NOVEMBER 14, 1924

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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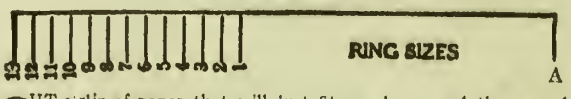

CUT a slip of paper that will just fit snugly around the second joint of the finger on which you wish to wear your ring. Lay this slip with one end at A on the standard ring gauge shown here and the other end will indicate the correct size. (Remember, we can furnish half sizes.) As an added precaution pin the slip to your order.

"And finally, to crown the feast, a great Plum Pudding, bursting with fruits and nuts and savory spices!"

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JELL-O PLUM PUDDING is the delicious modern form of the historic plum pudding of merry old England. It has all the traditional richness, the mellow flavor, the plums and raisins and nuts, of the old-time steamed pudding. But it has none of the bother, for like other Jell-O dishes it is prepared in a jiffy. And it has none of the stomach ache. JELL-O PLUM PUDDING is so light and digestible, it tempts the appetite after a hearty meal, when a more heavy dessert is unwelcome. Have JELL-O PLUM PUDDING for your next holiday dinner. Make it the day before and set it away ready for the festivities. Your family will love it!

RECIPE: *Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a pint of boiling water and while still hot stir in ¾ cup Grape Nuts, ¼ cup seeded raisins, ¾ cup English walnut meats, ¾ cup cooked prunes and ¼ cup citron—all cut fine; also ½ teaspoonful cinnamon and ¼ teaspoonful cloves. Salt to taste. Mix and let harden in a mould.*

Turn out on a large plate and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream or pudding sauce.

The JELL-O COMPANY, Inc. LE ROY, NEW YORK

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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American Education Week

November 17-23

FOR a number of weeks The Ad Shop has been open for business at this stand.

Its principal aim has been to help sell space in The Weekly to advertisers. Copies of The Weekly containing these Ad Shop talks are read by many prospective advertisers.

The purpose of increasing our advertising lineage is clearly understood by members of THE AMERICAN LEGION, who are the owners of The Weekly. By increasing our advertising receipts we can improve the magazine as to size, reading matter and illustrations. The better the magazine, the more influence it can exert for good.

Another object in printing these Ad Shop talks is to let our readers know what arguments we use in selling space to advertisers.

We might state in this connection that selling advertising is not always an easy job, even for a magazine of proven merit. The advertising staff is on the firing line. It must overcome "strong points" and big obstacles. It needs help at all times. But we didn't found The Ad Shop to tell you our troubles. We tell you some of our talking points and in this way, we believe, our readers are better able to give The Weekly a boost as an advertising medium whenever they find an opportunity.

Few of us Legionnaires, of course, are in a position where we can talk directly to a national advertiser. But we can spread the good word through the storekeepers we patronize. We can ask for advertised-in-The-Weekly commodities. Thousands are doing this very thing today—and to their advantage, because the articles they purchase have intrinsic merit as well as The Weekly's recommendation.

And so The Ad Shop has been endeavoring to offer reasons why advertising in The Weekly pays. Reasons supported by documentary proofs which can be had for the asking. We have by no means exhausted our arguments nor the endorsements we have won by building more business for advertisers.

But this, we believe, is a good time for The Ad Shop to take stock.

We want to know how these talks are "getting over" with the average reader of The Weekly.

Do you read The Ad Shop regularly? Or now and then?

And if you are a reader, regular or occasional, do you find it interesting or informative?

Does it help you in any way toward doing your bit for The Weekly?

Has The Ad Shop directly or indirectly supplied you with ammunition in order that you might boost your magazine either to a possible advertiser or a merchant?

Have you any suggestions for this department?

Questions you would like to have answered, or arguments as to advertising settled?

Let The Ad Shop hear from its steady customers and shoppers. We want your opinions, for we have found them valuable in the past.

This is not a "questionnaire" or a request for an old-time coupon barrage. If you have time, jot down your thoughts freely and frankly. The U.S.A., the U.S.N. and the U.S.M.C. have been noted in the past for plain speaking and straight thinking. And although we have not formally opened a "kick department," The Ad Shop is ready and eager to hear what its patrons say in all frankness.

Let's hear from you. A postcard or letter will find The Ad Shop at 331 Madison Avenue, New York City.

(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 is owned exclusively by The American Legion.

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES
627 West 43d Street, New York City

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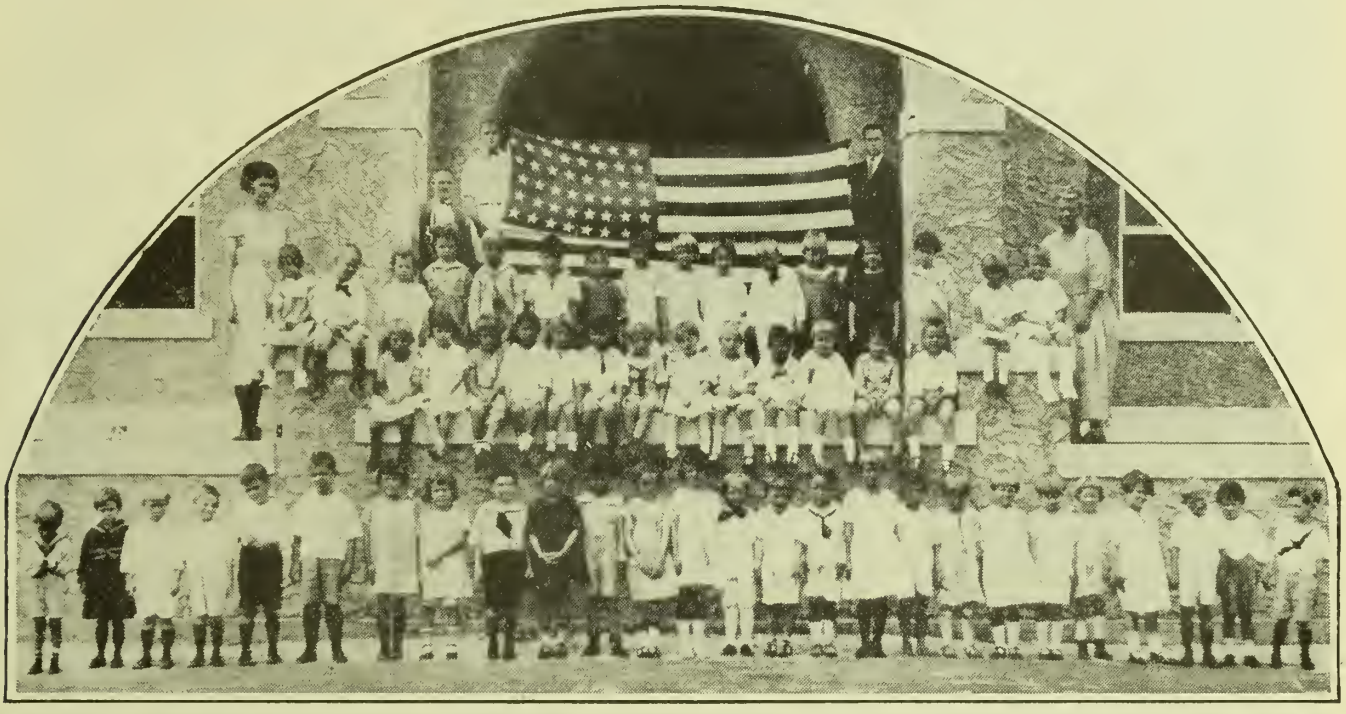

These fifty-five little boys and girls are going happily to kindergarten every day in West Palm Beach, Florida, only because Palm Beach Post of The American Legion and its unit of the Auxiliary raised the funds to keep the kindergarten open. The school authorities were reluctantly preparing to close the kindergarten because the county educational appropriation had been exhausted, when the Legion provided the money that was needed. In other communities throughout the country units of The American Legion Auxiliary have rendered a public service by establishing new kindergartens

Make EVERY Week Education Week

What the Legion Post Can Do for the Local School

By Clyde R. Miller
Director, Division of Publications, Cleveland Public Schools

IF you go out to purchase a medium-priced automobile you will be able to buy an excellent car for $1,100 or $1,200. It will give you good service for several years, and when the time comes that you want a new car you will be able, probably, to trade the old one in for a few hundred dollars.

It is really nothing short of amazing, this low cost of American-made motor cars—an industrial achievement almost without parallel.

But there is yet another achievement, vastly to America's credit, which, in the field of providing big returns for small cash outlay, makes the price of a popular auto seem like a gross overcharge. It is the achievement represented by the public school system of any enlightened American community.

Just consider the public schools of your own county or town or city. If you're in a community of real Americans you'll find that your schools are delivering larger returns on the money invested than any financial, mercantile or industrial corporation in the nation, bigger than Standard Oil or Ford Motor.

The $1,100 or $1,200 which a medium-priced auto costs, when put into such a community's public school system, is sufficient to carry a boy or girl from the kindergarten clear through high school.

You can't beat that for returns on an investment when you consider what these returns from education are. They include, first of all, an equipment for the individual which he must have for his success in and enjoyment of life. Statistics showing the financial value of high-school education have been repeated so often as to be trite.

More than this, public school education is the basis of industrial and commercial prosperity. How many newspapers and magazines would be sold in a nation of illiterate people? What good would it do to advertise commodities and luxuries to such people? The

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Trailing *the* Air Mail

By
Samuel Taylor Moore

Wyoming under a blanket of September snow as photographed by Mr. Moore on his transcontinental flight

IT was on a Saturday that we wrapped our first airplane around that blessed Sarpy County, Nebraska, haystack. Three days passed in which McDuffie was manfully facing a disheartening conviction that he would return to Long Island disgraced. Disgrace in the Air Service is to start for a destination by airplane and return by train. I wanted to finish the trip to the Pacific Coast myself. Another day passed in which I added to a sporadic education by mastering two new army card games as played at Fort Crook, Nebraska. I shall digress only to the extent of mentioning the highly descriptive titles of these pastimes—Barber's Itch and Spit in the Ocean. Class was in session. A hand had been dealt when a military courier entered the room. The game ceased abruptly. We were authorized to get a new plane at Fort Riley, Kansas, and continue on to the Coast, leaving the plane at Fort Riley on our way back.

Through the courtesy of Major Churchill, Corps Air Service Officer at Omaha, McDuffie flew to Fort Riley the following day and returned that afternoon with our new airplane. I say our new airplane. It was new to us in the same way that the Pyramids at Egypt are new to the tourist who gazes upon them for the first time. I am not an authority on airplanes. But this Fort Riley ship didn't look good to me, and when I tried to arouse McDuffie to enthusiastic comment he maintained a baffling silence, merely pointing out that it had brought him safely from Fort Riley to Omaha. And it was a fact that it was the only extra airplane available there. It is not mere propaganda, the oft-uttered statement that the Army is short of airplanes.

The only hopeful omen I could find about the plane was its name, Falcon. The falcon, I recalled, was a bird that retrieved its prey. After the Falcon delivered us at San Francisco I didn't care how soon it returned to its owners at Fort Riley.

We planned for an early start Thursday morning. Before we left the blocks the water jacket of the motor sprung a leak. An Air Mail mechanic welded the jacket and off we started. I was frankly a trifle nervous. I can't speak for McDuffie, but he circled the field several times before he headed west, and we were never less than 2,500 feet from the ground. We were through with hedge-hopping. The wind upstairs was choppy and full of holes. We would glide on an air current like a long ocean swell and then drop abruptly into the trough. One susceptible to sea-sickness would have been troubled. About noon we dropped down on the Air Mail field at the junction of the two upper branches of the Platte. We went in town to eat and I bought a magazine. The farming country had proved deadly monotonous from a scenic viewpoint. My confidence in airplanes was fully re-established. Accidents happen on the best regulated railroads.

Thus when we left North Platte for Cheyenne I started reading, with only an occasional glance at the landscape below. But you can't treat an airplane with contempt like that. Suddenly that steady hum of the motor was interrupted with a clank, clank, clank at regular intervals, not unlike a husky plumber hammering on an iron pipe. McDuffie was peering first over one side of the cockpit and then the other looking for a place to get down in a hurry. He picked an upland prairie and we made a perfect landing.

Perfect but profane. Gophers took to their holes in terror and jack-rabbits bounded away over the horizon as we declaimed eloquently on the ill fate attending our trip. Investigation disclosed a broken rocker arm on the motor and two more leaks in the water jacket. We were a hundred miles from either North Platte or Cheyenne.

Late in the afternoon we talked by telephone with the Air Mail field manager at North Platte. He promised to dispatch a mechanic and the needed motor part by airplane at daybreak. We spent the night in Chappel, Nebraska, two miles away. Later we learned that the Air Mail maintained an emergency field a mile east of Chappel, but that didn't do us any good.

We were up at daybreak, and after being threatened with death beneath the trampling hoofs of an angry mob of cattle we reached our plane. During the night the wind had shifted 180 degrees from south to north and McDuffie feared that we would find our plane in pieces over the prairie. But it was intact. We had not been at the ship five minutes before the rescue plane dropped from the skies and taxied alongside. Pilot and mechanic repaired the disabled motor except for the leaks, and after refilling the radiator we started the motor running.

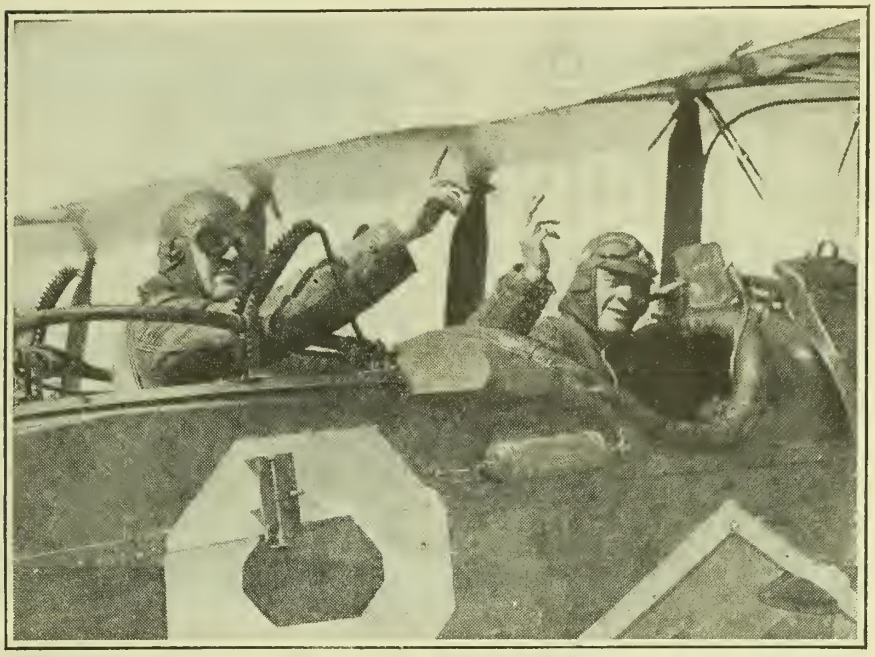
Nemesis was not yet through with us. Sullen rainclouds came sweeping down from the north and west, blotting out the sun. Before we took off we were in the midst of a downpour. Eight hundred feet off the ground we were lost in fog and rain. We could barely follow the highway along Lodgepole Creek. For minutes at a time clouds would shut out our vision of the ground. Every drop of rain stung the face like a needle-point. We were drenched to the skin.

THE going was too tough to try and make Cheyenne in that storm. An emergency field at Sidney, Nebraska, appeared below and we dropped down on it. But we were lucky again, in a way. In the excitement of getting away in the rain I had left my safety belt on the fuselage of the plane. The backwash from the propellor had swept it back to become entangled in the wires leading to the elevators in the tail. Fortunately the belt did not foul the controls or we might have had more trouble.

Loaded down like two pack mules, we rode into Sidney to bathe and rest. We were dozing when the telephone rang. The Air Mail plane that had come to our rescue was flying back over Sidney. The pilot had noticed our plane down and offered to help us get started toward Cheyenne. He reported that it had stopped raining. It was true that the rain had ceased. But the sky remained overcast and it grew bitter cold. The coldness was accentuated by the fact that our flying clothes were still clammy and water-soaked.

But we decided to press on. For more than an hour I sat with teeth chattering as we flew up over the gradual slope leading to the Cheyenne plateau. We landed at Cheyenne an hour later on the tail of the first snow-

THIS is the second and concluding instalment of the story of Mr. Moore's air journey from New York to San Francisco and return, made over the Air Mail route in an army plane under the auspices of The American Legion Weekly



Mr. Moore and his pilot, Lt. J. K. McDuffie, snapped as they were about to leave Crissy Field, San Francisco, for the return trip to New York

storm of the winter. It had been snowing there since 6:30 o'clock that morning, and while much of it had melted the ground was white in spots. To the west the blue peaks of the Laramie Range rose white-hooded, formidable, threatening. On the ground we were 6,200 feet above sea level—the mountain peaks towered six and eight thousand feet higher. We turned the plane over to the Air Mail staff to patch the water jacket while we huddled over a roaring wood stove. What kind of weather is that on September 26th for an easterner? We decided to remain in Cheyenne overnight.

I AM frank to say that that night in Cheyenne marked the lowest pitch in my enthusiasm for the flight we had undertaken. The mail pilots told of the terrific winds that sweep that top of the world, of the inhospitable mountain peaks and lonely stretches miles from the nearest telephone if motor trouble develops. They were not trying to terrify a landlubber. No, it was normal conversation prompted perhaps by leading questions put by myself. Yes, I was unhappy, even miserable. If only I could receive a telegram calling me East on urgent business! Of course I couldn't desert McDuffie, but he could fly back to Fort Riley. Those mountain peaks were certainly uninviting. I may have called myself names. We had decided to go west with the mail pilot who was scheduled to leave Cheyenne at 5:30 o'clock in the morning. Before I retired I wrote several friends what I confidently expected would be posthumous letters by the time they were delivered. I slept fitfully.

After a hurried breakfast we were on our way to the Air Mail field at five o'clock, passing enthusiastic duck-hunters on foot, bundled in woolens and mittens. The storm we encountered the day before had delayed the west mail several hours. The east mail was forced down at Rawlins by snow and fog, our driver told us. We thawed out over the office stove for the next two hours. Weather reports were bad. Shortly before eight o'clock the eastbound pilot managed to come through.

I had wandered on to the field to atch the mechanics warm the motor of the mail airplane to fly the next relay into Omaha. The motor backfired in the cold. A merry, bright flame sprang up, but was extinguished with hand pumps without damage to the plane. The incident, however, was not reassuring.

At eight o'clock we decided to take off. We were to follow a ferry pilot into Rock Springs. I didn't like the beat of our motor. It sounded irregular, but I said nothing because I was afraid that my nerves were getting the best of me. It required the length

(*Continued on page* 22)

Beautiful cloud effects abound in the Rockies—beautiful, that is, unless you have to fly in the vicinity

Picking *a* Winner *to* Head *the* Post

IF our post had not had the experience, I wouldn't believe that the question of who the commander is —and what he is—could be of so much importance. But we have had it. And I want to say, right at the outset, that the reason I am writing is to help other posts avoid the unpleasant side of our experiences. It is too intimate a story to tell just for the fun of telling it—and at times, I admit, it shows us up in a pretty poor light.

Any post can profit, three of us in our post have agreed, if it will simply heed the story of what has happened to us in the years since we were organized. Because I have been in the post ever since it was organized, and because I have been in the thick of its activities most of the time, the other fellows thought I ought to tell the story.

So I am setting it down here, in the hope that at least a few posts around the country will pay some attention to the lessons we have learned. It has cost us a lot to learn them—cost us in money, in membership, in the respect of our fellow citizens, and in our standing as a post of our department. If we had not earned ourselves a reputation as an up-and-down post, up one year and down the next, we should have a good deal more influence in our state Legion affairs, for instance.

I am going to tell our story without any adornment. I am simply going to alter the facts enough, in unimportant details, so that the facts will not be traced back to our post. There is no use rubbing salt in old wounds!

Shortly after the Legion became an organization our post was organized. Without getting too specific, I can say that our post number is below 25 in a State which has the numbers running well up into the hundreds. That gave us a flying start, as far as time goes. We were going before all the boys were back home from the Army of Occupation; we were all ready to meet a returning veteran the day after he came back to town, and to welcome him into the post as a matter of course.

But to get back to my story, the first commander was the man who organized the post. He is a lawyer in our town. We have a good many lawyers, for ours is the county seat. But this fellow, whom we may call George Magee, could hardly be termed one of the leading legal lights of the community.

When I was a kid in short pants George was doing his very best to run his fellow students in the high school. He was one of those people who are convinced that they have a heaven-sent gift for managing other people's affairs. He argued himself into editing the high school monthly in his third year —and ended up with a deficit. He did his best to become manager of the football team, but the faculty had some say about this job and George didn't get it.

By the time I went to the state university as a freshman, Magee was in the law school, finishing up. He had become quite a character at the university, though he was a long way from being a popular idol with most of the student body. In the first place, because the organizations there had not taken proper notice of him, George had set about busily organizing a little opposition to the established order of things. By the end of his second year he had an association — of which he was president—made up of all the discontented factions in school. It was a fine political organization, but an extremely unwholesome influence in the college life.

GEORGE always had political aspirations from the time he was admitted to the bar. He was not particularly well thought of, and his army career had been nothing startling for its brilliance. So when he organized the Legion post the outfit did not draw into its ranks the town's most desirable group of ex-service men. Most of those who stood for better government, better schools, a better opportunity for the young folks—they were just a little afraid to get into something George Magee was running. For, make no mistake about this, when George ran something, he ran it.

The new post struggled along with neither a large nor a distinguished membership. After it had been going a few months a few things began to happen which bothered me a good deal. And I found that several of the fellows did not feel that all was right. First, the political outfit with which Magee was affiliated got hold of our membership list for circularizing. I knew it, because my street address had always been wrong on the post rolls; for some reason they addressed me at 518 Center Street, instead of at 512, which was my house. It had never seemed worth changing, for the postman knew where to deliver the mail. So when I began getting political circulars addressed to 518 it was very plain what had happened.

Then, out of a clear sky, the candidacy of George Magee was announced for county judge. Judge Filson had held that office for probably twenty years; at the time he took the office he had the finest practice in the State. Even in those days it was said that he earned $25,000 a year in fees. But the time came when the judge had enough money to live on comfortably. So he accepted the nomination, was endorsed by the bar association as a man who should be elected without opposition, and held that office on its—to him—small annual salary. He was generally regarded throughout the State as the best county judge on the bench; he almost never had a decision reversed by a higher court; and if he did, his original decision was usually upheld by the time a still higher court ruled on it. He was the finest type of public servant.

This was the man George Magee sought to displace. And George came right out, on his campaign posters, with the fact that he was commander of the American Legion post. Of course it was contrary to everything the Legion stands for, this flaunting his Legion office as a means of getting elected to a public office. But Magee insisted it was all right, and he seemed to get away with it.

Of course he didn't get elected county judge at the election. Judge Filson, without even turning his hand to get a vote, won by a large majority. But Magee's activities soured a lot of people who had come to think of Magee when they thought of the Legion.

Finally a few of us went around among some of the service men who had not belonged so far, and pointed out their duty. We told them that, as they could see, the Legion was recognized all over the country now to be the representative veterans' outfit. And unless they wanted all veterans to be regarded unfavorably in our town they had better join and help us clean up the post. We got a much more responsible element in the majority in this way and got rid of the Magee

domination for all time. It was a great surprise and disappointment to George; he had believed, I know, that since he had discovered the Legion as a political adjunct in our community he could have it to use for his personal advancement as long as he wanted it.

The new commander we elected was Jim Long. Jim had a real estate business which was going along pretty well, considering that he had started it since the war. He is an able individual; he was a top sergeant during the war, and some of the boys who were in his outfit say he was that unusual combination, a top kick who was very popular with his men and at the same time highly thought of by his captain. He could get men to do what they should and like it.

As commander, Jim Long really got the post going. He organized a membership campaign which doubled our membership inside three months, and he put the post to work at some jobs around town which needed to be done. For the first time we saw what I have referred to—the way a good man can build up a post into a healthy and useful institution.

The only fault with Long was disclosed along toward the end of his year. As a member of the executive committee I had been out soliciting cooperation from the local business people on a celebration we were planning. When I called on one of Long's competitors, a real estate man who had been in business for fifteen years, he said: "I understand your post commander is going to get a county job as soon as his term expires."

"I don't believe there's anything in it," I assured him. And I meant it.

BUT I was wrong. Before another week was up everybody in town knew that Jim Long was going to be county assessor as soon as he had served his term as commander. And people began to talk a good deal about how strange a coincidence it was that there always seemed to be some sort of political activity going on among the officers of The American Legion, while the Legion protested so loudly that it was not in politics. Some unkindly remarked that we protested too much to mean it.

There was one answer to that if we could accomplish it. We sent around an official delegation to see Albert T. Hopkins; he is Colonel Hopkins since the war. Colonel Hopkins is the biggest man in our town—not financially, perhaps, for the president of the First National and the president of the gas and electric company both are credited with larger fortunes. But Colonel Hopkins is a rich man from the businesses he has built up. He owns a couple of manufacturing plants—the biggest in town—which he built up from little or nothing. He ran a machine in one of them thirty years ago when there were only two or three machines in the factory.

Albert T. Hopkins applied for a commission in the Engineers when we entered the war, was commissioned major, and went overseas with his outfit. He saw service at the front, but most of the time he was running some A. E. F. machine shops which had the reputation of being the most efficiently managed establishment in France. He came back with a trunkful of decorations for his services.

Before the war, and since his return, Colonel Hopkins has been about the best citizen of our community. He has always been in any movement to improve our town as a place to live, and he has been called into a good many activities, both state and nation-wide. He not only contributes his money freely, but also he swings into the job and sees that it gets done.

Prominent people have tried to get him to run for various offices—once for mayor and once for governor. He wouldn't run. "I can accomplish more on the outside than I can on the inside, taking orders from other people," was the simple explanation he gave.

The name of Albert T. Hopkins had been on the post's roll since the latter part of the Magee régime. He had come to a few post meetings when there was anything to be done and he was in town. And he had contributed good ideas now and then in post meetings. But he was too busy, we realized, to serve on committees for small affairs. So we didn't even ask him to do any of the post's incidental work.

Three of us composed the unofficial delegation which called on the colonel.

A POST wheelhorse tells this story of five years of up-today-and-down-tomorrow leadership which led his post to get the best man for post commander by drafting him

We asked him to accept the job of commander and to run the post for one year. And when he had been shown that the post needed some one absolutely free from the suggestion of political ambition, in order to get us out of politics, he agreed.

When the post election came, and it was announced that Colonel Hopkins would serve if the post elected him commander, there was no other candidate presented. He was elected unanimously.

Colonel Hopkins certainly knows the value of publicity—he has always been a heavy advertiser in his own businesses. He and Simms, his vice-commander, a newspaper man, got out any amount of publicity about the post right from the start.

AND when it came to handling business he was a revelation. At the first meeting of his executive committee the new commander brought along a sheaf of penciled notes. "The first job ahead of us is to build up this post," he declared. "We haven't nearly enough members. We have to get them before we really represent the service men of this community. I purpose to get every man into the post who is eligible, and who is part of this community—whether he lives in town or out in the country.

"So I appoint the following committees to meet with me to-morrow evening at my house, eight o'clock sharp, to work out a plan for getting 100 percent of the eligible men into the Legion." He named three executive committeemen. "I suggest that you men get together to-night after we adjourn and start your plans.

"There are at least half a dozen jobs which this community needs done and which The American Legion should do. It will help the post and it will help the town. I appoint the following men on the committee; can you all have luncheon with me at the Town Club to-morrow noon to go into this?" He named three other men. "I'd like to talk with you a few minutes after this meeting is over.

"Now, for the standing committees of the post: Let's get after these appointments and get the best possible men for them." And we settled down to that job.

The colonel worked it that way all the way through. Executive committee meetings, during his tenure, averaged forty-five minutes—and accomplished an average of ten times as much as any previous meetings had. When he presided at post meetings they came to order at eight o'clock whether or not the membership was there. One night, when there was a question of some im-

(*Continued on page 21*)

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 Time Is Short

THE World War Veterans' Act of 1924, better known as the Reed-Johnson Law, which was passed last spring, conferred special benefits on sufferers from tuberculosis, mental diseases, paralysis agitans or shaking palsy, encephalitis lethargica or sleeping sickness and amoebic dysentery. It extended the presumption of automatic service connection in such cases from three years after discharge to January 1, 1925, thus making eligible for hospitalization and compensation 50,000 veterans who hitherto had been denied these benefits. Under the old law, unless a veteran could show by medical examination that he had one of these ailments within three years after his discharge, it was not to be presumed that the ailment was due to his military service. This made the man ineligible to hospitalization or compensation. But now all the veteran has to do to get hospitalization and compensation is to show that he had one of the diseases prior to January 1st next. If he does that it is taken for granted that the disease was caused by his service.

Veterans who believe they are suffering from any of the afflictions named above should file their claim without delay. Any office of the Veterans Bureau will furnish blanks on application by mail or otherwise. Veterans who have already filed claims and have been turned down because of the restrictions of the old law should file new claims. Widows, orphans or dependent parents of veterans who have died or who may die prior to January 1,1925, of any of the diseases named are entitled to receive death compensation and should apply for it.

Congress can only enact laws conferring benefits upon the disabled. It is the job of the Veterans Bureau to administer these laws, to discover the beneficiaries and to extend the benefits to them. This means combing a population of 110,000,000. In this combing the Veterans Bureau naturally looks to the Legion for help.

It is right that it should. Legion posts are everywhere. They can reach out, find the needy veterans and bring them in contact with the agencies of relief. The Legion does this continually. It has helped hundreds of thousands of helpless veterans who would have received help in no other way.

Here is another chance to serve. Lives are at stake. The chance must be seized quickly. Posts can spread this information particularly through their local newspapers. The disabled situation is clearing up, thanks largely to the labors of posts in the past. Emergency calls like this one should be fewer in the future.

Idealism Begins at Home

MORE than a year ago Schenectady (New York) Post of The American Legion proved its public spirit by conducting a city planning survey. It presented to the citizens of Schenectady a report of this survey showing the necessity of widening streets and cutting through new crosstown streets between radial thoroughfares to end traffic congestion and poor street-car service. It called attention to the problem of proper street-paving materials. It urged that provisions be made for establishing a civic center and parks and playgrounds before land costs should become prohibitive and unsuitable buildings should be erected on sites then available. It advocated a complete replanning of the city's sewer system. It made other recommendations, all practical and all calculated to appeal to the forward-looking citizens of Schenectady. Moreover, the post proved that it was a both-feet-on-the-ground outfit and not merely a hot-air propagandist for desirable but unrealizable Utopian schemes by explaining that its plan could only be carried out gradually as the condition of the city's finances improved.

That's the kind of a Legion post Schenectady has. Naturally as a result of its city-planning work and other similar activities it was mighty well thought of by the people of its city when it undertook a new activity this year by establishing a committee on American ideals. This committee set out to impress upon school children the virtues of the Constitution, to promote a higher appreciation of the rights and duties of citizenship, and particularly to inculcate in the rising generation the spirit of law observance.

Rather an impressive list of purposes, that. But when the Legionnaires began most laudably to appear before the school children, they sensed that their appeals did not seem to have all the force that they wished to put into them. It seemed that the boys and girls were somewhat skeptical of many of the things the Legionnaires told them. Of course it is always hard to make an impression by mere sermonizing or by telling the other fellow what he ought to do, and the committee members suddenly realized the truth of the aphorism that example is better than precept.

This realization led to a rather surprising development. Schenectady Post, drifting innocently into a regular meeting a few weeks ago, got a knockout in the form of a report submitted by the post committee on American ideals. It was a sizzling confession of error—it spared nothing in its frankness. The committee chairman read this indictment:

> We go before the school children and the public and tell them that the Legion stands for law and order, 100 percent Americanism, etc. It is one of the cornerstones of our Constitution.
>
> Yet during the past year, this post has repeatedly violated the law in regard to raffling and gambling. This post engaged in a so-called traveling circus last spring. Various illegal raffles were run; complaints were made and the police were called in. Later, this post ran a so-called merchandising scheme in which several kinds of illegal punchboards were used. Then came "Slippery Gulch," where this post violated the state laws in regard to raffling and gambling. The state military law was also violated by gambling in the state armory. Various illegal punchboards and raffles were used.
>
> The automobile which was illegally raffled off was ordered from the streets of Schenectady by the police authorities.
>
> Even the United States Constitution, as amended, was violated by selling intoxicating liquors under the guise of "Kicking Mule Lodge."
>
> A few weeks ago this post held a so-called field day at Brandywine Park, where the majority of concessions were pure games of chance and illegal according to state decisions.

Only one guess will tell anyone what would happen if a comment like this were made by a clergyman, a newspaper or even a public official. A post so indicted by an outside authority would undoubtedly get hopping mad, and it probably would say a lot of sharp things in reply. But it is not recorded that Schenectady Post took its own medicine that way.

Instead it must be recorded that the chairman of the American ideals committee has just been elected post commander, over two other candidates, by a large majority.

Our country is in a period of great national transition—from the lawn-mower to the snow-shovel.

Statisticians claim that thirty dollars is stolen with every tick of the clock. As a crime prevention measure why not stop the clock?

To *the* Top *of the* World *via the* Argonne

With but one arm and one leg—the two remaining sound limbs of the four Nature gave him—Harold Munck is running his ranch in California as well as any average able-bodied man could do it. These photographs show him at his daily work with spade, pick and pruning hook, out to pay for his farm and make it yield him profits

EVEN a forest fire took a crack at him. Harold Munck had been on his newly-purchased ranch only two months, as a Veterans Bureau project trainee, when a trio of men attempted to burn out a swarm of bees to get the honey out of a bee tree. They miscalculated a bit; the forest was too dry, and the wind too high. So, first thing anyone knew, a fire was let loose which burned over fifty square miles.

Munck has a record behind him as a fighter, from the days when a shell caught him out between the lines and took off a hand, as well as inflicting wounds which made it necessary to amputate his leg. He didn't give up then, and he didn't give up when the forest fire swept toward his ranch. He knew he could not keep it off his place; but he decided to see if he could save all his farm buildings.

He did. He and ten other men soaked all of his buildings with water. Then they stationed men in different places around the buildings, each with a wet gunny-sack and a pail of water. When a spark dropped near or on a building, Munck and his men promptly beat out the fire. As a result, he had one of the very few ranches in the burned-over area which did not lose at least some of its buildings.

As it was, he lost six miles of fence, a good-sized share of the valuable redwood and madrone timber on 200 of his 248 acres. And, starting out as he was, without much money, he had passed up fire insurance as something he would have to do without. So, even as it was, Trainee Munck was pretty hard hit.

In 1912 Munck came to this country from Denmark, where his parents worked a farm. He went into farming in this country as a hired farmhand. And when he was not working at this he was a mule packer.

"I always loved agricultural work," he explains. "And for that reason I selected that as my training objective when I entered Veterans Bureau training in September of 1920. Since I had this previous farm experience, and since I have never been afraid of hard work, I went into it. And now, since I have got started for myself, I would not trade positions with anyone."

This is the sincere expression of a man who lost his left hand and his left foot in the Argonne Forest, who was in hospitals for thirteen months, and was finally discharged at Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, on October 28, 1924. "In perfect health," Munck explains, "but wearing two artificial limbs!"

How well he gets along in his work on the farm is shown by the snapshots reproduced on this page. Not only can he do this work, as the pictures show him, but also he can do such diversified things as milking, picking fruit, blasting stumps, butchering stock, and driving either an automobile or a four-horse team on the mountain roads.

The ranch was pretty well run-down when Munck bought it; that, of course, is one reason why it came within his means, after the Army and the hospitals and the training schools. He set to work on it, got it in somewhat better shape, and then had his big forest fire. After that was over he settled down in earnest—and today his place is worth a good deal more than he paid for it, by reason of the improvments which he has put into the place. What is more, by working early and late, Munck has been getting off the place not only a living but also the annual payments on the purchase price.

Munck is married. His wife helps him at the work around the farm. "But she doesn't have to help me much more than if I had not been wounded," he declares. "Of course we both work; we work hard. For we have the satisfaction of working for ourselves, and know that every lick of work we put in is helping us onward to success."

A Veterans Bureau report on Munck says in part:

"Trainee and his wife are excellent workers. . . . The two do practically all the work themselves, with the part-time help of a hired man.

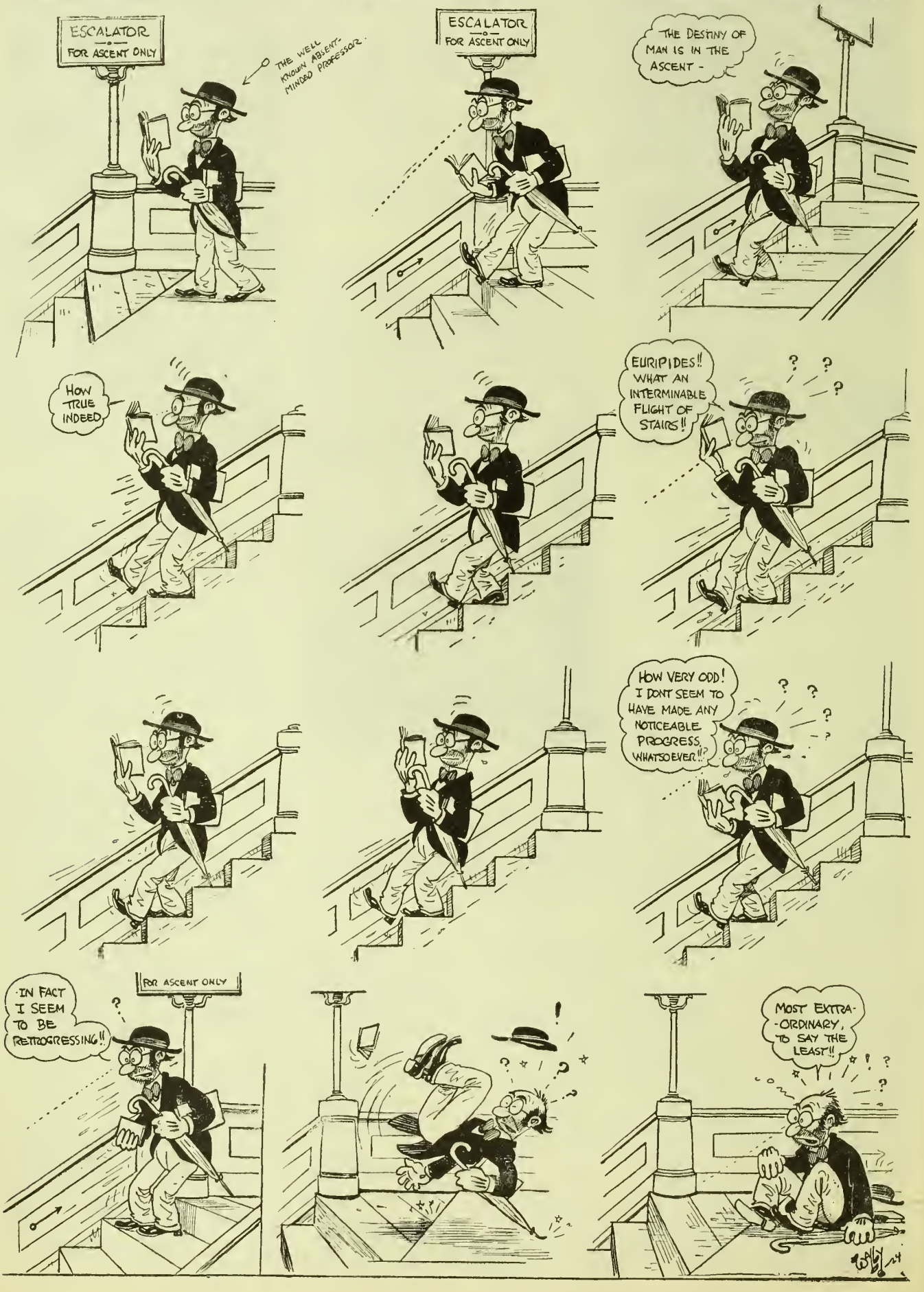
"Our records show that this trainee is making excellent progress in training, and is so earnest and ingenious that his training officer reports he is able to perform practically all of the farm operations as well as the average able-bodied man. His record shows that he is able to milk, sow grain, cultivate and care for his orchard, vineyard and stock.

"He is to be rehabilitated June 30, 1926, and every indication is that he will be very successful as a farmer, in spite of his serious disability. His is an example of what can be done with a will to get ahead in spite of a handicap which would down the ordinary man."

Munck is a member of Napa Post of The American Legion.

Refuting Darwin, or No Descent

By Wallgren



A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things *That* Count

"DAT ain't much use to me, case I got no edercation," said an old darkey, astride his mule, as he puzzled over a signpost at a crossroads.

In this emergency he would have been a strong supporter of American Education Week, November 17th-23d. Even those of us who can read and write without pain meet occasions when we wish we had more schooling. We exclaim one day, "I wish I knew more about this!" but the next our interest in the public school passes, as probably that of the old darkey did after someone had told him which was the right road.

Of all the "weeks," the "days" and the "drives" on which we concentrate our attention for some public cause, Education Week is the most all-round in its importance. That is, if the education is the right kind. If it is the wrong kind, you have the "little learning"—sometimes it may be the great learning—which is "a dangerous thing."

Proper education includes sound patriotism, religious faith and tolerance, sound bodies, intelligent citizenship, good morals, square dealing and the desire for progress. It means that these qualities are trained into young Americans at school. All we have to do is to keep them alive and doing. We do not have to create them out of the indifference and illiteracy of the set minds of grown-ups.

So Education Week would educate the grown-ups in the importance of education for the next generation. The grown-up who meets the occasion which leads him to exclaim, "I wish that I knew more about this!" and then forgets the reminder is asked to concentrate for the week on the thought:

"My children will have a chance to know it if I did not. They'll not be ashamed of ignorance of which I was ashamed."

That is the big idea of this country, the idea behind all progress, the idea of the little red schoolhouse of song and story. The little red schoolhouse advanced with our pioneers into the wilderness. The boys and girls of sparse settlements, although they had to walk miles, did have a school to go to. Today many parts of this richest country in the world have not adequate school facilities, and those which have do not always compel children of school age to go to school and are indifferent about child labor laws and other measures for which the Legion stands.

THE call of Education Week is against the narcotic of indifference and the poison of ignorance. Our illiterates are not all foreign born—who are to the shame of the countries from which they came. We have many native born. These are our own shame—the shame of the richest country in the world.

Let it be said again and again that the basis of democracy is education. Again and again, the better people know how to govern the better their government. They cannot know how to govern if they do not know whether the Constitution of the United States is a document or an hotel and they have not been taught to read their newspapers and to do their own thinking about what they have read.

The strong, progressive, prosperous nations of today are those with the best school systems. Japan, the most progressive of the Oriental nations, is their leader in popular education. If Turkey wants to be a progressive nation she must make educated citizens. The modern contest for place among nations, communities and individuals is a contest in trained intelligence. The rapidity with which we made an army in 1917–'18 was due to our high average of trained intelligence. It enabled us as a people to learn a new game quickly and to organize our strength quickly.

Germany owed much of her ability to hold out so stoutly and so long against the world to her school system. Where less than one German out of a hundred was illiterate, sixty out of every hundred Russians were. Russia had twice as many fighting men as Germany. Her armies melted for the lack of trained intelligence and cohesion. It was the boast of the Germans that one German was equal to five Russians in the field. But one German had all he could do against one Briton, Frenchman or American.

Now the Russians, instead of educating their people at home, are trying to make the rest of the world Bolshevist. When they have real popular education they will stop such foolishness; for the best cure for Bolshevism is proper education.

The fault with the German system of education was that it taught the Germans to be the pawns of an imperial system instead of to think for themselves. We have no worries on that account. Our system was established on the principle of thinking for ourselves. No superior is born over us. We choose our superiors.

OF late, we have heard short-sighted talk that it was waste to give a factory hand a good education when all he needs is trained fingers to look after a loom. This system would make us a nation of trained automatons and poor citizens. Our democracy would perish. Education is not just to teach a boy or girl how to earn a living but how to live and to be a good citizen.

But education is not all in books. School is only a place of basic instruction where you get a start on your education which must go on all your life. Anybody who thinks he can learn nothing more is dying from the shoulders up although he is only twenty. I have seen the time when a man who knew how to make a sailor's knot had a most useful item of education. A college graduate may be ignorant even in book learning compared to a man who made right use of his start in a common school.

Education is in knowing how to use your mind and having its pigeon-holes as well stored with knowledge as possible and in knowing how to keep your body sound to support your mind. School is the ladder to enable industry and talent to climb, and America would not be America without equal opportunity, which can not continue to exist in the increasing demands of the age of radio and aviation without a better and better public school system. Education is the cure for most evils, and for foolish wars.

Ex-service men have an item of education which they could not get at school. Their experience is something to use to improve the next generation. Education Week is a good time for every father and mother to look over their children's school books and find out if they are getting the right kind of training. It is also a time to bear in mind that the school teacher on whom so much depends is miserably paid and that it might be a good idea to have a Department of Education and Child Welfare in the Cabinet.

The people who forget what we owe to our disabled soldiers are the same kind that forget what we owe to our teachers. If you want touching proof of the value of education it is in our disabled, who have learned how to make the left arm take the place of the right and heroically made good in new occupations.

Practical Mrs. Oliphant

The New Auxiliary Leader and Her Program

By Frederick C. Painton

Mrs. O. D. Oliphant of Trenton, New Jersey, the new National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, served her department as president for two terms. There were 19 New Jersey units when she took office; when her term expired there were 134

EVERYBODY says that Mrs. O. D. Oliphant of Trenton, New Jersey, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, is practical.

Mrs. Oliphant is a newspaper woman, a working reporter. A year or so ago she happened on a pitiable case of poverty. A World War veteran was dying of tuberculosis, aggravated by starvation, in a room the size of a chicken coop in the poorer section of Trenton. The man's wife was dead. He had three children, and the rags that clothed them would not, when put together, have made a good mop.

Ignorance plus weakness had kept the sufferer from filing a claim with the Veterans Bureau. Mrs. Oliphant got busy. As a feature writer on the Trenton *Times* she knew a lot of people who, when they spoke, were listened to. As administrator of the Trenton *Times* Christmas Fund, Ice Fund and Coal Fund, she knew what practical charity was.

Within a week the three children, now properly clothed and probably with appetites satiated for the first time since they were weened, had been placed in homes where tender care was assured. The disabled veteran's case had been pressed. The result was that he obtained back compensation of $2,800 and was given hospitalization in a government hospital at New Haven, Connecticut.

When this buddy learned that Mrs. Oliphant had been elected National President of the Auxiliary at Saint Paul he got a four-day leave of absence and in spite of his weakness negotiated the trip to Trenton. He congratulated her. He literally wept for joy. Furthermore, he offered part of his $2,800 compensation as a gift to the Auxiliary in the belief that he was paying some part of his obligation to Mrs. Oliphant.

"No, John," said Mrs. Oliphant. "We know the desperate state of your health. You've got your children to think of. You must not touch one penny of that $2,800 and you should try to save half of what compensation you now receive as a fund for their care. But you can do one thing, John. The American Legion was responsible for the laws which resulted in getting your compensation. The Legion is always looking out for you. The Auxiliary is but a supplement to the Legion. They lead and we push. So if you want to do me a favor, join the Legion."

Now it is not of record that these are the precise words which Mrs. Oliphant uttered. But it is of record that John went forth and joined the nearest American Legion post.

When Mrs. Oliphant was president of the New Jersey Department of the Auxiliary they thought so much of her that she was re-elected. The number of units in the department increased from 19 to 134 during her administration. She refused a third term with the declaration that the New Jersey Department wasn't a one-woman department.

"We plan on a practical administration," she said recently in discussing her program for the administration of the National Auxiliary organization. "The word practical is the keyword. The one policy will be to supplement the American Legion. The Legion created us, and we are here to support to the fullest measure any undertaking it begins.

"In child welfare we shall work shoulder to shoulder with the Legion. Already we have been given a member on the Legion's Child Welfare Committee and we shall lend every aid to the success of the program. In Americanism the Legion and the Auxiliary travel the same path. We deplore radicalism, communism and pacifism—one of the few women's organizations, I may add, that does stand against pacifism. The Legion supports the Boy Scouts; we endorse the Girl Scouts. The Legion works for the naturalization of all male aliens; we walk the same path with regard to women immigrants. We endorse, with the Legion, National Defense Test Day.

"We are making a special effort this year to draw into our ranks the foreign-born women eligible to membership. Also, to encourage Americanism we are offering a medal of honor to the eighth-grade school girl in the United States in public, private and parochial school who by act and character best exemplifies the traits of courage, scholarship, leadership and Americanism.

"One of our most practical measures will be to increase our membership. Double our present membership by next convention is the motto of the Auxiliary. The Legion has 4,500,000 eligibles; the Auxiliary has a potential membership of 12,000,000. Of that we now have 205,000 paid-up members. We are going after the others.

"We intend, when practical means are found, to help the Legion in in-

creasing its membership. National Commander Drain and I have talked this matter over and we are heartily in accord. There will be this year co-operation with the Legion in every respect, but especially with regard to increasing membership.

"Our rehabilitation program, like that of the Legion, will lead our list of policies. In this respect we supplement the Legion work by ministering to the disabled men in the hospitals. Every disabled man, whether he was in private or Government hospitals, has received aid from the Auxiliary. We have raised hundreds of thousands of dollars for him and shall continue to.

"The Legion has turned over to us the poppy day campaign. This year we shall buy all poppies—or at least all that are produced—that are made by the disabled men in hospitals. More than $4,500 was earned by wounded veterans in Kansas hospitals last year by this method and we hope to make it possible for them to earn even more.

"Another big undertaking this year is our foreign relations. Mrs. Lowell F. Hobart, Past National President of the Auxiliary, has been elected organizing president of the Women's Branch of the FIDAC (Fédération Interalliée des Anciens Combattants). The Auxiliary will give her every aid in carrying out her task. Already the British Legion has written to us asking for complete plans of organization and methods, so that they may create in England an auxiliary to the British Legion similar to ours.

"In child welfare the Legion has interested our hearts as well as our minds. Last year we gave $750 a month to the Otter Lake billet in Michigan out of our Child Welfare fund, which was raised by our poppy campaign. Moreover, $7,000 was raised among our membership by voluntary subscriptions. The money gained by our poppy drive in 1925 will go to child welfare and rehabilitation only, and in close co-operation with the Legion's policies along this line.

"One new idea we are developing in Americanism is the establishment of traveling county libraries. One of the best ways to develop a better Americanism is to give the rural children the best possible literature to read. The traveling library will do this.

"In the end, however, all our policies are based on American Legion activities. As I said, we supplement the Legion, and all Auxiliary women stand ever ready to co-operate with the Legion in any undertaking. We're for the Legion, first, last and all the time."

Beware of Solicitors

THE American Legion Weekly at this time employs no professional subscription solicitors. Subscriptions at the rate of $2 a year may be placed by mail with The Legion Subscription Service, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City, or through any post of The American Legion. Legionnaires are warned that fraudulent magazine salesmen or solicitors have in many instances victimized the public recently by accepting partial payment for a year's subscription and giving as receipts a coupon used in a circulation campaign conducted some months ago. The use of these out-of-date coupons is absolutely unauthorized. The persons selling them are guilty of fraud and should be reported to the proper authorities.

MUSIC THAT HAS CEASED TO CHARM

Americus V. Toop, proprietor of the Elite Livery and Boarding Stable, used to have the most picturesque and musical beard in or near Chatham Center.

When gentle breezes blew, he became an animated Aeolian harp, but his tunefulness departed soon after he married his second wife.

She was young, and whiskers were distasteful to her. She told Americus that, while such a facial appurtenance as his might make neckwear unnecessary and be good for braiding watch chains, it could not be expected to inspire love.

For years he complained about the necessity of shaving daily, but recently he has been using Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream.

Now he mows them off easily every morning, and his dread of the razor is forgotten as completely as the name of the man who was vice president in 1883.

COLGATE'S
softens the beard at the base

It makes shaving easy, and leaves the face soothed and velvety.

Lather with Colgate's tomorrow morning, and you will say it is better than you thought a shaving cream could be.

If you would like a free trial tube containing cream enough for 12 *easier* shaves than you have ever had, please fill out and mail the attached coupon.

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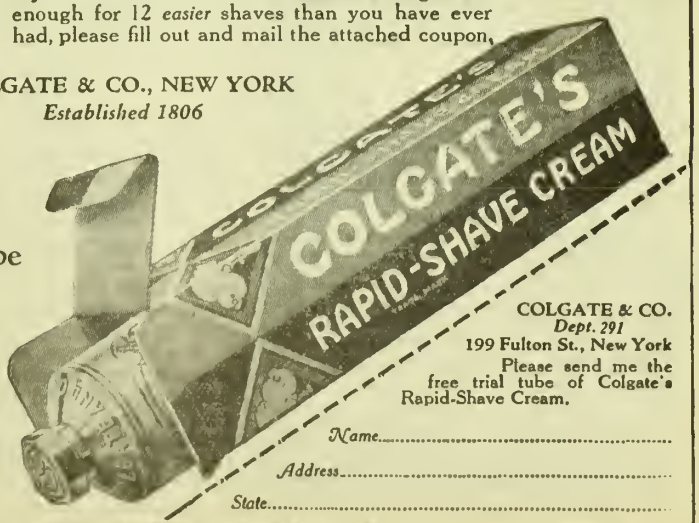

Large tube
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Please send me the free trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream.

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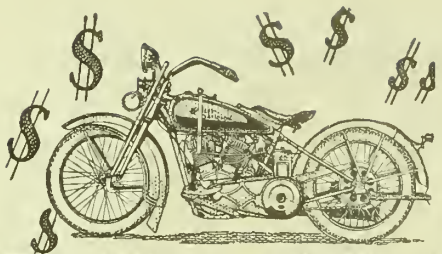

Big Money for You!

—Selling This New
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Real opportunity in unassigned territories for Legion men who want to build a profitable, growing business of their own. New "Stream-Line" Harley-Davidson is sensation of motorcycle world. National advertising brings thousands of live inquiries. We want responsible men to close sales where we have no dealer.

"Stream-Line" Harley-Davidsons have 27 improvements. More power, more speed. Lower riding position. Greater comfort. Yet the price is reduced! Economical as ever—50 miles for a dollar (gas, oil, tires and all!) Mail us the coupon (below) for full information.

Harley-Davidson
The Motorcycle

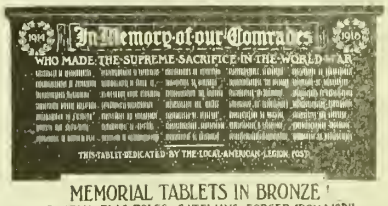
HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. A, Milwaukee, Wis.

Send me free catalog showing new "Stream-Line" models in full color, also particulars of proposition to Legion members.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



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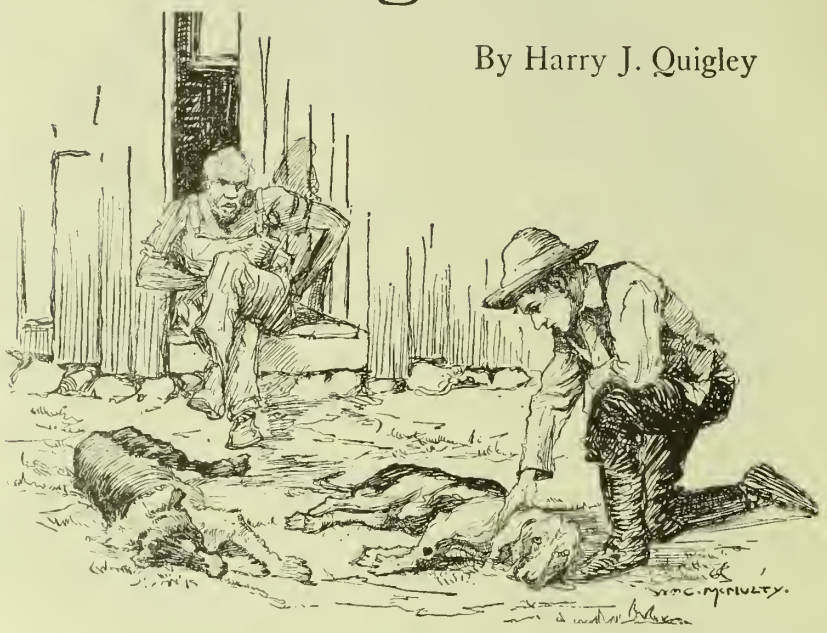
"WORLD'S LARGEST FUR MARKET"

The Dog Robber

By Harry J. Quigley



"Them dogs were simply homesick. The climate, the water—everything disagreed with them"

FRANCE was a lonesome place in January, 1918. The American units were few, small and scattered. The tide that was to swell the A. E. F. to a million men by July and two million by November had not set in. Private Perkins found it lonesome, and so did I. I was Perkins's platoon leader. I had recently arrived from the States, new from training camp, awed by much that I saw, most susceptible to impressions. Perkins and the outfit had been in France almost long enough to rate the first chevron. Perkins was my orderly.

An officer can scarcely forget his first orderly. Mine was the kind the men called a dog-robber, which was an injustice to Perkins; not a wilful or malicious injustice, but simply one proceeding from a misinterpretation of the man's character by the majority of his fellows in the platoon. There was nothing patronizing or base about Perkins. In fact, he was frankness and simplicity itself, and he had a touch of imagination, which he least of all could understand—and this was quite pathetic. In the platoon Perkins was the butt of all jokes. An overshare of the mean details fell to his lot as a matter of course. His comrades were sometimes cruel, though they did not mean to be. But Perkins was so simple, so credulous, so gullible, that they couldn't help it.

Perkins was only a fair orderly in most ways, but he was the best one I ever had. He was a comfort. He did twice as much work as he needed to because an extra hour in my billet meant an hour away from the squad room, away from the jests and jibes of his comrades. I usually had work in the evening—studying. Perkins would sit by the little stove, as quiet as a mouse, polishing and repolishing my boots and accouterments, and when there was not even an excuse of more work to do he would sit there and watch me, hoping I might lay by books and reports aside and speak to him. We came to have long talks.

Perkins was a Georgia boy—a "poor white," a cracker. He could barely read and write; his parents could do neither. He had never been thirty miles away from home in his life until he joined the Marines. He was very fond of dogs. He would talk for hours about dogs, and to a lover of dogs, as I am, his talk was interesting. Perkins really knew a lot about dogs. He used to tell me how he trained them, how he diagnosed their ills and cured them.

"Then there was that time two gentlemen from the North came down to hunt with two of the finest dogs you ever did see, dogs worth maybe a hundred dollars. Well, those gentlemen hunted about three weeks and then instead of going back they decided to stay on all winter at Mr. Clemons's—the big plantation. Well, they stayed on and first thing you know I heard that them fine dogs was sick. So on Sunday when I had time I walked down to Clemons's, which is nine mile. I had been thinking all week about them poor sick dogs which nobody could do nothing for. I was sure I could help them. I had faith I could; there's a lot in faith, lieutenant.

"Well, I got to Clemons's and went around to the barn and looked up Joe, the old colored man who sees after Mr. Clemons's dogs and his personal horses. I told Joe I heard the Northern gentlemen's dogs was sick and I'd come to see what I could do for them. 'Don't know that nobody can do much,' said Joe, 'for they sure is sick, most like to die.' He took me to see them. They sure was sick dogs. I never felt so sorry for anything in my life. They just lay there and wouldn't eat or nothing. Well, I sat down and stroked them over and talked to them and begun to figure out their case. Didn't take no great amount of figuring. Them dogs were simply homesick. They were Northern dogs. The climate, the water—everything disagreed with them. They didn't belong down South for no length of time. No medicine, no treat-

ment, no nothing would help those dogs in Georgia.

"Well, while I was looking the dogs over Mr. Clemons he came out with ono of the gentlemen what owned the dogs. Mr. Clemons he asked who I might be and what I was doing there. I told him I had heard the dogs was sick and had come to see if I couldn't do something for them. 'Came to steal them, likely,' said Mr. Clemons. 'Now you clear out.' 'Why, Mr. Clemons,' said I, 'Of all things on earth I wouldn't never steal a dog.' 'Get out,' said Mr. Clemons. There wasn't nothing to do but go. All the way walking home I felt so sorry for those dogs.

"Well, in a few days one of them died, as I heard, and then the gentlemen decided to go back North. They took the other dog, and I know he got better to once and is alive and well today. He was just homesick, for which there ain't no cure except going home. Dogs are so like folks."

Dogs are so like folks. Poor little Georgia cracker boy, many miles from home and so lonely. Private Perkins was nineteen years old. A few evenings later:

"Lieutenant, I hear we go into the trenches pretty soon. I was just wondering—couldn't I get changed to the Medical Corps when we go? I'd rather be taking care of the boys that are shot and wounded. I can cure dogs and help them, and dogs they aren't so different from people. I think rightly I belong in the Medical Corps."

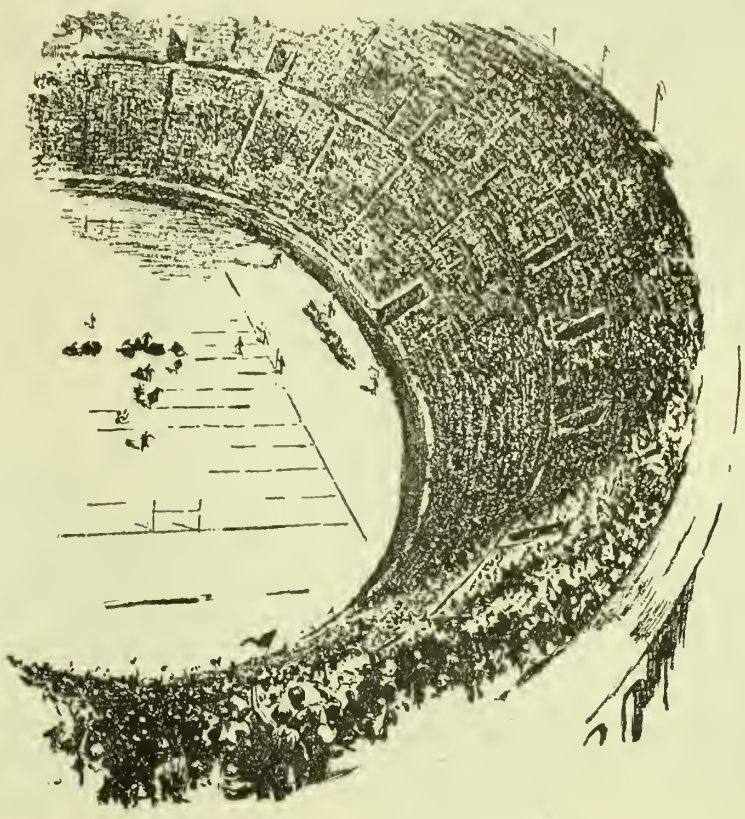
We did go to the trenches pretty soon, and Private Perkins went along with the platoon and not the Medics. His desire for service with the latter had been sadly misconstrued. He was not only a dog-robber now; he was yellow. For the first time actual coldness manifested itself in the conduct of the platoon toward Private Perkins. He was yellow.

My stay in the line was not long. A shell dropped too close for comfort and I went to a hospital, not to return to my platoon. I wound up as an instructor in an infantry school. We were in the war in earnest now. I had exhausted every resource in my efforts to get back to my old outfit, but success did not prosper them. I sat safely out of shell range and fought to get news. My platoon. It will always be my platoon, though I served in action probably the shortest while of its many commanders. My platoon is largely in France now. Only eight or ten are alive. One by one I heard that they'd gone.

In the Y. M. C. A. at Bar-le-Duc one evening I was reading the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*. I came upon a list of D. S. C. citations, one of which read in substance as follows:

George F. Perkins, private, —th Regiment, U. S. M. C., for extraordinary heroism in action near —, France, June, 1918. Perceiving his platoon leader wounded and about to be taken prisoner, Private Perkins, with utter disregard for his own safety, advanced across an open field under heavy fire, fought off a German patrol which was making toward the wounded officer, whom Perkins placed on his back and carried to our lines. In the performance of this courageous act Private Perkins was mortally wounded, but refused to leave the side of his platoon leader until he was evacuated.

I dug up my old address book and wrote a letter to the mother of Private Perkins, which I trusted someone would read to her.



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The Higher Preparedness

THE lack of general knowledge of modern European history by Americans and the confusing propaganda of allied and enemy countries alike made difficult the crystallization of American public opinion on the World War even after America had begun to fight. The fogginess of our national thought in this period was compensated by our intentness upon victory. We fought the war principally on faith, and when the war ended we found ourselves still intellectually unprepared for the problem of the making of the peace.

Today, six years after the Armistice, we are beginning to understand that national preparedness involves something more than the mere maintenance of an efficient Army and Navy. We know now that a sound American policy in international relations is only possible if there is in this country a large body of intelligent opinion-holding citizens who will conscientiously inform themselves of the basie facts of world history. We are truly devout in our wish that the world shall arrive at a basis of understanding among nations which will make future wars impossible. But so far most of the organized efforts in this country to promote the cause of world peace have been founded on sentiment and emotion. We have railed at war and tried to outlaw it by the adoption of resolutions. What is now needed is the education of American citizenship in the solid facts of world history to fit them for the task of procuring lasting peace by a program of intelligence and practicality.

The American Legion has been trying to accomplish this. While the War Department has been perfecting a system that will enable the country to mobilize all its resources rapidly in the event of war, the Legion has been following a very practical plan to promote the intellectual preparedness which is the best insurance of a sound and peaceful solution of all our problems in dealing with other nations.

The Legion two years ago gave its endorsement to a monumental work of history, a set of seven volumes known as "The Uncensored Official Source Records of the Great War." This work is a eompilation of the most authoritative documents of all the countries which took part in the World War, all selected by historians of the highest standing, the whole work designed to increase the public knowledge of the causes, events and consequences of the World War. In it are found the exhibits of those countries which were our enemies as well as those which were allied with us. They are all set forth with a scrupulous effort to maintain fairness and an unbiased viewpoint. The eases of our late enemy countries are recorded by their highest spokesmen, and judgment is left to the reader.

The comprehensive nature of the work, the thoroughness with which all the major epochs of the war are covered, the masterful arrangement of the material, have been attested by indorsements by the principal statesmen of every country which participated in the war. General John J. Pershing, Newton D. Baker and Josephus Daniels, the three men who directed our fighting forces, have all expressed their appreciation of the work as an invaluable reference.

The American Legion indorsed "The Official Source Records" after careful deliberation. The National Executive Committee in January, 1923, adopted a resolution directing a special committee, composed of the National Commander, the Chairman of the National Finance Committee and the National Historian, to make a study of the work. As a result of this study the National Executive Committee adopted the report of the special committee, including the following quotation:

"The committee, after careful examination of the books, finds that they represent a valuable compilation of authentic reports of the World War. It is their further opinion that one of the most important objects which The American Legion ean have is the dissemination among our people of accurate historical data. It is believed that The American Legion can and should do everything in its power to further the distribution of this set of uncensored records."

Under the authority given by the National Executive Committee, arrangements were made to facilitate the distribution of the records. Recognizing that this purpose could be better carried out by supplying posts and departments with an incentive to supplement the basie incentive of increasing publie knowledge of the war, the plan of distribution provided that a percentage of sales receipts should accrue to the departments of the Legion wishing to give active co-operation in the distribution, and to the national organization. From this operation the Legion has received to date in excess of $68,000. Of this sum more than $20,000 has been added to the treasuries of departments and posts. The sum paid into the national treasury under this plan in August alone amounted to exactly $4,506.75.

The money accruing to the national organization under the arrangement is expended in the Legion's national rehabilitation activities and its Americanism program.

Sales are made in the name of the Official Source Records Fund, Lemuel Bolles, Comptroller. Representatives are supplied with credentials signed by the National Adjutant and copies of the resolution adopted by the National Executive Committee. They are also supplied with credentials by the officials of those departments in which they are operating. These representatives are instructed that the terms of the Legion's indorsement and its participation in the distribution must be referred to in exact terms and that unfounded representations or exaggerations must be avoided.

In placing its approval upon the "Souree Records," the Legion's position has been that the real worth of the records is their predominant recommendation and should be the primary consideration in the minds of purchasers.

Make Every Week Education Week

(*Continued from page* 5)

public schools create the very desires which keep our industries running, our stores crowded with customers and our banks with depositors.

Even the so-called fads and frills figure largely in this process. Instruction in music, art and home economics, often objected to by the chronic tax-grumbler, are creating demands that keep millions of workers employed and which insure the prosperity of thousands of merchants.

America every year spends for music, including concerts as well as pianos and all kinds of musical instruments, more than a billion dollars.

Suppose the public schools stopped teaching music, one of the abused frills. The resultant loss would affect the entire business fabric. And this does not take into account the cultural and spiritual values involved.

Of greater moment, from a patriotic point of view, is the influence of the schools on national morale. Society, at best, is unstable. Without the common understanding, the common sympathy, the common enthusiasms, the common standards of civic and national righteousness and conduct, our republic would topple into chaos. There is no doubt about it. There can be no higher expression of practical patriotism than is to be found in support of our public schools.

The American Legion, vastly to its credit, has recognized this fact. In promoting an annual Education Week the Legion has done a thing of definite and tangible value. But Education Week, good as it is, is not all that should be carried through for our schools.

What can the Legion do—what can individual Legion posts do—to build a better America through better schools?

There are many ways to help the schools, many activities and enterprises to be carried forward throughout *every week* in the school year. The emphasis is placed on *every week* because it should be remembered that the schools are a year-round undertaking and as such their aims and objectives, their accomplishments and shortcomings, should be reflected to the public of every community from one year's end to another.

There may be set down under a few heads certain definite undertakings which the community's Legion post can set its hand to.

Consider the matter of the personnel of the board of education. At every school-board election all candidates for membership in that body should be carefully considered by the post's committee on public education. (And every post should have such a committee, and it should be active throughout the entire year.)

The fitness of every candidate for the position should be studied and determined. Is the candidate a person of intelligence and understanding? What is his conception of the need of the children? Is he seeking office to render unselfish public service or is he the representative, secret or open, of the chronic tax-grumblers? Is he following the only too common practice of seeking membership on the board to obtain personal publicity? Is his motive one of self-aggrandizement? What is

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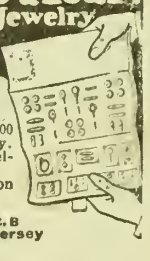

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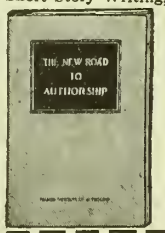

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his past record as a citizen, a business or professional man, a politician? Is he a fault-finding busybody? Is he a demagogue? Will his presence on the board encourage or hearten the teachers, or will he inspire their fear and destroy their spontaneity?

These are questions that should be answered. On the basis of the answers the Legion should openly and publicly endorse and support good candidates and oppose bad ones. Sometimes it will have to choose between candidates whose motives are unquestioned but who differ in fitness and ability.

Much education and "culture," it should be remembered, are not always assurance of a candidate's fitness for board membership. One of the best school board members in America, a man who has served a large Middle Western city for the past ten or twelve years, is a man who had to stop school when he reached the seventh grade. He says "I ain't" and "you hadn't ought." But he knows the value of education. He is honest. He is square. The teachers know he wants them to have every facility to carry on their work. They are not afraid of him—and this absence of fear is essential to good teaching. If there's any job in the world that is spoiled and vitiated by the presence of fear and oppression it's the job of teaching.

High-brow board members who are mostly head nd ego and have little or no heart too often harm a community's school system. They think they know it all. They want to run the schools themselves. They constantly interfere with the school superintendent and teachers in matters of detail and educational policy which properly are none of their business. Education, like medicine or surgery, is a specialized profession. Most board members, necessarily, are laymen. They have no more business ordering the superintendent or the trained teacher what to do in the specialized enterprise of education than the trustees of a hospital would have in telling the surgeon how to operate.

The Legion post not only should work for a first class personnel on the board of education, but it should check up on the board constantly, giving it the full measure of its support when the welfare of the schools makes that support a matter of importance, and honestly fighting the board if that be necessary. The post's education committee or its representative should attend every session of the board and should confer frequently with board members and school superintendent and officials.

Informing the public is the next step. At all times throug' the school year there should be flowing to the public a stream of information not only about the activities and policies of the school board and administration but also about the actual work and activities of the teachers and children in the classrooms.

Here is a real and significant task for the post. In far too many American communities neither the newspaper writers and editors nor the school officials and teachers have an adequate appreciation of the high value of constant and accurate school publicity. In certain communities the newspapers see no story in the day-in and day-out work of the schools, in the manifold constructive activities which make their work basic and foundational. Only when there is strife and dissension, fighting or bickering, scandal or sensation, is there a story. The destructive and not the constructive situations and happenings are emphasized. Or, if constructive news is printed, it concerns only the dully important official proceedings of the board, and not the news of the children in whose education rest the hopes and the dearest ideals of every parent in the community.

When only the destructive things are mirrored in the press, the harm to the schools and to the children is vast. Teachers are disheartened and their morale destroyed. Dissension and fear rule where there should be harmony and concord. The schools are given a bad name and the superintendent finds it increasingly difficult to employ teachers of ability and high professional ideals. They just don't care to work in such a system. Such a condition easily becomes a civic cancer.

The Legion post can ask the newspapers to print the constructive facts as well as the destructive things. Every school system is fairly alive with news of the constructive sort. One can find it in the activities and projects of every classroom. Modern educational practice is tying up the learning process with the interesting, throbbing facts of life. Here's a class of boys and girls that purchases a small flock of chickens and cares for them. They build a coop as a manual training project. They consider the care and feeding of chickens as part of their nature study. They market the eggs and figure their profits as a problem in arithmetic. The facts of banking and interest are learned through first-hand practice. Perhaps they negotiate a loan to increase the flock, another business problem. In their language work they describe their experiences in the conduct of the enterprise. This chicken-raising project is being carried on now in an Ohio city—one of scores of projects just as interesting.

This is modern education. Also it's printable news. Parents are more interested in it than in a difference of opinion between board members on a matter of technical policy. Too many newspaper workers, bearing in mind how interesting fights are, constantly look for dissension and quarreling when covering the schools. They forget the parental instinct as a potent factor. Everybody wants to protect children. Everybody who is half human is interested in child welfare. Every newspaper worker should have this called to his attention. Just one test should be in the editor's mind, moreover, when he prints a destructive school story: "Will the printing of this story promote the welfare of the children of this community?" If the answer is no, the story should be omitted or played down. To do otherwise is to trample on a civic obligation which the press owes to the community.

Too many school workers, on the other hand, are suspicious of the newspapers. Not only do they refuse to cooperate with them, but they go out of their way to keep reporters from learning the facts about the school system.

If this situation prevails in your community you will render service by bringing about a change in attitude. The schools, after all, are public, supported by the public's money, and the public has a right to know the facts about them. The newspaper usually is the best medium for the dissemination of these facts. The reporter visits the schools for parents, most of whom are too busy earning bread and butter or keeping house and tending babies to do such visiting for themselves. The

people depend upon the newspapers for this information.

Every door in the school system should be open; every fact and process should be open to sight. The reporter should be given every courtesy and extended every facility for finding out what the schools are aiming at and accomplishing. The educator need not expect to be immune from newspaper criticism. Occasionally the printing of a story that the educator doesn't like may do the school great benefit.

Between the educator and the newspaper editor and reporter there should be constant co-operation based on mutual understanding and sympathy.

Check up on the relationship between the newspapers and the schools in your community. If it isn't what it ought to be, get the school officials and the educators together in a meeting. Set forth to them the ideal of co-operation to the end that the public may have an accurate mirroring of the schools. If you bring about this co-operation you'll be amazed at the improvement in your schools.

Your post's education committee should be seeking this end constantly. Occasionally, it should take direct steps to obtain publicity for definite purposes —a bond issue or a tax levy for the schools, adequate salaries for teachers, a field day or athletic program, encouragement and aid for unfortunate children, the creation of parent-teacher societies, getting other civic organizations interested in education, fighting self-seeking politicians or penurious tax-grumblers who would trample the interests of the children, development of scholarship and character through the award of medals or other effective recognition, state or national legislation to better the schools.

Rotary clubs in various cities have set an inspiring example to other organizations by their activities in the field of child welfare.

Some of these clubs are providing education for physically handicapped children, or, through surgical or medical treatment, are making it possible for unfortunate boys and girls to attend school. Others are encouraging boys and girls to go through high school.

Thousands of American business men, as members of Rotary clubs or similar organizations, are finding vast satisfaction in acting as councillors to high school boys. Interpretation of high school with the possibilities, the privileges, the responsibilities and obligations which high school attendance involves is something much needed throughout the country. It is needed in the small rural communities, the towns and villages. It is needed in the great industrial centers swarming with people, drawn from widely varying racial stocks, who lack an American background and an understanding of American educational ideals.

Here is a challenge to any Legion post. It is a challenge that has been taken up by a few civic organizations. Irrespective of whether your state law keeps children in school through the high-school age or not, they should have this interpretation of high school.

In Cleveland the board of education itself has printed an illustrated course of study of the high schools which is at the same time an interpretation of what the high school stands for. This booklet, attractively illustrated with actual photos of all manner of high school activities, is given to every youngster shortly before he is ready for high school. The children read it. Then high school is discussed in class. The books are taken home for the parents to read. Conferences of parents with teachers are encouraged. The booklet has paid for itself many times over in reducing the number of failures in Cleveland's high schools, in directing children at the outset into courses of study suited to their aptitudes, in creating parental co-operation, in eliminating problems of discipline. Similar booklets have been published by the Chicago board of education and by boards in a few other cities.

In many communities the Legion post might well spend a few hundred dollars in the preparation and distribution of such a booklet. In others the post might prevail upon the board of education to undertake the project.

If The American Legion did nothing more than to work for a high-school education for every child in every community it would justify its existence a thousand times over. What more inspiring memorial could there be to American boys who died on European battlefields than an army of millions of living youth dedicating themselves to and preparing themselves for righteous, constructive lives as American citizens?

The ideal is glorious, spectacular. But its attainment, well within our grasp if we but knew it, will come only through devotion and hard work, carried forward in every community, large and small, in the nation.

Every number of every Legion publication should carry some story of how a Legion post is promoting better schools through definite, practical means.

Don't quibble about trifles. Don't shoot at scarecrows. America is not menaced by the reds, and it's poor pedagogy to be holding up the red menace before active-minded school children who should be absorbing the ideals and forming the habits of work and honesty which will make them fit citizens of our country. Don't insist that our children be taught America never has been in the wrong. Neither nations nor individuals can be one hundred percent perfect. Insist rather that children be taught *America shall do no wrong.*

If you would insure America's leadership and example to all the nations in the world in all those virtues which make a nation truly great, you will fight ignorance and selfishness and every force which keeps our public schools from being the best in the world.

What Will Your Post Do for Its Town?

LAY out a park, establish a playground, operate a circulating library, conduct a lecture course—there are a thousand worth-while services which your post can render to its town.

The Saint Paul National Convention recommended that each Legion post do at least one big constructive work for its community during the coming year.

What is your post going to do?

If it hasn't made its plans, it will find some good suggestions in the booklet. "Your Post and Your Town," obtainable from the Community and Civic Betterment Bureau, National Headquarters of The American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind. A copy will be sent free upon application.

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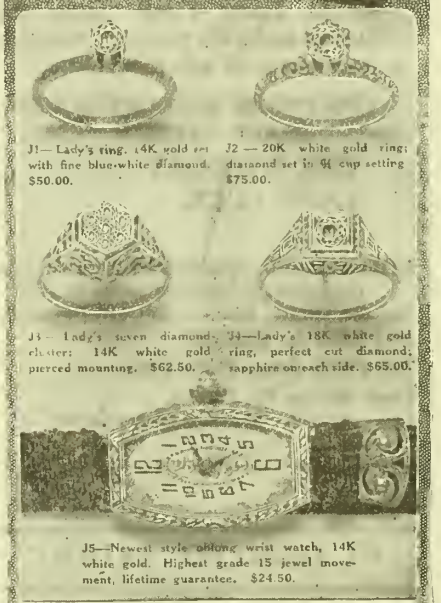

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Trailing the Air Mail

Continued from page 7)

of the whole field for our take-off; I don't know whether it was the motor or prayer that got that tail-skid over the boundary fence. With the throttle wide open and the motor skipping badly we were making an air speed of between sixty-five and seventy miles when we ought to be doing at least one hundred. McDuffie just managed to circle once and get back on to the field. The mechanics worked for three hours on that motor. Then we took off once more.

It was bitterly cold crossing the Laramie Range. We were up 11,500 feet. The west wind numbed. Crosswinds sweeping from the snowy crags and whitened slopes sent the old bus rocking like a rowboat in a heavy sea. But at length we crossed the hump and dropped down over the Laramie plains. We climbed again to hurdle the Medicine Bow range just north of Elk Mountain, its peak invisible in the clouds. We stopped at Rawlins, 135 miles west, for fuel, and then pressed on over the continental divide into Rock Springs. There our motor again began to stutter and we decided to stay overnight.

Our dinner guest that night was an Air Mail pilot on the Cheyenne-Rock Springs run. He has had thirty-six forced landings, but his enthusiasm for flying is in no way dulled.

While we were dining two more air adventurers occupied the table next to ours. They had flown from Los Angeles that morning on their way to the air races at Dayton, Ohio. The pilot was young and enthusiastic. We were to hear of him and his plane once more.

Sunday the conduct of our motor improved, perhaps out of deference to the Sabbath. We followed the mail pilot into Salt Lake City through the convenient valley of the wooded Wasatch Mountains, resplendent in autumn foliage, then diving through the brown smoky mist over Salt Lake City to the Air Mail field. There we were slightly delayed while the mechanical force welded a nick in our propellor the size of half a cartwheel.

The rest of the day was an education in geography. I had traveled west from Salt Lake by train, probably mostly at night. My idea was that from Salt Lake to Reno was chiefly desert. It was a mistake. Except for sixty miles of dazzling white salt the flight to Elko, Nevada, was an obstacle race, hurdling one mountain ridge after another. I said mountains. In the native dialect anything less than 7,500 feet above sea level is a hill. Who knows where the Ruby Mountains are? The altimeter read 9,800 feet when we crossed the hump with towering peaks on either side. I don't recall any such range in my school geography.

When we landed at Elko we overshot the landing field and ended with the landing wheels in a modest arroya. We tore the fabric on one wing. We had luncheon while waiting for the patch on the wing to dry. Then we headed west again. More mountain ridges to hurdle, barren heaps of brown. Then down over Carson Sink with a telephone a hundred miles away if forced to land—a hundred miles of desert where even mesquite and cactus will not grow. Then more mountains, with the old Falcon wobbling in the crosswinds. We descended with the sun into the fertile Washoe Valley, prosperous Reno below.

Our destination was less than two hundred miles away. But one lofty barrier remained, the Sierra Nevada range. Yet I did not rest well that night in Reno. The Falcon was not flying the way a good airplane should. Its speed was disappointing. The propeller was poor. The wings were a trifle rheumatic and rickety. The cowling on the engine was badly torn. McDuffie inadvertently wondered whether we could get off the ground. Personally I hadn't liked the way the air mail mechanics had looked at the Falcon at Salt Lake, at Elko, at Reno. All of them had seemed to reflect the view that if they ever gave it the attention its condition deserved, it would keep them busy for a week. They could not even smile heartily when we waved good-by. They were honest boys.

On our second trip we did get off the ground, but that was about all. We circled in the valley for thirty minutes trying to get altitude. Then we headed west. The hump of the Sierra Nevadas is within forty miles of Reno. It took us more than an hour to get over at 10,000 feet, with the trees of the wooded slopes ready to impale us below. To the left was Lake Tahoe, a sea of blue mist in a bowl of brown mountain peaks. But I had little time for scenery. The Falcon was rocking like the decrepit bird she was. I breathed easier as we descended over the Sacramento Valley, but it was another hour before respiration and heart action approached normalcy. At length we passed over the Berkeley Hills, the classic white island prison of Alcatraz and fluttered—I use the word advisedly—down on to Crissy Field in San Francisco.

Our flight was half finished.

The engineering officer greeted us in amazement. He didn't believe we had flown the darn thing from Fort Riley, Kansas. There *were* certain things to wonder at. Tap the wings lightly and the varnish would crackle, the fabric stay depressed. The laminations of the wooden propeller were about ready to come apart. The landing gear was oil-soaked where it was attached to the fuselage. When we landed McDuffie had the throttle wide open and we were making seventy-five miles an hour. It was a generous engine—it was throwing half the oil in the tank away. McDuffie and I looked like a pair of octoroons.

"Give me a new motor, new wings, a new propeller and I'll fly it back," said McDuffie. "It's the chief's orders."

"That airplane will never get off the ground at Crissy Field," said the engineering officer. "I wouldn't even try to salvage it. It's only fit to touch a match to."

I subscribed silently but none the less heartily to this statement. Thirteen of the unhappiest hours in my life had been spent in the Falcon. No fate could be too severe. We went to lunch.

McDUFFIE was still prepared for the airman's disgrace. I was equally certain we would be ordered to return by train. But we wired the

facts to Washington and resolutely set out to find a landing field on the disinfected Barbary Coast.

By Thursday we had heard nothing. McDuffie was obliged to wait for orders. I had to get back East and to work. McDuffie was certain he wouldn't get a third airplane. I didn't want to be accused of deserting him, but I couldn't wait longer. I bought a railroad ticket and returned to the Presidio to pack, preparing to catch a train at four. The adjutant at the field was standing on the steps of the officers' club.

"Any news?" I inquired, more as a matter of greeting than anything else.

"Yes," he said. "You are to take one of our planes and fly back."

I have tried to be honest in this story. When I was scared I have recorded it. But when I heard that news I was ready to cheer. I had seen the planes at Crissy Field, and every one looked like a million dollars. I'm a former airman, and that prospective train ride had bothered me, too. I rushed downtown and got my money back on that railroad ticket.

We planned to get away early Friday morning. But Fate had to have a final fling. An officer whom Lieutenant McDuffie had known three years previously was being tried by court-martial. McDuffie was summoned as a witness. It was after two o'clock when we got away. But all my nervousness had departed. As we flew over Berkeley I glanced down on the highway. A double procession of motor cars looked like so many square-backed bugs on a narrow, dirty strip of gray velvet. Right then I settled back to enjoy my flight. I drank in the unsurpassed scenery of the Sacramento Valley and the mountains. In no time we were in Reno.

We got away at daybreak and under smiling but chilly skies ambled into Rock Springs that afternoon. Our only mishap was the breaking of a wing skid at our hoodoo field at Elko. The mechanics seemed glad to see us again, albeit a little surprised. Many of them told us what they thought of the Falcon. Snow had fallen between Reno and Rock Springs since we last flew over the country; the mountain peaks and valleys all were white.

At Rock Springs we again met our mail pilot friends. One had left Cheyenne that morning under blue skies with the sun shining overhead. Before he had been out an hour he was lost in a blinding snowstorm. He had had to fly back to Laramie and follow the railroad tracks through the valley. It had taken him five hours to fly the 240 miles into Rock Springs. But it was all in the day's work.

On the way out to the Air Mail field in the morning our taxi blew a tire. We hiked the remaining two miles loaded down like freight camels. The sky was overcast with a threat of snow. And our ill luck still held with a head wind. For 364 days a year the wind from Rock Springs to Cheyenne is a constant west wind. Only its velocity varies. We took off in the only east wind of the year. It was after noon when we reached Cheyenne, without stopping at Rawlins. We contented ourselves with one more hop into North Platte, smiling happily as we passed over the emergency field at Sidney and our forced landing site near Chappell.

It was in North Platte that we again heard of our on-to-Dayton friends. "Did you boys meet up with a commercial job from Hollywood going west?" a mechanic asked us. I recalled our dining room acquaintances at Rock Springs. "Well, they wiped off their wings on a haystack about three miles west of here. Took them about a week to get another set. They had one day left to make Dayton when they took off again." I submit that phraseology as a highly picturesque specimen of bird talk. "Wiped off their wings." What could be more complete?

We left North Platte at daylight and crossed Nebraska, this time without interfering with farming operations. McDuffie circled several minutes and climbed to three thousand feet before we left Omaha. Just caution—that's all. We stopped at Iowa City only half an hour and pushed on to Chanute Field at Rantoul, Illinois. We could see a rainstorm moving slowly up the Mississippi Valley late in the afternoon, but it was fifty miles away.

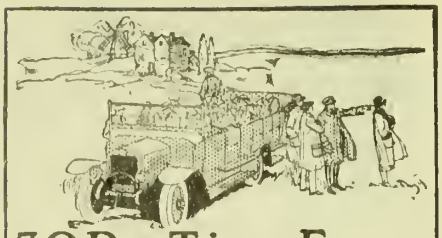
At Chanute Field we met many fliers returning by air from the Dayton meet. The majority were en route to Kelly Field, Texas. The Air Service friend that we had met in Iowa City welcomed us into his home for the night, and McDuffie had many reunions with old friends. We were anxious to reach New York the following night and planned an early start. We awoke to a downpour of rain. The storm we had seen the day before had caught up with us.

At ten o'clock the rain had abated, and we decided to push on, although a commercial flier returned from the east to report rain and fog twenty-five miles back. A short distance south and east we saw a plane down in a field with a broken landing gear—our Air Service friend from Omaha was having equally bad luck. He had returned from Omaha by train and had flown a new plane to the air races in Dayton. On the way back his fuel had given out and in landing he had cracked up.

The rain reported by the commercial pilot failed to materialize in bulk, although we occasionally felt a few drops. Within five hundred feet of the ground visibility was poor. We were in low clouds. At 1,200 feet we were above the first strata and below darker clouds. Sandwiched between them as we were, the ground could be seen much more clearly. We circled the smoky pall over Indianapolis and dropped down on the army field at Fort Benjamin Harrison. It was impossible to reach New York that day, so we visited with Legion friends at National Headquarters until the middle of the afternoon. Then we flew easily into Dayton. At Dayton both McDuffie and I met friends. The majority were officers stationed in the East held back by reports of impenetrable fog in the Appalachians.

At nine o'clock the following morning the weather report from the East was favorable and we hopped off an hour later to find a stiff east wind. We passed south of Columbus, over Zanesville and on into Moundsville, West Virginia. There we caught up with a Martin bomber which had preceded us from Dayton. Moundsville is a station on the army airways. In one plane we met a captain from Mitchel Field who had waved good-by when we started on our adventurous journey. News of our mishaps had reached back. We explained and went to eat.

We shot through the mountain pass east of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, and flew for an hour over the Shenandoah



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Valley. In its autumn foliage, with green fields and winding rivers, this portion of the trip was easily the beauty spot of our journey. We passed the Martin bomber just west of Washington and picked up the winding Potomac and the Washington monument to glide down on Bolling Field a few minutes later. It was after four when we arrived. I was willing to remain in Washington overnight. It had been a perfect trip coming back. There had been minor thrills, but none of the major thrills of our trip west.

And then McDuffie decided to press on. I have related the details of that night flight. I think it was the unhappiest part of our round-trip transcontinental journey. But in the Falcon I spent supremely miserable hours from Cheyenne west. There really is no established measurement for that sort of unhappiness.

It's a good deal like the war—it was a great experience. The war had its compensations. So did this transcontinental flight. It hasn't dulled my enthusiasm for flying a particle. I hope that it hasn't the reader's. Commercial airplanes will be twin-engined.

I don't know what McDuffie's inner thoughts were of me. I suppose he had his emotional moments much as I did. It is safe to say that he regarded the Falcon no more tenderly than did I. McDuffie can pilot me anywhere, any—I started to say any time. That would not be true. I don't know the airplane pilot that I'd want to fly at night with because there ain't no such animal. I'll take my flying with daylight—straight.

Picking a Winner to Head the Post

(*Continued from page* 9)

portance to decide and no quorum at eight, he ruled that there would be no meeting. After that the boys got in on time.

Our publicity, generally featuring the colonel as commander of the post because we realized he was the best advertisement we had, impressed everybody in town with the fact that here was an outfit any man should belong to who could. And when our membership drive ended, after a house-to-house canvass of the whole town and the surrounding townships, we had 93 percent of all eligible veterans as Legionnaires. Everybody knew Colonel Hopkins and wanted to be considered part of his outfit. The post had a membership three times what it had been the year before, and it was live. All of our fellow citizens respected the post—and boosted it.

One mistake we made, though, was in going out too vigorously and suddenly for members from the country. The country boys were the largest numerical addition to the post; no one before had really boomed the Legion out in the country. The colonel did it. The country veterans were highly desirable Legionnaires, but they came into the post in so much of a body that, before we realized it, there had grown up among the farmers a group solidarity which was a little out of place there. If the farms had been canvassed more slowly, completing the job in six months instead of two weeks, these new members would have drifted in gradually and would have been assimilated without any trouble.

What happened was the development of a regular farm bloc. The men from the surrounding country used, actually, to caucus on any question which was put over from one meeting to the next. And, because an amount of friction grew up, they began to question any program which was for the town. They got squarely in the way of a playground project one evening just before the end of Colonel Hopkins' term and killed it. They said it was for the town, and they didn't see what good it would do the youngsters in the country.

The farm bloc proceeded to elect the next commander. He was Howard Briggs, who has a farm twelve miles northwest of town. Briggs is a good man; if he had lived in town and worked fairly short and regular hours he would have made a first-rate commander, for he was really a good leader.

As it was, poor Briggs simply couldn't hold down the job along with farming his place. He was buying it and had heavy payments to meet, so he had to do almost all of the farm work himself. He was busy from 4:30 in the morning to eight o'clock at night. When he finally sat down he was in no shape to do any close thinking.

He was of some value as a commander from the first of the year until the first of March, and from that time on he was a total loss. He couldn't come to town except by an awful wrench. And if someone drove out to see him he was usually too busy to take much time for conversation.

Once more some of us began buzzing around, unofficially. Briggs and his friends agreed, some time before election, that a town man could do the job with less effort and more effect.

But meanwhile the post had lost ground. The snappy executive meetings, the efficient committees, the large membership, the short, sweet meetings of the post—all these were but a memory. We lost members because, outside his own neighborhood, Briggs was not well known. Some members are always held because they don't want to desert the friend who heads the post—and Briggs had few acquaintances.

One of the country members, when we talked with him about the advisability of selecting a commander from the town, suggested Harvey Cook.

Get a Seat in the Reviewing Stand

IF you didn't march in the Saint Paul National Convention parade or didn't see it from the sidelines, you missed one of the finest displays of Legion spirit in the history of the organization. But you can still get a seat in the reviewing stand. Official Legion motion pictures of the parade and of the biggest events of the convention week at Saint Paul may now be obtained by any Legion post. They come in a thousand feet of film and are just the thing to show at a post meeting or a movie show given under post auspices. Posts wishing to exhibit the pictures may get all necessary information by writing The American Legion Film Service, National Headquarters, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Cook was active in his church; during the colonel's membership drive he had made a fine showing; it seemed a pity that he wasn't expending his ability and energy for the post now. Before we got through we were pretty tightly committed to Cook's candidacy.

So he was elected to succeed Howard Briggs. "And then the fun began!" Cook, we discovered, had recently become one of those denominational zealots who believes everyone not of his own exact faith is not only bound for hell-fire but also is intending to upset the Government, inflict religious persecution, and all the rest.

Cook was quite open about the stuff he was hipped on. He would tell a man, right to his face, that this other fellow's church is a menace to the country. He was fearless but hopeless in his intolerance.

There was only one answer to that. The other fellows dropped out because they would not stay and be insulted. Pretty soon the post consisted of Cook's fellow church-members, a handful of the more pugnacious members of the faith Cook particularly disliked, and a few old-timers like myself who stuck because we wanted to help clean up the mess and get the post back on its feet. Also, if we had not been there, heaven alone knows what Cook might not have influenced his friends to do.

So we came toward the end of 1923. And one evening Colonel Hopkins held a meeting at his home. Those present —thirty in all—were carefully selected from the post membership as representing practically everyone except Cook's most devoted followers. The colonel invited them in person, without telling them what it was all about.

As is his custom, Colonel Hopkins got down to business. "I want to tell you I'm ashamed to belong to this post," he declared. "It has become an outfit in which freedom of religious thought is a joke.

"Some of you men here to-night are members of Cook's church. How many of you think that this is the way to run a Legion post? What do you think, Martin?"

"I think it's a shame," admitted Martin. "So do the rest of us. We have been talking it over and we're against it. Cook is doing the post a world of harm, and he is doing the church almost as much harm."

"All right," said the colonel. "Do any of you disagree? What are we going to do about it?" Nobody said anything. "Let's agree on some one, and then elect him commander," he went on. "That is the only thing that is necessary. And in the present size of the post this group can control it. Whom shall we discuss?"

"What's the matter with the colonel?" inquired someone from a corner of the big library.

"Out of the question," explained the colonel. "I shouldn't have taken the job in the first place three years ago. Once I had it, I did what I could. But I have too many things to do—and I'm not so young a man as I once was. I haven't the energy to spread over too many enterprises. Let's have someone else suggested, for I won't do. I won't take it—can't."

Three names came up for discussion. One of them was Barton, one was Nelson, and mine was the third. We were all present. Someone suggested a ballot. But the colonel had another idea then. "We are all sufficiently interested in this situation so that we want to arrive at absolutely the best solution. Why not meet here at my house one week from to-night at eight o'clock? You can meanwhile have a little time to think over which of these three men you believe will make the best commander." And everyone agreed.

The next night Barton, Nelson and I got together for a friendly canvass of the situation. Each man took a slip of paper, wrote on it the name of the man best qualified to lead the post the coming year, and carefully folded up the slip.

With much ceremony Bill Nelson collected the three slips of paper. From his lapel he took three pins. Then he pinned the ballots along the mantel. At the left the ballot said: "Col. Hopkins." The right-hand ballot read: "Albert T. Hopkins." The middle ballot read: "The Colonel."

"Exactly," asserted Bill. "I knew it, I knew it. Resignations of the present candidates will now be accepted. Mr. Nelson's is accepted. Win's, and yours, Mark," as we nodded our heads. "Now, then, how can we make the old boy take it again? Any ideas?"

We talked until 10:30 that evening. Then we called the colonel, or, rather, I called him because I knew him a little more closely than the others did. I told him that I had something I wanted to talk over with him, and asked if he could see me in the morning. "Yes," he told me, "but why not drive over right now? Good. I'll expect you in about ten minutes."

Bill took the three ballots along. We showed them to the colonel, and we told him that never had the post needed him as it needed him right then. The previous occasion had been important, but nothing to this. Wouldn't he take the job once more?

He protested, sincerely, that he did not have the time. And then Bill had an idea. "Colonel, why can't this post have three vice-commanders, if not officially, then unofficially. You be commander, and we'll take the three vice-commander jobs. We will agree to take all the detail work off your hands. All you have to do is to boss us, and we'll boss the rest of the gang. Elect Mark vice-commander, and Win and I will be unofficial ones. We can all be on the executive committee, and we'll do anything you say. Win can take the membership and publicity work, I'll take community service, and Mark can be the general flunky. What do you say?"

"I'll do it," agreed the colonel. And that was settled. When the meeting arrived at the colonel's house six days later Bill told them that Colonel Hopkins would take the job. They were all happy then.

We have had, in 1924, a better year than we ever had, even in the colonel's previous administration. The different factions, which had been so far apart, came together as though by reason of the rawness of the edges they were that much easier to heal together.

The post has 100 percent of the community's service men on the rolls, as far as we know them.

We won a cup this year for our membership showing. The city council passed a resolution recognizing the post's services to the town, and then a month later voted to give us a lot in the heart of town. We are preparing to build a community house and clubhouse on the site right now. And, as far as we can see, the post has weath-

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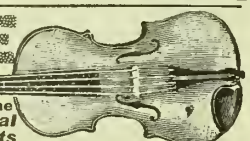

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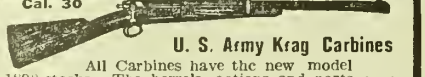

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ered the storms and will continue on an even keel in future.

We aren't afraid of next year. It seems to be a foregone conclusion that Win or Bill or I will be elected commander—and I think one of us should be, since we have worked most closely with the colonel and can carry out his ideas next year. I'm pulling for Bill, because if he hadn't had an idea, and had not succeeded in drafting the colonel once more to serve as commander, the post would not be as well off as it is to-day.

TAPS

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

GORDON C. ARFORD, *Saint Paul (Minn.) Post.* D. Oct. 19. Served with Co. M, 44th Inf., 13th Div.

SUZANNE M. BERAUD, *Signal Post, New York City.* D. Sept. 19. Served with Signal Service at large.

JOHN M. BUCKMASTER, *Crawford-Hale Post, Vandalia, Ill.* D. Oct. 14, aged 37. Served with Co. F, 155th Inf., 39th Div.

JOHN DEPUTAT, *English-Toll Post, Kooskia, Idaho.* Accidentally killed, Oct. 18. Served with Co. F, 12th Inf., 8th Div.

JAMES B. ERWIN, *Pasadena (Cal.) Post.* D. July 11. General with Sixth Div., A. E. F.

ARTHUR E. HAMILTON, *Pasadena (Cal.) Post.* D. Oct. 13. Lieutenant, Co. K, 138th Inf., 35th Div.

JOSEPH G. HAMILTON, *Signal Post, New York City.* D. Sept. 25. Served in U. S. Navy.

JOHN J. HANLON, *Morristown (N. J.) Post.* D. Oct. 11, aged 31. Served with Co. D, 153rd D. B., Q. M. C.

JOHN T. JACOBSON, *Press-Lloyd Post, Chisholm, Minn.* D. Oct. 8. Served with 127th Inf., 32d Div.

DELL KERR, *Dysart (Ia.) Post.* D. Oct 9, aged 46. Served in Btty. B, 82nd F. A.

CORNELIUS P. KELLIHER, *Clarence W. Allen Post, Turners Falls, Mass.* D. Sept 29. Served with Btty. B, 319th F. A., 82d Div.

WILLIAM J. KLOTZ, JR., *New Rochelle (N. Y.) Post.* D. Oct. 16 at Loomis, N. Y., aged 28. Served with Hdq., 104th F. A., 27th Div.

JAMES A. MCALLISTER, *Roy Kelly Post, Ashland, Wis.* D. Sept. 26. Served with 20th Eng.

MANNIE MENDELSON, *Hunts Point Post, Bronx County, New York City.* D. July 23, aged 27.

H. A. PADGHAM, *Perry Byam Post, Gooding, Idaho.* D. Sept. 11, aged 30.

PETER P. RAFFERTY, *Shrewsbury Post, Red Bank, N. J.* D. July 20, aged 49. Major in 42nd Div.

GORDON RECTOR, *Pawtucket (R. I.) Post.* D. Sept. 28, aged 29. Served in F. A.

FRANK J. ROSS, *Northside Post, Minneapolis, Minn.* D. Oct. 21, aged 30. Served with 135th Inf., 34th Div.

RUSSELL F. SMAIL, *Leechburg (Pa.) Post.* D. Sept. 16. Served on U. S. S. *Solas.*

CLARENCE R. WINEGARD, *Charles L. Jacobi Post, Sidney, N. Y.* D. at hospital in Binghamton, N. Y., Oct. 19. Served with 3d Bn., M. P. S.

REEVE YOST, *Karl Ross Post, Stockton, Cal.* D. at New York, Oct. 12. Served with Co. E, 363d Inf., 91st Div.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

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

BTTY. C, 308TH F. A.—Third annual reunion at Hotel Hargrave, 72d St. near Broadway, New York, Nov. 15 at 7 p. m. Address R. W. Taylor, Closter, N. J.

CO. D, 326TH M. G. BN.—Reunion at Columbus, O., in November. For details of referendum to settle exact date, address Walter M. Wood, Portsmouth, O.

1ST GAS REGT., A. E. F.—Reunion, dinner and organization of New York-New Jersey Ass'n at New York City, Dec. 6. Address Francis H. Phipps, Room 2700, Municipal Bldg., New York.

BTTY. C, 143D F. A.—Reunion and anniversary celebration at Stockton, Cal., Dec. 13. Address Secretary, c/o Karl Ross Post, American Legion, Stockton, Cal.

89TH DIVISION—Former members are requested to send present addresses to War Society, 89th Div., in order that they may be advised of 1925 reunion to be held in Omaha at time of Legion National Convention. Address Kenneth G. Irons, Secy., 414 New York Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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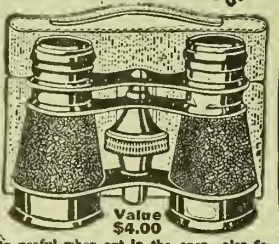

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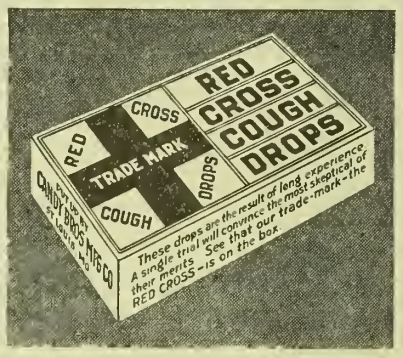

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Same Thing

Smokeup: "Did yo' ebah walk five miles to git some chickens an' fin' de hencoop full o' a bear trap, spring gun an' dawg?"

Whiffem: "No, big boy, but Ah talked back to a fust sarjint oncet."

Hard to Make

Flubb: "What's a plausible explanation?"

Dubb: "One that makes the wife sympathize with the sick friend you sat up with."

Daily Reminder

Duncan: "Were you ever disappointed in love?"

Jimpson: "That's a silly question. You know I'm married."

His Title

Their infant son was fractious, but
His mother rated him A-1.
In crying, he would keep his cut-
Out open till he was quite done.
The mother oft would advertise
Him as a prince—the prince of males;
But Dad said, tiring of his cries:
"Sure, he's a prince—the Prince of Wails."

—Thomas J. Murray.

Smack!

Amorous He: "Kiss me good night, that my sleep may be one long golden dream."

Not-so-Amorous She: "Say, who do you think I am—Jack Dempsey?"

The Good Old Days

Private Ruff, overseas, had taken unto himself as wife a pretty mademoiselle, but on his return to the States the romance did not prosper and the bride returned home, announcing she would sue for divorce.

"I suppose you feel pretty badly about it," consoled a friend.

"I dunno, at that," replied Ruff. "It seems sorta good to get back to pre-war conditions."

Message Received

Caller: "Are you sure your mistress is out?"

Maid: "Sure, an' can't I believe me own ears?"

Hot Dam!

Liza: "If yo' was rich, what would yo' want most of all?"

Rastus: "A alarm clock wid a busted buzzer."

Requiescat in Pace

Mother: "Why are you sitting there so quietly?"

Willie: "I'm training to be a plumber."

Disappointing

"How was the party?"

"Complete failure. Everybody got home by himself."

The Brig for Life

Colonel (to candidate at O. T. S.): "And the next time I see you, I hope you will be a second lieutenant."

Flustered Boob: "Thank you, sir. Same to you, sir."

Handicapped

Pest: "How unfortunate! Here I am at the movies and without my throat lozenges."

Guest: "I didn't know you had a cold."

Pest: "I haven't. But my throat gets so irritated reading all the subtitles."

A Crazy Thing to Do

He: "Love is a kind of insanity."

She: "Who in the world has been falling in love with you?"

The Modern Child

Elizabeth: "Would it be too naïve, mother, if I believed in Santa Claus just one more time."

Consistent

"What does Ah keah fo' de coin?"
Sez Mandy to me totheh night,
When Ah ast her effen she'd join
In wedlock, wid no cash in sight.

An' Mandy meant jess what she said:
Ah married her uhly today,
An', Lawsy, right after we wed
She guv all her washjobs away!

—Rex O. Holman.

Philanthropist—No Less

Ned: "Kind-hearted, isn't he?"

Ted: "Kind-hearted! Why, he'd even sharpen a borrowed lead pencil."

Lemon Meringue Pie, Say?

"A German scientist has invented a preparation of solidified glue that can be substituted for many purposes."—*Fort Worth Record.*

The Spiteful Skipper

Excited Sailor: "The ship is sinking! All is lost!"

Captain: "That's all right. Let it sink. There's a guy on board I don't like."

Terrible, Terrible!

First Hobo: "The service on this railroad is rotten."

Second Bum: "Sure is. The other day the blame train started just as I was jumping for the cattle car."

"So long, you small town birds, we're gonna spend *our* Thanksgiving in the Big City."

The Tight Little Island

The English instructor was drilling a bunch of newly-arrived Canadian recruits, and had given the order to form fours. One burly son of the Dominion did not move.

"Why didn't that man step back?" roared the instructor.

There ensued a muttered colloquy between the huge one and the corporal.

"Please, sir," volunteered the latter. "He's afraid he'll step off your island."

Birds

Although this is the season
When the turkey rules the roost,
I am telling all and sundry
There's another bird to boost.

Just remember, on Thanksgiving
At your gastronomic work,
That the eagle on the dollar
Is the bird that gets the turk.

—Edgar Daniel Kramer.

An Unfair Advantage

Johnny: "Why did you quit working for that memory expert?"

Willie: "'Cause he remembered that all my grandmothers died last year."

Too Much

Professor Somnambu, of hypnotic fame,
Whose power was noted and deep,
Was heard every night about three to exclaim:
"Wife, come put this baby to sleep!"

I. S. S.

Coincidence

Tobe: "See hyah, woman! Didn' Ah see yo' kissin' a no-'count piece o' trash las' night?"

Liza: "Gwan, Tobe. It was so dark Ah thought it was yo'."

Tobe: "Come to think on it, mebbe 'twas me—what time was dat?"

The Globe Trotter

Down in a small Southern town a motorist stopped at a shack to seek directions to the next village. A lanky youth ambled to the door.

"Boy," asked the tourist, "how far is it to Hickham?"

"Waal," drawled the youth, "I don' rightly know. But I'll call Jed. Jed's traveled all over, Jed has. Jed's got shoes."

The Up and Down

"How is your son Jonas getting along in his college education?"

"Fine, fine! He wrote me last week he sure was getting wised up, and he's only been there two months."

A Rib Tickler

"Has a keen sense of humor, hasn't he?"

"Rather. A banana peel all by itself will make him laugh."

Where's His Big Stick?

Bobby: "Shuh, you needn't be afraid of *that* cop!"

Billy: "Why not?"

Bobby: "'Cause he lives on our block, an' his wife can lick him."

And No Seconds

The bright young man was making application for his bonus.

"How much service did you have?" asked the clerk.

"No service at all," replied the b. y. m. in disgust. "I was only a corporal and had to wait on myself."

Marked Down!

Rose: "I can't understand why Gladys ever married a man in such reduced circumstances."

Marie: "She probably thought she was shopping, dearie, and just couldn't resist the bargain."

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Of course there are a few cases of baldness that nothing in the world can cure. Yet so many hundreds of men and women whose hair was coming out almost by "handfuls" have seen their hair grow in again as the shrunken roots acquired new life and vitality that I am willing to let you try my treatment at my risk for 30 days. Then if you are not more than delighted with the new growth of hair produced, write to me immediately. Tell me my system has not done what I said it would. And the 30-day trial won't cost you a cent!

Free Booklet Tells All

The very fact that you have read this announcement shows that you are anxious about the condition of your hair. So why not investigate? Find out for yourself. That's the only common-sense thing to do. If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon I will gladly send you without cost or obligation a wonderfully interesting booklet which describes in detail my successful system which is growing new hair for thousands all over the country. Clip and mail the coupon today. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 2211, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

PROOF!

Results Gratifying

"Ten years ago my hair started falling. I used hair tonics constantly but four years ago I displayed a perfect full moon. I tried everything—but without results. Today, however, thanks to your treatment I have quite a new crop of hair one inch long."—F. H. B., New York.

Hair About Gone

"My hair had been falling for the last two years and I had hardly any more hair on the front of my head. But since I started using your treatment I am raising a new crop of hair. Your treatment is best I ever saw."—O. J. Northbridge, Mass.

Falling Hair Checked

"My hair was coming out at an alarming rate but after four or five treatments I noticed this was checked. My hair is coming in thicker and looks and feels full of life and vigor."—W. C., Great Neck, L. I.

New Hair Growing

"Results are wonderful. My hair has stopped falling out and I can see lots of new hair coming in."—F. D. R., Washington, D. C.

New Hair on Bald Spots

"I have used Thermocap Treatment for 8 weeks and although the top of my head has been entirely bald for 6 years the results up to the present are gratifying. In fact the entire bald spot is covered with a fine growth of hair."—W. C., Kenmore, Ohio.

Can't Say Enough For It!

"Am glad to say I can see such great change in my hair. It is growing longer and my head is full of young hair that has made its way through since I have been using Merke Thermocap. I can't say enough for it. It will do everything you claim it to do."—G. G., Texas.

ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTES, Inc., Dept. 2211
512 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me—without cost or obligation—a copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

Name.....
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

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