MAY 8, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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May 8, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 7, No. 19

LAST week we reproduced on this page a complimentary letter; now it is is only fair that we give the other side a chance. The Weekly occasionally gets a letter of the you-don't-dare-print-this type, and of course there is only one thing to do with a letter of that type—not print it. But we are going to fly in the face of precedent this week and print one—and this letter, postmarked New York City, commits the added crime of being anonymous: "Editor: That was a hell of an article by Arthur Pound in the issue of April 17, 1925, for an American to read. I'll bet that made our limie buddies happy. (Signed) A Legionary and a New Englander. P. S. I don't suppose I will see any mention of this in print."

* * *

WELL, he ought to be surprised to see it in print. A person charged with a crime has a right to know what the indictment is all about. If "a Legionary and a New Englander" will be a little more specific, and if he will send his name and address so that an answer will reach him, the Weekly will be glad to discuss his troubles with him.

* * *

W. Solinski of Schenectady, New York, writes us a fine letter (and signs his name) in which he asks us to "excuse my poor English, as I am born in Poland and had not the opportunity to obtain schooling in America." We must disagree with Comrade Solinski. He may have had no formal schooling in America, but he has kept his eyes and ears open so well that he has really been at school all the while he has been here. He certainly has no difficulty in getting over his point, which is that he "would like to see the Weekly the size of the American or True Story Magazines. The price should be increased to twenty-five cents, annual subscription $3.50." Comrade Solinski has certainly given the Weekly some goal to strive for.

* * *

ANOTHER good letter comes from Emil W. Zingg, a member of Rainier Noble Post of Seattle, Washington, who writes from Vancouver, British Columbia: "It is interesting to read your editorials pertaining to that worthy cause, the Legion Endowment. Your forceful appeal to the American people to assist in this laudable philanthropic endeavor is especially to be commended; I am sure every good citizen will second your attempt in this direction. But you fail, purposely or for some other reason, to urge every able-bodied veteran to support this project—financially, that is, more than by mere lip service."

* * *

IT is true that the Weekly has kept the accent on the general public rather than on the Legion's membership in urging concrete support of the Endowment Fund. The reason for this is simple: The public is very much larger than the Legion. But the Weekly has not failed to point out to the individual Legionnaire his own obligation to the Fund. In the first account the Weekly printed of a successful quota-raising campaign (the experiences of Paris, Illinois, Post as narrated by Philip Von Blon in the March 13th issue), a list of "Hints from Paris" contained this: "Every post member and Auxiliary member should be on the honor roll of contributors before it is closed for your town. Example is far better than precept." On the editorial page in the same issue was chronicled the experience of Corydon, Indiana, Post, in the words of the post publicity officer, Ruskin F. Rowe: "Our quota was raised in a few hours, and over half the amount, which was $350, was raised by members of the post. We headed the subscription list which we carried to Corydon business men with the statement that members of the Legion had subscribed $180, and this certainly helped in raising the money, for the average business man likes to help an organization that is trying to help itself."

* * *

NO ONE is so familiar with the need for The American Legion Endowment Fund as the Legionnaire himself. It is the public which must be educated into an appreciation of that need, and it is the Legion which must do the educating. The Weekly is passing on to the rest of the Legion the experiences of those States where the campaign is already over, or getting over. In no instance has the Legion itself been behindhand in getting in subscriptions from its own membership. "Every active Legionnaire must give to his own limit," said National Commander Drain in the April 3d Weekly, "and get others to do the same thing." There is the whole Endowment Fund campaign in a nutshell.

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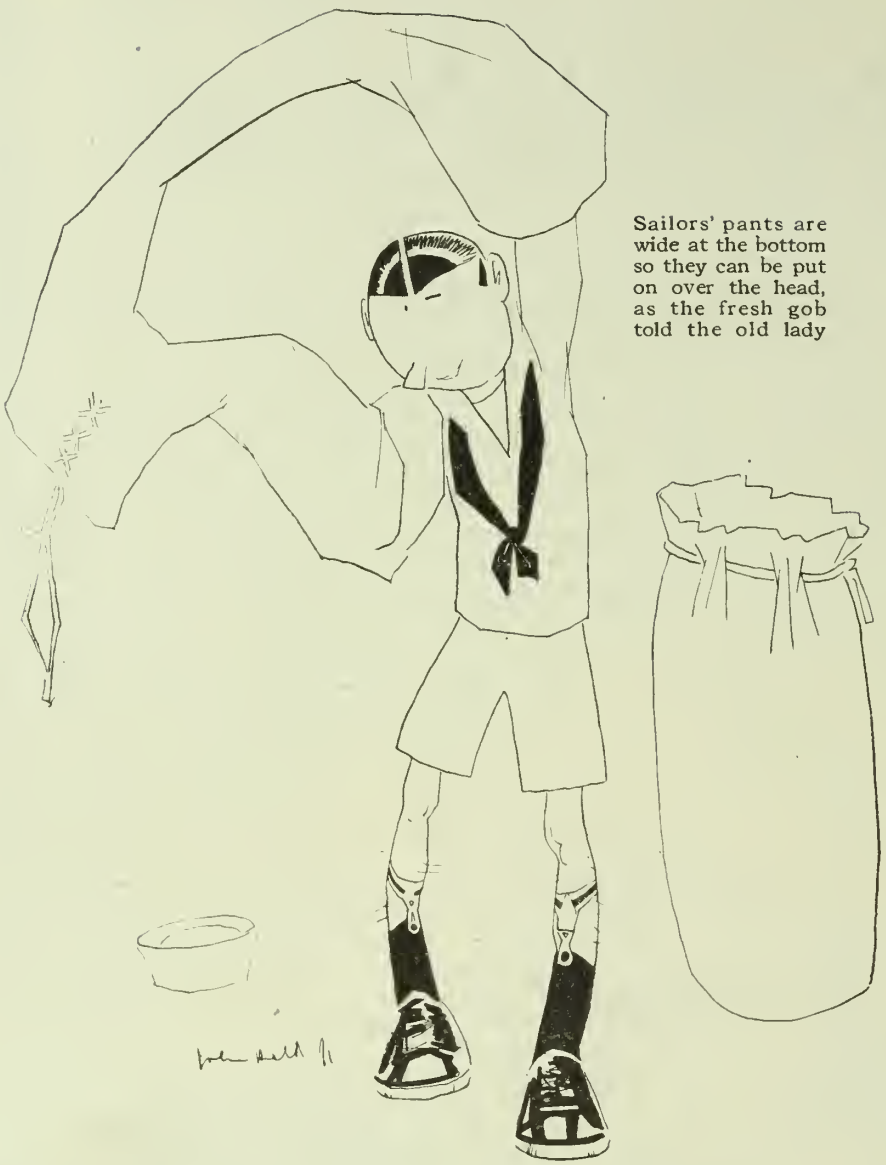
My Maiden Voyage

By ROY HORTON

Illustrated by John Held, Jr.



Sailors' pants are wide at the bottom so they can be put on over the head, as the fresh gob told the old lady

THE advertising pages of my favorite magazines bring to me regular announcements of grand tours of the battlefields of France especially organized for ex-doughboys. Why the distinction against ex-gobs? Has it never occurred to anyone that they might like to cruise over the battlefields of the North Atlantic?

For my part I get a hankering every summer to go somewhere on a ship. During the spring I break out in a rash every time the idea crops up. Comparative strangers have been considerably annoyed at times lately at finding me down at the dock to see them off to Europe. From the size of the crowds that frequent docks whenever a liner is bound in or out, I have deduced that there are a large percentage of homesick gobs in their midst.

I want just once to go to sea with the flags flying, bands playing and lights burning brightly; to go as a passenger, not as a deckhand. I want to go aboard with menials to carry my luggage and sit in state surrounded by books, candy, flowers, and a quantity of beer checks provided by solicitous friends. Without pondering the matter very deeply, it does not seem likely that I shall wish to sit at the captain's table. In fact, I doubt very much if I will care to have anything to do with the ship's officers—and that will probably make it unanimous. All I will ask is to be allowed to take dinner at a table in a natty yachting costume instead of off a ditty-box in a sailor's plus-fours.

I do not think that I will care to be on deck much unless there chances to be a pair of eyes about to gaze into. I saw enough of the ocean during the war. There is no way of proving my claim, but my honest opinion is that I saw every wave in the Atlantic at least once.

This mania to go to sea hits me every spring along about the time I made my maiden voyage in March, 1918, but I have no desire to go under the same circumstances. What I crave is contrast. I might be willing to repeat some of my later trips, but not that first one. No, thank you, Fairy Godmother.

When I first set foot upon a liner—not an ocean greyhound but an old Hamburg-American dachshund—I was a young and innocent gob just three hours out of Pelham Bay. I do not know when the Chief of Naval Operations decided to send us aboard the U. S. S. *Powhatan*, but I do know that no one thought to tell us about it until too late. You will remember that it was one of the great mysteries of the World War where the transports docked, even though practically everyone in the world except three deaf residents of Java knew that the port of departure was Hoboken. To preserve this fiction of secrecy we had to call at headquarters to find out where our ship was, and as there was no time for much philandering with the yeowomen, we arrived at the pier some thirty minutes after the sailing hour. Unfortunately, the ship was still there and we beat the gangway over the side by two or three minutes. No one took any particular pains to hide from us the fact that they would have sailed on time if they had known we were coming.

Minute inspection of the four of us would not have found the slightest trace of it, but our orders stated we were embryo officers, the irregular offspring of that wanton mother, the Pelham Officers' School. Said orders also requested that we be treated as junior officers in spite of our gob uniforms and given every opportunity to fit ourselves for larger duties. The skipper read the orders and then showed his utter contempt for all ribbon counter would-be ensigns by saying, "Take these men down to the navigator's division and have them stand watches with the ship's quartermasters." Away went all hope of being treated as anything but necessary evils.

For the evening meal I was led down through a hatchway in the forward well-deck to the compartment where my division messed. The next morning it was stormy and the hatch was down. Try as I would, I could find no other way to that particular compartment. I did, however, find several others, and finally settled down with the medical division. It was not such a happy choice because it was in the very eyes of the ship and food was taken there to the accompaniment of all the sensations enjoyed in an express elevator. Try to imagine eating a hard-boiled egg which any naturalist could tell by the rings in the yolk was at least fifteen years old, be-

tween the first and thirteenth floors of a skyscraper. At first I thought I might rightly expect some comfort and advice from the hospital apprentices who, I thought, should have Mother Sills' Remedy somewhere about their persons. No such luck. All they had to offer, as elsewhere in the service, was C. C. pills.

Lacking Mother Sills, I cured myself by a formula which, if I had had sense enough to capitalize it, might have kept Emile Coué in the seclusion of Nancy, to which he has now returned. Whenever I felt unmistakable signs back of the fourteen buttons on my trousers, I just said to myself, "You can't be seasick, Roy. You are now a sailor. Who ever heard of a sailor being seasick?" It worked.

The very first morning I found out the reason for the unique cut of sailors' pants. They are made wide at the bottom, not, as the fresh gob told the old lady, so that they can be put on over the head, but so they can be rolled well above the knees when you're swabbing decks. The age-old reason for the odd way these same trousers button around the waist is that there are thirteen buttons in honor of the thirteen original colonies—and one to keep the pants up.

There were eight vessels in our convoy, two rows of four abreast, and a cruiser to ride hard on the bunch. We were on the starboard end of the first row and inboard of us was the *Martha Washington.* After we started zigzagging, never a night passed without the cry, generally during my watch, "The *Martha* is bearing down on us!" That would be followed by "Hard right rudder" and much bustling about on the bridge until we got out of danger. Our changes of course never seemed to synchronize with the *Martha's,* a phenomenon which I decided later might have been due to our changing course by my wrist watch. At any rate it showed a decided tendency to run backwards just a scant couple of weeks later on the *Great Northern.*

ANOTHER peculiarity of the convoy was the eccentric behavior of the ship which trailed us. This ship—the *Minnehaha,* I guess—never seemed to be where she belonged. For instance, Tuesday night at eight o'clock word would come to the bridge that the *Minnie* was running down our log. For the benefit of unbelievers, the log is a gadget dragged over the stern at the end of about a hundred feet of something for some purpose or other. It was certainly not a marker to determine the distance the *Minnie* was supposed to keep astern of us. We would at once put on speed to get out of the way. By the middle of the following forenoon the *Minnie* would be nowhere in sight. This kept up from time to time until we were forty-eight hours out of a French port, when the *Minnie* disappeared astern for the last time and was never seen again—by us, I mean.

To make a long story as short as space will permit, I flirted about with logs, barometers, stadtometers, sextants, compasses, r.p.m.'s, and what-not with no great casualties until we reached the Bay of Biscay. There one day I nearly ruined a perfectly good new officer of the deck.

It was my duty to write up the log—a diary this time—every hour, and one of the entries required was a note as to the condition of the sea. Different notations were printed in the cover and I selected each time the one which seemed to me to describe most accurately the state of the restless bay. Variety seemed to me to be desirable. This day I selected a new one, "G. S.," which the book said meant ground swell.

The O. D. took one startled glance at the entry. "Ground swell!" he shouted. "Ground swell! Why, you damned fool, how can there be ground swell? The ocean here is over a mile deep. Ha, ha. Ha, ha. Ha, ha."

All very amusing no doubt, but how was I to know that the nearness of the ground had anything to do with it?

When I was not functioning on the bridge I was continually painting ship. Other things come and go on a naval vessel, but painting goes on forever. After a sad experience painting the shaft alley where even my formula did not make me immune to sickness, probably painter's colic, I collected unto myself the task of decorating the after bridge. It was an ideal spot where unobserved I could while away the pleasant hours soothed almost to somnolence by the idle slap slap of the paint brush. I worked slowly and carefully and did not waste paint.

In port I found out several things: that a gob's uniform was ill adapted to hiding the sort of bottles the French

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I want just once to go to sea as a passenger, and sit in state surrounded by books, candy, flowers and a quantity of beer checks sent by friends

How They Did It *in* Dixie

Southern Style

Here are ten ideas that helped Alabama and South Carolina posts raise their quotas in the Endowment campaign. They ought to work equally well for posts in other States:

1. A sixty-seconds campaign can be more than one hundred percent effective in a small community. *Colbert County, Alabama.*

2. Keep an open list of Legionnaires' subscriptions, but be careful of too much publicity for the amount given by others.—*Rock Hill, South Carolina.*

3. If the committee is large enough to see everybody in town in one evening, the quota may be raised by the single effort.—*Ozark, Alabama.*

4. Hold a $10 campaign first. Then call on the big givers to make up the rest of the quota.—*Greenville, South Carolina.*

5. Give the whole town a forceful reminder at a pre-advertised time, with bells, whistles, horns and even airplanes. This brings in many pledge cards at a given hour.—*Montgomery, Alabama.*

6. Don't get discouraged if a community chest drive is on. Get the Endowment Fund quota included in it.—*Columbia, South Carolina.*

7. Make news. Then you don't have to beg for newspaper space.—*Colbert County and Montgomery, Alabama.*

8. Beat other scheduled campaigns to it by starting out right away if necessary.—*Rock Hill, South Carolina.*

9. If your quota is too small, raise a lot more money. Some other community might fall down, and you would make up for it.—*Greensboro, Alabama.*

10. Let the ladies solicit a good share of the prospects, if not almost all of them. They feel the need for the Endowment, and they get the money.—*Rock Hill, South Carolina.*

The Story of the Endowment Fund Campaign in Alabama and South Carolina

By A. V. LEVERING

EVER hear of the minute men of Colbert County? Then hear of them now. Exactly sixty seconds after the first subscription had been accepted, the quota of Colbert County, Alabama, for The American Legion Endowment Fund had been raised—and a check for the amount was soon on its way to augment the funds for the relief of America's disabled service men and the orphans of veterans.

Not a few of the nation's communities will raise their quotas, no doubt, by the Colbert County Minute Plan, once they hear of it. It takes a good deal of preliminary organization and work, of course. But it probably requires a great deal less work, all in all, than any other method of raising a town's or a county's quota. And certainly it awakens everybody in the community to the fact that The American Legion is doing, for those who gave the most to their country, a job which has to be done.

If you had been in Sheffield or Tuscumbia or any of the other towns in Colbert County on April 1st, the opening day of the Alabama campaign, you likewise would have known that something was going on, or about to go on. And while you were inquiring around to find out what it was all about, you would doubtless have been offered a pledge card to the Endowment Fund and told that you could fill it in and turn it in at any time between noon and 12:01 p. m. What's more, even if you hadn't known much of what the Fund is meant for, and why it is being raised, you would probably have succumbed to the influence of "crowd psychology" and turned in your card with the cash payment at the nearest receiving station.

As a starter, after a committee had been selected to raise the county's share of the national total, there began a strong campaign of forceful publicity—the kind that makes all the folks sit up and take notice. Once they took notice, they learned that their community was to be asked to participate in the national Endowment Fund campaign, and that their county's share was $1,000. They began to learn, through the newspapers, that the Fund was for a worthy purpose, and they learned what that purpose was.

Soon they began to find endorsements of the plan in print. The high school students were reported as having voted to make a small per capita contribution to the Fund, quite beyond what the grown folks of their families might give. The principal of the school recommended the movement, and urged them to contribute. They found, in the local papers, signed statements from prominent citizens who urged them to contribute when they should be solicited.

The newspapers co-operated most generously. The drive as scheduled was, it must be admitted, one of the most sensational bits of local news which had come to the editors for a long while. Nobody had ever thought of getting Colbert County to give $1,000 in a single minute. And the men in charge of the campaign assured the newspaper folks that it would be done, without question.

The day for the collection of the cards was set for the very first day of the state drive, April 1st. For several days in advance, the papers published full particulars of where to leave the cards at the appointed minute.

Every church and school bell in Colbert County, every whistle whether on mill or locomotive or creamery, every automobile horn was to be sounded at the appointed hour of 11:30 on April 1st, just as a reminder to folks that their subscriptions would be taken at noon. A half minute before 11:30 a few bells and whistles began to ring and blow in an experimental, tentative way. Within thirty seconds, pandemonium broke loose. Everyone began to make noise with any effective noisemaker which he had at hand. And for a few minutes there was more noise echoing around the county than at any time since November 11, 1918.

By 11:50 people were beginning to line up in front of the stores and banks which had been designated as receiving stations for the subscriptions. What's more, everyone had his signed card in his hand. At noon sharp, the business men began accepting the cards. And while some few of the pasteboards probably came over the counters as late as 12:02, the whole $1,000 was unquestionably subscribed within the first sixty seconds.

The quota was materially oversubscribed, the committee found, when reports from all of the subscription stations were in and totaled. And yet, as

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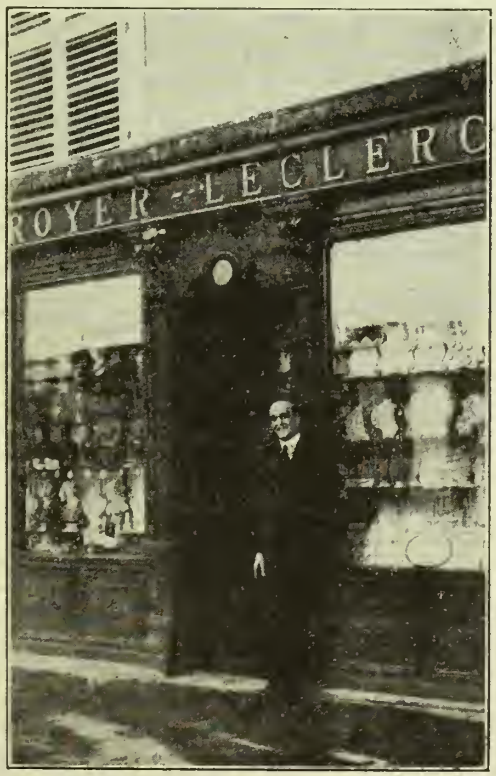
On the Trail *of the* A. E. F.

IV. Neufchateau and Its Neighbors

The Chaumont-Neufchateau road, one of the principal arteries of A. E. F. travel in the vicinity of Liffol-le-Grand. Does anyone recognize this spot as the site of the old American Advance Regulating Station?

By JOSEPH MILLS HANSON

PROBABLY a good many veterans of the A. E. F. can recall that after starting out from Chaumont toward the St. Mihiel front a run of about twelve miles in the direction of Neufchâteau brought them to a certain scattering but sizable village through which the road wound crazily. Upon entering this burg some highbrow in the truck or ambulance or limousine or whatever kind of vehicle happened to be bearing you onward toward the field of glory would lean out and observe the sign decorating the first house on the right hand side and then remark: "Oh, Andelot! This is the place where the Treaty of Andelot was signed in 587." And unless you, too, had been peeking into some old Baedeker in a Y library, as he had, you would respond weakly, "Oh, is that so?" That was all that you could say, because neither you nor he nor anybody else knew anything further about the Treaty of Andelot or why it was signed at that particular place or why, indeed, anybody signed any treaty at all in 587.



Alfred J. Geoffrion, late of the Yankee Division and Manchester, New Hampshire, in front of his jewelry store in Neufchateau

I do not know much more about the matter to this day but, as I had been through the above harrowing experience myself several times in war days, I thought of it when, five years later I again struck the crooked street of Andelot on my way to Neufchâteau. That, moreover, being my sole reminiscence of the village, I went on through without perceptible pause in search of scenes of more significant recollections. I found one of them only a mile or two beyond, at Rimaucourt. Yes, it was certainly Rimaucourt; there could be no mistaking the sharp bend in the road between its double row of shapely trees nor the bold crest of Hill 260, just beyond, around which the road swerves.

But how changed! Of all the spreading barracks of the base hospital which once covered the gentle southward slope between the road and the little Sueur River, nothing was to be seen except some rusty gasoline cans and a heap of other débris in a shallow old quarry. But on the other side of the highway the white painted fence posts and the small flagpole of the American cemetery still remained, a reminder of the tragedies of the war and perhaps, more than all, of those distressing weeks in October and early November, 1918, when Rimaucourt cared for its full share of the 190,000 members of the A. E. F. who at one time were occupying beds in American hospitals, most of them as the results of battle wounds or of the influenza epidemic. The bodies in the Rimaucourt cemetery, however, like those in all the other small cemeteries, have been removed by the Graves Registration Service, and the decaying fence and flagpole are the sole reminders of the former hospital center.

Five or six miles further on, at Lafauche, not even so much remains of the Advance Shell Shock Hospital. The level field in which its buildings once stood stretches empty and bright with clover blossoms to the edge of the pretty hillside village, above whose further roofs rise the gray fragments of masonry and the gaping mouths of ruined dungeons marking the site of the ancient château.

But it is only a mile or so from Lafauche to the beet-sugar factory beside the main road near Liffol-le-Petit, and on the long flat between this place and Liffol-le-Grand is still to be found something of the vast spread of trackage of the American Advance Regulating Station whose warehouses and barracks and long strings of freight cars once transformed the whole countryside into a scene of bustling activity. Close to the south side of the highway, along the railroad extending from Bologne to Neufchâteau, are still some of the side tracks of massive American steel and some American switches, while numerous piles of light railway iron attest to the vanished narrow gauge lines that once cobwebbed the adjacent ground. North of the road, in the low ground of the valley of the little Saônelle, a wilderness of weeds has overgrown the still existing grades, some of them with their tracks yet undisturbed, where the main yards and warehouses used to be.

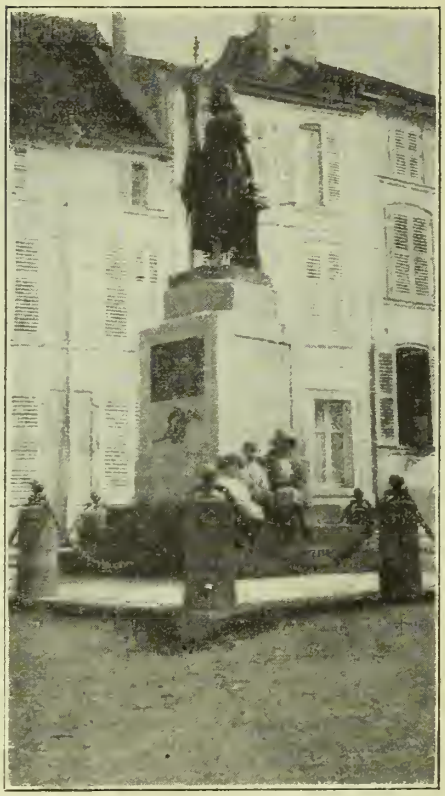
So far as I could discover, a part of a single old roundhouse, the sheet-iron sections of its siding rusty and flapping, was the sole remaining sentinel on all that wide stretch of flat

land, though in the edge of Liffol-le-Grand itself a few corrugated iron structures still stand, heaped inside and out with the salvaged material of other buildings. Three or four of the villagers living near by, with whom I talked for a moment, looked wistfully out over the valley and told me that it was "très triste" since the Americans were gone—and certainly it cannot be doubted that existence in such an isolated place as Liffol-le-Grand must have been infinitely enlivened by the presence of our host of energetic soldiers.

Who can have forgotten that wide street of Neufchâteau where the road from Chaumont enters, or the fork at which the street now called the Rue Président Wilson runs off to the right into the center of town while the Rue des Grandes Ecuries goes on to the left past the Hôtel Moderne and then, beyond the railroad station, merges with the Commercy road? Except that the lordly M. P.'s, with their pistols and their red brassards, are gone and with them the swarms of roaring, bouncing trucks which they used to order about so sternly, that fork in the streets is still quite the same as of old, even to the weather-beaten wooden signs of American fabrication of which the one at the right points a long arrow to "Langres-Belfort," while the one at the left similarly indicates "Toul-Nancy-Epinal."

As it was already dusk when I came into Neufchâteau, by the time dinner was over at the Hôtel Moderne night had fallen. My ambition to take a stroll about the old town to see how it looked in the evening was rudely dashed, for when I went outside nothing was to be seen. It was like the second verse in Genesis, wherein "darkness was upon the face of the deep," for Neufchâteau does not seem to be much more brilliantly lighted today than it was during the war, and it is as easy to run into a wall or to fall off the curb as it used to be on occasional nights when some German aviator would cruise back and forth over the length of a street and playfully spray it with machine-gun bullets.

So I waited, necessarily, for morning, when, finding my gasoline running low, the first place to which I drove was the nearest garage, which happened to be on the Rue de France not far from the hotel. Upon entering I encountered a man busily directing and assisting the several mechanics who were engaged on various repair jobs around the place. He did not look French, so I tried a little English on him, in response to which he immediately came back: "How much gas do you want? Need some oil, too?" Thus I speedily found that he was Monsieur, formerly Captain, Londery, of the American Motor Transport Corps, who was on duty in and around Neufchâteau for so long during and after the war that he got the habit and eventually bought the garage where I found him and settled down to a commercial career which is probably more profitable if less exciting than directing a squadron of army trucks around the front and the near front.



The statue of Jeanne d'Arc in the Place Jeanne d'Arc, Neufchateau

Up at the head of the Rue Saint Jean, beyond the Hôtel de ville and the sous-préfecture, one still finds the quiet and usually deserted Place Jeanne d'Arc, surrounding with a gallery of staring window blinds the statue of the heroine clasping her banner—a reminder that once, as a little girl, she accompanied her parents and her brothers and sister to Neufchâteau when they were obliged to flee from Domremy, a few miles north, before a raid of the Burgundian allies of the English, and a little further eastward beyond the Place the fine old eleventh century church of Saint Nicolas looks down upon the sluggish waters of the little Mouzon.

Around another corner I sought but did not immediately find the mansion which was once the Guest House of the American Visitors' Bureau, frequently the stopping place during the later months of the war of visitors, distinguished or otherwise persona grata, from the United States or Allied countries who were receiving the hospitality of G. H. Q. in order that they might be shown something at first hand of the American Armies in active battle operations.

The buildings along the street did not look familiar and finally I entered the small shop of a shoemaker, or cordonnier, and inquired. The shoemaker called through the back door and immediately a young girl, his daughter, entered and spoke to me in English, her limited stock of which she bashfully admitted she had acquired during the time that the American troops were in Neufchâteau. She pointed out to me, almost directly across the street, the old Guest House, which I had failed to recognize probably because all the windows and doors were shuttered and barred while ladders rising from the street indicated that it was undergoing some sort of repairs or reconstruction within.

But the Guest House is, at least, still there. On the contrary, out northward by the Commercy road I again had to inquire of some workmen for the site of a building which, in the days when the First American Army had its head-

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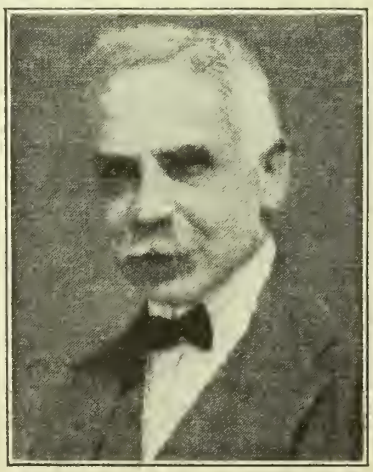


ON the evening of November 11, 1918, I happened to make a speech in Boston, in the course of which I said: "America has broken many a record since we entered the war. There is one record yet to be broken before our boys come home. That is the record of the outpouring of a nation's gratitude to its defenders." My views have undergone no change with the lapse of time.

OTTO H. KAHN

The above indorsement of The American Legion's $5,000.000 Endowment Fund is from a letter written to National Commander Drain by the noted financier. By raising this fund, to yield an estimated income of $225,000 a year, The American Legion seeks to underwrite for years to come the complete fulfillment of the country's obligation to the disabled and the orphans of service men, and to guarantee a continuance of the Legion's supplemental efforts, without which no governmental provision for the sick or helpless or their dependents can be wholly effective.

You Wouldn't Judge *a* Tailor *by* His Legs

By HOMER DYE, JR.

SINCE it was black shellac which the apartment dweller inadvertently spilled on his newly groomed dress suit it might not seem at first thought that the calamity was as bad as it really was. The dress suit, having a dull finish, so to speak, and the shellac having a high enamel finish, the final effect was more than the "conventional black" which is much to be desired on formal occasions.

The apartment dweller, who had left off enameling a gate-leg table in accordance with a recent fad—and in accordance with instructions from his wife—and had begun attiring himself for a buddy's wedding, found himself in a quandary. It was the only dress suit he had, and apparently the only one to be had, a hurried recourse to the telephone informed him.

Then he bethought himself of the little tailor shop down in the next block where his "soup and fish" had been groomed that very afternoon. He went there in person, carrying the dress suit with him over his arm—black shellac and all.

"What can you do for this?" the apartment dweller asked the proprietor of the tailor shop, none other than Samuel McKee, once Corporal McKee, Company I, 140th Infantry, 35th division.

Corporal McKee looked over the situation, which was a dark terrain in more ways than one, but he wasn't entirely baffled. The customer waited breathlessly for McKee to speak.

"Well, I guess I can do the same thing that I've been doing with the other stuff," McKee answered. "I have a concoction here that takes spots out of clothing—and since it has been removing little spots, I don't see any reason why it wouldn't knock big ones, too."

"All right, I'm your customer," the apartment dweller agreed.

The problem thereupon was worked out, as most problems are, when calm logic and resourcefulness are applied to them. The apartment dweller went his way rejoicing, back to his apartment, carrying his dress suit with him, and leaving the shellac with McKee.

From Exermont wood in the Argonne, where McKee lost a leg, to a little tailor shop and cleaning and pressing establishment in Kansas City, was a span that had its tribulations as well as triumphs. A fairy tale relates how a tailor went out into the world and by his courage and wit triumphed over the things of might and wonder which he encountered. When he met some giants who tried to impress him with their prowess by squeezing water out of stones, the little tailor, unabashed, took a piece of cheese from his pocket and squeezed the whey from it. Then, to demonstrate his pitching ability, he took a blackbird from another pocket and gave it a good start, after which the bird's wings did the rest. The giants were profoundly impressed and left the field to the little tailor.

Somewhat different, yet in some respects similar, was the case of Corporal McKee, who left a field of glory to find new triumphs in a vocation of peace. For in his little establishment in Kansas City, McKee finds in a little business of his own the need for the same kind of persistence and resourcefulness and courage that were needed in his service in France. This might not seem to be so—which is all the more proof that it is so—for a part of that courage and resourcefulness is the ability which Corporal McKee has, of seeing the possibilities for triumphs and achievements in his little tailor shop. For there is the tailor of the fairy tale, and there is Corporal McKee, who is making a fairy tale come true.

* * * * *

It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon of September 28, 1918. Lieutenant Floyd B. Champion glanced at his watch. Then he addressed Corporal McKee, his only companion.

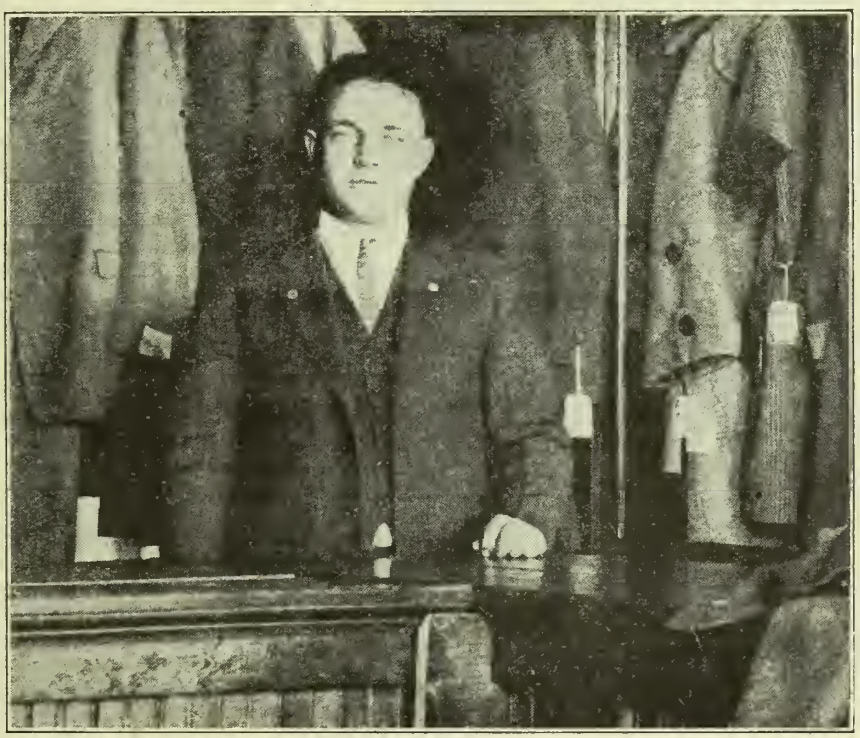
"You make it to that shell hole, and I'll go back and bring up the platoon."

The two advance scouts were crouched in a thicket at the edge of Exermont wood. Ahead, the distance of only a few city blocks, were the enemy lines. Corporal McKee, flat on his stomach, wriggled his way across the open space to the shell hole his commanding officer had instructed him to reach. The distance was about one hundred feet from the wood's edge. Secure, at least for the moment, Corporal McKee turned to look back to the spot where he had left his lieutenant.

The lieutenant was coming toward the shell hole—on his knees. Evidently there were additional instructions which had been forgotten. No one ever learned. Half the distance to the shell hole Corporal McKee saw his lieutenant and friend crumple to the ground with a piercing cry. A sniper had picked him off—at close range, too. There he lay, helpless, in full view of the enemy.

Corporal McKee did his duty. He wormed back across the stretch of untimbered ground to his friend, destined in a few moments to die. A bullet wound in the spine revealed a broken backbone. The corporal's first aid pack came into hurried use. Another whizz and sting—

(Continued on page 20)



Corporal Sam McKee lost a leg in the Argonne. The Government trained him as a tailor and he had enough energy to set himself up in business. He's making good in his little shop in Kansas City because he refuses to believe that he can't do just as good work as a tailor with sound legs

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.

Misled by a Slogan

LIBERTY has published an excellent editorial to which a reader of both *Liberty* and The American Legion Weekly has asked this magazine to reply. The editorial is entitled "Patent War Medicine", and it argues against the so-called Universal Draft Bill sponsored by The American Legion, saying:

As a people we are eager for phrases. We like theories. . . . . Conscription of capital in war is a good phrase. Is capital to be immune from national necessity when men are taken? No; and that is a good theory. If the life of the poor man is to be conscripted, at least the wealth of the rich man shall be.

Justice, maybe, but not common sense. . . . .

Can you get more wheat, more corn, and more pork as needed by putting an agricultural draft board at work in a county? Can such a board increase wheat acreage as the inducement of $2.50 or $3 wheat would?

If it cannot work with the basic industry can it work with anything else now dependent on the widest play of native human forces? You can conscript a coal mine, a railroad, or a steel mill, but with the physical property in your hand you cannot conscript the ambition and energy of the men to operate.

Liberty sympathizes with the proposal to distribute more equally the burdens of war, with curbing waste, extravagance, bad management and profiteering in war-time by those who will seek to take advantage of the necessities of the Government, but concludes that this can only be done in this way:

Get at the wealth by taxation after it has been accumulated under ordinary motives which work in peace. Give the soldier a peace-time compensation which this wealth can stand. But do not give a country in war a disorganization it could not stand in peace.

With this conclusion The American Legion Weekly neither agrees nor disagrees all the way. *Liberty* apparently has been basically misinformed as to what the so-called Universal Draft Bill calls for, and its whole discussion rests on a false premise. It has been misled by a slogan, our American proneness for which it aptly cites. The American Legion did not originate the phrases "universal draft" or "draft of labor" or "draft of capital". It has, however, given them much currency. It is convinced that this has been to a good end, even though it has caused the patriotically disposed *Liberty* to step off on the wrong foot for once. These slogans have spread the thought of a greater equality among the three major concomitants of a war effort—military manpower, capital and labor—better than anything else we can think of. They have done nine points of good to one of harm, which is pretty good in this imperfect world. These slogans have, specifically, advanced the fortunes of a piece of legislation which some day will be enacted in substantially the form in which it rests at this moment.

This legislation does not propose to "draft" labor or capital. The American Legion Weekly, while employing the designation by which the Capper-Johnson Bill is most commonly known, that is, the Universal Draft Bill, has painstakingly pointed this out not once but many times. This is quoted from an editorial which appeared in these columns last October:

This bill has gone by the name of "universal draft." It was a good popular name which in substance expressed the intentions of the act, which authorized the President in time of emergency

1. To draft into the service of the United States such members of the unorganized militia as he may deem necessary; provided that all persons drafted between the ages of 21 and 30, or such other limits as the President may fix, shall be drafted without exemption on account of industrial occupation. . . . .

2. To determine and proclaim the material resources, industrial organizations and services over which government control is necessary to the successful termination of such emergency. . . .

3. To stabilize prices of services and of all commodities declared to be essential whether . . . required by the Government or by the civilian population.

The Legion proposes no universal draft in the literal sense of the term. Read the bill. It proposes to draft men, and draft them on a more equable basis than before. It proposes to control labor, capital and commodities and fix the wages and prices for each. This, the experts and economists who have spent three years with the problem say, can be done.

The Weekly feels that the foregoing states the Legion's exceptions to *Liberty's* criticisms of the so-called Universal Draft proposal, as well as the Legion's exceptions to the substitute procedure which *Liberty* recommends.

Typical Legion Service

MINNESOTA has just added to the ever-growing list of examples of how The American Legion serves the disabled veterans and the nation. It is a service to the nation as well as to the veterans, because the rehabilitation of disabled veterans is a national responsibility, freely accepted by the country. Thus when the Legion steps in and helps the progress of rehabilitation over one of the constantly recurring kinks it is a national service of the first order.

In Minnesota, as elsewhere, are several veterans' farm projects—places where disabled ex-service men are being government-trained to farm, and enabled, as they are trained, to acquire land of their own by applying to the purchase thereof portions of their disability compensation checks from month to month. It transpired that some of these farm projects were not feasible. The land was unsuitable, or required too great an expense to clear it and put it in shape—one thing or another was wrong, and the result was that the veterans, nearing the end of their allotted periods of vocational training, were about to be left high and dry on land they could do nothing with, as was described in detail in the Weekly during the past winter.

The Minnesota Legion got busy. Commander Lindell appointed a special investigating committee headed by Fred C. Nelson of Saint Paul, who knows about farming and nearly everything else in Minnesota. Nelson spent weeks of his own time and a good deal of his own money getting the facts. He made three trips to Washington at his own expense and placed these facts before President Coolidge, Director Hines of the Veterans Bureau and others. Director Hines—busy as he is—went personally to Minnesota and verified everything. He has assigned four government agricultural experts to the job of straightening matters out. Tractors will be furnished to help clear lands. Where veterans have left because of unsuitable conditions, an attempt will be made to get them back and put them on proper land.

It was a typical Legion job of service and, incidentally, it is the kind of service which the Legion Endowment Fund will put on a permanent and stable basis, guaranteeing to veterans Legion protection for all time to come.

❖ ❖ ❖

"Darn that schoolgirl complexion," he remarked as he brushed off his coat.

❖ ❖ ❖

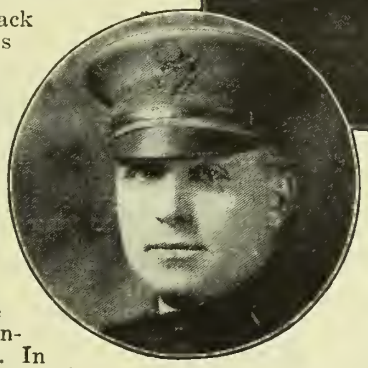
The old car never runs quite so smoothly as it does just before you get ready to trade her in.

❖ ❖ ❖

Static, like catarrh, is caused by atmospheric conditions. And, in its milder forms, it sounds something like catarrh, too.

Living Up *to a* .448 Batting Average

By ARTHUR VAN VLISSINGEN, JR.



Hard hitting and alert base running and some mighty good half-backing won Joseph Lonergan note before he had been ordained a priest, and he has been using ever since, in and out of church, the dash and go he developed in baseball and football. He was chaplain with the 20th Engineers and the 90th Division during the World War and chaplain of the Illinois Department for two years before he was elected National Chaplain

NOT so many years ago there was a student at St. Viator's College who was brightening the school's athletic record and making, incidentally, quite a record for himself. They called him Joe Lonergan, the miracle halfback. And in baseball he was distinguished by his ability to turn infield grounders into base hits—for he got over the ground fast, and slid into first if he thought it would get him there faster. He managed to bat .448 his last year in college mostly by reason of his speedy baserunning.

The year after he got out of college, he followed the good old Irish tradition by becoming a section boss. For a year he guided the destinies of a big gang—a hundred men or more—on the Illinois Central near his home at Polo, Illinois. And the following year saw him definitely embarked on his career of ecclesiastical, theological education.

Today the erstwhile miracle halfback and erstwhile section boss on the I. C. is National Chaplain of The American Legion. He was elected to the office at the Saint Paul convention last September—and to date no one has been heard to say that the convention used poor judgment.

Father Lonergan—a whole lot more Legionnaires call him Joe Lonergan than address him by his churchly title—has been a good Legionnaire, an exceptionally, extraordinarily good Legionnaire, ever since he got out of the Army. Before that he was an exceptionally, extraordinarily good army chaplain. In support of which, consider the report of General Martin, made in support of his assigning to Chaplain Lonergan a rating of ninety-eight percent as an officer. I haven't a copy of the statement before me at the moment, but essentially it said this: "In all of my experience in the Army, I have known no chaplain ever to do so much for the men as did Chaplain Lonergan for the men of the 86th Division while he was assigned to duty there."

Father Lonergan did not just step from his job as a section foreman to his job as army chaplain, of course. When he quit "working on the railroad all the livelong day," he went to St. Bernard's Seminary at Rochester, New York. After a year there, he went to Grand Seminary, Montreal. Study at the Paulists' Seminary and Baltimore followed.

Then back to his home State, and the newly-ordained priest was assigned to be assistant at Aurora, Illinois. And here arose one incident which gives him a perhaps small claim to fame. For it was here, history relates, that Father Lonergan appeared at the altar one morning to celebrate mass—and the most prominent characteristic of his appearance was a luscious purple and blue eye.

But he had not got it fighting. He had been demonstrating some of the niceties of baseball to the youngsters of the eighth-grade team of the parochial school league. He was catching behind the bat—indiscreetly, be it admitted, without a mask—when one of his youthful parishioners slipped a hot foul back into the priestly eye.

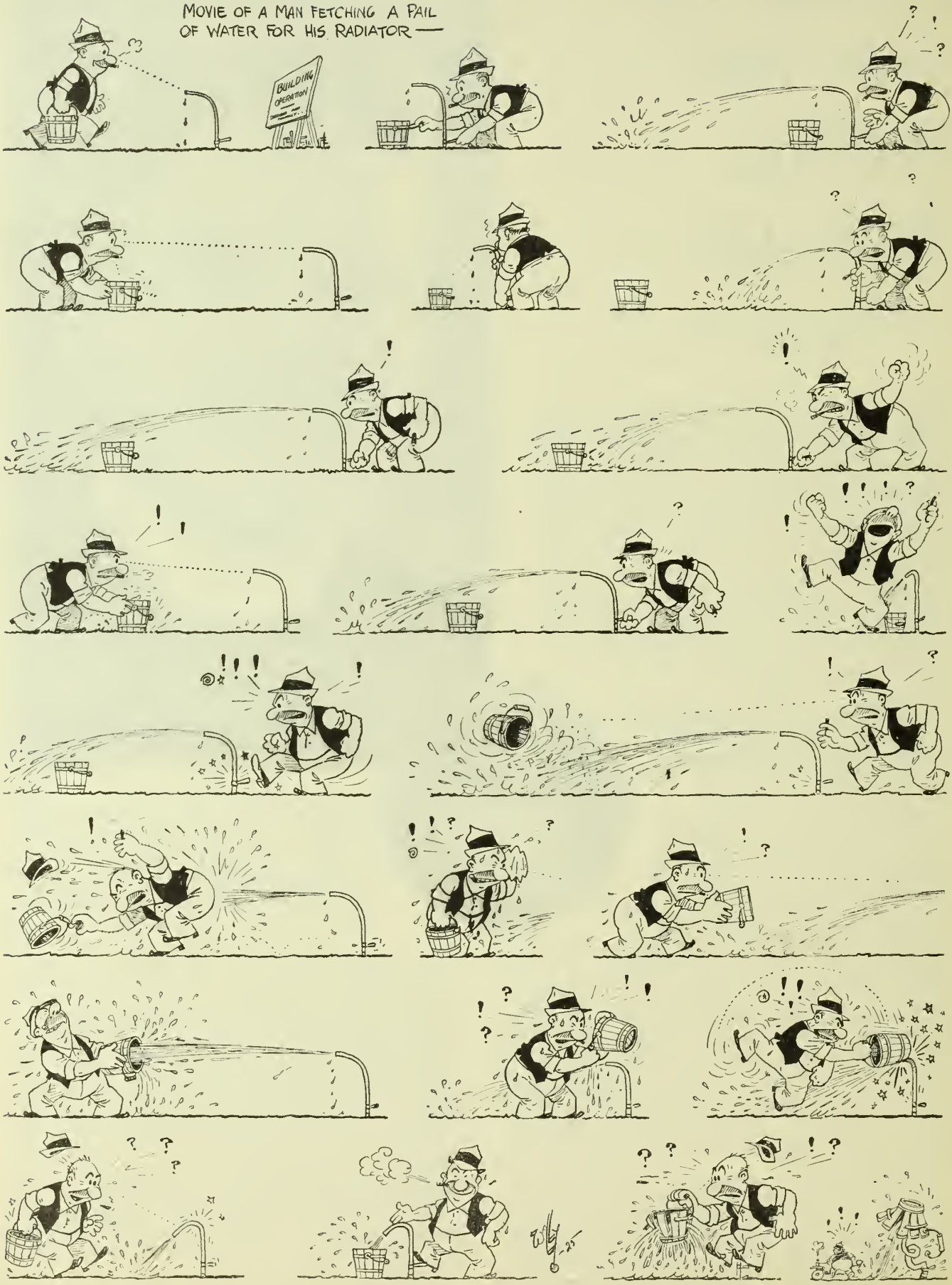
After he had been at Aurora for a while, as assistant, Father Lonergan was given complete charge of the district around Barrington and Crystal Lake, Illinois. It had never been a stronghold of the church. Perhaps the right organizer had never been there. In the five years he was there young Father Lonergan built five new parishes in the territory—and three new churches. Already, at the very outset of his career in the priesthood, this young man was proving that he had organizing ability and was not afraid to use it.

Early in the war Bishop Muldoon of Rockford sent Father Lonergan to Camp Grant as his personal representative. And, in that highly unofficial position—unofficial as far as the camp authorities were concerned—he proceeded to function in a way which brought real results and a world of respect to the priest.

Working as an organizer, he started out by standardizing all Catholic services in the cantonment. He standardized the services held in all of the *(Continued on page 17)*

The Water Detail

By Wallgren



A PERSONAL PAGE *by* Frederick Palmer

Much in a Name

A multitude of men are doing manual labor in manufacturing plants without having their names mentioned in the newspapers. When Fowler McCormick started in at manual labor in the International Harvester Works all the world knew it. Doing manual labor became suddenly a rare and glorious thing. Fowler is a grandson of John D. Rockefeller. Grandfather much approved his action. It is precisely grandfather's idea of what a rich young man should do if he would learn how to keep his wealth and make some more, and learn how to use it well.

We have never heard that grandfather had a sense of humor, although he played some practical jokes upon some of his rivals in the oil business. Fowler seems to have a sense of humor. He is receiving numerous letters of admiration which mention that the writers are of the fair sex and even add that they are pretty and whether they are blonde or brunette or bob haired. "I need a secretary with the heart of a whipping boss," says the gallant young man.

The Last Hope Fulfilled

We thought that the last lode had been found; that, lured on by the ghosts of the pioneers of old who found fortune in waste places, prospectors would in future tramp the Rockies and exhaust their grubstakes in vain; that the gold strike and the gold rush would never come again; that all this had become as much history as the covered wagon and herds of wild buffalo ranging the plains.

In memory of past rushes I rubbed my eyes over the news from Nevada. It brought a "sooner" ache to my feet to take the trail and see if any of the old timers I had known in the Klondyke and Goldfields rushes were among the throng.

Yes, it seems quite true that there is another gold strike in Nevada. The place is Gilbert, named after the discoverers, Fred, Herman and Logan Gilbert. Long ago, after Charles Lampson had failed in that region, the Gilberts' father had taken up the search in the faith that Lampson had imparted to him. When the father failed, the sons, as often as they could get grubstakes, set forth over the alkali under the blazing sun, chipping off bits of ledge which looked like gold-bearing rock only to find when it was assayed that it held no pay streak.

Their story reads like fiction, but it is old truth in gold-hunting annals which tells us that "gold is where you find it and any minute you may find it." The Gilberts call their mine "The Last Hope" because they found it on the trip which they had concluded must be their last. Soon after their strike much richer rock was struck in the neighborhood. That, too, is the way it always happens. The pioneer almost invariably pioneers greater riches for others than for himself.

A new town of wooden shacks, bunkhouses, restaurants, assay offices and dance halls has risen on the desert, as has always happened. Men elbow each other for news and for their share of supplies that are being rushed in. Prices of food and drink soar; "prospects" change hands in a fever of speculation. Rumors of new strikes, brought in by lean, thirsty men from the desert distances, inspire the latest arrivals with golden dreams. As the strike is quartz there is not the lure of the poor man's placer dirt and quick results from rocker and pan, but production must wait on capital and machinery.

Yet Gilbert, the newest town in America, stands for a bit of romance which we never expected to see again except on the screen. I hope that strike follows strike, and that the descendants of the '49-ers of old will reap millions.

I only wish that my old pals, Ned and Fred, might be among them. They must have long since passed from the flesh, but Gilbert will call their spirits, as surely as the sea called the Flying Dutchman.

I met Ned and Fred rocking out gold on a claim in Alaska. They were white-bearded twins past seventy. All their lives they had prospected together as pards. Holding their own with younger men in packing over the passes and building their boats and shooting the White Horse Rapids, they had at last made a big strike.

"Have you never quarreled?" I asked them.

"You bet," said Fred.

"Like thunder sometimes," said Ned. "Been without speaking for days, but always we seen what fools we was and made up——"

"And had a good laugh about it afterwards," put in Fred. "You 'member, Ned, you old sour-dough stiff, how when we began dividing up our grubstake to separate forever, and how when we came to the burro we looked at each other and said 'How'n hell we going to divide him?' —and we bust out laughing and broke out our last can of sardines to celebrate the peace conference.

"We're going to use part of our money to build us a shack way up in the hills of Californy, which is God's own State, far enough away so that civilization can't reach us before we peg out. It's this consarned civilization that's ruining the independence of us he-men."

"No more prospecting?" I asked.

Ned screwed up his eyes and Fred tickled his beard.

"Yes, we'll prospect a little, summer times. That's the only way a he-man can keep from becoming stall fed, short winded and hamstrung."

Ned and Fred are certainly in Gilbert in spirit unless preoccupied with the many inviting placer prospects which should be the lot of all old-time prospectors in their happy hunting grounds.

This is giving almost all my page to Ned and Fred, and the editor may rate me for prolixity, but I have a great liking for all prospectors and pioneers.

Baseball in Distress

Has baseball reached a state of decrepitude where it needs this aid? A national association has been organized to develop interest in amateur baseball among our youth. As well, you might say at first thought, organize to keep the weather warm in August. The old difficulty was how to stop boys from being truant from school in order to play ball. Isn't this still true in many places?

The danger is that baseball is ceasing to be amateur. It has become too professionalized. Every community of any size now has its paid team. It is becoming the habit to lose interest in the game unless one can play it well enough to be paid for playing. If we want a game to remain amateur it must be played for the game's sake, its exercise, its sport, and the joy of winning, not for other forms of profit.

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How They Did It *in* Dixie

(Continued from page 6)

seems inevitable wherever the human race has to be dealt with, there were some folks who had forgotten, or who hadn't been ready, or who had some other reason for not having got their money in under the wire. And, of course, many of these folks wanted to contribute to the Endowment Fund.

It took a special ruling by the local committee to allow their cards to be taken. Taken they were, however. The time was extended to one week, but only after the quota had been exceeded materially.

Then there is Dale County Post, at Ozark. The Legionnaires of Dale County Post have a habit of not letting any other post get ahead of them, if it is at all possible. For instance, when a banner was offered for the post which turned in the largest percentage of paid membership for 1925 in comparison with 1924, and the time limit of the contest set as December 31st, the Ozark boys turned in 107 cards with the post's check attached. Their 1924 membership was 25; so they led the whole State down the stretch with a showing of 428 percent of 1924 membership paid up before the end of the year.

A post which has tasted the glory of winning a state contest is like a tiger which has tasted human blood; it is always out to repeat. But, to the dissatisfaction of the Ozark men, there wasn't another prize contest of any sort opened in the Alabama Legion for almost three months. It was most annoying.

On the morning of March 23d, however, Department Adjutant S. C. Crockett placed in the mail a bulletin addressed to every post in the State. The bulletin notified them that the governor of the State had had placed at his disposal, by the Federal authorities, three captured German field-pieces. He had, in turn, placed two of these at the disposal of the Legion in Alabama to use as prizes for good showings in the Endowment Fund campaign.

The bulletin mailed that morning said that the department would award one of these field pieces to the county which first got its quota raised and into Department Headquarters. The other would go to the county which would have forwarded to Department Headquarters, bearing postmark not later than April 7th, the largest percentage in excess of its quota.

That evening Crockett, in Montgomery, received a telephone call from the commander of the Ozark post. "We have put our check in the mail for twenty percent of the county's $400 quota," he announced.

"Are those legitimate subscriptions from the people of the county, or has the post simply underwritten the quota?" inquired the adjutant suspiciously.

"Genuine subscriptions from the townspeople," the Ozark commander assured him.

"Hm-m-m," meditated Crockett, with visions of other posts in the State arising to complain that they never had a chance in the contest. "I'm afraid you'll have to send along the whole $400 before we can recognize it as officially in. We'll make the other posts do it too, in this contest."

"All right," agreed the man at the other end of the wire. "We asked them to give us only twenty percent of the cash when we solicited our local folks, but I reckon we can go around and get the other eighty percent from them. The eighty dollars is in the mail, and the other $320 will be in the mail sometime tomorrow. Good-bye."

The announcement of the contest went out on March 22d. On March 23d the first twenty percent of Dale County's quota was in, and on March 24th the remaining $320 arrived. And the court-house square at Ozark gets the gun that was taken from the kaiser.

While the men of the Ozark post were out combing Dale County for additional subscriptions, road repairs forced them to detour up a little-used lane. Here was a house which none of the workers had known was there—though it showed, by its antiquity, that it was a good deal older than the Legionnaires. But they decided to investigate, on the chance that the house might yield at least a small contribution to the Endowment Fund.

A small boy about seven years of age met them at the door. No, he told them, he lived there alone with his grandfather—and the old man had not been out of bed for weeks. His father and mother? Well, his mother died several years ago, before he could remember, and his father was killed in the war in France.

Those Dale County Legionnaires had been thinking a good deal about veterans' orphans in the last few days, a good deal more than they ever had thought in their lives. Here they were asking subscriptions to care for just such cases as this—and here was a little boy, underfed, not being educated, absolutely improperly cared for, for his grandfather was quite unable to do anything for the youngster.

And they did exactly what, let us hope, you or I would do under the circumstances. They took steps to have the old man put in an institution where he could receive real care. They set the wheels in motion to see what the old man and the little boy were entitled to under Veterans Bureau regulations. They took the small boy in town and cleaned him up.

There is no denying that he was a very dirty little boy. And, as far as any of the Legionnaires could tell, he wanted to remain so. They had literally to put him in a bath-tub by force, and have two men hold him while a couple of others scrubbed him. They had to do the same sort of thing when they came to put a pair of shoes on him—he had never worn shoes.

He almost had hysterics from fright when he saw a woman on the street in Ozark—he had never seen a woman, at least since he could remember. He saw a youngster on a velocipede—and he had to ride on it, too, if he was to remain happy. So one of the Legionnaires borrowed it from its youthful owner. The "wild boy" rode around on it until they had to remove him forcibly and take him to luncheon.

But, down under the wildness which had grown because the child had had no "bringin' up" was a fine, clean, healthy little fellow whom anyone who

loves children would like. The Legionnaires didn't have much trouble in getting the boy adopted into a good family, where he would have the advantages of a good home and adequate education. There is one child saved for better things by the Endowment Fund Campaign, before the very fund is collected!

But all of this spirit of "let's beat the gun" is not confined to Alabama. There was another case in South Carolina. At Rock Hill, the local post was rarin' to go just as soon as it heard there was to be a campaign in the State. Two other campaigns for the solicitation of funds were scheduled in the early future. "We'd better go get ours while the getting is good," opined Commander York Wilson of Frank Roach Post at Rock Hill.

The quota committee for South Carolina had not yet announced the quotas. But, to give Rock Hill something to shoot at, Field Secretary Lyle D. Tabor assigned it a quota of $1,750. This was immediately after the state meeting of post commanders and adjutants, and long before the Endowment Campaign was to start in the State.

A social meeting of the Auxiliary unit and the post was already on the schedule. Commander Wilson turned it into an Endowment meeting by inviting in representatives of all of the organizations and luncheon clubs of Rock Hill, and having the purposes of the campaign set forth fully for everyone's comprehension.

Next day the post commander and the field secretary called on the local people whose assistance was necessary. The city manager, who had served as chairman of previous campaigns to raise funds there, gave what information he could about what might be expected of the various groups and individuals in town. The mayor, who is likewise a local banker, gave the plan his approval, as did the vice-president of another bank. The newspapers agreed to help with publicity. Then the post commander sent the field secretary back to work in his own car, a distance of 130 miles.

But the local people, any one of whom might have served best as chairman of the local committee, seemed unanimously to have good reasons why they could not serve. "All right. I'll take the chairmanship myself," announced Commander York Wilson. "We're going ahead, no matter what happens."

It was all very sudden. The drive began at once, before the supplies which had been wired for to National Head-

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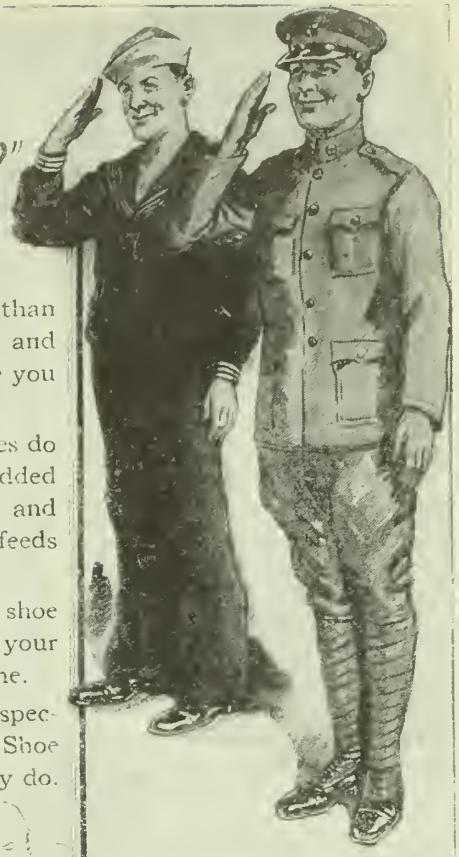

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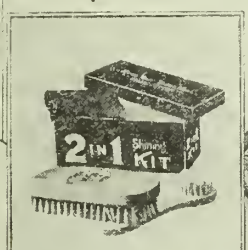

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quarters had arrived. The field secretary had only a few of each form. "Send them over by special delivery mail," York Wilson directed. "We'll print up some for our own use." So, when the samples arrived, Wilson had them duplicated at a local job shop. It was two days later that the supplies arrived from Indianapolis—and by that time the quota was half raised.

For one thing, the post and Auxiliary members contributed generously. They exceeded the quota which had been set for them. Just 100 Legion members subscribed $680, which together with the post subscription and that of the Auxiliary brought it up to $1,000.

"We made a mistake in the town proper," confesses Commander Wilson. "We got a committee of the old regular canvassers, and some of them set their sights too low. So the last few days we turned the whole affair over to the ladies, and they brought it up to $1,750.

"If any post cares to profit by our mistake, let us suggest that there is a good possibility in turning over almost entirely to the ladies the canvass of the citizens. The ladies, we have found, feel very strongly about the Endowment, and they worked very hard indeed on our canvass.

"Among the Legion members, we found it worked best to have a complete list of subscriptions on one big sheet. We headed it with the big ones, and the others fell in line at ten dollars per man. When we had several workers out on this job, we would meet twice daily and put the new names on each sheet, so that each subscriber could see just what all his friends had subscribed. We feel that they practically doubled what they would have given if they had been approached separately."

Yet other towns have found that, while this method works well inside the Legion post, it should be approached carefully before it is adopted for use with the people of the town. Some citizens feel—and, be it admitted, not without some justification—that the plan is too nearly akin to using a club on them. Others, less able to give than they would like to have their townspeople think, will abstain from subscribing at all, rather than subscribe one dollar or five dollars, which may be all that they can afford.

A ten dollar campaign was carried on at Greenville, South Carolina, a city of 25,000 people with a quota of $7,000. The people who seemed able to give just about ten dollars were the first ones approached. A definite effort was made to get ten dollars from each of them, with considerable success.

The plan was sponsored by J. W. Arrington, local chairman, Mrs. A. F. McKissick, State President of the Auxiliary, and other local folks. The "blue card list," the people who might be counted on to make larger gifts, were told when they inquired that after the ten dollar campaign was completed, they would be called on to make up the balance of the quota. And they did; the plan worked out very well. The deficiency was made up by the wealthy people, and they helped the city to exceed its quota.

In other cities other methods were used. Take Columbia, the capital city of South Carolina. Here the community chest drive was scheduled for the same week as the state campaign for the Endowment Fund. It took only a thorough explanation of the Endowment's purposes to get the budget committee of the chamber of commerce to add the Legion job right on to the local charities. So, out of the $80,000 community chest the Endowment Fund is getting four percent—which means $3,200 cash when the chest campaign is over in Columbia.

Typical of the spirit behind the drive is the energy shown by Winston R. (Red) Withers of Greensboro, Alabama. When the quotas went out to the various communities, Red's was the first answer back into department headquarters. It read: "What in hell do you mean by setting Hale County's quota at $400 when we are going to raise at least $750?"

His was no idle talk, either. A few days later, before the week of intensive work was more than under way in Alabama, Withers turned in $690 cash. He had $92 more in pledges in his pocket—and he had not as yet heard from his committees. They were waiting to turn in complete reports at the end of the week. He had raised 195 percent of his county's quota personally, before the drive was over!

One of the best publicity methods devised in the Alabama campaign has been to get news developed by making it if necessary. The work in Colbert County, with a one-minute campaign, was typical in this respect. If the local committee had carried on merely a stereotyped campaign for funds, the newspapers would have been donating when they gave space to it. As it was, the campaign was high-class news, and was treated as such. It would have meant a tremendous amount of door-to-door work, with an argument at every stop, if the publicity in the papers had not done most of the work in advance.

At Montgomery, Alabama, the post and the state headquarters as well made capital of the first subscription received in the State, that from Major Roy S. Brown, commandant at Maxwell Field, Grand Chef de Gare of the 40 and 8 in Alabama and a member of Montgomery Post. He made his contribution by signing a card in the cockpit of his plane, just after he had landed from a flight. "I don't know all of what this Endowment Fund is about," he remarked—it was early in March, a full month before the drive opened—"but I know enough so that I want to give to the Fund without waiting to be solicited." And Major Brown's remarks, plus his $100 check, were reproduced all over the Alabama press.

When Judge Landis came to Montgomery to speak for the Endowment, a big Martin bomber from Maxwell Field went over to Savannah, Georgia, to pick up the judge. It took him to Augusta for a speech, then to Montgomery, and afterwards flew him to New Orleans for his next engagement. All of which got the Endowment Campaign into the papers, with pictures.

Montgomery's quota was $7,500. Some $1,800 was contributed by members of the post. Then, on the last day of the drive, for the final push there was a great to-do with bells, automobile horns and whistles—an idea borrowed, by the way, from Colbert County's campaign six days before—and six planes from Maxwell Field dropped thousands of dodgers. All of this stirred up a last burst of enthusiasm, and helped the city get its quota within the time limit.

Living Up *to a* .448 Batting Average

(Continued from page 11)

shelters, so that the same thing was going on at the same time in every one of them. It was a job which, so far as is known, was not accomplished, or even thought of, at any other large cantonment. And for it he was highly praised by his superiors.

Shortly after, he was sworn in and commissioned a first lieutenant chaplain. Officially, Chaplain Lonergan's first assignment was to the 343d Infantry under Colonel Howland. Actually, he was serving as division chaplain of the 86th Division. It was at Camp Grant, on July 4, 1918, that he told 50,000 men, "A man never became a man until he got a good punch on the nose!"

He went overseas with the 86th. Shortly after he got across, he was assigned to the 20th Engineers (Forestry) in the Vosges Mountains, at the southern end of the Argonne in the Toul sector. This was the famous outfit which was scattered from Alsace to Bordeaux, with its 20,000 men organized simply on a regimental basis. It was the one regiment which might, numerically, have been a division. At all events it was the largest regiment in the world.

About April of 1919, Chaplain Lonergan was assigned to Division Headquarters of the 90th Division, under General Martin. And it was General Martin, who had known him at Camp Grant, who made the previously quoted report in support of his rating the chaplain ninety-eight percent as an officer. Chaplain Lonergan stayed with the 90th until he was discharged.

He has a great belief in the necessity of good chaplains in Legion posts. He particularly emphasizes the necessity of having army and navy chaplains active in Legion work—while he realizes, of course, that there are so few service chaplains that there are not enough to go around. "I know of one post where there are five very excellent Army chaplains who were very popular with the men. That sort of distribution is hurting membership," he declared recently at a meeting of the Legion's National Executive Committee. "You know, there are a whole lot of people who don't know anything about a chaplain in the Legion. I don't know, though, of anyone who was closer to the men in service than the chaplain after the chaplain got to functioning; and the same thing can be true of the ex-service men and the chaplain.

"I would like to see more emphasis placed on using the chaplain in the Legion. Just as in the Army he took care of his religious duties and went a little further and took care of everything else that was missed, he can do the same thing in the Legion. There isn't a single function in the Legion where a chaplain can't reflect experience, knowledge, and that most wonderful thing, comradeship.

"Have all the officers that you want go through your hospitals, but have your chaplains go through there who, with their experience of visiting sick men, who, with the natural response that sick men give to the call from a clergyman, with the confidence that they will put in a chaplain that they won't put in anyone else, can comfort these men."

And the National Chaplain expands that idea a bit further, in man-to-man talk. "Chaplains know their way around—and then we don't half give them a chance to do what they can," he points out. "Hospitalization is the very life of many clergymen, and a large part of the life of every one. In child welfare, religion is one of the outstandingly important elements—since, in contributing to children's homes, givers seem more concerned about the religious teachings there than anything else. There are phases of Americanism work, and membership work, where no one else can do the job so well as a chaplain. I'd like to see the country districted so that an army or navy chaplain would serve each Legion district.

"Another thing: What the Legion throughout a large part of the country has to learn is that when we have a chaplain who was in the service, if he happens to be a Protestant and he happens to come into a Catholic community, then it isn't necessary to get a Catholic priest to stand up beside him. And vice versa. We must get rid of this idea. A chaplain who served his country in the war proved that he was, and is, a broad-minded American. Let's forget this balancing business and get busy on a positive program."

Another idea of Father Lonergan's is that, for the very reasons given just above, the Legion chaplain—if he was a chaplain in the service—is of tremendous value in fighting religious bigotry. Joe Lonergan is a good example of a man who is not a bigot.

He broke into the Weekly, on the editorial page, right after his election as National Chaplain, in an editorial quoted from a down-state Illinois paper. This editorial pointed out that at the Champaign convention of the Illinois department, early last September, Rabbi Meyer Lipman of Springfield had been elected chaplain of The American Legion Department of Illinois. And it pointed out, further, that Rabbi Lipman had been nominated by a Presbyterian minister and that the nomination had been seconded by Father Lonergan. It went on to make some very complimentary remarks about an organization in which this sort of thing could happen.

But, as is usual in life, this sort of thing works both ways. In Chicago there are three Masonic posts: Roosevelt Post, Square Post and Trowel Post. "There aren't any better posts in the Department of Illinois," Father Lonergan told the National Executive Committee at Indianapolis not long ago. "There aren't any more thoroughly American posts in the department. There is no exclusion. I myself installed the officers of Square Post two years ago. Roosevelt Post nominated me when I first went into public prominence in The American Legion. And it has been the same way with Trowel Post. Why are they good posts? Because they appeal to the community instinct, because these men have associated themselves together."

One of Father Lonergan's favorite ideas is that there's a whole lot of

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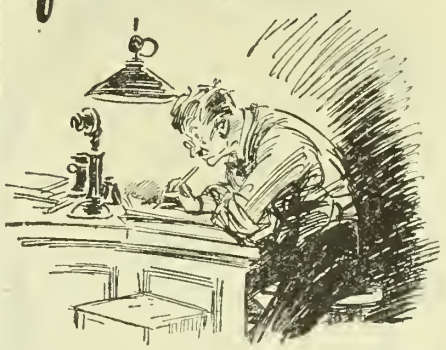

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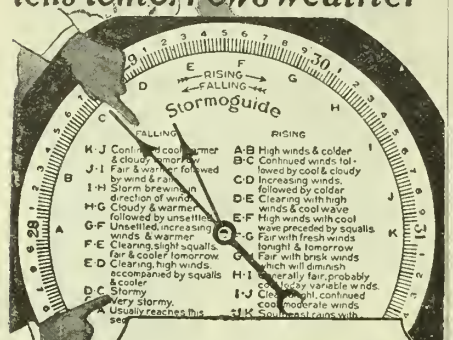

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similarity between a post and a parish. "If you have a Legion post where the men feel at home, they will work hard. And it's the same way with a parish. In either organization, the homey one is a better unit, and produces more loyal people.

"There are huge gaps in the Legion membership in the foreign settlements in the big cities. Take Chicago, with which I am most familiar. There are over 20,000 former service men, most of them from the American Army and comparatively few from General Haller's army, who belong in Chicago to the Polish Alliance or Legion, and not to The American Legion. It's the same way with the Czecho-Slovakian Alliance, the Italian organizations, and so on. And the same situation prevails in New York and Boston and Philadelphia and Detroit and Cleveland and every other city where there is a heavy foreign population.

"It is decidedly up to the Legion to get these men into it. And the reason they don't belong now, aside from the politics which some of their racial leaders have played to keep them 'foreign,' is that they can't feel at home in the posts as already organized. They were good Americans in the ranks, they want to be good Americans today. We must make them feel at home.

"They don't feel at home now. They don't speak the language well enough, but the fact that they don't speak the language well doesn't mean that they cannot contribute great strength to The American Legion."

Since he came back from the Army, Father Lonergan has been in charge at Durand, Illinois. This small town of eight hundred, along the very northern edge of the State, is about to build a new church—it will be the fourth church Father Lonergan has built in his comparatively few years in the priesthood. This church-building record makes him stand out in the diocese as an exceptionally able priest.

He joined The American Legion at Durand right after the war, and has been a member of the post there ever since. In 1922 he was elected department chaplain of the Department of Illinois, and was re-elected in 1923. In 1924 he retired from department office, and was out of a job in the Legion for over two weeks. Then the Saint Paul convention elected him to the national office.

He tells a story of his trip to Saint Paul which makes good reading, no matter how little it has to do with his personality.

"A young fellow—there was no evidence about him to show that he was bound for the convention—came up the aisle of the coach, came over to my pew, and pulled out a quart bottle of amber colored liquid. He said, 'Come on and have a drink.'

"Of course I didn't like to interfere with his piety that made him want to give the best he had to the church, but I looked around and said, 'No, thanks.'

"After a while he came back, and this time there wasn't much left in the bottle. But there was a shot left for two, and he fell into the seat and said, 'Come on and have a drink before it's all gone.'

"I said, 'Look here, young fellow, I'm not going to preach you a sermon, but this is not the time and place for a drink. You've got all you can carry and then some. Sit down and behave yourself or I'll throw the bottle out of the window.'

"That didn't stop him. He looked at me very seriously, and then he came back. 'Say, man, do you think I'm drunk? Hell, you're drunker than I am. You've even got your collar on wrong side to and you don't know it'."

Father Lonergan declares that he wants to get around just as much as is possible, during his term of office. He can't be called on too much, he sincerely feels. He wants to spread the idea of Americanism—and the need of a strong, well-balanced organization in the Legion, powerful enough to hold the balance of the country for Americanism.

On the Trail *of the* A. E. F.

(Continued from page 8)

quarters at Neufchâteau, was always thronged at meal times with officers of every grade engaged in every imaginable sort of duty connected with the running of that mighty engine of destruction. It was the Lafayette Club, but of its spacious rooms and corridors not a vestige remains and the pleasant yard in front of the entrance, which seemed something of a sunken garden in war days, is nothing now but a weedy lot lying below the grade of the street, though a new factory building has been erected close by it on ground of the same level.

Many of the men of the Yankee Division who spent the December of 1917 in or near Neufchâteau will probably recall the jewelry store at the corner of the Rue de France and the Rue Président Wilson, where not a few of them bought Christmas gifts to send back to the folks at home. At that time the establishment bore over its doorway the names "Royer-Le Clerc," and this inscription still stands. But if a veteran of the 26th should drop in there now he would find a new name on the door itself and discover in the actual proprietor a comrade of his old division—Lieutenant Alfred J. Geoffrion, formerly of Manchester, New Hampshire. Upon ascertaining that an American was running this store I promptly went to see him and found him so cordially glad to welcome a fellow countryman and A. E. F. comrade and so anxious to make him feel at home in Neufchâteau that the visitor is almost persuaded that he is conferring instead of receiving a favor in the acceptance of such hospitality.

It was during the Christmas season of 1917 that circumstances wove the first threads of an international romance for Mr. Geoffrion. Having been in the jewelry business himself at home, he quite naturally one day wandered into the Royer-Le Clerc store and there found the selling force, consisting of the proprietor and the latter's wife and daughter, reduced to a state of near insanity in the effort to transact business with a mob of equally frantic doughboys who were struggling to buy Christmas presents without knowing a word of French. He happened to know not only the jewelry business but also

French, and in a few minutes he was behind the counter acting as liaison agent between vendors and vendees. Before the holiday season was over he had come to the conclusion that there was one jewel in that particular dealer's shop which he very much wanted himself, and that was the jeweler's daughter. The result was that after the war he came back to France and got her. But sorrow overtook their happiness, for a few months before my visit to Neufchâteau his young wife had died, so he and his mother-in-law, now a widow, have to conduct their business and their modest home by themselves.

The road to Langres runs out the Rue de France past Mr. Geoffrion's store, and after a final real home meal with this hospitable host and hostess I drove out southward along the highway for a glimpse of Bazoilles, one-time center of vast American base hospital installations. The road, climbing up to the hills high above the Meuse, showed pretty vistas back over Neufchâteau and westward across the Bois de la Vendue, above which black clouds were gathering, betokening an approaching shower. So I hurried on to the crest whence the road winds sharply down into the river valley and from which Bazoilles and all the broad hillsides about it lie spread before one's eyes.

From the railroad grade curving across the meadows to the woodlands flowing down the slopes on either hand was nothing but the green of growing things or the gold of stubble or the brown of ploughed land, while the village itself, once almost lost among the multitude of barracks which covered all these spaces, stood out as clear and solitary as any other village. I followed the highway down to the railroad crossing, which I reached just as the gates were being closed to let a long freight train pass, and as I waited for it the storm broke. The rain came down in sheets, so thinking to pass the time more comfortably and to better purpose than by sitting in my car, I made a dash to the house of the crossing keeper, close beside the gate.

The gatekeeper's wife was there and her daughter and a neighbor from the village, all of them sitting in the living room peeling vegetables for dinner. I told them I was a former American soldier and they promptly got me a chair and I sat down, as far away as possible from the onions, while we talked about Bazoilles in the days of the hospitals, which they clearly esteemed as its days of greatest glory. In fact, it was a busy place then, for, as nearly as I can recall, no less than eight base hospitals were concentrated there with many thousands of beds, a large number of them occupied during the Battle of the Meuse-Argonne, though by no means all.

Madame Gillet, the gatekeeper's wife, who may be remembered by some of the men who were stationed at Bazoilles, since during the war, as now, she tended the gates at the railway crossing on the Neufchâteau road, did not minimize the drawbacks of the position, which produces only the pitifully small pay of six hundred francs a year. But she also admitted its advantages, chief among which are the use of the rent-free house and the privilege of cultivating as much ground on the railroad right of way in garden stuff as the family can care for. Under the circumstances it is obviously by necessity that the daughter ordinarily works in Neufchâteau.

Yet, under circumstances that are hardly conducive to the practice of a fine art, Madame has made of herself something of a painter, and she finally produced for my inspection a painting which she had made of Bazoilles and the hospitals about it during the time of the American occupation. I was surprised to discover how vividly it reproduced that crowded landscape of several years ago.

The promise of a continued downpour being excellent, I reluctantly gave up the idea of any further exploration of Bazoilles and turned back toward Neufchâteau in order to attain, further north, other old scenes of American wartime activities. My last glance at the gatekeeper's house as my Ford chugged up the gentle slope toward the hills showed the women standing in the doorway waving their hands in farewell to the first American they had seen in a long while and probably the last they would see for some time to come.

This is the fourth in a series of articles by Mr. Hanson on present-day aspects of familiar A. E. F. haunts. The fifth article, on Gondrecourt, will appear in an early issue of the Weekly.

My Maiden Voyage

(Continued from page 5)

put their liquor in; that very little fun could be had in France on nine dollars and forty-five cents; that sailing for home was the best amusement the town afforded.

We nearly got mixed up in the war while in port. A gob newly returned from liberty was assigned to patrol the dock. When a line of German prisoners marched down to do their bit for saving the world for democracy he became inflamed with a wild desire to kill his Hun. His gun, of course, was not loaded but a little thing like that did not deter him. Into their ranks he waded, swinging the rifle around his head by the barrel. What a riot! The Germans scattered like birdshot and the boy was captured before anyone was hurt, so that he did not accomplish anything except to lighten the burden of an otherwise dull afternoon. He was probably all wrong, but at least it was a quaint idea and he put his heart and soul into it.

I do not remember much about the trip home. Food was better and work was lighter and approval was general. The canteen had nothing left to sell but Bull Durham and soap. The tobacco came in mighty handy.

After several days on the billowy we arrived off Newport News one night. It was foggy and we steamed into the bay with all lights lit and the foghorn going full blast. In the morning when the pilot came aboard he asked, "Did you see the submarine?"

"What submarine?" queried the O. D., and added in a pitying tone, "There

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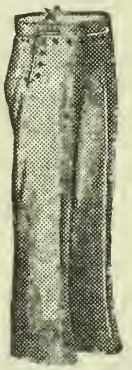

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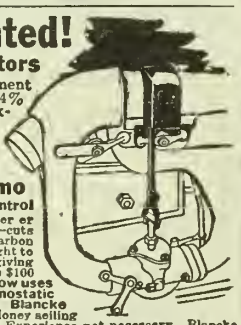

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isn't a sub nearer than the Bay of Biscay."

"There isn't, hey?" taunted the pilot. "That's where you have another think coming. One sank three ships off the capes yesterday."

That was the biggest thrill of the trip.

The ship docked with the aid of the mudhook and our voyage was over. The captain sent word to us by his chief yeoman that he did not believe in commissioning men from civil life and therefore had not recommended any of us. There did not seem to be any answer to that unless it were "Oh, is that so?"

The paymaster did not have time to make up our pay accounts although we had been aboard for thirty-two days, but did supply us with railway accommodations to New York. We were sent off to catch a boat at Old Point Comfort for the evening train from Cape Charles, which was all right save for the fact that we started out to catch at eight o'clock a boat which had for years been sailing at seven. Never will I forget the sinking sensation I experienced when we found ourselves stranded in Old Point penniless, and the only hotel there one where gobs were not allowed to address the colored porters. A Regular Navy gob advised our sleeping on the beach rather than to try to pass those majestic portals.

One of our little band at this crucial point informed us that he had upon his person twenty dollars. He will always have at least that much somewhere about him. This we split four ways. The hotel people, although as far removed from the war as the fleet in Hampton Roads, had heard rumors about the fuss made up North over the boys in olive drab and blue and actually let us in far enough to wire for money to meet us in New York.

The next town afforded a shelter for the night and the next morning we set sail for home singing that farewell dirge to our sea-going mud-scow written by the most consistent occupant of the ship's brig:

> I'd rather be a hobo
> Rushin' the can
> Than to be-e a gob
> On the *Powhatan.*

My final commentary upon the trip, and I consider it a delicate way to touch upon a subject almost as taboo as halitosis, may be gathered from my remark to the clerk in a New York hotel that night.

"I want," I said, "a bath, and I suppose there might as well be a room attached to it, but I doubt if I'll use anything but the bath tonight."

You Wouldn't Judge *a* Tailor *by* His Legs

(Continued from page 9)

and the sniper's second bullet pierced the thigh of Corporal McKee.

Death was near for Lieutenant Champion and the spinal pain was more than he could bear. And, too, there was the one means of relieving the corporal of duty toward him which would have been hopeless, and certain death. The lieutenant's own bullet ended his life.

One leg dragging limp, Corporal McKee again took his slow, painful course to the shell hole. There, he dressed his own wound with what he had—a soiled towel and wrappings from old leggings. Sickened, wet from the Argonne rains, his leg stiff from cold, he lay in the shell hole three days and nights.

The fourth day came a rescue party by chance. Gangrene had set in in the corporal's wounded leg. In his hand still was the lieutenant's watch he had carried with him back to the shell hole. The crystal of the watch was broken, and it had stopped just at the hour, 2:05 o'clock, when the lieutenant had fallen. The silver case was black from gas fumes.

At midnight, following the rescue, Corporal McKee's leg was amputated just below the knee. The rest of his war story is just one hospital after another. Five times was his leg amputated before the poison could be checked, the last time being cut off above the knee cap.

When war days became memories, McKee found himself unfitted for a vocation. Only 17 years old when the war opened, he had little more than school days before the war wrecked his dreams of an office job.

But those possibilities as McKee saw them went glimmering when he suffered his disability. Then it was that he grasped at the idea presented through government vocational training, of becoming the owner of a cleaning and pressing shop. Marrying at the time he was serving his apprenticeship in another shop, he established a place of his own after gaining the needed experience. He has a shop a little more than a year old—and a youngster somewhat older, and is fairly well on the way to prosperity.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

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

TAMPA POST, U. S. COAST GUARD—Annual reunion at Ft. Trumbull, New London, Conn., May 16-17. Address Harvey Ragan, 72 Fairview Ave., Jersey City, N. J., or Charles A. Wall, 603 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MEDICAL OFFICERS—Reunion of all medical officers who served in the World War, at Ritz Carlton Hotel, Atlantic City, May 27, at 7 p. m. Surgeon generals of Army and Navy and others will speak. Address Col. P. J. H. Farrell, 25 East Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

BTTY. D, 1ST T. M. BN.—Reunion in Detroit, Mich., July 4-5. Address Harry A. Bires, 161 High St., West, Detroit, Mich.

1ST DIV.—Annual reunion in Omaha, Neb., during Legion national convention, Oct. 5-9. Address Capt. J. W. Crissy, 449 Omaha National Bank Bldg., Omaha.

800TH AERO SQ.—Former members interested in proposed reunion at Omaha during Legion national convention, Oct. 5-9, address Bert Williams, Shenandoah, Ia.

146TH AMB. CO., 112TH SAN. TR. (37th Div.)—To complete roster, former members of this outfit are asked to write J. Lee Snoots, 133 Brighton Rd., Columbus, O.

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.

DAVID L. ANDERSON, *Edward B. Rhodes Post, Tacoma, Wash.* D. Mar. 22, aged 38. Served with Co. B, 37th M. G. Bn.

JOHN J. ASKREN, *Ralph W. Browne Post, Tonkawa, Okla.* Murdered Sept. 24. Served with 38th Inf., 3d Div.

JOHN A. BARNES, *Troy (N. Y.) Post.* D. Jan. 4. Capt., M. R. C., at Camp Upton, N. Y.

LEO J. BIRKMEIER, *Commemorative Post, Delphos, O.* D. Apr. 5. Served with Co. D, 59th Inf.

FRANK C. BLATNIK, *Harwood Post, Joliet, Ill.* D. Apr. 8, aged 33. Served with 20th Co., Dis. Unit.

JOHN M. BOLVIN, *Indiana (Pa.) Post.* Killed in auto accident, Apr. 5, aged 45. Served with Co. F, 110th Inf., 28th Div.

ARTHUR BRACKER, *Carl Vogel Post, Lake Worth, Fla.* D. Mar. 26, aged 28. Served with 2d Co., C. A. C., Key West Barracks.

WILLIAM G. CARPENTER, *Panama Canal Post, C. Z.* D. Apr. 10.

JACK CLOSE, *McDermitt Post, Floydada, Tex.* D. Mar. 30, aged 33. Served in A. E. F.

E. J. CONNOLLY, *Castle Point (N. Y.) Post.* D. Nov. 28.

WILLIAM N. CROFF, *Donald Garbutt Post, Sheridan, Wyo.* D. at Mayo Brothers Hospital, Rochester, Minn., Mar. 25. Served with 133d Eng.

JOHN DAVIS, *Jordan Patterson Post, Topeka, Kan.* D. Apr. 15, aged 28. Served with 415th Res. Labor Bn.

WALTER EDWARDS, *George Baer Post, Philadelphia, Pa.* D. Apr. 4, aged 36. Served with 15th F. A.

RICHARD FINN, *Walter C. Lee Post, Walla Walla, Wash.* D. Mar. 25, aged 30. Served in Co. F, C. R. O. Bn.

RALPH D. FULTON, *Coffeyville (Kan.) Post.* D. Oct. 8, at U. S. Vet. Hosp., Kansas City, Mo. Capt. 110th M. P.

MATHEW L. GAISER, *Troop I Post, Buffalo, N. Y.* D. Apr. 10, aged 32. Served with Co. H, 310th Inf., 78th Div.

GEORGE H. GRAHAM, *Hubert Ledford Post, New Holland, Ga.* D. Apr. 4, aged 40. Served with 37th Co., Tank Corps.

JOHN B. GRANGER, *Providence (R. I.) Post.* D. Apr. 18, aged 36. Served with 321st Supply Co., Q. M. C.

HENRY H. HAMILTON, *Square Post, Chicago, Ill.* D. Apr. 5, aged 32. Served in Q. M. C.

WILLIAM H. HAYGOOD, *Herbert B. Martin Post, Warren, Ark.* D. Apr. 17. Served at Camp Pike, Ark.

NELS HELLSTROM, *L. C. Prescott Post, Mina, S. D.* D. Feb. 26, aged 36. Served in 361st Inf., 91st Div.

ALBERT HENNING, *Cresco (Ia.) Post.* D. Apr. 19. Served in Army.

PAUL L. HEYMANN, *Fidelity Post, New York City.* D. Apr. 3, aged 38. Served with Btty. C, 305th F. A., 77th Div.

HARRY L. IVES, *Seicheprey Post, Bristol, Conn.* D. Mar. 27, aged 36. Served with 301st Tr. Mortar Btty.

WILLIAM JOLLEY, *Brightwell-Daugherty Post, Fayette City, Pa.* D. Feb. 15. Served with Co. K, 162d Inf., 41st Div.

R. S. MCCORMACK, *Sutherland (Ia.) Post.* D. Mar. 8.

JOHN M. MCNAMARA, *Kearney Post, Bristol, R. I.* D. Apr. 6, at Newport Naval Hosp. Served in 19th Co., C. A. C.

RENA F. (PALMER) NORRIS, *Albany County Post, Laramie, Wyo.* D. Apr. 9. Served with Army Nurse Corps at U. S. Gen. Hosp. 28.

OLUF R. OLSON, *George Fitzgerald Post, Dell Rapids, S. D.* D. Mar. 30, at Battle Mountain Sanatorium, Helena, Mont., aged 36. Served with Hq. Co., 20th Inf.

PERCY E. OSBORNE, *H. H. Smith Post, Brooklyn, N. Y.* D. Jan. 27, aged 29. Served with Hq. Co., 152d D. B., Camp Upton, N. Y.

JAMES W. OUSLEY, *Fitzsimmons Post, Kansas City, Mo.* D. Feb. 14, aged 51. Capt. in M. R. C., Base Hosp., Ft. Riley, Kan.

ARTHUR M. PAULSON, *Mickelsons-Martin Post, Black Earth, Wis.* D. Mar. 30, aged 32. Served with 331st M. G. Co., 33d Div.

THOMAS PENNY, *Daniel W. Brooks Post, Swissvale, Pa.* D. at Marine Hosp., Pittsburgh, Pa., Mar. 5, aged 38. Served with 317th Inf., 80th Div.

DANIEL POMPA, *Corp. Russell Sprague Post, Liberty, N. Y.* D. Feb. 19, aged 30. Served with 326th Inf.

ADOLPH E. POOS, *H. Edward Fischer Post, O'Fallon, Ill.* D. Mar. 23, aged 33. Served with M. C.

RALPH W. POWELL, *Clymer (Pa.) Post.* D. Apr. 9, aged 26. Served with Co. C, 37th Inf.

JOHN J. REID, *Ralph P. Snook Post, Lebanon, O.* D. Apr. 19, aged 41. Served with Co. E. 147th Inf., 37th Div.

EDWARD J. ROHRIG, *Commemorative Post, Delphos, O.* Accidentally killed, Apr. 10, aged 31. Served with 324th F. A.

RUSSELL ROTH, *Rossville (Ind.) Post.* D. Feb. 17. Served with M. C. at Camp Sherman.

W. H. RUST, *Hornets Nest Post, Charlotte, N. C.* D. Apr. 18, aged 47. Lieut., A. S.

WILLIAM A. SAMUELS, *Morris Smyth Post, Eureka, Kan.* D. Mar. 20. Served with 35th Div.

IVAN T. SORNBERGER, *Lloyd B. Phelps Post, Windsor, N. Y.* D. at Wrangell, Alaska, Mar. 25, aged 30. Served in Navy.

CLAUDE H. ST. JOHN, *Magnus M. Petersen Post, Calamus, Ia.* D. Mar. 19, aged 32. Served with Co. G, 131st Inf., 7th Div.

RICHMOND G. STOEHR, *Winthrop (Mass.) Post.* D. Apr. 1, aged 59. Served with 26th Div.

HERBERT STRICKLER, *Theodore B. Sachs Post, Chicago, Ill.* D. Jan. 26, aged 32. Served with Btty D., 72d Arty., C. A. C.

JOHN B. STUCKEY, *Coffeyville (Kan.) Post.* Accidentally killed Oct. 14. Served at Camp Funston, Kan.

JOHN K. SULLIVAN, *Kingston (N. Y.) Post.* D. Mar. 23. Served with Co. D, 1st Eng., 1st Div.

CARL S. SWANSON, *Fred Hilburn Post, Douglas, Ariz.* D. Mar. 23, aged 29. Served with Co. A, 73d Eng.

ARTHUR T. THORSON, *Melvin E. Hearl Post, Moorhead, Minn.* D. Mar. 20, aged 28. Served with 676th Aero Squadron.

FREDERICK V. WATERS, *Lawrence (Mass.) Post.* D. at U. S. Veterans' Bureau Hospital, Rutland, Mass., Mar. 23. Served in Army.

ROBERT F. WEGE, *Pottawatomie Post, Westmoreland, Kan.* D. Apr. 5, aged 36. Served with 110th Ammn. Tr.

CHARLES L. WILCOX, *Angus England Post, Saratoga, Wyo.* D. Mar. 16, aged 31. Served at Camp Lewis, Wash.

WARREN E. WILLIAMS, *George T. Files Post, Brunswick, Me.* D. at Bath, Me., Feb. 21, aged 30. Served with Co. 1, 36th Inf.

BUDDIES IN DISTRESS

Queries aimed at locating service men whose statements are necessary to substantiate compensation claims should be sent to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C., not to the Weekly. The committee will be glad to assist in finding men after other means have failed, and, if necessary, will advertise through the Weekly. The committee wants to hear from the following:

ROGERS, CLYDE, 54th Reg., R. R., Eng. located at Chateaurax, France, was one of eight men running steam shovel at Neierpion, where plant for small tanks was being erected. Will these men please write?

STEWART, FRANK, Veterans Bureau claimant, discharged Elgin State Hospital, 1923, returned to his home in Philadelphia and shortly afterward disappeared. Man is expert woodworker. Last heard from in Rhode Island. Stated he had secured employment.

Information concerning CHARLES CLIFFORD TRESSEL, Co. B., 108th Eng., 33d Div. Occupation, locomotive engineer. One time organizer for Modern Woodmen of America.

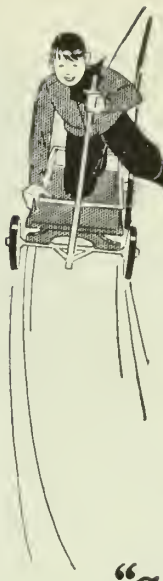
TRUEBLOOD, CECIL R., discharged at Camp Meade, Md., Aug. 7, 1923; formerly of Farmersburg and Shelburne, Indiana

ZAKOWSKI, ROMAINE, Pvt. 1st cl., Co. M., 38th Inf., Third Div., who received G. S. wounds about July 18th at the Marne, and was subsequently evacuated to his Division's Field Hospital and thence to Base No. 165, would like the names and addresses of former officers and men of his outfit, as well as those men in Ward No. 25, of Base Hospital No. 165.

Comrades who served with BRYAN I. DAVID aboard U. S. S. *Agamemnon* during the month of February, 1919.

PVT. MILES AND LT. LITCHFIELD, stationed at Fort Fotten Hospital during January and February, 1918, also medical officers who examined Btty. C, 58th Arty., C. A. C. at Ft. Schuyler prior to their departure for France, also those having addresses of members of that battery are asked to send information to FRANK M. BOWERS.

LT. PATTON, Co. A, 362d Inf. 91st Div., wanted for purpose of assisting in compensation claim of EDWARD BUNDY, gassed and sent to hospital on Flanders front.



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Boys Will Be Boys

It had reached the ears of the summer boarder at Eb Smith's place that Eb was somewhat given to beating his wife. So one day the boarder took the matter up with Mrs. Smith.

"Why," she asked, "do you stand for your husband's beating you?"

"Well, dearie," sighed the victim, "you have to humor 'em to keep 'em peaceable, you know."

Army Fashion

"I can tell you how to keep from losing your collar buttons," Clevenger volunteered. "Have your wife sew your collar to your shirt."

"Good idea!" Brown exclaimed. "I'll just try out your suggestion."

A few days later the two met again.

"I didn't like your scheme a bit," complained Brown. "I tried it for two days, but the collar hurt my neck so I couldn't sleep."

Worse and Worse

Buck and Bud had not seen each other for several years when they met at a Legion convention.

"Hello, Bud, old scout, howsa wife?"

"She's in Heaven," replied Bud sorrowfully.

"Is that so? I'm sorry!"—then, realizing that this did not sound quite right—"I—I mean I'm glad—no, that is to say, I—I'm surprised!"

True to Form

"Young lady," said the judge sternly, "you are accused of having two husbands."

"Wrong number?" snapped the telephone-operator defendant. "Excuse it, please."

A Thorough Job

Nona: "Do you think a woman should take a man's name when they marry?"

Elmo: "Sure! Why make an exception of his name?"

Unfortunate Imitation

"Where is that beautiful canary bird of yours that used to sing so clearly and sweetly?" asked Mrs. Weatherbee.

"I had to sell him," Mrs. Butlam said tearfully. "My son left the cage on the radio set and he learned static."

Real Tragedy

The train was going through a tunnel and something was wrong with the lights.

"Somebody kissed me!" screamed a feminine voice.

"That's nothin', lady," retorted a troubled masculine one. "Somebody swiped my sandwich."

When Three Is No Crowd

[*Ad in the Atlanta Journal*]

REFINED business girl wants roommate, also have room for a gentleman, near Georgia Tech.

Scientific Advance in College Hill

[*From the Oxford (Miss.) Eagle*]

College Hill has caught the radio fever. Mr. W. W. Galloway has recently had a loud speaker installed in his home. The fever is catching, so if you do not care for radio, do not go near one or you will be buying one before the nine days are up. The installation of Mr. Galloway's increases the number of loud speakers in College Hill to three.

Into Bankruptcy

Surprise and disappointment were registered on the face of the thrifty autoist as he saw the "Free Air" sign was no longer displayed in front of the Gassey Garage.

"It's this way," explained the proprietor on being questioned. "I can't afford to give it away any more. There's so many of those hog-balloon tires wanting to be filled that they're using it all up."

Grocer: "Here's your flypaper. Anything else?"
"Yassuh. Ah wants 'bout six raisins."
"Six pounds?"
"Naw suh. Six—jes' enuf fo' decoys."

The Pluperfect Car

[*Ad in Pittsburgh Press*]

I WANT to buy 5 or 6-room modern 1923 Ford touring car with extras; price $145.

Limerix

A stalwart old Infantry colonel
Was approached by a pacifist jolonel;
When they asked him to write
On why men shouldn't fight,
He consigned them to regions infolonel.
—*J. C.*

* * *

Captain Blue was so fond of his draught
(Which he imbibed both fore and aught)
That he ran on a reef,
And now, to his grief,
The craught he commands is a raught.
—*A. R. T.*

* * *

They say Clarabel was ambitious;
To travel was one of her witious;
She went on the ocean,
Soon felt the ship's mocean,
And then began feeding the fitious.
—*F. J. F.*

Holding Out

The insurance was $10,000 and the store was valued at $7,000.

"We'll call it a total loss," the adjuster decided.

"Can't you do a little better than that?" the owner complained.

The Only Drawback

I think that I should like to be a sailor;
They say a sailor's life is full of sport;
He visits many, many foreign countries
And has a different girl in every port.
They're all so far apart that there's no danger
Of being caught with Jane or Marjorie;
I think that I should like to be a sailor—
If a sailor didn't have to go to sea.
—*N. H. Randall.*

In Haste

"And how soon will you need this money?" asked the broker who had been approached for a loan.

"Last week," answered the business man sadly.

Automatic

"Did you get the number of the car that hit you?" asked the traffic cop.

"Look on my back, officer," replied the victim weakly. "I think you'll find it stamped there."

The Decline of Music

[*From the Oxford (Miss.) Eagle*]

The Simpson dance hall is closed on account of the Victrola being broken.

A Rare Commodity

[*Ad in Burlington (Kas.) Daily Republican*]

WANTED—Lady. Call at National hotel between 9 and 10 o'clock Thursday morning—Call for Mr. Dyer.

What's In a Name?

[*From "Business Troubles" in Daily News Record*]

Sam Scissors, dry goods, filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in the U. S. District Court.

Sissy!

[*Ad in the Lebanon (Ohio) Western Star*]

2-year-old registered milking Shorthorn bull.

Carried Away

"So you gave your daughter's suitor the gate, eh?"

"Not exactly," answered the irate father. "It just happened to be latched and he sort of naturally took it with him."

Do You Have to Pray to Get One?

[*Headline in Lansing (Mich.) State Journal*]

Church Folks Asked to Pray for Bootleggers.

Difference

When I look at a street car
The people sit around,
But when I get on one myself
ItsfullIvealwaysfound.
—*J. A. S.*

Well, How About It, Miss Gammon?

[*Society item in the Rome (Ga.) News*]

Mrs. Barron, who assisted her daughter, wore (ask Miss Gammon) . . . .

Another Feminine Industry

[*Ad in Fresno (Cal.) Bee*]

GIRL WANTED for cashier and electric waffle iron.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION, EMBLEM DIVISION, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

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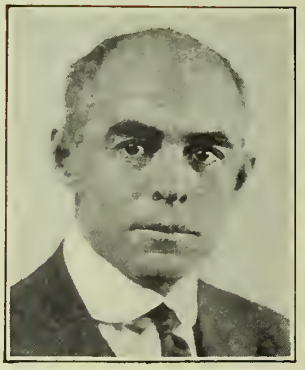

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