter put on a show such as you will find in large auditoriums in the bigger cities for various lines. In addition to the entertainment provided by the models wearing beautiful clothes, our promoter had booths around the hall displaying the goods of the various merchants.

The rental of the hall for a week was large. The chairman stood around for several days, in a white collar, white shirt and white pants, bossing half a dozen carpenters who were doing a beautiful job of putting in booth and all kinds of expensive decorations If he did not like the looks of something after it was up, down it came for rebuilding. Large vases were made for artificial flowers. And all of it was done without even having the display space contracted for.

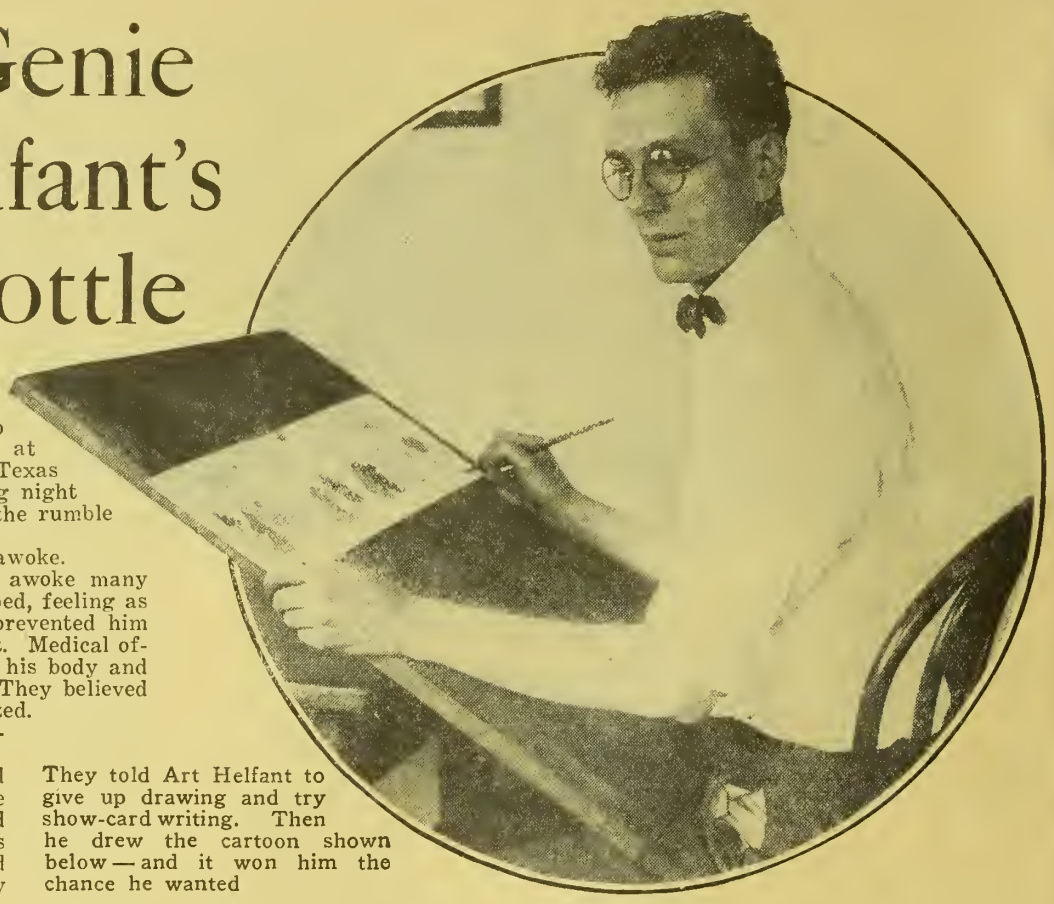
When the promoter got around to selling the display space, at the last minute he found an amazing disinclination to buy. The merchants frankly told him that they did not see where such a show would be worth as much to them as he asked for the display space. A few came in, grumbling. Others flatly declared that the Legion post owed them money on past due accounts, and they did not see why they should contribute to a hold-up scheme of this sort.

The promoter was amazed, and hurt. He felt about like a nice friendly puppy must feel after he had come to jump up on and play with a stranger and has been rudely booted for his trouble.

But the week's program fell flat As I have said, if he had omitted the

(*Continued on page* 19)

The Genie *in* Helfant's Ink Bottle



FOUR men went to sleep in a tent at Kelly Field in Texas on a warm spring night six years ago, lulled by the rumble of distant thunder.

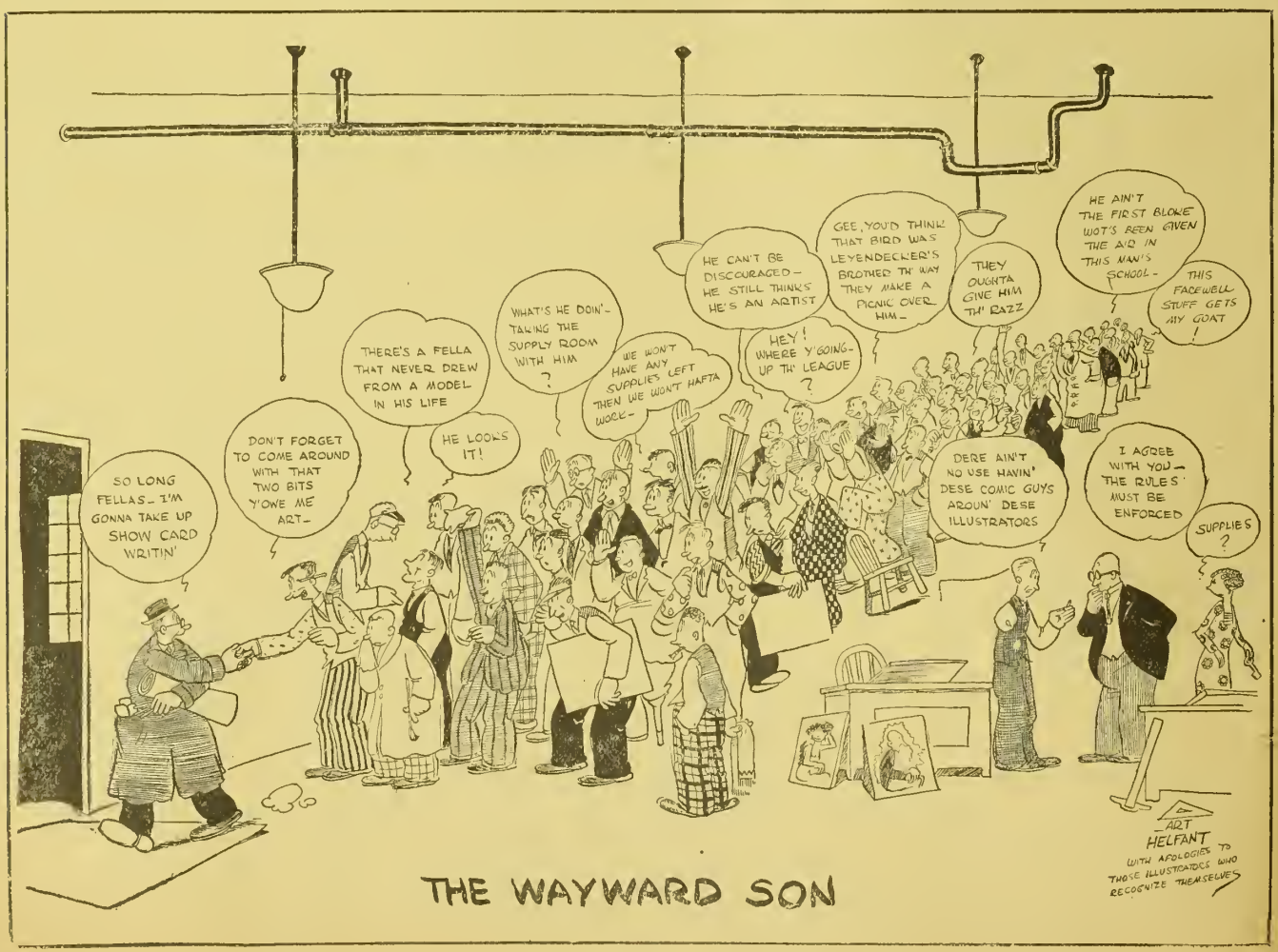
Two of the men never awoke.

One of the other two awoke many days later in a hospital bed, feeling as though an enchantment prevented him from moving hand or foot. Medical officers thrust needles into his body and he could not feel them. They believed he was hopelessly paralyzed.

That man was Art Helfant.

A bolt of lightning had splintered the center pole of the army tent, killed two of Helfant's buddies as they slept and coursed through Helfant's body

They told Art Helfant to give up drawing and try show-card writing. Then he drew the cartoon shown below — and it won him the chance he wanted



with terrific force, but it left his heart beating.

The medical officers at first believed that Helfant was doomed to live in unparalleled misery—a soul imprisoned in a body which could not move. They feared that the lightning's enormous voltage had burned out the nerves of his body, destroying the delicate signal system by which the mind operates the muscles. The fact that he felt no pain—absolutely no sensation of any kind—when the needles were jabbed about his body seemed to confirm the doctors' theory.

But the medical officers were wrong. After many weeks in his hospital bed, the power of motion gradually returned to Helfant's limbs, the sense of feeling came back little by little to his numbed fingers. And fifteen weeks from the time the lightning struck his tent, Helfant was able to leave the hospital. But he wasn't running any footraces at this time. Every step was slow and painful. He was gaunt; his shocked body was still uncertain in motion, the muscles of his throat still uncertain in speech. He went to San Antonio and nobody recognized him. His friends and acquaintances doubted the name that he gave.

Here it is fitting that a prelude should be written for the beginning of this story. Art Helfant had come to Uncle Sam in 1917 from his father's shoe store in New York City. Uncle Sam after the fashion of the time decided that a shoe salesman would make a good man for the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps. That's the reason Helfant happened to be at Kelly field when the lightning struck.

Uncle Sam didn't know that Helfant never had won distinction as a shoe salesman, and that in the days before he had enlisted he had found much keener pleasure in making drawings on the backs of shoe boxes than in fitting pairs of 11 A's and 5½ C's to the feet of customers. Helfant's father had known it, however, and he had regarded his son as a square-peg sort of young man, who fooled away his time with a pencil, obviously unsuited to the round hole of salesmanship and business in general.

Now, getting back to the story, did Helfant hunt out the nearest shoe store in San Antonio when he got his discharge papers from Uncle Sam and found himself holding a compensation check which he was assured would come regularly thereafter? He did not, of course. He did find the nearest stationery shop, and he stocked up on pencils, pens, ink and drawing paper.

For several months Helfant made cartoons for San Antonio newspapers and the publications of the nearby army camps. There was nothing in his style to remind anybody of the old masters. In fact, even the untrained eye was jolted by the technique of some of Helfant's drawings in this period. But Helfant had faith in himself. And as he regained control of his limbs and his faculties, he improved his drawings.

Up to this time Helfant had had no instruction or training in drawing. He was a rear-rank amateur, and there was no hiding that fact. Then, giving a new twist to the Horatio Alger tradition, Helfant returned to New York. Here he reaffirmed his emancipation from the business of selling tans and cordovans in oxfords and highs and

We called it

"LITTLE JOE"

because it was so blamed hard to make!

ANYBODY with average crapshootin' brains can shoot an eighter from Decatur—but you sure do have to be red hot in order to bring Little Joe to life.

It's the same way in the typewriter business. Anybody with a monkey-wrench and a few hairpins can build a typewriter. Even one that writes—occasionally. *BUT* it takes years of study to build an easy-handling, smooth-working writing machine like—

The New CORONA 4

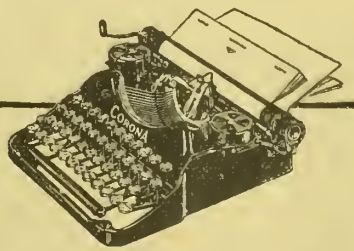
The *new* Corona model is a regular "Little Joe"—with a real 4 row keyboard, something that Coronatypers have wanted for years. In only one way is the Corona 4 different from a regular office machine. And that's a good way for you. *It's still a portable!*

Don't take our word for it! Go to your Corona dealer and try out Corona yourself. You won't have to fade him a nickel.

Use this

You'll shoot the works for this baby!

CORONA TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
132 Main Street, Groton, N. Y.



Corona Typewriter Company, Inc.
132 Main Street
Groton, N. Y.

Ship me all the information about Corona Four and tell me where I can find a "Supply Sergeant" who will show me one.

Name .....

Address .....

Do Your Savings Earn

6½% and 7%?

YOU can get 6½% and 7%, with proven safety, on our First Mortgage Investments, strongly secured by improved, income-producing property.

Behind every First Mortgage Investment offered by us is our record of *no loss to any investor in 51 years.*

You may invest outright or under our Investment Savings Plan, in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, knowing that the strong, standardized safeguards of our bonds are an assurance of safety.

Among our current offerings is a limited issue of 7% First Mortgage Serial Gold Bonds, in maturities running from 2 to 10 years, which merits the judicious consideration of every conservative investor.

Mail the coupon NOW, before this issue is sold, for descriptive circular and a free copy of our illustrated booklet, "Half a Century of Investment Safety in the Nation's Capital."

The F. H. Smith Co.

Founded 1873

Smith Building, Washington, D.C.

THE F. H. SMITH COMPANY,
Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

Please send me list of current offerings and free booklet, "Half a Century of Investment Safety in the Nation's Capital."

Name .....

Address 57

"And am able to average over $100 PER WEEK. Could do more only I do not put in much over half time. Personally I think it is the easiest sold article I ever handled as it has merit and is a necessity," says L.R. Graham, Illinois. A. H. Robey of W.Va. made over $500 in one month, Frank DePries has been with us six years—averages over $150 a week. Hundreds of our men making $60, $75, $100 a week. We need more men to fill unoccupied territory. Hundreds of prospects makes selling easy—garages, schools, stores, factories, shops, farms, homes, auto and truck owners, hospitals. Single sales bring big commissions. Largest concern of kind in world. Write quick about this position.

THE FYR-FYTER CO., 346 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, O.

WHY spend $500 for a solitaire? This new scientifically constructed Spredtop 7-Diamond Cluster has same appearance. Send for this Spredtop, examine it, be convinced of its value, then pay

set out seriously to get instruction and training in drawing. It was the chance he had almost missed.

Uncle Sam and the New York Society of Illustrators took Helfant in hand. Uncle Sam gave him vocational training pay and the Society of Illustrators undertook to give him skill. At a big studio in the center of Manhattan many of America's most famous artists spent hours teaching Helfant and other disabled service men what they themselves had learned in the hard years.

Helfant's instructors found that his drawings had originality and individuality—somewhat too much of both qualities, perhaps, judged by the eye of the finished craftsman. They were training him to be an illustrator, a calling which demands work of a high order. So they looked rather skeptically at many of his productions, and the more they looked, the stronger became a conviction that again Helfant was trying to fit a square peg of talent into a round-hole profession. He might make a show card writer, or an indifferent cartoonist, but so far as ever reaching the skill which would place his drawings in the better magazines was concerned—that was hopeless. He was wasting his time, his instructors concluded, and disillusionment would be better early than late. So on one fine day they presented Helfant with the diplomatic gate, firmly yet kindly informed him that his instruction was over. They transferred him to a course in show-card writing. Perhaps at that moment Helfant had a vision of a million pairs of shoes beckoning to him as the prodigal returned.

But right here the genie in Helfant's ink bottle came to the rescue in handy fashion. His sense of humor, which had always guided his pen and pencil and brush, found a compelling motif in his leave-taking at the school. He drew a cartoon depicting that event, and in good-natured strokes placed upon his board the figures of all those who had lately been his instructors and those with whom he had so recently worked. He inked in that cartoon and gave it to several of his friends at the school for inspection.

That cartoon spelled comeback for Art Helfant. It surprised the men who had passed judgment on him. Without a dissenting voice they agreed that they had made a mistake. Any man who could catch the spirit of an occasion so well and put it on paper in that fashion was an artist, and the sky was his limit. They took Helfant back. His return was almost a celebration.

Recognition came gradually to Helfant outside the school after this episode. Before long he was selling an occasional cartoon or drawing. *The Home Sector*, a service man's publication of this early period, was the first publication to feature his drawings. He had been especially successful in embodying the spirit of army life in his drawings. The American Legion Weekly took up his work. As he rounded out his style, the demand for his work developed in a large circle of publications. Shortly after he finished his course, the demand for his drawings was constant and stable. Ever since that time his work has been appearing prominently in the country's leading magazines of humor and a large number of other publications, including newspapers which are featuring his comic strip.

Human nature is so attuned that men rejoice when any man seemingly hemmed in by circumstances breaks through all obstacles and achieves conspicuous success. What Helfant has done has been done also, under varying circumstances, by many thousands of disabled World War service men. Their accomplishments give to the country one of the best traditions which has come out of the war.

Catalina Shoots the Works

(*Continued from page 9*)

the Pacific Coast quite a distance. But a number of San Franciscans came, and a scattering of members from all over the state.

The important effect of the outing on increasing the membership is this: A great many people know what good times are had on these pilgrimages, and ex-service men are very much inclined to ask their Legion friends to help them obtain tickets. Then, at the island, they get acquainted with a large number of prominent Legionnaires, hear a good deal of Legion talk, and come to a realization that they themselves need the Legion. So they join. After each pilgrimage there has been a considerable number of applications in Los Angeles county directly traceable to the event. They decide that they like our bunch; and we decide that we like them. That is all there is to it.

The 1924 pilgrimage required the services of the steamships *Avalon* and *Cabrillo* just to take over the Saturday morning crowd. Navy Post of Los Angeles came over in its own boat—a U. S. Navy Eagle Boat lent to the post, and manned and officered by members of the post for the occasion. And more pilgrims continued to come with every trip of the regular steamers.

The American Legion Luncheon Club of Los Angeles put on its first annual dinner Saturday evening at the St. Catherine Hotel. The dinner ended just in time for the diners to see the annual parade.

Governor Richardson of California led the big parade. And to add a little zip, there was a competition among the various outfits represented. Most posts were in special costume for the parade. The whole town, pilgrims included, was turned out for the parade by bombs, stationary flares, and the like.

After the parade came the big dance. Dancing alternated with vaudeville put on by one of the participating posts. At 1 a. m. everybody rolled in to rest for what remained of the night.

Bright and early next morning the 40 and 8 got under way. For the 40 and 8 it was a state-wide promenade. As the other pilgrims rubbed the sleep from their eyes and formed lines on both sides of the main drag, the 40 and 8 parade swung into view. It was a big show. Over 1,500 costumes were used in the parade. Here could be seen practically all of the allied uniforms,

south sea islanders, zulus, mardi gras revelers, bulls, bull fighters, elephants, giraffes, mules, and everything else conceivable. Those in costume held sham battles in the streets. And behind them came the less colorful ranks of the members in voiture uniform, with one voiture hauling along a French box car of its own.

After the parade, the largest promenade ever put on by the Los Angeles voiture got under way. Two wrecking crews wrecked some 50 poor goofs, to the edification of everyone who witnessed the performance.

All during the encampment, a military régime—somewhat relaxed, to be sure—holds sway. One of the world's noisiest buglers rolls the pilgrims out of bed in the morning. Top-kicks, with their whistles, see to it that everybody gets every place in time to see everything.

With bands playing and guns sounding, thousands of Legionnaires and residents of Catalina stood retreat at sundown on Saturday evening. Navy Post and Hollywood Post had their bands at the pilgrimage. Sunshine and Pasadena posts had their drum corps on the job. Everyone within hearing snapped to attention or came to salute as the bugle sent out the familiar notes.

There were fireworks late at night, too. The display was one of the finest ever seen on the island. And when, from one of the bombs, the Stars and Stripes floated off in the air, the whole body once more stood at attention.

Now what, let us ask once more, is the use of a purely social outing of this sort for a group of people who doubtless have plenty of other outings during the course of a year? And is it worth, to the Legion, all the trouble involved for a few enthusiasts who here—as everywhere—have to carry the brunt of getting everything ready for the jaunt?

The answer can best be made indirectly. In the first place, the pilgrimage to Catalina Island is now without any question an annual event for Southern California Legionnaires. No one—least of all, those who have had to do the work of making arrangements and seeing that things run smoothly—would even consider for a moment giving it up.

From Saturday morning until Sunday evening, when the last pilgrim sails back to the mainland, the island is given over to the Legion, with a genuine army-navy-marine flavor to the place.

To be sure, any of the pilgrims might run over to Catalina Island on any week-end, for a little outing of his own. The place is open to the public almost every day in the year. But nowhere else, and at no other time than on this one week-end of the Legionnaires, is there anything of exactly the same sort available.

Here the horseplay and the impressive ceremonies bring back to every man a memory—so strong that sometimes it brings with it a tear—of the days of '17 and '18 when life was different from the routine of today, and when almost every man present was serving his country abroad or at home.

The Catalina Pilgrimage cements once more those old bonds which usually seem so loose, but which at a time like this impress us with their strength. It refreshes the memories, and again

We've Made You

A unique Shaving Cream Will you please accept a test?

By V. K. CASSADY, *Chief Chemist*

GENTLEMEN:

Here is a Shaving Cream which millions are discussing.
It does five things which men desire in a surpassing way

The history is this:

Palmolive Soap, through its effects on the skin, had become the world's leading toilet soap. We desired to bring men those same effects in shaving.

But men, we knew, wanted other results. So we asked 1,000 men to tell us what they wanted most.

Then we worked 18 months to meet their requirements as no one else had done. We made up and tested 130 formulas to attain the utmost in a Shaving Cream.

Five astonishing results

1—Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2—It softens the beard in one minute.
3—Its lather maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on face.
4—The extra-strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting.
5—The palm and olive oil content makes the cream lotion-like in its effect.

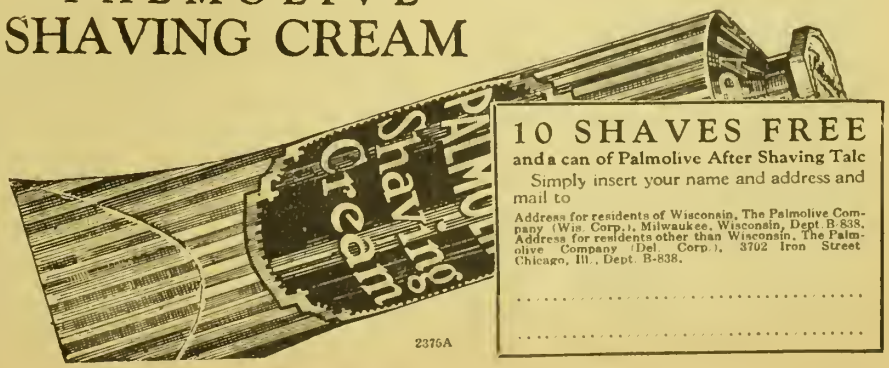
The result has been a sensation.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look.

There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM



10 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to

Address for residents of Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Dept. B-838. Address for residents other than Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street Chicago, Ill., Dept. B-838.

.....

.....

stirs the patriotism of every pilgrim.

It brings new members to the Legion —new members who, after seeing the pilgrimage, have a better conception of what the Legion is all about than have a good many of us who have belonged since the early days. It shows the member whose interest is on the wane that here, after all, is a group of men and women to whom he is bound with a tie which he does not want to sever. Here is an institution—*his* institution —which he must get into actively once more, in which he must do his share as he did his share when War was he and things were to be done.

Pilgrims from Northern Californi have carried back the message so tha it now seems likely that a similar ever will be held, under the auspices of th San Francisco posts, in Yosemite Na tional Park each year. And to this once it gets under way, will go als some of the Los Angeles Legionnaire who will want to enjoy more than a single pilgrimage each year, with th pleasures and the stirring emotion which accompany such a trip.

"America for Americans"

(*Continued from page* 6)

"Jacob heard from Karl more or less regularly for a few months and then one morning he received an official envelope from Washington. Old Jacob gave it to the postman to read because his hands shook so. It merely stated that the War Department was very sorry to say that Private Karl Schonberg had been badly gassed and wounded in action and that he might recover. I don't know how those things are worded, but that was the gist of it.

"A month later the Armistice was signed and about Christmas Karl was brought home. He was in bad shape, both lungs badly gassed and one leg pretty well shot up. He didn't say how it happened, but it was learned that he had been cited for bravery under fire. Of course the town fathers sent for a copy of his citation to hang in their heroes' gallery and old Jacob received a copy from the War Department and was inordinately proud of it.

"Karl didn't get any better and old Jacob had a special nurse for him and called in several specialists at his own expense. The verdict was always the same: 'If it wasn't for the gas, something might be done—.' Jacob was forced to mortgage his farm in order to meet the expense and Benson got hold of the notes. When Karl learned of this he told his father that the Government would pay for his disability and supply the specialists and that if he died he wanted his father to use his insurance to get the land clear.

"With tears running down his cheeks the old man murmured, 'Karl, Karl, my poy, you must not talk like dot. I can raise on vun acre more than most of dese farmers can raise on twenty. We vill get along right, Karl. You must not talk like dot.'

"But in spite of Jacob's efforts, Karl grew weaker and weaker, and a morning came when all was silent at the Schonberg home. Late in the forenoon old Jacob, with a pitiful dazed look on his worn face, crept out to feed the stock and we knew that Karl was dead.

"Then the neighbors, understanding at last, turned out to help the broken old man. They made all the funeral arrangements, and Karl had a rifle squad to fire a salute and a bugler to blow taps over his grave. Kind neighbors took the broken old man home and stayed with him that night.

"But old Jacob couldn't get over it. He soon gave up working much and just pottered around the place. He got more gray and more feeble and did less each day. Then folks began to drop in and talk to him and help him with his chores and he seemed to get a little better. Karl had been his whole life and now that he was gone the old man was starved for friendship. He appreciated these visits, you could see.

"Never a word did he say about the fact that Karl need not have gone to war because he was not a citizen of this country. 'Karl vas a hero,' he used to say. 'He died for his country. Now me, I ain't got a country.' A neighbor finally suggested that he take out his naturalization papers and become an American citizen. The old man's face lighted with eagerness. 'Can I do dot?' he asked. 'Can I do dot? It hurts me awful to think I can't belong to der country Karl died for.' So the neighbors put the wheels in motion to get old Jacob's naturalization papers. He kept hurrying them with childlike eagerness, often repeating, 'Vy didn't I know dot before?' "

We stirred in our chairs, "Well," said Phelps, "I suppose he got them."

"Yes," answered Westcott, "he got them and the whole town wanted to act as witness."

Somebody else asked, "What became of Benson and the mortgage?"

Westcott hesitated a moment and then continued.

"As old Jacob got a little stronger he became more sociably inclined. He took in two ex-soldiers who were tramping the road for their health—gassed, you know, and had to keep out of doors. They made themselves at home there. Had a tent in the yard and helped Jacob whenever they were able, but he wouldn't take a cent for room and board. Now, I understand, he has six of the poor fellows with him. Old Jacob tells everybody, 'Mine Gott, vat a good ding it is to haf so many sons,' and the fellows all call him old Father Jacob.

"And about Benson? Well, he was so ashamed of himself that he took the mortgage out to Schonberg's and tore it up for a Christmas present. Old Jacob just stared at him in amazement and then exclaimed, 'Vy didn't I know Americans were like dis before?' and then cried like a baby.

"Now doesn't this help settle the question of America for Americans?"

Phelps, who always took exception to other people's arguments, said insolently, "How do you know so much about all this, Westcott? By God, for all we know you made it up. I for one think you've made it up just to prove your point."

There was a slight pause. Then Westcott rose. "You'll have to take my word for it," he said slowly. "I ought to know a good deal about it. I was Benson."

When nerves are taut Beeman's keeps you "poised" and keen — its daily use is *"a sensible habit"*

BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

MEN WANTED

We want one ambitious man in each county as Sales Representative. Our Salesmen make big money taking orders for the Cole Visible Gasoline Gauge. Only scientifically accurate gasoline gauge that fits on instrument board—always in sight—prevents short measure—stops running out of gas—low price—in a class by itself—sells on sight.

$10 TO $20 A DAY

for 6 to 8 hours. You get your pay in advance. We deliver and collect. Commissions paid on repeat orders. Exclusive territory. Capital not necessary. Write.

Cole Visible Gasoline Gauge
PAT. 9-9-13; 5-1-17; 7-16-18; 10-19-20.

THE STEMCO ENGINEERING CO.
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Make $100 Weekly-sell RADIO

Demonstrate once—results mean sure sale. Coast to Coast, lowest prices, attractive four tube instrument $39.50. Big commission to you. Exclusive territory to proven salesman. Territory going fast, write or wire today. Don't fail to give name of your county.

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LEGIONNAIRE OF MARYLAND

Solicits as a member of the old established firm of MILO B. STEVENS & CO., the business of his fellow Legionnaires and of their friends. We offer a strictly professional service at moderate fees. Preliminary advice without charge. Send sketch or model for examination. Offices, Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.; 339 Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ills. Leader Bldg., Cleveland.

One Post's Comeback

(*Continued from page* 13)

on a show at which the merchants would gladly have provided the clothes and models free, while the post got the admission fees minus sundry expenses, it would have been a money-maker. On the scale on which it was run—a scale out of all proportion to the size of the town—it was about the flattest failure that the town had ever seen.

Not only did we lose money. A few of the exhibitors refused to pay after the expected crowds failed to materialize. Because of the desperate state of the post treasury we could not let them get away with it. We sued them, and eventually collected. But it certainly got us in wrong. It hurt our conscience to do it, but what else could we do?

So what was the net of the style show? We lost several thousands of dollars; we got a good all-round cussing; we earned, and got, the distrust of the local business men, and the promoters dropped out of the Legion because the razzing they got was too much for even nervy individuals to stand.

We knew, from past experience, that we were due to have several small meetings now. All of the promoters were afraid to come around—and, anyhow, they reasoned what's the use of trying to get that bunch to start anything right now with this new loss fresh in their minds. Let's give the gang a chance to forget about this before we spring our ideas on them.

About this time Bill Moore and I sat down to figure out what the dickens the post was going to do. We owed money everywhere. We were getting in wrong all around town. The local commercial organizations had been damning us up and down. And, if we kept going along the current lines, the post would only get in deeper and deeper. Neither one of us had ever heard of a Legion post going through bankruptcy, but we were beginning to wonder if we should have to take that way out eventually.

"All that we absolutely need to get us out of the hole is about $1,000 cash right away," Bill remarked despondently. "We can make the rest of it through next year by good, conservative entertainments. But our credit is gone, nobody will sell us anything unless we pay cash for it. And we haven't any cash."

"Suppose fifty of us put up $20 apiece as a loan to the post," I suggested. "There are fifty of us who could stand it, and would. The post could keep that money to use for current expenses and pay us back $5 or $10 a year."

"Bright idea," commented Bill caustically. "Wait till some of this gang of ambitious young promoters hears there's a fund of $1,000 in the treasury. 'Why, that's just what we need to put on the National Professional Football Championship of America,' one of 'em will think. Then he'll call in his cohorts, vote to run this big championship right here in Blanktown, and you know where we'll end up. Our thousand bucks will be gone, and we won't have anything more to show for it than we have right now."

"What *are* we going to do, then?" advertising stunts and had simply put

Bill thought a moment. "Let's chase all these brash birds out of the post," he proposed. "They're nothing but a damned nuisance, anyhow, to everyone concerned. They've got the post in such shape that we can't do anything because we haven't any money. The post is doing nothing constructive for the community or for the membership because all its energy is going into these side-shows that every Tom, Dick and Harry is running."

"Too bad we can't raise the dues to about ten dollars a year and drive all these promoters out that way," I remarked with a grin.

"Why can't we?" demanded Bill. "Say, that would do it. I've noticed that the boy with the biggest plans is often the boy who hasn't got a dollar ahead of his board bill. Let's see—no, sir, I don't believe a single one of them would pay ten dollars dues. I guess that's the way to do it."

So Bill and I began talking it up quietly among the more conservative, intelligent members of the post. At the next meeting we placed before the house a proposal that the by-laws be changed to provide that the annual dues be ten dollars instead of three. We didn't advertise the idea, and at the next meeting the amendment was passed. It was just before the end of the fiscal year.

The howl which went up from the membership, and for that matter from the general run of townspeople, could be heard a hundred miles. But we stuck by our guns. The local merchants began commending us, for they saw that with ten dollars dues we could soon begin paying off some of the debts we had been owing for the better part of the year. Altogether, the increased dues stirred up quite a ruction.

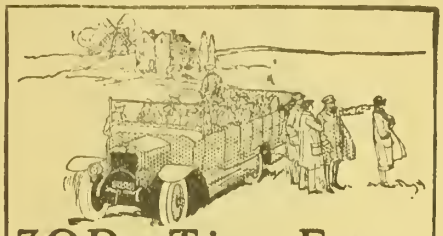
In 1922, with dues three dollars, our post had 969 members. In 1923, with ten dollars dues, our post had 68 members. It was a radical, major operation. But it had to be performed if the Legion was to live in Blanktown.

The sixty-eight who stuck represented the local professional men, business men and, in general, the soundest judgment in our old top-heavy outfit. We calmed down the outside activities of the post, and made sure before we went ahead with any plan that there was a demand for the entertainment we purposed providing.

The sixty-eight membership gave the post $544 in dues after all National and Departmental dues were paid. A few entertainments, such as a concert by part of a metropolitan grand opera company to which folks crowded at prices up to five dollars a seat, quickly put us back on our financial feet. We paid the debts on the hut, settled the past due bills which we had inherited from the previous year, and settled down to a calm, sane existence. The Legion is restored to public favor, and is recognized by everyone as a sound constructive force.

Having once got on top of the problem, we dropped the dues for 1924 to five dollars. The post has built up, now, to about 200 members. But we do not purpose, under any conceivable circumstances, to allow the old days of mob rule to return.

In 1925 we expect to have three dol-



30 Day Trips *to* France and the Battlefields

$275 *all Expenses*

VISIT Paris and the battlefields. Get up your party *now* and enjoy a glorious 30 day trip this fall with your friends and relatives. The forward part of the great Leviathan and the famous George Washington have been entirely reconditioned to provide exclusive third class accommodations for veterans. Personal service and every comfort throughout the entire trip abroad. Remember that the price of $275 includes round trip steamship fare in comfortable cabins, train and bus fares in France, three day tour of the battlefields, hotel, room and meals. *Send the coupon today.*

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Agencies in principal cities

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To UNITED STATES LINES
Veterans Tours Dept. 42256
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Please send me the new booklet describing Veterans Tours to France.

Name_____

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Make $2.50 an Hour

YOUR PROFITS IN ADVANCE

STAY-PREST TROUSER PRESSER sells quick—everywhere. Thousands in use. Salesmen and saleswomen cleaning up. Sells on eight-minute demonstration. Reasonable price. 40% clear profit for you. You take orders. We deliver.

Wonderful New Invention

Puts perfect crease in trousers. Takes out wrinkles and baggy knees. Easy to use—takes less than a minute. Folds into small size. Finely finished. Looks rich. Saves clothes and tailor bills. Every man wants one or two.

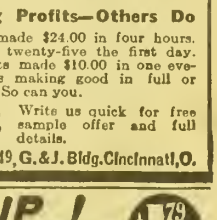
Make Big Profits—Others Do

Jack Ames made $24.00 in four hours. Randle sold twenty-five the first day. Mary Roberts made $10.00 in one evening. Others making good in full or spare time. So can you.

FOUR PATENTS **FREE** Write us quick for free sample offer and full details.

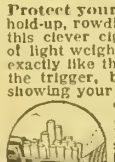
The Getgey-Jung Co., Dept. 219, G. & J. Bldg. Cincinnati, O.

HANDS UP!



$1.79

Protect yourself against hold-up, rowdies, etc. with this clever cigarette case of light weight metal. Looks exactly like the real thing! Pull the trigger, back flies the lid showing your cigarettes. Lots of fun scaring your friends, and a great protector. Sold exclusively by us. PAY POSTMAN $1.79 on delivery plus postage. Money back if not satisfied.



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Direct from our factory to wearer. Easily sold. Over one million satisfied wearers. No capital or experience required. Large steady income. Many earn $100. to $150. weekly. Territory now being allotted. *Write For Free Samples.*

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YOU can do it—it's easy with a Buescher Saxophone. You don't need to be musically inclined. You don't need to spend hours "practicing." You don't need a teacher.
We send free three lessons—they start you off right. In a week or two you will be playing real tunes.
Try one six days at our risk. No obligation. First send for free Saxophone Book. Mention any other instrument in which you may be interested. (120)
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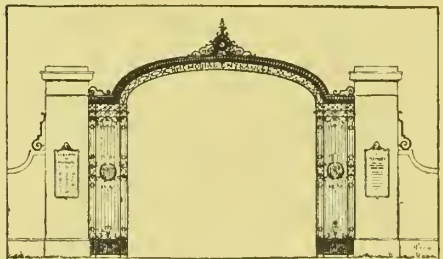

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lars dues once more. We are making a steady effort to build up the membership, and are succeeding. In two or three years we shall have the post back to one thousand members or more, we are convinced.

It must be larger if everyone is to get the maximum good from his membership in the post and if the post is to do the maximum good in the community.

Today we are planning to erect a really good hut building. We are working with the local Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions and Optimists Clubs to attain certain increases in the city's park facilities—and think we have about succeeded. The new boulevard is to be called Memorial Drive, and is to be lined with memorial trees, as well as embellished with a few bas-relief decorations by a famous sculptor. The Legion post takes a position in the community second to none in effective work performed and in quality of activities promoted and that's our idea of peace time service.

The old rule of riotous enthusiasm has been replaced by solid judgment and firm action. Personal glorification and community exploitation have been superseded by personal sacrifice to promote community interests.

The ten dollars membership fee was the result of challenging the circumstances which had arisen. It achieved its purpose. Blanktown Post is not apologizing either for last year's dues of ten dollars or this year's dues of five dollars. We shall reduce the membership fee gradually, and continue to build for a greater Legion.

But the one lesson we have learned and which most posts must have learned if they have passed through the same sort of experiences as we had a few years back, is this:

A greater Legion and a stronger post is possible only when the post activities are firmly under control.

Varennes: Prize of Two Divisions

(*Continued from page* 7)

on the heights to the east of the Aire was in full view of the enemy in the edge of the Argonne Forest. This accounts partially for the fact that the 35th Division suffered the heaviest casualties of any division from September 26th to October 1st, when it was relieved by the First. The four-mile advance made by the Missouri and Kansas men during the first day of the attack was against both flanking and frontal artillery and machine-gun fire. Losses totalled over 6,100 officers and men.

After the advance of the 28th Division through the western part of Varennes, it continued its drive, pushing as far as Châtel-Chehery, where on October 8th-9th it was relieved by the 82d Division. During its twelve days in action 6,149 casualties were suffered and 1,200 officers and men were evacuated to hospitals because of illness. The division is credited with 550 enemy prisoners during this period.

Varennes is of further historic interest, because it was in this town, in 1791, that Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were captured in their flight from the revolutionists in Paris and were returned to Paris and beheaded in the momentous year of '93.

The Greatest Football Play I Ever Saw

(*Continued from page* 5)

of the Y. M. C. A. Training College team in a match with the Yale Consolidated.

After playing end at Yale I went to Springfield as a physical instructor in the new Y. M. C. A. Training College, then having an enrollment of forty-two. I organized a football eleven, coached them, and played as a halfback. The Yale varsity, under the name of the Yale Consolidateds, accepted a challenge to play us a post-season game.

In those days American football was in a state of development. For instance, the center, while in a scrimmage, didn't snap the ball back with his hands, but kicked it, or heeled it, back with his foot. When I was at Yale our center contributed something new by stamping down on one end of the ball so that it popped up into the quarter's hands. The quarter didn't have to bend clean over to the ground to pick the ball off the turf as before. We considered this a tremendous advance in technique.

Instead of a line of scrimmage we used a flying wedge, an inverted V of players around the man carrying the ball. I contributed something new to the flying wedge when I had two runners precede me as interference. We were always looking for something new. My teammate, Hefflefinger, would tear opposing wedges apart, man by man, until he conceived the idea of jumping on the apex and crushing three or four men by his great bulk.

It was from a wedge formation that Seerley made his great run. The Springfield wedge was moving forward. I had the ball, which I slipped to Seerley, but with my two men for interference I pretended that I still had the ball and allowed the Yale men to tackle me. Seerley found an "outlet" from the wedge, as we said in those days, and ran ninety-five yards for a touchdown. Yale scored more points in the end than we did, yet our men considered a score against Yale as a moral victory. I received much pleasure in outsmarting my old teammates by what was then considered great strategy.

GLENN WARNER
Stanford University

THE play that gave me the most enjoyment has been discussed probably more than any other play in the history of American football. I refer to the time the Carlisle Indians, whom I was then coaching, fooled the Harvard eleven and made a touchdown by a hidden ball trick.

The teams lined up on Soldiers' Field in 1903 near the new stadium which Dartmouth was to dedicate the following Saturday. At the end of the first half the Indians, to the amazement of the experts, led 5 to 0. Jimmie Johnson

had kicked a goal from placement, which in those days counted five instead of three points.

At the beginning of the second half Harvard kicked off to Carlisle's five-yard line, where Johnson caught the ball. Instead of running with it he stood still and waved to his teammates. They raced to him and formed a circle, shutting him off from the view of the advancing crimson-jerseyed Harvard men.

Within the Carlisle circle of Redskins, Johnson slipped the ball under the back of the sweater of Charlie Dillon. The ball bulged out in a hump just below his neck and between his shoulder blades. As the puzzled Harvard players, hesitating and slowing up in their strides, drew near the strange group of Indians, Johnson cried out: "Go!"

At this signal the Indians scattered, and with Dillon in the center going smooth they started running up the field in fan-like formation. The strategy nonplussed the Harvard players. They did not know whom to tackle. Many spectators in the stands, at first surprised by the trick, discovered what the Harvard men couldn't see, a hump on Dillon's back, and broke into cheers and laughter.

Dillon, a guard and a fleet runner for so heavy a man, ran the length of the field for a touchdown. Over the goal line two of his teammates pulled the ball from under his jersey. The Indians kicked a goal, making the score Indians 11, Harvard 0. Yet Harvard won, 12 to 11, scoring two touchdowns by a blocked kick and a flukey run. Carlisle, nevertheless, had Harvard backing up at the end.

Next day a writer in the New York *Sun*, in commenting on the hidden ball trick, wrote: "It is apparently within the rules of the game, but the way in which Johnson put the ball under Dillon's jersey is practically a forward pass." The forward pass was against the rules then. The rules committee forbade further employment of the trick. If it was a forward pass it was the shortest one on record.

The Carlisle Indians made use of many trick plays during the long term of years that I coached them, but I think I am safe in saying that no other play was commented upon so widely as that hide-the-ball stunt on Soldiers' Field on that fall day of 1903.

Dr. J. W. WILCE
Ohio State University

A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD youth, Chic Harley of Ohio State, was the mainspring of the greatest play I ever saw. Here was the situation that afternoon in 1916 at Urbana: Illinois 6, Ohio State 0, with a minute and a half of play before the game would end. Ohio State's ball on the thirteen-yard line, fourth down, three yards to go.

If Ohio State failed to make three yards on the next play it would lose the ball and the game. A field goal was out of the question. Not only would a successful kick leave Ohio on the short end of a 6 to 3 score, but the physical limitations of the situation prevented such a kick being tried. The ball was near the Ohio team's right sideline as the elevens lined up for the play. The team took a fan-passing formation, unbalanced line, guards to the right.

The signal called for an optional play. The runner, Harley, had the choice of throwing a forward pass or running with the ball. He had to decide which course to take after the ball was snapped back to him. The stands were in an uproar. Illinois rooters shouted for their team to hold. Ohio State rooters shouted for a touchdown.

Let us keep our eyes on the scarlet and gray jersey of Harley. Let us see the action centered around him. Harley received the ball from the center. Since he was crowded over to the right sidelines he must run to the left.

He saw his two men designated to receive the ball on a possible forward pass run out. He saw the secondary defense of the Illinois team back up to cover these probable receivers. He saw the end nearest him come charging in, then hesitate, and back away prepared to break up a pass.

Harley, seeing the secondary defense and the end prepare for a pass, decided to run. He confused the enemy a little further by pretending to throw a forward pass. Then he ran for the goal line, thirteen yards away. While he swept around the end, the two men going out to receive the pass, seeing him start, blocked the defensive right end, who had been partly blocked, straight-armed the safety man, and dived across the goal line in the extreme left-hand corner of the field.

He kicked out under an old rule to a spot on the twenty-four-yard line. Then he changed his right mud shoe for a regular shoe with a kicking toe, kicked the goal, and won the game 7 to 6.

FELDING H. YOST
University of Michigan

THE football play that I consider the most unusual occurred in a game between Michigan Agricultural College and the University of Michigan in 1916 at Ann Arbor.

Michigan had the ball on M. A. C.'s twenty-five yard line. The score was 0 to 0. It was the fourth down and eight yards to go. Michigan signalled for a try at goal from placement. Captain Maulbetsch was to boot the ball.

Sparks, quarterback, playing the first big game of his career, was to hold the ball. The center made a poor pass, sending the ball high and wide. Sparks jumped from his kneeling position on the ground and, on his feet, stepped to the side and caught the wild ball.

If Sparks took the time to drop to the ground once more and hold the ball for his captain to kick the ball from a placement, the Michigan Aggie players would certainly block the kick.

Without a second's hesitation Sparks turned, faced the enemy's goal posts and sent a perfect drop kick over the bar. These three points were the only ones made in the game, and Michigan won, 3 to 0.

The play was absolutely unexpected by everyone. Sparks was the most surprised of all. Most of the linesmen on the Michigan team thought that the play had been executed as the signal called for—that Maulbetsch had kicked the ball from placement and that Sparks had held the ball. They did not learn what really happened until the game was over.

That winning kick made by Sparks was a great piece of judgment. It is the best example of quick thinking that I have ever seen in athletics.

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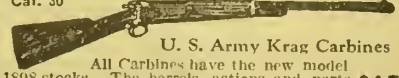

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