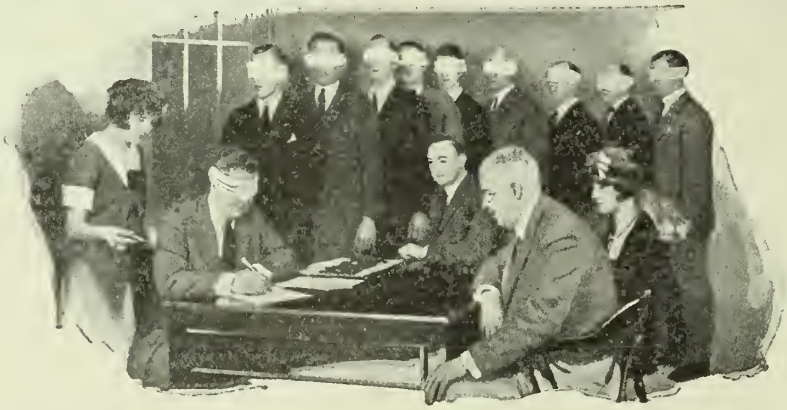
MAY 29, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

8 Men out of 10
Picked the Duofold Blindfolded

From 11 New Pens of Different Makes

Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office



I believe that the hand can tell this super-smooth writer sight unseen," declared a Duofold owner—and he proved it!

YES, ten men, chosen at random, agreed to make this test and were blindfolded. One by one, in the presence of several witnesses, they were handed 11 large new pens of different makes, obtained from pen dealers' stocks.

Each man wrote with all 11 pens, one by one, on an ordinary note pad. And one by one he laid them all aside until only a single pen remained in his hand—the pen he ranked as the smoothest, most inspiring writer.

Then the blindfold was removed. And man after man, with but two exceptions, glanced down to behold in his hand the flashing black-tipped lacquer-red Parker Duofold, with the point guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years.

Never before a pen selection so unbiased as this. No one behind a counter to urge this pen or that. Not even the Duofold's famed name or handsome color visible, to sway the hand's Simon-pure judgment.

You, too, can tell this super-smooth point with your eyes shut. Step to the nearest pen counter now and try it. A point no style of writing can distort. A point guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years' wear!

And a balanced Over-size barrel that gives you that easy full-handed grip, and holds enough more ink to tide you over until the job is done.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK · CHICAGO *Duofold Pencils to match the pens: Lady, $3 Over-size Jr., $3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, $4* SAN FRANCISCO

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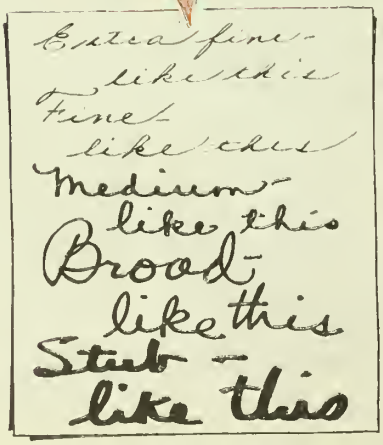

Parker Duofold

LUCKY CURVE

OVER-SIZE $7

With The 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. $5 Same except for size

Lady Duofold $5 With ring for chatelaine

NOW—
Over-size Duofold Pencil to Match $4

Rivals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

Which Point Will You Have?

You can get all 5 degrees in the classic Duofold Pen and all guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years' wear

May 29, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 7, No. 22

THE leading article in next week's issue will be "She's Forty Years Old," by Nathaniel Peffer. We shall say no more—though we may have said enough already so that middle-aged Legionnaires with sharp memories will be able to risk a guess as to who she is. We have all heard about her, and several hundred thousand of us have seen her not once, but twice.

* * *

FOR the information of anyone interested, from the date of this issue of the Weekly to September 1, 1927, both dates inclusive, is 795 days. (Note: This computation is not guaranteed. If you don't think it's accurate, figure it out for yourself.) By saving ten cents a day until September 1, 1927, you will not have enough to pay your expenses to France for the Legion's Ninth Annual Convention, if the Legion decides to hold it there. It is our guess, however, that after reading Chairman Wicker's piece about what his committee has learned you will want to save more than ten cents a day. It is our further guess that you will want to be at Omaha from October 5th to 9th this year to see what a Legion convention is like—assuming you've never been to one. If you have been to one you'll be at Omaha anyway.

* * *

W. R. WITHERS, Legionnaire of Greensboro, Alabama, was given credit in the May 8th Weekly for raising 195 percent of his county's quota in the Endowment Fund Campaign. Comrade Withers protests. "To Colonel A. M. Tunstall, the able chairman for this (Hale) county, and other public-spirited citizens goes the credit for raising this money," he writes. "The writer merely co-operated with other Legionnaires and the above-mentioned gentlemen in raising 205 percent of our county's quota. I did not personally raise 195 percent. Colonel Tunstall raised more than anyone else." There you are, Comrade Withers. The guard is turned out for Colonel Tunstall and the "other public-spirited citizens" who helped put over the quota. We still think, however, that if everyone does as much as Withers has done and is as modest about it, that $5,000,000 is going to be raised as easy as—you've guessed it—rolling off a log.

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CHAIRMAN WATSON B. MILLER of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee asks us to point out a benefit which disabled men may take legitimate advantage of and which they ought to be told about if they don't know about it already. Paragraph 2-e, Army Regulations 30-2290, December 30, 1924 (doesn't that sound like old times, buddy?), provides that "honorably discharged officers, warrant officers, and enlisted men of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard who are receiving medical treatment from the United States Veterans Bureau" may purchase subsistence articles in reasonable quantities from quartermaster sales stores of the United States Army at cost price plus overhead charges.

* * *

PRESSURE of space is the reason why the Weekly has to limit its Taps column to a record of the deaths of Legion members, instead of veterans both within and without the Legion. For this reason we have had to turn down the request of a Pennsylvania post that we publish the name of a buddy who recently died in its city. The post's action, however, deserves mentioning. After giving the details of this buddy's death, the post adjutant added: "He was not a member of The American Legion and so far as we can learn did not believe in its principles. Will you kindly forget this, however, and enter his name in the Taps column?" This buddy was buried by the Pennsylvania post with full military honors. Under the circumstances, the Weekly can hardly mention names, but certainly the incident itself is worth passing on.

* * *

WE want to call especially to your notice the Then and Now department in this issue. The list of names of men killed in action about whom their next of kin are still seeking information of their last moments on earth merits the attention of every Weekly reader. Some of us can help bring solace to bereaved relatives who, nearly seven years after the last shot of the war, are still without the information that in many instances can bring great comfort. Be sure to look over the list on page 13.

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In Memoriam

To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.

YOU will recognize those lines from the most famous poem inspired by the World War—Colonel John McCrae's "In Flanders Fields." Colonel McCrae himself sleeps in Flanders Fields. His message rings true wherever men pause in the routine of their lives to gain a renewed spirit of consecration to country from homage they give to the memory of men who died for country in all of our wars.

To us, of the Legion, that annual pause of a moment brings a reconsecration whose impress is stamped deeper on our hearts every Memorial Day. For we served side by side with these men whose memory we honor, and side by side with those other men, still carrying the scars of their devotion, whom we honor face to face.

This year, working as a more powerful, closely-knit unit than ever before since we came out of war, we are translating this reconsecration into a most constructive and practical movement which we call The American Legion Endowment Fund. The income from this Fund will be devoted to the service of the Legion in aid of our disabled comrades and to the care of the children whose fathers did not come back.

This is the finest monument The American Legion can raise in memory of its departed and in homage to its maimed comrades. To us from failing hands they have thrown the torch. It is ours to hold it high.

We shall keep the faith.

JAMES A. DRAIN

The Navy That's Always *at* War

By WILLARD COOPER

IN the good old days when every self respecting young man called a floor a deck, I was shipmate on a shore station with a chief boatswain's mate. This in itself was not remarkable, except that the chief boatswain's mate to whom I refer somewhat exaggerated all the characteristics of his tribe. He was particularly tall, particularly florid of countenance and red of hair, particularly choleric of disposition and particularly efficient. He had five hashmarks, and reserve lieutenant colonels always saluted him.

"Gee, but you must have been in the Navy a long time," an innocent boot remarked to him one day.

To the boot's surprise, and mine, the big C. P. O. exploded like so much dry gun cotton. He fairly trembled with ill suppressed rage.

"Navy!" he bellowed. "Navy! Blinkety blank blam bloo! I was never in the Navy! I belong to the Coast Guard! Where do yuh get that Navy stuff?"

From which I gathered that there was an organization known as the Coast Guard and that its members were proud, efficient and somewhat truculent. Since then I've learned a lot more about the Coast Guard, but I've learned nothing that would change the impression made by the first Coast Guardsman I ever recognized as such. Among the new facts I have accumulated has been one which may surprise many readers—namely, that the Coast Guard does not exist exclusively to pursue and capture rum-runners. Indeed, the pursuit and capture of rum-runners is a small part of the Coast Guard's work, and the Coast Guard's other work is tremendously important and has been important for 135 years.

The Coast Guard was *not* created by the Anti-Saloon League and Ex-Congressman Volstead. To a degree it is older than the Navy itself. It was created August 4, 1790, at a time when the old Continental Navy had been dis-

banded and the newly-organized United States were without any kind of warship. Since the day of its creation, the Coast Guard has been at war for the protection of mankind. It has fought against the elements and it has fought against enemies of the United States.

Originally the Coast Guard was called the United States Revenue Cutter Service. Its first officers were graduates of the Continental Navy. It made war on smugglers, at first, but shortly after it came into existence we got into an informal war with France on the ocean. This trifling war only lasted a short time, but before it had ended ships in the Revenue Cutter Service had brought in seventeen prizes.

When the War of 1812 was declared, the Revenue Cutter Service stole some stuff from the Marines and was first to fight. We had been in the war only a few days when the Service brought in a British topsail schooner as a prize. Revenue cutters also managed to horn into a couple of battles that our new Navy had started, and it did right well in both. When the war ended the Service went back to the business of fighting smugglers and fighting for the lives of shipwrecked sailors. It had a diversion in the Seminole Indian War of 1836-42 and another during the War with Mexico. In both of these wars cutters were active in co-operation with the Army and Navy.

Shortly after the War with Mexico, in 1848, Congress created the life-saving service, which was made a part of the Revenue Cutter Service, which then, as now, was part of the Treasury Department. The life-saving service continued in the Coast Guard during the Civil War, when the cutters took an active part in the most onerous of all naval duties, the maintenance of the blockade. The Coast Guard also got into action against Fort Hatteras, the batteries at Norfolk, on the James River, on Chesapeake Bay and in the bombardment of Drury's Bluff. These engagements were no child's play.

In 1871 the life-saving service was detached from the Revenue Cutter Service.

A class in navigation at the Coast Guard Academy, New London, the Annapolis of the Coast Guard

During the Spanish-American War, thirteen cutters worked with the Navy and seven with the Army. Admiral Dewey personally commended the Cutter *McCulloch* for its share in the Battle of Manila Bay, and there were other actions in which the cutters participated and shared the glory.

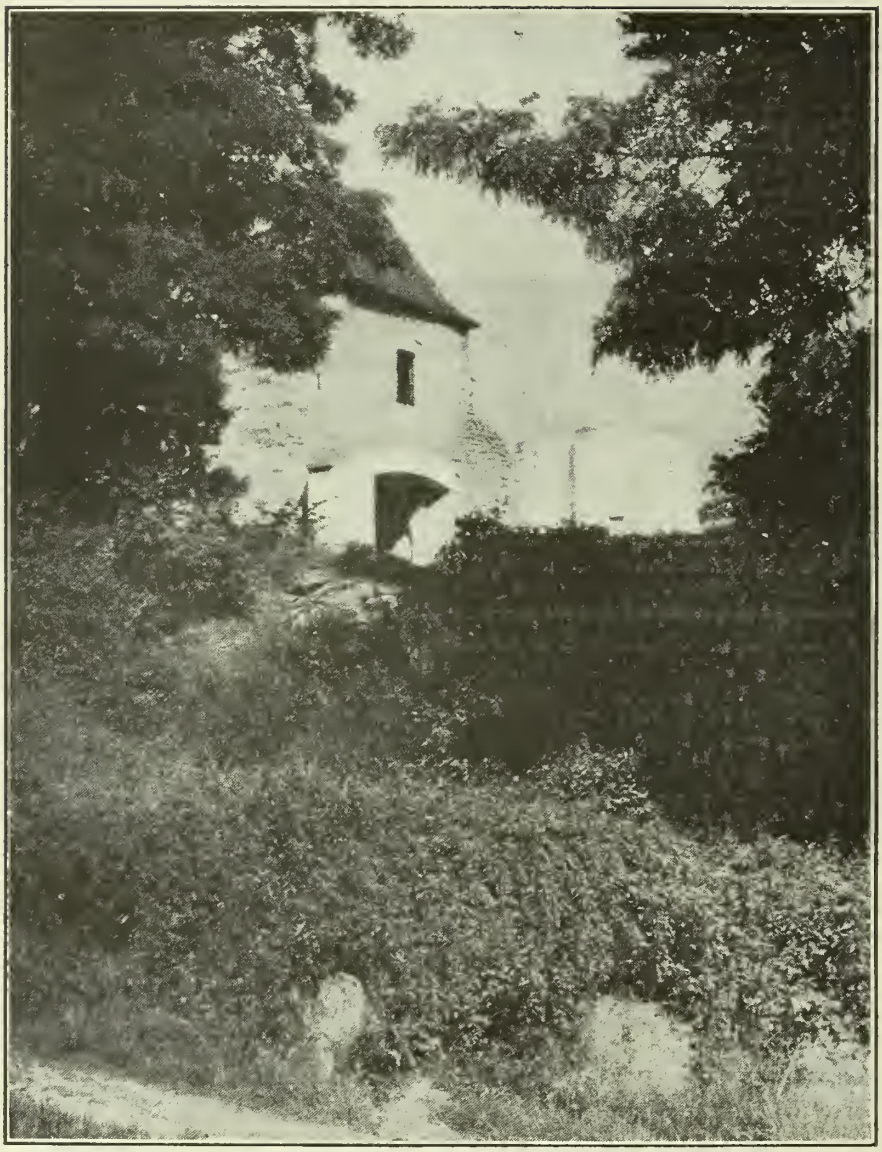
In 1914, early, the Revenue Cutter Service and the United States Life Saving Service once more were joined together by Congress. This time the amalgamated services were re-christened and became the United States Coast Guard. The life-saving service has been continued along its old lines—the patrolling of dangerous coasts to watch for shipwrecks and the rescuing of lives and property after ships have become wrecked. Its duties are confined to work along the beach until the call for help comes from somewhere out at sea.

It was about the time of this amalgamation, too, that both services had to go to work to assist in the preservation of our neutrality. It was no small job, in the days when the World War was booming in Europe and we were neutral, to see that belligerent ships did not use our coasts for purposes inimical to other belligerents.

Once we got into the war, the Coast Guard, in accordance with the law of 1914, automatically became a part of the Navy. Six cruising cutters were sent abroad to join the American ships in the war zone. They went into convoy service, as a rule, and did well at it. Some of the guardsmen were transferred to regular Navy ships; others were found invaluable in manning the many submarine chasers which the Government had built. The Coast Guard, understand, had always specialized in the handling of relatively small boats, and submarine chasing is pretty hard on sailors who are not used to small craft.

(Continued on page 18)

The battalion of midshipmen at the Coast Guard Academy. On the right is the old powder magazine of Fort Trumbull, with the ramparts of the fort behind it. Benedict Arnold captured this fort from the Americans during the Revolution



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

V. The Gondrecourt Area

By JOSEPH MILLS HANSON

The chateau of Vaucouleurs, showing the Porte de France—the gateway through which Jeanne d'Arc rode to glory and martyrdom. Vaucouleurs is twenty-four kilometres from Gondrecourt and thirty from Neufchateau. It was at Domremy, nine kilometres from Neufchateau, that Jeanne was born

BEYOND doubt there were in France a good many other villages of less than 350 inhabitants and located as far as two and a half kilometres from even an insignificant branch railway which, under pressure of higher authority, were seen by more American soldiers during and immediately after the war than was Domrémy-la-Pucelle. But that any other village answering to such a description was visited for its own sake, voluntarily and often at the cost of much personal effort and discomfort, by anything approaching the number of American soldiers who visited Domrémy is not to be believed.

They came there, summer or winter, on trucks or motorcycles, in Ford ambulances or limousines, from Neufchâteau and Gondrecourt and Colombey-les-Belles and regions much farther away, and if they could get no vehicle to carry them, then they would come on foot. And all because in Domrémy more than five hundred years ago, there was born and lived for a period of seventeen years a little girl, daughter of a family of farmers, who gave to France and to the world the most glorious tradition of unselfishness, chivalry and pure devotion to God and native land that is recorded in history.

The little girl was, of course, Jeanne d'Arc—for of whom else would one dare make so sweeping a statement?—and just how many thousands or tens of thousands of American soldiers made the pilgrimage to Domrémy from the time the First Division went into the Gondrecourt Training Area in the summer of 1917 until the last detachments of the A. E. F. departed for home in 1919 it would be impossible to estimate.

But to the writer, who was fortunate enough to see Domrémy many times during those days, the only thing that seemed missing several years later on re-entering the drowsy little hamlet beside the Meuse was the sight of two or three American army trucks or automobiles standing in front of the gateway to the garden of the d'Arc cottage and a few doughboys walking slowly about, viewing with curiosity and deep interest the humble house, the church close beside it, or the ambling village street whereon chickens and ducks and geese dispute possession of the highway with passing vehicles.

Since Domrémy is only about seven miles north of Neufchâteau and on the main road between that place and Commercy, while the best road to Gondrecourt also branches off near there, it was centrally located in relation to the scenes of American activities. In 1918 the French and American flags were draped together above Jeanne's altar in the village church, wherein still stands the massive stone font in which she was baptized. But though French flags only are ordinarily displayed there now, the curé, Abbé Joseph Collin, who during the war met and talked with hundreds of our soldiers, told me that on national holidays he still raises the Stars and Stripes in its old place beside the Tricolor.

Upon the hill of the Bois Chenu, a mile or so away, in front of the National Basilica, whose wings are still undergoing construction but finally approaching completion, one can still imagine that Pageant of Jeanne d'Arc which was performed in the fall of 1918 by a cast of American soldiers on the broad terrace overlooking Domrémy and the valley of the Meuse, and in so doing can realize that the traditions of the birthplace and home of the Maid have been enriched for the future in many ways by the presence and the homage of the throngs of Americans who during the war gained there renewed inspiration to fight for the ideals of which she is the undying symbol.

Many an A. E. F. veteran can vividly remember his pilgrimage to Domrémy

from the First Corps Schools of Gondrecourt or the Advance Light Railway Yards at Abainville by way of the long, lonely road, mostly through woods, which crosses the highland between the valleys of the Ornain and the Meuse. Only one village breaks the monotony of the journey—Vouthon, the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc's mother, Isabelle Romée—and, in going westward, when one comes out of the forest a few kilometres from Gondrecourt, he sees to the north the vast panorama of open and uninhabited country in the "Grande Vallée" where, in the days of the First Corps Schools, diligent artillery students in the school of fire were wont to tear the landscape to pieces with 75- and 155-millimetre shells.

There was no rumble of cannonading, however, as I approached Gondrecourt this time. But it was entirely in keeping with other recollections of the place in January and February, 1918, that just as I entered the town a rain began, so that I progressed along the Grand Rue, turned left across the "Grand Pont," and came to a halt in the Place de l' Hôtel de Ville in a downpour so violent that it was more agreeable to sit still until it passed than to continue driving.

Peering out through the windshield, many familiar landmarks presented themselves. There was the square and uncompromising hôtel de ville itself and, a little way further down the Place, the faded sign of the Café Américain, still in position on the front of what was formerly the Hôtel de l'Etoile. Still a few doors beyond that appeared the golden inscription of the "Grand Bazar," and almost opposite to it, overhanging the waters of the Ornain, the restaurant-café which in war days was the officers' Y. M. C. A.

But, despite all these mementoes of the not distant past, something was missing in the picture of the Place de l' Hôtel de Ville, and it was not solely a certain lieutenant-colonel who used to have nothing to do apparently except to sit continuously at a table by one of the windows of the Café Américain and sip various spirituous concoctions. I remembered too well the miserable, drizzly, late January afternoon when one of the batteries of our battalion first marched into that Place from the 40 hommes 8 chevaux up at the railroad station not to know how the Place had been furnished at that time. The boys had bivouacked that first night mostly on the curbs and in doorways, where they could enjoy the prospect of a time-worn stone fountain and watering trough in the middle of the Place. And then, I realized, that was what was missing—the watering trough has been demolished and in its stead there has been erected a handsome monument to the "enfants de Gondrecourt" killed in their country's service during the war.

The shower was soon over and I returned across the Grand Pont and sought Gondrecourt's only hotel, the Ramillon, at the head of the Rue Neuve, to make sure of a bed for the night. Even as I drew up at the curb, two girls preparing dinner looked out from the open kitchen window beside which I stopped and smiled and nodded as they instantly recognized a returned American. And a few minutes later the experience was repeated at the improvised garage across the street, where

(Continued on page 16)

Main Street, France, otherwise the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, Gondrecourt. Former residents will recognize the old Cafe Americain, standing opposite the war memorial monument which has replaced the fountain and watering trough

Roman ruins in the foreground? No, just the ovens of the old American field bakeries on the road between Gondrecourt and Abainville. The Advance Light Railway Yards covered all the ground between the spot where the cattle are grazing and the village of Abainville, in the distance

Cows *that* Keep *the* Wolf *from the* Door

By CARTER JOHNSON

The American Legion Auxiliary's revolving loan fund provided the cow which has been John Folaron's ally in his battle for health and financial independence, and nature added a calf to the reinforcement

THE little automobile which Fred Maynard used in his hard battle of life was a faithful ally. It conquered every Minnesota storm and it kept up the year round Fred Maynard's lines of communication between his farm homestead in northern Minnesota and the nearby towns. Without it, life would have been doubly hard on the farm—the rugged, half-broken acres on which Maynard was trying to make a living while he fought off a front attack from an enemy more treacherous than the Minnesota climate, the disease of tuberculosis. Without the automobile, too, Mrs. Maynard would have found herself a prisoner on the farm a good portion of the year. And Buddy Maynard, who is three, and his sister, a few years older, would have learned little of the world that lay beyond the fences of the yard in which they played.

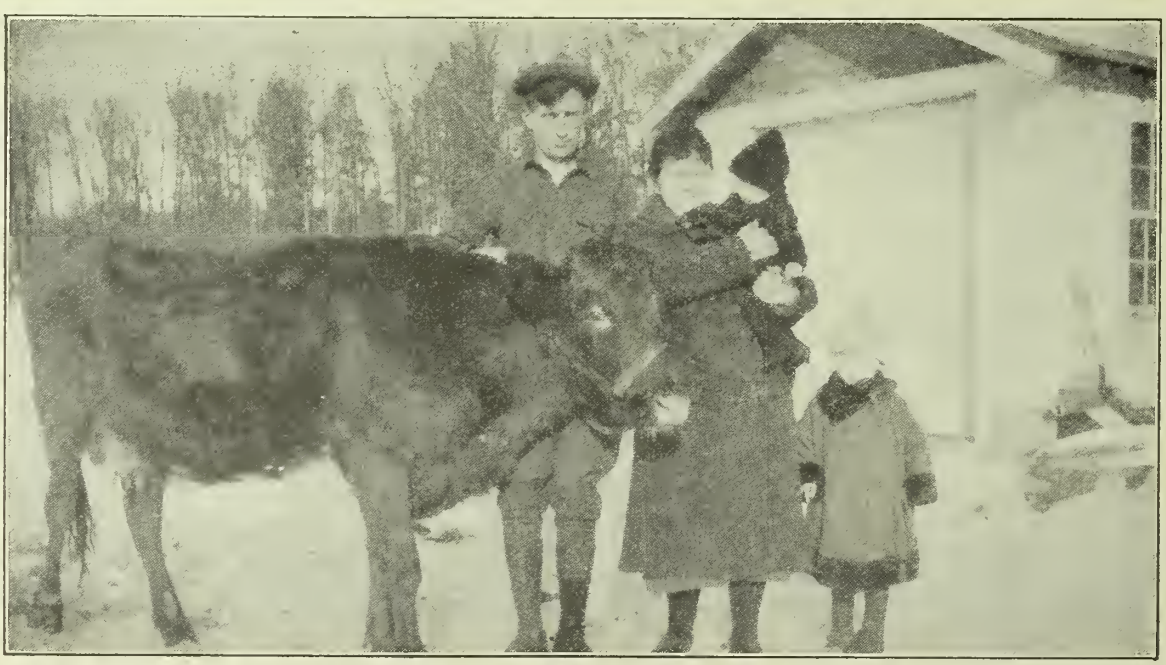
So all the Maynards cherished the little automobile. And Maynard, learning farming as a vocational training student of the Veterans Bureau, tended it as carefully as he tended his fields. He built a little garage for it, and he was as proud of the garage as of his farmhouse itself.

Then one day the black cow came to the Maynard farm. She came because Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, talking things over with a committee chairman of the Minnesota Department of The American Legion Auxiliary, had agreed that they needed a cow. Milk would help Maynard in his fight for health, and it would make the little Maynards strong and robust. It would also give the family a new source of income.

The black cow came on a day early last winter. On that day the little automobile lost its home in the garage. And all winter long the black cow lived in the garage, warm and dry, giving each day the milk that was bringing victory to the Maynards in their complicated struggle.

The black cow was a "revolving cow." Well, what's a "revolving cow"?

(Continued on page 15)



Fred Maynard found the cow which the Auxiliary got for him so valuable that he gave her a home in his garage, crowding out the family automobile. The cow gives the milk which Maynard must have in his struggle against tuberculosis, and it is helping the two little Maynards grow up strong and robust. The cow is also helping pay for itself, as four regular customers buy the milk which the family can spare

These photographs show Legionnaires of Davenport (Iowa) Post placing The American Legion marker on the grave of Alfred A. Keller, the latest of eighty-five Scott County service men's graves which the post has charted and marked. The marker with the stone on Legionnaire Keller's grave and the German inscription on the monument to his mother which stands beside it constitute an eloquent sermon on patriotism. The Legion marker is embedded in a block of concrete which is sunk level with the ground, so that the marker cannot be loosened or set aslant by the weather

In Honor *of* Those Who Have Gone Ahead

By OWEN L. SMITH

THE sixty-seven graves of World War service men in the cemeteries of Davenport, Iowa, and the 14,025 graves of American soldiers in the vast cemetery of Romagne, on the old battlefield of the Meuse-Argonne, will alike be marked by wreaths and flags and flowers on this Memorial Day.

And as in Davenport, Iowa, so also in many thousands of towns and cities in the United States in which posts of The American Legion have compiled records of the burial places of all service men and arranged to see that all graves are decorated on Memorial Day.

And as at Romagne, so also at the five other huge American cemeteries in France, and at the American military cemeteries in Belgium and England.

Both at home and abroad on this Memorial Day, the Legion, bearing in mind the lessons it has learned in observing Memorial Day in the six years which have elapsed since the World War, will render full honors to the World War service men who died.

Davenport, Iowa, happens to be a city in which an American Legion post has devised an ideal system for the care and decoration of service men's graves. The story of what has been done there will therefore be told here, along with the story of the progress the Legion has made in its program for the perpetual Memorial Day decoration of the graves overseas.

This year—as last year and as in all years to come—every one of the 30,000 graves of American soldiers in France, Belgium and England will be decorated because The American Legion is keeping faith with the many thousands of Americans who contributed two years ago to The American Legion Overseas Graves Endowment Fund. This fund, made up of contributions obtained by

(Continued on page 20)

EDITORIAL

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

Memorial Day, 1925

THE World War was fought by the youngsters who followed the veterans of the Civil War to the cemeteries of American towns and cities on the Memorial Days of a half century. No American boy lived in the fifty years preceding the World War without partaking of the spirit of patriotism betokened by the flags, the muffled drums and the volleys of the old muskets fired over the tops of the flower-decorated graves on many Memorial Days.

Now a new generation is following in the footsteps of The American Legion, just as those who fought the Spanish-American War and the World War once followed in the footsteps of the Civil War veterans. It is a generation that has a much better chance of finding out in advance what war is like than any other generation which preceded it. For it is marching in an age of inquiry. For the first time in history war is losing its glamour. Glorification of war has become unfashionable. War is recognized as costly and unprofitable for the victors as well as the losers. It is an offense against nature, something to be apologized for, a confession of human weakness.

In the face of inquiring and uncertain youth, The American Legion will not glorify war on Memorial Day, but it will glorify the human spirit that even in the midst of war is capable of rising to sublime sacrifices and achievements. It will glorify those who, obedient to their country's call, marched onward in the path of duty and did not hesitate when that path led to oblivion. It will honor the greatness of men's souls which makes them fight against oppression and injustice when fighting seems the only possible way out. It will honor the countless men who fought and died, answering an indefinable call of the centuries, only dimly conscious of the things they fought for but strong nevertheless in the conviction of righteousness.

Glorify war? No. Seek to end war? By all means yes. But shall we sink to a subjection of national spirit which would tolerate things worse than war without fighting to end them? Never. Memorial Day must remain a day when the living derive inspiration from the dead, a day for the preservation of the best traditions of our national spirit, a shrine for the nation's soul.

We may hope and work for the day when war really will be impossible, but as long as war is possible, the nation that allows its citizenship to become too soft and pacifistic for its own protection is challenging fate. Moral disarmament by a single nation in the face of a rapacious world is even worse than the disbanding of that nation's armies and the destruction of its battleships. Memorial Day should teach that truth.

All In the Day's Work

THERE being no Constitutional amendment against derelicts, and the breeches-buoy being a commodity that can be bought in the open market without recourse to a bootlegger, it is only natural that the prohibition activities of the United States Coast Guard should come in for an unusual share of attention. But the story of the Coast Guard, as narrated in this issue, proves that, from the Coast Guard's own point of view, running down rum-runners is only one item on a fairly full schedule.

The Coast Guard was established in a day when some of the great American fortunes were being founded on rum—real rum, for the demon then had his headquarters in the West Indies and not in Scotland. The Coast Guard was well in the second century of its history before prohibition came. Doubtless its members are not particularly keen about the job of policing Rum Row. But they are under orders; like the good sailors they are, they obey.

And, by an odd irony, perhaps some whiskey-freighted tramp that is even now lying off Montauk Point waiting to run the gauntlet in a shielding fog owes the ease with which it reached our coast to the vigilance of a Coast Guard cutter that spotted a menacing iceberg and blew it to smithereens.

Some Endowment Don'ts

"DO thus and so," advise the workers who have been active in helping raise The American Legion Endowment Fund. Which is as it should be. Negative advice—counsel on what not to do—is valuable, but the raising of $5,000,000 cannot be accomplished solely by avoiding pitfalls. The Weekly has been stressing the constructive side altogether—the do's. It therefore feels less hesitation than would otherwise be the case in publishing a few of the don'ts—all of them based on the practical experience of Endowment Fund workers.

Here they are, gathered together from a number of states which have completed their campaigns, and presented without the varnish of comment:

1. Don't ask someone to serve as local chairman just because you know he will accept. Choose your chairman for his dollars-and-cents value to the campaign. Usually a prominent business man is more valuable than a politician or an office-holder.

2. Don't overlook the publicity you can get. Newspapers, churches, city officials and business men's clubs all want to help, once they know what it's all about. And remember: News stories with local color are likely to make the front page.

3. Don't put on a campaign independently of the rest of your State. Your own will go more surely and easily if you ride on the state-wide wave.

4. Don't send out canvassers until they have made their own subscriptions. The solicitor who has himself donated talks more convincingly.

5. Don't use small-caliber solicitors on big-caliber prospects. A bank president can get bigger subscriptions than can one of his subordinate employees.

6. Don't assume that your townspeople aren't interested. They care as much as you do for the disabled and the orphans of veterans. But you have to tell them the need and purposes of the Endowment Fund, so that they can see why they should give.

7. Don't set your sight too low when you aim at subscriptions. This Endowment Fund is not a two-bits proposition.

8. Don't expect to raise your quota without making a lot of personal calls. Telephoning and writing letters are a whole lot less effective.

9. Don't give publicity to the amounts of any individual subscriptions except the very large ones.

10. Don't let your local campaign drag 'way past the schedule time. You can do the job with less work and greater assurance in one week than you can by letting it slip through a whole month—and in a short, snappy campaign your drive won't have time to lose its momentum.

❖ ❖ ❖

The only real permanent wave is the crimp in the bank roll.

❖ ❖ ❖

Household hint—two old evening gowns, sewed together, will make an excellent penwiper.

❖ ❖ ❖

Relic hunters operating along the Atlantic seaboard recently reported the discovery of a valuable Mah Jong set.

A PERSONAL PAGE *by* Frederick Palmer

Put these items together and do your own thinking:

Some Undressed Facts

1. In the recent trial of young jazz-crazed Dorothy Ellingson, in San Francisco, for the murder of her mother, her father said on the witness stand that he had drunk heavily and led a wild life in the years before she was born.

2. The Germans have established in the residential sections of Berlin free mind-cure clinics for children. In that way they hope to correct in childhood mental deformities which would almost inevitably cramp the mind in maturity.

3. There are 667,000 persons in the United States who were married when they were under sixteen or to persons who were under sixteen. The minimum marriageable legal age is still twelve years in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Louisiana, Virginia, Florida, Maryland, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Colorado, Idaho, Maine and Mississippi. In fourteen States a girl is old enough for legal marriage and to bear family burdens when the state child labor law makes her too young to be a wage earner.

Much for Nothing

This is the best bargain I know. It breaks the old rule that you cannot get something for nothing. In return for nothing it gives something which will be invaluable for life.

Any young man between the ages of 17 and 24 who wants a holiday trip away from home this summer has only to prove that he is decent and has an average education for his years, and get on board a train. The Government buys his ticket out and back and does the rest.

Last year the attendance at the Citizens Military Training Camps was 33,000. This year the mark set is 35,000. Think of that! Only 35,000 want to go to the best of all summer camps, while parents pay high prices to send many more thousands of younger boys to camps which are strictly commercial ventures. What's wrong with us? Is it true that we think nothing we do not pay for is any good, and that the more we pay for it the better it is?

The instructors at the private camps are often inferior. Those at the Citizens Camps are chosen from among our army officers for their fitness for their task. They are much more than drill masters. The youth who work and play under them do not meet just the kind of youth that they are accustomed to meet in their home circles, but all the kinds who make up the healthy manhood of the nation. They learn as much from association as from instruction. They learn both patriotism and real democracy.

There is discipline. You do not get far without that in any walk of life. If you do not learn it in youth you will have to impose it on yourself in later life, which is the most costly way. You may not bootleg whiskey into camp. You may not sit up all night playing poker and then not get up until noon, leaving the other fellows to do all the exercising. For that is not the way to make healthy bodies and good citizens, which is the object of the camp.

The military training does not mean the ceaseless grind which recruits knew in our war training camps. That is only for the pressure of war time. If we had had more youth in '17 who knew something of military drill we should not have had such intensive training in our war camps. In the course of healthy camp life youngsters at the Citizens Camps get a basic military instruction which will save them from being helpless rookies if ever the war call comes.

They will come back from the Citizens Camps with heads up, eyes bright, breathing deep, and with a new sense of the comradeship which means true citizenship. No one knows better than the ex-service man the value of such training. There is some youngster of your acquaintance who especially needs it. Get him interested. It is not too late at this writing for him to enroll. I should like to see over 100,000 instead of 35,000 at the Citizens Camps every summer. And when I say "something for nothing" I am thinking in money terms. The recruit at the Citizens Camp must give good will, obedience, energy, fellowship. He must try to play the game, which is the way to learn actually to play the game.

Faith and Works

Clergymen agree that there is an increase of church-going and religious devotion. When the going is good men may neglect religious devotion and even scoff at it. When the going is bad, and a big test comes, they see the folly of any little ant on the face of the planet setting himself up as superior to God. They find then that they have religion in their hearts. No man is hurt by going to church. If he is not the better for it the fault is his more than the church's.

Do You Hear the Call?

The fields where the battles of '18 were fought are green with crops; the villages that were in ruins have been rebuilt. But ships still cross the seas. The roads over which the "Dusties" marched are there as they were; villages in which you were billeted behind the lines are unchanged.

These days the ships do not carry you packed like sardines behind darkened ports in fear of submarines. They carry women as well as men folk to see again the land where you had the hardest and greatest adventure of your life. There is no way of living that adventure over again like living it on the spot where you had it.

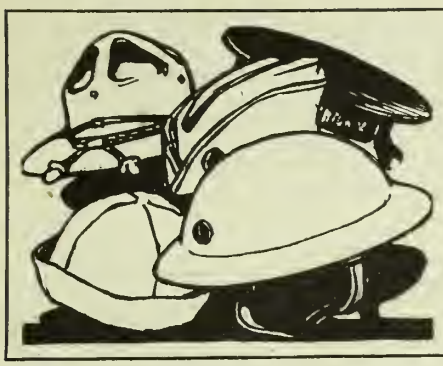
If you can afford the journey, it will broaden you out, give you renewed youth and spirit and shake the kinks of routine out of your brain. You will come home liking your America better. And no tourist, though he step into his limousine from his suite de luxe on board the steamer at the landing port, can get out of it, unless he was "over there" too, what you got out of it when it counted to be "over there". That is something which we all have that cannot be bought, nor can you sell it, although you may not make all out of its possession that you might.

The Shorter Word Wins

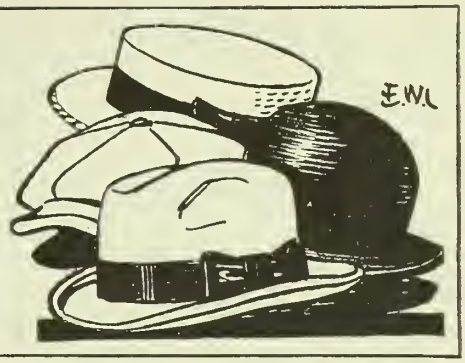
L. G., of Chicago, suggests that if "intestinal fortitude" will not satisfy the reader who objected to "guts", how about "abdominal sturdiness" or "digestive determination"? From all the letters I have received, I judge that the big majority will accept no substitute for the shorter word in a language emergency.

A Rank Outfit

By Wallgren



Then *and* Now



EIGHT years ago there were added to the list of America's soldier dead honored on Memorial Day the names of the first soldiers of the American Army in France to lose their lives in the World War. During the six months that followed, this number, including the comrades who died in camps in this country, grew to a hundred thousand. Numbered among the thirty-seven thousand men killed in action are some whose relatives even at this late date have received no word of the soldier's death except the formal notice of the Government. It is particularly appropriate, in this Memorial Day season, that we who may be able to furnish this much-wanted information do all we can to supply the relatives with this long-sought data. So the Company Clerk requests that particular attention be given to the following list of men about whom the facts of their last minutes on earth are wanted:

By the
COMPANY CLERK

CARL ALVIN ANDERSON, pvt., Co. E, 118th Engrs., died Dec. 31, 1918, in Base Hosp. 36, Vittel (Vosges), France. Formerly with Co. M, 18th Inf., First Div.

CLYDE TEMPERLY, pvt. 1cl., Co. M, 23d Inf., Second Div., reported missing in action June 6, 1918. The division was engaged near Bourèsches (Aisne-Marne Defensive) on this date.

VANABLE WALTERS, killed in action, date and outfit not known. Enlisted in Coast Artillery in 1916. Went to France in 1917.

GEORGE D. TAYLOR, pvt., Co. L, 355th Inf., 89th Div., reported missing in action November 5, 1918. Injured on January 30, 1919, and died February 2d in Base Hospital 69, Savenay. (Name listed in honor roll, History of 89th Division.)

WALTER PAGE, Co. A, Ninth Inf., Second Div., killed in action.

GEORGE THOMAS CONNOR, pvt., 73d Co., Sixth Reg., U. S. M. C., Second Div., killed in action at Mont Blanc Ridge, October 3, 1918.

LESTER OTHOUDT, pvt.. killed in action November 5, 1918. Previously reported with Co. H. 49th Inf., at time of death. A buddy advises that men of 49th Inf. were sent as replacements to 61st Inf., Fifth Div., and that Othoudt was probably with latter outfit when killed. (History of the Fifth Div. does not contain an honor roll.)

CHARLES EMORY PIERCE, enlisted in Army at Columbus, Ohio, 1918. Not heard from since he embarked for overseas. Outfit not known.

AUSTIN G. MICHAEL, pvt., Co. B, 115th Inf., 29th Div., reported at three different times as killed in action. Body bearing name and serial number of Andrew A. Michel was shipped to mother. Austin G. Michael reported in hospital at Neuilly on October 29, 1918, and during December, 1918, was at Nozales (?) Hospital. Later reported as mental case at Le Mans Hospital during February, 1919. Went on furlough to Nice on March 6, 1919, and in May, 1919, reported at hospital in Brest, Ward 16. At Fort McHenry, Maryland, a picture of him was identified as a patient treated under the name of Tom Henigan.

LOUIS EMILE BOLLETTE, pvt., Co. B, 109th Inf., 28th Div., killed in action September 8, 1918. The 28th Div. was fighting between the Vesle and Aisne on this date. (Name included in honor roll, History of 28th Div.)

NATHAN SHERMAN, Hq. Co., Ninth Inf., Second Div., reported missing in action. Address of relatives wanted in order that photos of Sherman taken before going into action may be sent to them.

ALEX D. WEINBERG, Co. D, 39th Inf., Third Div., killed in action September 26, 1918, Meuse-Argonne offensive.

MARTIN M. WEISS, formerly with Co. C, Fourth Inf., Third Div., wounded in action October 21, 1918.

OSCAR D. KEENE, Co. I, 47th Inf., Fourth Div., reported wounded August 4, 1918, degree undetermined. Not heard from since that date. (Name not included in honor roll, Fourth Div. History. The 47th Inf. was fighting south of the Vesle in the vicinity of St. Thibaut on August 4th.)

D. FRED ORANGE, pvt., Co. C, Second Engrs., Second Div., reported missing in action on June 6, 1918, and on July 29, 1918, officially reported dead.

JAMES E. MCINTYRE, pvt., Co. C, 314th F. S. Bn., attached to Hq. Co., 355th Inf., 89th Div., gassed August 8, 1918, near Flirey (Toul front) and died in 354th F. H. nearby, August 10th or 11th. (Listed in honor roll, 89th Division History.)

BENJAMIN B. FLEMING, pvt., Co. G, 313th Amm. Trn., died at Camp Dodge, Iowa, August 6, 1918. Father wants name and address of captain commanding company at time of son's death.

JAMES ROBERT LAUGHERIN, pvt., Sixth F. A., First Div., last heard from during Meuse-Argonne offensive, 1918. (Not included in honor roll, History of First Division.)

GEORGE A. HABRINGTON, cpl., Co. F, 315th Inf., 79th Div., wounded in action in Meuse-Argonne offensive and killed during enemy bombing of field hospital, September 30, 1918. (Listed in honor roll, 79th Division History, as died of wounds; in History of 315th Infantry as wounded in action.)

CORNELIUS NELSON STOVER, sgt., Co. G, 109th Inf., 28th Div., killed in action Sept. 6. 1918. (Name of Colonel N. Nelson, pvt., same company, appears in honor roll of 28th Division History. The regiment was fighting along the Vesle River in the vicinity of Villette and Magneux.)

EDWARD J. BELL, cpl., Co. E, Ninth Inf., Second Div.,. died in Base Hosp. No. 3, Tours, July 25, 1918.

PERCY LINCOLN HOLLINSHED, 17th Co., Fifth Reg., U. S. M. C., reported killed in action in Belleau Wood.

HERBERT G. HITCHCOCK, Co. I, 168th Inf., 42d Div., died in France, July 15, 1918.

THOMAS C. SAFRANEK, Co. B, 308th Inf., 77th Div., gassed on or about August 17, 1918, near Chery Chartreuve on the Vesle River, evacuated to S. O. S. hospital. War Department wants all possible information.

RUBY B. HARLAN, Co. B, 26th Inf., First Div., killed in action Oct. 8, 1918, in Meuse-Argonne. Information of him during period June 18, 1918, to date of his death wanted.

OLDRICH KROMA, Co. G, 127th Inf., 32d Div., killed in action July 30, 1918.

HOWARD BRENTON, Co. B, 26th Inf., First Div., killed Oct. 9, 1918, in Meuse-Argonne.

ISAAC CHESTER GOODWIN, Co. G, 137th Inf., 35th Div., reported on Nov. 22, 1918, by War Department as missing in action since morning of Sept. 26, 1918, and in March, 1919, reported as killed in action between Sept. 26 and 28, 1918.

ROY H. CHANDLER, sgt., Co. K, 58th Inf., Fourth Div., killed in action on or about July 18, 1918, near St. Gengoulph (Aisne-Marne Offensive). (Not included in honor roll History of Fourth Div.)

CLARENCE G. KEPPLE, mech., Co. A, 356th Inf., 89th Div., killed in action (?), date unknown. (Listed in honor roll History of 89th Div.)

CLIFFORD L. ACHOR, pvt., Hq. Co., 23d Inf., Second Div., killed by shell fire Oct. 7, 1918, near Blanc Mont Ridge, Champagne.

JOHN L. MCGRATH, 79th Co., Sixth Reg., U. S. M. C., Second Div., wounded in action July 19, 1918, near Soissons. Information regarding him and place and date of death wanted.

HENRY HEATH CALLOWAY, Sixth Co., 11th C. A. C., died of influenza at Camp Enstis, Va. Father wants photograph.

COMRADE S. E. DAVIS, adjutant of Reed Post of Elko, Nevada, has sent to the Company Clerk a photograph case of khaki bound in black leather containing the picture of a middle-aged woman and inscribed "My Mother—Pvt. A. H. Rönne, Btry. A, 103 Regt. F. A." The case and photograph were found on one of the battlefields in France. A letter to the photographer who took the picture and a letter to Comrade Rönne at the address furnished by the Adjutant General's office were both returned un-

claimed. Does anyone know the present whereabouts of Comrade Rönne or of his mother? We want to return this property.

THE following letter from Comrade J. Norman King of Bluffton, Ohio, which was received shortly after the publication of the 1924 Memorial Day issue of the Weekly, will be of interest to the relatives of men who lost their lives on the old Toul front or during and after the St. Mihiel offensive of September 12, 1918: "In the Memorial Day number of the Weekly I was especially interested in the account of the American cemetery at Thiaucourt, France, and the drawing showing the government plans for this cemetery. It might interest you to know that I had the honor of starting this cemetery, burying the first men killed in the St. Mihiel drive at this place. I was chaplain with the 310th Infantry (78th Division) and we were in the St. Mihiel front from September 15 to October 4, 1918. While there a large number of our men were killed and there were many from other outfits who had been killed in the advance but not buried. All of these bodies we collected and buried. We first buried all that we could in the French civilian cemetery at the edge of the town, then when that was filled we laid out a new cemetery just across the road from the old one in a flatiron-shaped plot and buried several hundred there.

"Naturally I am very much interested in this special plot and would like to know if the new cemetery is located where we laid out our cemetery."

The Quartermaster General advised the Company Clerk in response to an inquiry that "the St. Mihiel American Cemetery, Thiaucourt, Meurthe-et-Moselle, France, is in the original location mentioned in extract of the letter of Mr. King—at the edge of the village, one-half kilometre due west from Thiaucourt. This cemetery now comprises thirty acres, expansion having been necessary when it was designated one of eight permanent American military cemeteries in Europe. To the few hundred original burials were added many dead from different sections. This, with the return of bodies to their homes at requests of relatives, made it necessary to rearrange the graves as to spacing and grouping in the general plan of beautifying this admirably placed cemetery."

CAN any former member of the Sixth or Seventh Engineers engaged in repairing and building roads on the morning of September 26, 1918, near Esnes, south of Montfaucon, France, or of the burial detail under Chaplain J. Austin Lord of Indiana, who buried the body of Pvt. 1cl. Harry A. Millener, Hq. Co., 147th F. A., 41st Division, furnish any information which will lead to the recovery of some personal property of this deceased comrade? Comrade Millener's father is anxious to recover as a keepsake a fine gold Waltham watch, in one cover of which was a photograph of the boy's dead mother and in the other a photograph of his sister, also a leather-bound pocket Bible with Millener's name inside.

Looking Ahead *for the* Greatest Peacetime Expedition *in* History

By JOHN J. WICKER, JR.

Chairman, France Travel Convention Committee, The American Legion

THE thought that The American Legion ought some day to hold a national convention in Paris was probably born with the Legion itself. At the New Orleans convention in 1922, the thought jumped into public notice with a definite date hitched to it—the suggestion was made that The American Legion hold its 1928 convention in Paris. From year to year the idea gained strength, until at the 1924 convention in St. Paul a formal invitation was presented from France. We had wanted to go; now we had been asked.

National Commander Drain presented the question to the National Executive Committee at its meeting in January, 1925. It was pointed out that the idea was not only feasible, but also that it would be most appropriate and fitting for the Legion to make a pilgrimage back to the scenes of America's world struggle and to the last resting place of so many thousand comrades. The year 1927 would be, it was suggested, appropriate because it will be the tenth anniversary of the year in which America entered the war.

The National Executive Committee unanimously adopted the Commander's suggestion and authorized him to appoint a France Travel Convention Committee to study plans for the pilgrimage—the greatest travel movement ever known in times of peace. This committee will keep the National Executive Committee advised of developments and will submit its report for final consideration by the Omaha National Convention next October.

Naturally it is impossible so far ahead to make many definite announcements, but the committee is working with certain points in mind and has already reached certain conclusions.

At present it appears that the most satisfactory time for the convention would be during the last week in September or the first week in October, 1927. Conditions would then be most favorable from the standpoint of steamship accommodations, hotel accommodations in France, and weather. Furthermore, at that time of the year the most notable American battles occurred.

American steamships should be used as far as practicable, in the committee's view, with such other steamships as may be necessary. The plan most generally favored provides for obtaining the exclusive use of all necessary steamships and abolishing for the trip all steamship class distinctions applying to decks and public rooms.

The question of accommodations in France presents a tremendous problem. It is planned to have the entire hotel accommodations of Paris placed at the Legion's disposal at the best rates obtainable during the convention, and for a few days before and after it.

For the convenience of those who may desire to visit other parts of Europe, the committee will examine the projected arrangements for trips offered by the recognized travel companies and will issue a list of these.

It is entirely too early to issue any definite estimates of the cost of the trip, but roughly the minimum cost, including steamship fare both ways, railroad fare from port of arrival to Paris and back, and hotel accommodations in Paris throughout the convention, will probably be about $175.

It is expected that arrangements can be made obviating the necessity of passports and foreign visas. This of itself will be a great saving.

The France Travel Convention Committee recommends that all Legionnaires and Auxiliary members who want to make the trip to Paris start saving at once. Legion posts everywhere should co-operate with local banks, forming France-Legion Convention Clubs which can be operated on a plan similar to Christmas savings clubs, except, of course, that these clubs should run up to September 1, 1927. There should be different classes of clubs, depending on how much the individual Legionnaire wants to devote to the trip.

The very lowest estimate of the time required for the round trip, from the United States and back to the United States, is three weeks. Consequently, Legionnaires who receive only a stated vacation each year should save their vacation time during 1925 and 1926—that is, take an abbreviated vacation, or even none at all this year and next year, so that the accumulated vacation time may be available for the convention pilgrimage in 1927.

The France Travel Convention Committee invites suggestions. These may be addressed to the office of the chairman, 1108 Mutual Building, Richmond, Virginia. In addition to the chairman, the committee members are: Bowman Elder, Indianapolis, Indiana; Albert Greenlaw, Augusta, Maine; George J. Hatfield, San Francisco, California; J. Monroe Johnson, Marion, South Carolina; Wade H. Phillips, Lexington, North Carolina; Samuel W. Reynolds, Omaha, Nebraska; Alton T. Roberts, Marquette, Michigan, and B. W. Wall, Bristol, Rhode Island.

Cows *that* Keep *the* Wolf *from the* Door

(Continued from page 8)

This story is about revolving cows, and here it is.

Minnesota land, of the sort which project trainees can afford to buy, is as a rule a long way from the centers of population. Most of it is land which has to be cleared; the loggers left it full of stumps years ago. It is a case of the embryonic farmer literally carving himself a farm out of the waste places.

Now a good many of these trainees have taken to farming because they are tuberculous, and they need to be out of doors. A good many of the trainees who selected farming for other reasons have small children—as, for that matter, have most of the tuberculous cases.

One of the needs of a T. B. convalescent, just as it is one of the needs of little children, is good fresh milk. And fresh milk is not to be had if your farm is miles from the next farm and you haven't a cow. Most of these project trainees did not have a cow, because cows cost money, and they needed what little money they had to pay for the farms and to clear the land.

So The American Legion Auxiliary started a campaign for donations of funds from Auxiliary units to the department treasury into a special fund for the purchase of cows. That is why it is a cow fund. It is a revolving cow fund because the money, as fast as it comes back into the treasury from the payments by men who buy cows of it, turns right around and goes out again to buy another cow. And the faster it revolves, the more cows it buys, and the more good it does.

The general plan is that the Auxiliary purchases milch cows at $75, which procures a cow of the quality known as "grade"—just below a purebred but, for practical purposes of supplying milk, quite as good to a small farmer. This cow is sold, then, to a service man on a training project farm. He agrees to pay $75 for her at the rate of five dollars a month from the time she begins to give milk.

A good deal of discussion came up at the time when the plan was being undertaken. "Shall we keep a chattel mortgage on the cow? Shall we charge interest?" These were two of the principal questions. But the final decision was to sell the cows simply on notes and the agreement of the purchaser to pay five dollars a month regularly, no interest to be charged.

The first cow purchased under this plan went out in April of 1924. In the year that has elapsed more than $7,000 has been given to the disabled service men on the farms for buying cows and more than a hundred cows have been thus provided. The Minnesota Department of The American Legion Auxiliary has obtained most of the money for the cow fund from contributions made by Minnesota units. But $2,000 for the cow fund came from the Auxiliary Department's Poppy Fund, and $500 was donated as a memory gift by the national organization of the Auxiliary at its Saint Paul National Convention.

Applications for cows are granted to the most needy cases first. For example, the most needy imaginable case is a tuberculous disabled man with a family that includes small children. Here there is a double need. The man himself needs a large supply of fresh milk in his fight against the disease, and his children need the milk so that they may grow up sturdy—and, as everyone knows, children exposed to possible infection with tuberculosis from other members of the family need every strength-giving food obtainable. So this man and his family would get a cow speedily. Priority is also given applicants who have ulcers of the stomach and certain other diseases where milk is helpful.

Besides the immediate purpose of giving health to the disabled men and their families, there is another and almost equally important purpose which the Auxiliary recognizes in operating its cow fund. The cows the fund provides give the disabled man a steady income supplementing the payments he receives from Uncle Sam. Eventually, when Uncle Sam's allowances stop, the income from the cows will go on. So the cow fund is helping scores of men find a road to financial independence which they may travel after they have finished their farm courses in vocational training.

It is estimated that $10,000 will be raised for the cow fund this year entirely from Auxiliary units' voluntary contributions.

The payment of five dollars a month is easily within the means of any purchaser, because he can sell enough cream after supplying his family to yield that much cash income. Then, too, he is doubtless saving some cash outlay which he has previously had to make because he had to buy some milk, butter, condensed milk, and the like.

So far, no men are missing any of their payments. But figuring on a nominal number getting somewhat in arrears, the Auxiliary nevertheless computes that it can supply a fresh cow to every family on the six hundred projects in Minnesota within the next twenty-four months. Doubtless there will be more trainees on projects by then, but, just as doubtless, by that time a good many of the trainees will have progressed enough financially to supply themselves with cows.

It is planned that when all the funds are returned, at the end of the period, and every project trainee has a cow, the revolving cow fund will be diverted to some other form of relief work, probably hospital work.

So satisfactorily has the fund worked out that already there is talk of establishing other funds to enable these project trainees to build deep wells and concrete sanitation facilities, and buy sheep or chickens.

The whole job has been well handled by the Auxiliary, to which full credit belongs for the job. The work has been largely in the hands of Dr. Helen Hughes Heilscher of Mankato, former chairman of the national hospitalization committee of the Auxiliary; Mrs. George Osborne of Minneapolis, past state president of the Auxiliary; and Mrs. Julia Williams of White Bear, Department Chairman of colony activities of the Auxiliary.

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Dear Sir: Please send me Bulletin 6 concerning Knights of Columbus Correspondence Courses together with an application blank.

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(please print)
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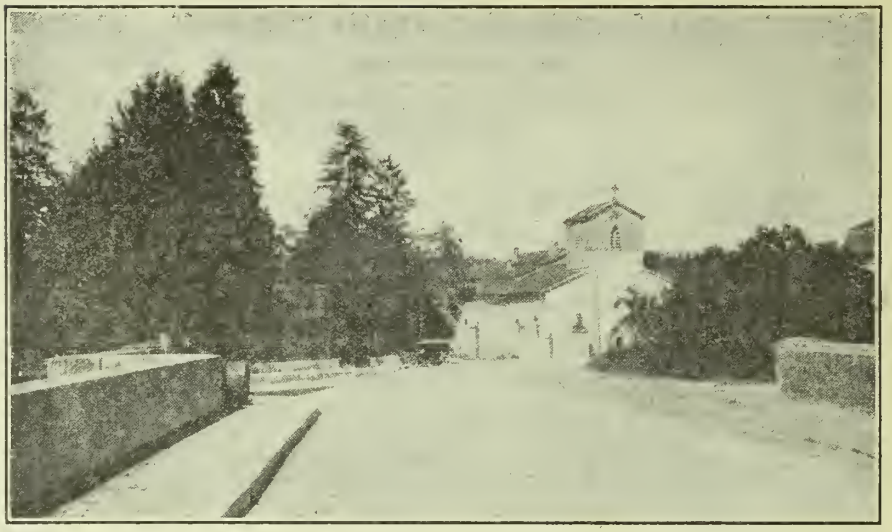
On the Trail of the A. E. F.

(Continued from page 7)



The church at Domremy from the bridge across the Meuse. The d'Arc cottage, Jeanne's birthplace, is behind the trees at the right

two women halted while I was putting my car away and volubly informed me that they had lived in Gondrecourt all through the many months of American occupation and had known any number of our soldiers. Further, they told me of an ex-doughboy now living in the town and also of a young lady employed at the Grand Bazar who talked English.

A little later I looked up both of the individuals mentioned. The American, Mr. Pope, who has a blacksmith and implement repair shop where he also dispenses American reapers, mowing machines, cream separators and other implements, on the street running west into the Bonnet road from the Place de l' Hôtel de Ville, unfortunately was out in the country, but I saw his two small and chubby children toddling about among the anvils and fragments of dismantled machinery, and talked with his wife, a former Vouthon girl. At the Grand Bazar I found someone whom I really remembered from war days, and other Americans probably will remember her, too—Mademoiselle Raymond, who used to furnish us with anything from towels to trench canes and from wrap leggings to picture frames out of the heterogeneous stock of Gondrecourt's most pretentious emporium. Her English has become a trifle erratic through disuse during the intervening years, but she was glad of a chance to exercise it again.

Down across the bridge on the Grand Rue, returning survivors of the First, the 26th or the 41st Division, of the Ordnance Repair Shops, the Advance Light Railway Yards, or other of the multifarious organizations which at one time or another clustered around Gondrecourt, will miss the familiar faces of the Fernand Hardouins at the Épicerie Parisienne, for the reason that several years ago that pleasant and accommodating family removed to Paris, the ultimate earthly Paradise of all normal French people. Thus it happens that their shop, which sold, probably, more cheese and sardines and assorted varieties of sandwich pastes to doughboys than any other in town, is now one of the endless chain of Félix Potin stores of "produits alimentaires."

Aside from such minor changes as have been mentioned, Gondrecourt is about as it always was. But out northward on the road to Abainville, which also leads ultimately to Commercy or Bar-le-Duc according as you turn right or left at Houdelaincourt, things are different—decidedly different. The barren hill slopes where the Adrian barracks of the First Corps Infantry Schools were once grouped are empty once more, not a vestige of the constructions remaining, while westward near the railroad track, outside the park wall of the old château of Ham, the more scattered yet numerous barracks and stables that appertained to the Artillery School have likewise disappeared utterly, except for the chimney and fireplace of the Y. M. C. A. building, which loom lonely out on the flat in front of the "whetstone factory."

No one ever attached to the First Corps Artillery School will have forgotten the Château of Ham, that shell of a building on top of a steep bluff above the valley of the Ornain which, in the early days of the war, so it was said, had been gutted by a fire but which was partially resuscitated by the Americans of the First Division when they came into the Gondrecourt Area by the fabrication of a tar paper roof and partitions so that the rooms of the lower floor could be utilized for the administrative offices of the Artillery School. I saw the old building again exactly as we left it, but no later visitor will see it for the reason that when I was there the grade stakes were already set and grading under way for a new railway cut-off headed straight through the château to the location of a new viaduct across the Ornain behind it. Therefore the total wrecking of the long-time ruined building was to commence the week after I was there, so the railroad men said, and the photograph which I took of it was doubtless the last one ever taken.

But in the spring and summer of 1918 there dawned on this vicinity an era of still more feverish activity than had been inaugurated by the founding of the Artillery School, and almost over night, it seemed, the wide, empty flat between Gondrecourt and Abainville became congested with warehouses and roundhouses and barracks and platforms between which threaded a maze of tracks whereon Baldwin locomotives and strings of big American freight cars, intermingled with the smaller French ones, rumbled and clattered back and forth until the place seemed like the yards of Chicago. The tiny, muddy village of Abainville and the fields surrounding it were transformed into a mushroom metropolis wherein the jargon of American railroad men

Take a farewell look at the Chateau du Ham, once executive offices for the First Corps Artillery Schools. It is now being torn down to make room for a railroad

was the prevailing dialect and sixty-centimeter trackage and rolling stock the all-absorbing thought and care.

But what has become today of all the vast accumulation of steel and lumber which, in varied forms, composed the fabric of the Abainville Light Railway Yards, it is difficult to imagine. Doubtless it has been usefully absorbed in the industrial rehabilitation of the devastated areas of northeastern France, but certainly it has nearly all disappeared from the flat by Abainville.

Standing on the slight rise near the railroad line that runs from Neufchâteau to Void and surveying the ground southwest, west and northwest sloping down toward the Ornain, one sees to his left toward the Château of Ham the thick concrete walls of the ovens of the old American field bakeries, still visible above the weeds that are overgrowing them and, nearby along the wagon road, slight vestiges of the foundations of stables where artillery horses used to be sheltered. In front and to the right, as far as the outlying houses of Abainville, are the curving grades of the tracks that once composed the network of the railway yards. By far the greater number of them have been denuded of steel and ties already but, even so, a number, doubtless recently used in hauling out salvaged materials, still have the metal on them.

In one side of this building I found a high tier of shelving made of twelve-inch boards and stuffed full of portentous looking pamphlets. A glance at a few of these showed them to be of such a nature that I laughed until the Frenchmen working in the vicinity probably thought I had lost my mind. For they were United States Army training manuals of the vintage of 1917; scores, in some cases hundreds, of copies of each title, and if anything can be imagined more useless in the middle of France in the year 1924 than, for example, 247 copies of an American training manual printed in English in 1917 on the theory and practice of trench raids, it has not come to my attention.

Probably in a few more months every lingering indication of the old light railway yards will be gone. The fact leads one to moralize on the rapidity with which the works of modern industry can disappear, as compared with those of antiquity. Frequently the location of one of Julius Cæsar's camps in France can be easily found today and its outlines traced, nearly two thousand years after it was made. It is the same with the sites of scores of Roman towns or country villas, while hundreds of miles of the ancient Roman roads are still in use. Yet six years after the building of the vast constructions of the A. E. F., spirited together out of steel and wood, canvas and tar paper, most of them have vanished utterly, leaving not a trace behind.

The wide, white ribbon of the highway, which in winter was a ribbon of viscous mud, still undulates across the flat, bisecting the old railway yards and entering Abainville by the spot where the little Y. M. C. A. hut used to stand. Nestling at the foot of the slope of the swelling Hill 395, otherwise called Mount Delouze, whereon aspiring artillery officers used to do the "Italian resection" with numbed fingers in the chilly breezes of winter, Abainville has obviously experienced no boom since the war.

In fact, except that the temporary American structures have disappeared, the place seems to contain exactly the same number of buildings as formerly, no more and no less, while as I drove slowly down the main street toward the church and the mairie, even the farm carts and pieces of agricultural machinery and the well-known piles of fertilizer seemed to be in precisely the same spots they had occupied six years before, and smelled as bad.

Nevertheless there were compensations to be found in the village even for the smells, and I discovered one when I found myself shaking hands with the robust and warm-hearted woman who once conducted the mess for the officers of one of the batteries of my battalion. She and her husband and all the rest of the family were astonished and highly delighted to see me and, while we sipped glasses of wine from a bottle of supposedly rare vintage of the region, opened in honor of the occasion, they inquired eagerly about various members of the old mess. Then I had a look at the mairie, where the town major used to hold forth, and another into the musty old church, and then fared down to "le bas du village," at the end of the street close to the bank of the Ornain, where one of our battery mess-shacks stood, hard by a house containing a tiny grocery store. Here again was a woman who made me welcome for the sake of les Américains of other years.

All over this country in the vicinity of Gondrecourt and Abainville, and up the roads toward Toul and Commercy and Bar-le-Duc, are scores of villages each of which had its contingent of billeted Yanks at one time or another. But one person could not visit them all in a limited time, interesting though they all might prove. In fact I, headed for Toul, was able to spend only a few minutes in even such a one-time American center as Houdelaincourt, or in Demange-aux-Eaux, seat of Advance Ordnance Depot No. 5 and other important A. E. F. activities, besides being located at the outlet of the three-mile long tunnel which conveys the Rhine-Marne Canal from the Meuse watershed westward into the Marne-Seine watershed. Delouze, hidden away in a pocket of the hills with the dark pines all around; Rozières-en-Blois and Montigny and Vaucouleurs, once seat of a Pursuit Group Airdrome, above whose streets a large statue of Jeanne d'Arc now looks out over the valley from the peak of the still unfinished memorial church on the site of the ancient château—all of these and many others are still there and little changed, together with most of the people who populated them in 1918-19. And, judging by experience, a hearty welcome awaits any of the old crowd of warriors in olive drab who care to wander back in civilian garb and renew acquaintance with the folk they once knew in those remote and easy-going bailiwicks anciently called and even yet recognizable as Barrois, Ornois, Le Blois and Pays des Vaux.

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

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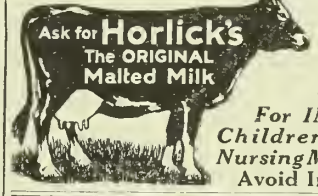

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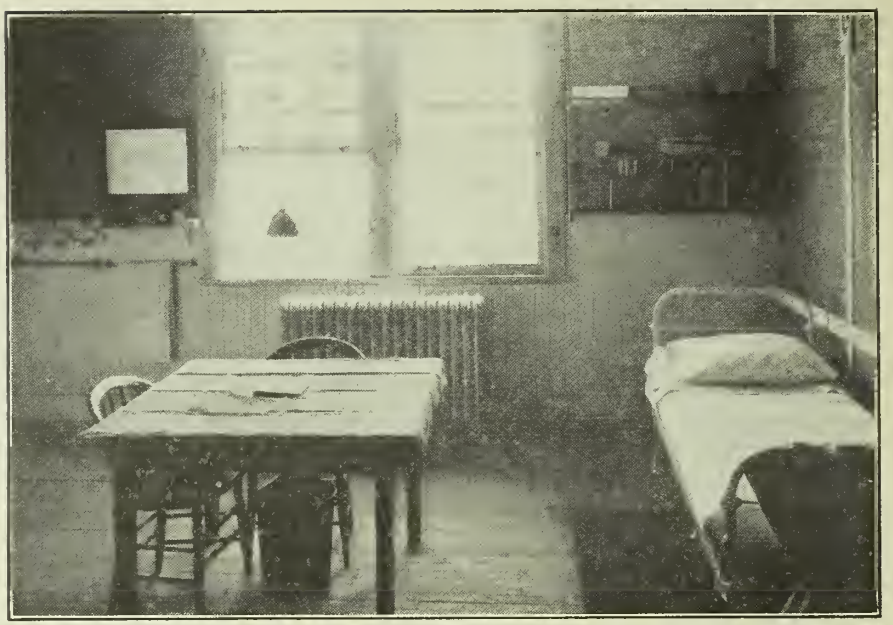
The Navy That's Always *at* War

(Continued from page 5)



A midshipman's room in the Coast Guard barracks at New London, with usefulness running several laps ahead of ornament

And here's a new scoop: The Coast Guard probably suffered the heaviest casualties of any branch of the service. Some doughboy may try to refute my figures, but I think they will hold—at least for the proportion of men killed in action. During the war, well above 200 Coast Guardsmen were killed in action. That was out of a total of less than 5,000 guardsmen in service. More than one guardsman in 25 was killed outright, in other words. This high proportion was due largely to the fact that on the night of September 26, 1918—the day the Battle of the Meuse-Argonne opened—a German submarine sank the U. S. C. G. *Tampa* with all hands—111 officers and men.

Don't think, however, that Germany never appreciated the United States Coast Guard. As far back as 1913, Germany was one of a dozen nations which paid a high compliment to the Coast Guard. This compliment, by the way, put the guard in the way of what remains one of its most difficult and most important jobs, the international ice patrol.

The international ice patrol was conceived at an international convention, held shortly after the sinking of the *Titanic* in April, 1912, following its collision with an iceberg on the North Atlantic. The convention decided that the world ought to carry on a war against the icebergs that infest that part of the ocean every winter, and so high was the esteem of other countries that Great Britain, on behalf of a dozen of them, asked if the United States would have its Coast Guard do the patrolling which was expected to afford protection against disasters like that which overtook the *Titanic*. The other nations volunteered to share the expense, on a pro rata basis, and they did so, and they still are doing so.

Beginning with the winter of 1914-15, and excepting only the winter of 1917-18, when the Guard had a war to fight against humans, this ice patrol has been continued. Every fall two cutters are sent out, using Halifax as a base, to hunt down icebergs where they lay, and to report their position, and their direction, and to blow them up, if possible, in order to keep them from continuing in that direction. The task has been enormously hazardous, and even more uncomfortable, but the Coast Guard likes it, because the guard takes pride in doing hard jobs.

There's no particular reason to tell what the Coast Guard does to catch rum-runners; every newspaper and magazine will tell about that job. *"Tampa Seizes 5,000 Cases,"* that's a typical newspaper headline. (There's a new *Tampa* now.) Magazines devote thousands of words to the story of how they do it. They write about long winter-night vigils on destroyers that the guard has taken over from the Navy since the rum war began. They tell of equally long and uncomfortable vigils on the new 75-foot rum-chasers that the guard has acquired to chase rum-runners.

But the international ice patrol—they don't tell about that so much. They don't tell how guardsmen shinny up and down floating, slippery mountains, carrying packs of explosives. They don't tell how the guard gathers mail from fishermen at sea, how it picks up occasional dory-loads of lost fishermen.

Neither do they tell about the Life-Saving Service. Or, if they do tell, you'd think the Life-Saving Service was another branch of our national police force. Mostly, they still speak of it as the Life-Saving Service, for that matter, as they did in 1918, when a German submarine hauled up off the Coast Guard station at Orleans, on Cape Cod, right here in the U. S. A., and shelled the station all one morning. When a cutter brings in a rum-runner with $50,000 worth of booze, that's news, but when a cutter hauls a loose and floating pier out of a harbor, that isn't news. Nor is it news when the life-saving station keeps its patrols out all night in zero weather, in the midst of a blizzard, to watch for distress signals from the sea. Nor is it news when the Coast Guard patrols the intercollegiate regattas at Poughkeepsie and New London. Nor when a Coast Guard station has to dive into the Surgeon Bay Canal to haul out an automobile.

Today there are about 7,500 officers and enlisted men in the Coast Guard. Probably not more than one-third of them are in the rum-chasing business. The rest of them are fighting to save lives at sea. The added burden of the rum patrol has done nothing to budge the Coast Guard from the even keel of efficiency. It carries on just as it always did before. And what's more, it is *not* a drain on our Treasury, as many people believe. This Coast Guard of ours is self-supporting.

That's a fact. The Coast Guard pays for itself. In 1924, for instance, the United States appropriated about $25,000,000 for the maintenance of the Coast Guard—exclusive of $12,000,000 for new rum-chasers. And in repayment for this appropriation, the Coast Guard saved ships and property valued at considerably more than $25,000,000, and it collected more than $630,000 in fines. And nobody knows how much property and how many lives were saved by the international ice patrol.

To all intents and purposes, the Coast Guard is a small navy. It offers the same pay as the Navy for officers and enlisted men, it runs on regulations almost identical with those of the Navy. Its commandant, who serves under the Secretary of the Treasury instead of the Secretary of the Navy, is Rear Admiral F. C. Billard. Under him are seven captains, 12 commanders, 35 lieutenant commanders, 37 lieutenants, 77 lieutenants (junior grade) and ensigns, all of whom are deck officers. In addition there are the following engineer officers: four captains, six commanders, 12 lieutenant commanders, 22 lieutenants and 42 lieutenants (junior grade) and ensigns.

The former Life-Saving Service is officered by line officers who on that duty are called district superintendents. There are 13 of them, of various ranks. The Coast Guard has a construction department composed largely of two lieutenants. There is no Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, as in the Navy. The United States Public Health Service supplies medical officers, with army rankings, and they act as surgeons on ships and shore stations. Coast Guard headquarters at Washington carries on much as the Navy Department carries on. Orders are issued according to the same regulations, and according to the same old From-to-Subject formula. The principal difference is in the

stationery, which is supplied by the Treasury Department.

But perhaps the most interesting and least press-agented part of the Coast Guard is the Academy at New London, Connecticut. Just as the Academy at Annapolis, and the Academy at West Point, are the most colorful branches of the Navy and Army, so the Academy at New London ranks with the Coast Guard. It is a small Annapolis. Situated in an old New England seaport, the academy occupies what is known as Fort Trumbull, a former Coast Artillery fortress. Fort Trumbull is a survival of the days when forts were built of stone and cannon were touched off with a torch. Seventy midshipmen are being taught how to become ensigns at Fort Trumbull. They occupy the buildings of the old fort — antiquated buildings, poorly sheltering an earnest, devoted school.

These seventy midshipmen probably never will compete with Annapolis at football, but they're willing to try conclusions any day at practical seamanship. Their athletic teams necessarily are not prominent. They play basketball after a more or less organized fashion with teams around New London, and during the war they had a baseball team, but there are too few of them, and those few are too busy, to organize football teams, and they get all the crew work they want out of the cutters and whaleboats they are forever practicing with on the Thames. (It's pronounced Thames, phonetically, by the way, and not Tems, as in England.)

The academy curriculum is approximately the same as that at Annapolis except for one big difference—the academy graduates officers either for deck or engineering duties, but not for both, as in the Navy. For this reason the course has been kept down to three years.

But cultural advantages are never overlooked. The midshipmen at New London are taught to be officers and gentlemen as well. In fact, there's more personal instruction at New London than in most schools of higher learning. The faculty consists of ten men, at least three or four of whom generally are civilian instructors. The ten naturally can keep a closer watch over an average of seven students apiece than is possible in most colleges where there are fifteen or twenty students to the instructor.

Not that the ten do any loafing. Far from it. Lieutenant Commander Wilfrid N. Derby, for instance, is the school's instructor in English, and he is also the executive officer of the station and handles about a hundred enlisted men and is generally responsible, under Commander Harold D. Hinckley, the superintendent, for enough material and personnel to worry an admiral. And between times he finds opportunity to be interested in The American Legion, being an ardent charter member of Tampa Post of Brooklyn.

The Coast Guard Academy came to New London in 1919, having been organized at Baltimore in 1878. The midshipmen seem to like the town, in spite of the handicaps of their antediluvian buildings. Their barracks, as they would admit themselves, are nothing short of unseaworthy, and they need and deserve better.

The school is looking forward to the day when the Treasury Department, or Congress, or somebody, will awaken to the fact that New London is important. They thought that some idea of their importance might be gained when the class of 1925 was shot out of school ahead of time to join the war on the rum-runners, just as classes at West Point and Annapolis (and Coast Guardsmen) were graduated ahead of time to join the war on Germany. But the idea didn't permeate, although the cadets are now engaged in all sorts of battles for their country.

Maybe we ought to suppose what some of them are doing.

Ensign A, for instance. He is now, perhaps, on the U. S. C. G. *Jouett*, a former Navy destroyer. He is chasing a rum-runner off Montauk Point.

Ensign B. He is in a cockle-shell whale-boat, transporting passengers from a wrecked ship to a cutter, and in the middle of the ocean.

Ensign C. Maybe he is a district superintendent of the Life-Saving Service somewhere on the Pacific Coast. Imagine him superintending the shooting of a line over a schooner that is breaking up on a reef. Or perhaps he is getting ready with his crew to pull out through the surf to the rescue of the stranded schooner's crew.

Ensign D. Imagine him climbing an iceberg somewhere off the coast of Newfoundland.

Ensign E. Perhaps he's the brilliant young life-saver who prevented somebody from committing suicide by drowning in Milwaukee Harbor the other day. He's forever directing the rescue of crews from ice-bound whalebacks and yanking obstructions from the channel at Duluth.

And so on. Under Ensigns A, B, C, D and E, and over them, there are thousands of hard-boiled, efficient enlisted men and warrant and commission officers. According to statistics (you just *must* get down to statistics, now and then)—according to statistics, they average a year older and an inch taller and ten pounds heavier, per man, then the men in the Navy.

This discrepancy is not so marked now as it used to be. Rum-running has brought many boyish figures into the Coast Guard. Once the average guardsman was bigger. They used to have a preference for Swedish and Norwegian sailors. They still have a preference for old sailors. The Coast Guard traditions are sea-goin' and salty.

Not that those traditions are brutal. If you think a Coast Guardsman is tough in an uncivilized way, you ought to go to a meeting of Tampa Post of The American Legion. Or, better still, be on hand when Tampa Post makes its annual pilgrimage from Brooklyn to New London and has a reunion, a baseball game with the cadets and a feast at the old barracks. See the trophies the post gives every year for the June rowing races in ships' boats off Cape May. Tampa Post is composed of gentlemanly ex-service men—graduates of New London, a great many of them. They are gentlemanly but salty; cultured but hardy; educated, but fighting sons of guns.

If you don't believe me, insult the pride of some old guardsman from Tampa Post by asking him if he was in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps. He'll tell you that he was in a *fighting* outfit—the Coast Guard.

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The American Legion Weekly
Indianapolis, Indiana

For Those Who Have Gone Ahead

(Continued from page 9)

National Commander Drain planting a memorial tree at Culver Military Academy, Culver, Indiana, to Raymond B. Austin, former Culver cadet who served in the Commander's outfit. In the foreground, to the right, is Brig. Gen. L. R. Gignilliat, superintendent of the Academy and a past commander of the Indiana Department. Col. C. C. Chambers, Culver Executive Officer, stands in the rear

Legion posts, now totals $161,192.74. The principal of the fund is to be kept intact from year to year, and the income is to be expended in decorating the graves abroad.

For decorating the graves overseas this year, $7,656.34 has been sent abroad by the committee of Past National Commanders of The American Legion which is charged with control of the fund. At the rate of exchange prevailing when the money was sent, this sum was equivalent to 148,303.30 francs. The money thus made available for the decorations will be supplemented by 75,000 francs provided by the American Overseas Memorial Day Association, of which Ambassador Myron T. Herrick is honorary president. The Association, which includes many members of Paris Post of The American Legion, submitted a report of estimated expenditures, and locations of the graves to be decorated.

The graves in the American cemeteries in France are: Belleau (Aisne-Marne), 2,201; Romagne (Meuse-Argonne), 14,025; Fère-en-Tardenois (Oise-Aisne), 5,934; Bony (Oise-Aisne), 1,815; Thiaucourt (St. Mihiel), 4,136, and Surèsnes, near Paris, 1,506. In Waereghem Cemetery, in Belgium, 364 are buried. At Brookwood, England, are 800 graves. In addition, the bodies of 96 men still lie in their original graves in France outside of the large A. E. F. cemeteries. These, too, will be cared for.

A wreath and an American and French flag will be placed on each grave in France. The French people of the towns near the cemeteries come to the ceremonies in the cemeteries to place flowers on the graves. On the American graves in Belgium, a Belgian flag will fly beside the American flag. In England the Union Jack will stand beside the Stars and Stripes.

Arrangements have been made through the maires of 64 towns and cities in France for the decoration of the graves of the 96 men who still lie where they were originally buried. The American counsel at Cherbourg will assist in placing wreaths and flags on the monument erected to the memory of the four American sailors of the Civil War buried in that French seaport—men who lost their lives in the historic battle between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*. Ceremonies are planned for all the big American military cemeteries. Prominent parts in these ceremonies, as in other years, will be taken by delegations from Paris Post and London Post. The American embassy in Brussels will assist in the ceremonies at Waereghem. Memorial Day church services will also be held in Paris and London.

The equal honors which the Legion will render to all those buried overseas serve as an illuminating background to the honors it will render to the war dead in Davenport, Iowa. Davenport Post of The American Legion has completed its efforts to bring uniformity and conformity in the marking of the service men's graves in Scott County. This work was started several years ago, as a result of confusion attending the post's efforts to decorate all graves of the war dead on Memorial Day. The Legionnaires had found many graves unmarked or improperly marked. The post adopted a resolution, pledging itself to make a survey of all cemeteries in its county, to prepare charts showing the location of all service men's graves, and to mark each grave appropriately. It voted to place an American Legion grave marker on the grave of each dead Legionnaire and a similar marker inscribed "World War Veteran" on the grave of every service man who had not been a Legionnaire. It decided also to obtain government headstones for all graves on which stones had not been placed. The post voted to pay all the expenses of this work from the post treasury.

American Legion grave markers and markers for other graves were obtained through the Legion's National Emblem Division. A squad of Legionnaires placed a marker on each grave. The work detail imbedded the shaft of the marker in a solid concrete block six inches square. This block was sunk to the level of the ground, so that the marker stool solidly upright, a position that it will retain year after year. It was found that merely placing the iron shaft of the markers in the ground was unsatisfactory. The action of the weather and the handling of the marker by those caring for the graves would cause it to slant and eventually to fall. A Legionnaire, an expert in cement contracting, supervised the work of imbedding the markers in concrete and placing the anchored markers properly on the graves.

The post was guided by a ruling that the grave of a man who died in service prior to the organization of The American Legion should be marked with the Legion emblem.

Davenport Post's Auxiliary unit each year makes wreaths of poppies and arbor vitae for all the graves. Post and Auxiliary officials have helped obtain government headstones for many of the graves. These are obtainable for the unmarked grave of any service man by making application on Form 623 to the Quartermaster General, Washington, D. C.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

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

1ST GAS REGT.—Fourth reunion at Edgewood Arsenal, Edgewood, Maryland, June 4. Address Maj. P. X. English, 1st Gas Regt. Assn., Edgewood Arsenal.

136TH INF.—Fourth annual reunion at Worthington, Minn., June 15. Address R. W. Lowry, Arthur Calvin Post, A. L., Worthington.

BASE HOSP., CAMP HUMPHREYS, VA.—Former members interested in reunion dinner in June, address Jack Frenchman, 84 E. 113th St., New York City.

LEGION RADIO

Brief announcements of radio programs to be broadcast by Legion posts will be published in this column. Notices of proposed programs should be sent to the Weekly at least four weeks in advance of date of broadcasting. Be sure to give the wave length.

Legion Band of Belleville (Ill.) Post will broadcast from Station KSD, St. Louis Post-Dispatch (546 meters) on June 8, from 10 to 11 p. m. (Central Standard Time).

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.

GEORGE F. ABBOTT, *Rutherford (N. J.) Post.* D. July 25, 1924, aged 22. Served on U. S. S. *Agamemnon.*

MARSHALL BAGGETT, *Lester Harris Post, National Sanatorium, Tenn.* D. Apr. 7. Served with Co. G, 62nd Pioneer Inf.

HARRY H. BANDHOLTZ, *Col. N. B. Thurston Post, New York City.* D. at Constantine, Mich., May 7, aged 60. Provost Marshal General, A. E. F.

HARRY S. BERGE, *Thompson Burkard Post, Valders, Wis.* D. Apr. 28, aged 30. Served with Hq. Co. 340th Inf.

F. BLATHNICK, *Harwood Post, Joliet, Ill.* D. Apr. 8, aged 33.

BIBO C. BOTSIEFF, *Whiting (Ind.) Post.* D. Apr. 2, aged 38. Served with Co. B, 14th Inf.

EARL C. BROOKS, *Argonne Post, Galveston, Tex.* D. Apr. 21, aged 39. Served with Btty. E, 54th F. A.

BEATRICE (HINDS) BROWN, *Argonne Post, Steubenville, O.* D. Apr. 24. Served as nurse in Navy.

ARTHUR S. BURKETT, *Franklin Post, Columbus, O.* D. Apr. 11, aged 32. Major in Army.

JOHN H. CHARNOCK, *Charleston (W. Va.) Post.* D. Dec. 27. Lt. Col., 113th Ammn. Tr., 38th Div.

RALPH E. CLARK, *Hanbidge Post, Ogdensburg, N. Y.* D. Apr. 25, aged 32. Served with Supply Co., 328th Inf., 82nd Div.

LANDRETH J. COLLINS, *James Hudnall Post, Spray, N. C.* Accidentally killed, Apr. 17, aged 27. Served with 324th Amb. Co.

TRACY C. CRANSTON, *Middletown (N. Y.) Post.* D. June 23. Served with 316th Supply Co.

IRA A. CRAWFORD, *Alden Abbey Post,, Toledo, O.* D. Mar. 2, aged 27. Served with 44th Inf.

PER M. DAHL, *Peotone (Ill.) Post.* D. Apr. 29. Served with 22nd Eng.

EVAN L. EAKS, *Frank Huntsinger Post, Noblesville, Ind.* D. Apr. 8, aged 32. Served in Aerial Sq., Kelly Field, Tex.

ANDREW C. ENGELHARDT, *Hjalmer Peterson Post, Barnum, Minn.* Accidentally killed, Mar. 31, aged 29. Served in Med. Dept., Camp Dodge.

RUSSELL EVANS, *Franklin Post, Columbus, O.* D. May 3, aged 28. Served with 6th Eng.

JAMES A. FARRELL, *Edward I. Tinkham Post, New York City.* D. Apr. 2, aged 37. Served with Co. C, 305th Inf., 77th Div.

WILLIAM D. FERRY, *Charles P. Rowe Post, Pomona, Cal.* D. Jan. 8. Served with 144th F. A.

CARL O. FLYGARE, *John W. Rogers Post, Westfield, N. Y.* Killed by railroad train, May 6, aged 25. Served in S. A. T. C.

FELIX W. FUSS, *William J. Metzer Post, Harvard, Ill.* D. Mar. 17, at Fitzsimons General Hosp., Denver, Col., aged 31. Served with Btty. D, 21st F. A.

HAROLD L. GILLESPIE, *San Benito Post, Hollister, Cal.* Killed in motor accident, Apr. 11. Served in Army.

GEORGE J. GLOTZBACH, *Benjamin A. Remmele Post, Sleepy Eye, Minn.* D. Apr. 25, aged 29. Served with Co. B,, 351st Inf.

VINCENT GORDON, *Lawrence (Mass.) Post.* D. Apr. 20. Served in Co. C, 59th Ammn. Tr.

WILLIAM R. HENDERSON, *William Marshall Crawford Post, Lock Haven, Pa.* D. Mar. 28, aged 29. Served with 332nd Supply Co.

CHARLES B. HILL, *Saxonville (Mass.) Post.* D. Feb. 11. Served with 2nd Bn., O. A. R. D.

JAMES R. HOWARD, *Albany County Post, Laramie, Wyo.* D. Apr. 22. Served with M. C. at Evacuation Hosp. No. 7.

WILLARD V. HUGHES, *Kankakee (Ill.) Post.* D. Apr. 28. Lt., F. A., O. T. C.

HAROLD W. IVERSON, *Ventura County Post, Ventura, Cal.* D. at El Paso, Tex., Mar. 11. Served with 7th Cav.

HAROLD E. JOHNSON, *Bell Post, Chicago, Ill.* D. at Edward Sanitarium, Naperville, Ill., Jan. 14. Served with Co. D, 410th Tel. Bn.

BART KENNEDY, *J. Allison Muir, Jr., Naval Post, Baltimore, Md.* D. Feb. 15, aged 32. Served in Navy.

EDWARD KORZNESKI, *Frank Allen Wilcox Post, Fall River, Mass.* D. Apr. 11. Lt. in Navy.

WILLIAM A. KUBOW, *Sgt. Frank L. Pitterle Post, Watertown, Wis.* D. May 3, aged 31. Served with Co. D, 120th M. G. Co., 32d Div.

RENE LABUA, *Lawrence (Mass.) Post.* Drowned at Galveston, Tex., Apr. 16. Served in C. A. C.

FLORENCE V. LANGLEY, *Louis E. Davis Post, Bloomington, Ill.* D. Apr. 13. Served with B. H. No. 91.

EARL R. LEWIS, *Faltz Zuerline Post, Humphrey, Neb.* D. Apr. 20, aged 29. Served on U. S. S. *Delaware.*

W. BROOKS LIVINGSTON, *Fort Dodge (Ia.) Post.* D. Apr. 23, aged 33. Served with Hq. Co., 83d Inf. Brig.

FRANCIS H. LOMAX, *Signal Post, New York City.* D. Feb. 11. Lt. Col., 1st Div.

GEORGE L. MCLAUGHLIN, *John H. Secor Post, Pearl River, N. Y.* D. Apr. 30, aged 25. Served with Q. M. C. Unit No. 1, A. E. F.

JAMES J. MCLAUGHLIN, *Bunker Hill Post, Charlestown, Mass.* D. at U. S. V. B. Hosp., West Haven, Conn., Apr. 25. Served in Navy.

LESLIE L. MESLIN, *James J. Barry Post, Philadelphia, Pa.* D. May 3, aged 33. Served with Co. M, 314th Inf., 79th Div.

PETER S. MOBILION, *Johnstown (Pa.) Post.* D. Apr. 2. Served at Camp Lee, Va.

UHLAND M. PUGH, *Mathews (Va.) Post.* D. Feb. 5. Served in U. S. N. R. F. at Norfolk, Va.

Last Call *on* Insurance *for* Disabled Men

DISABLED men who have allowed their government insurance to lapse must act quickly if they wish to safeguard their own rights and insure protection for their dependents.

Reinstatement of insurance, under Section 304 of the World War Veterans Act of 1924, must be made within one year after June 7, 1924, or within two years after the date of lapse or cancellation. No reinstatement of yearly renewable term insurance can be made after July 2, 1926.

In most cases reinstatement under the provisions of Section 304 will not be possible after June 7, 1925.

Every disabled man, therefore, in justice to those dependent on him, should ascertain the status of his own insurance rights immediately.

The disabled man suffering from an injury or disease contracted in service or aggravated by service may have his insurance reinstated by the payment of all premiums in arrears on the amount of insurance to be reinstated, together with interest at five percent, compounded annually from the due date of each premium. Reinstatement may be in the full amount formerly carried or in part in multiples of $500, but no policy may be for less than $1,000. This reinstatement right is not available to men *totally and permanently disabled.*

The remittance must be accompanied by an application for reinstatement, Form 742 for term insurance or Form 807 for converted insurance. The first page of the form should be completed and signed by the disabled man himself. The report of medical examination, which is a part of the application, should be completed by a physician licensed to practice medicine.

On request the Veterans Bureau will compute the exact amount of premiums with interest necessary for the reinstatement and will give any other information desired.

In addressing an inquiry to the Bureau at Washington, be sure to give full name, rank and organization at the time of applying for insurance while in service, home address, and number of the term certificate or converted policy, if known, as well as the "C" number. This information will enable the Bureau to locate all files speedily.

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Deport the Reporter

The returned missionary was as angry as a missionary can be.

"What do you mean," he roared at the newspaper reporter, "by saying I had a wild party at my house?"

"Pardon me," replied the reporter suavely. "I meant to add the party was a South Sea savage you converted, just paying you a friendly visit."

Necessity Is the Mother—

Marc Antony beheld Cleopatra floating toward him on her royal barge, clad simply but becomingly in a filmy Nile green veil.

"Ah!" quoth the ravished Roman. "Representing Venus! Enchanting!"

"Venus, forsooth!" whispered the first lady-in-waiting to the second. "It's all she's got left. She's just paid her income tax."

Early Practise

"How did you happen to become a contortionist?" asked the interviewer.

"I was the smallest of eight children," explained the circus star, "and father owned just one flivver."

Hopeful

Teller: "Sorry, madam, but I can't cash this check unless you get some responsible person to indorse it for you."

Mrs. Newed: "Oh, won't you do that, please? You look responsible enough for me."

Facing Torture

"There goes Granite Jaw, the glass eater," observed the circus clown, "and look at the expression he's wearing."

"Yes," replied the acrobat. "His wife is making him keep a date he made with the dentist."

Cheated

"Won't you come in?" Mr. Casey invited, opening the front door.

"I will just for a minute," Mrs. Mann said. "I just dropped in to see how your wife is getting along."

"Oh, she's much better. Yesterday she sat up three hours, and the doctor says she'll be outdoors in less than a week."

"Why, the very idea! And I've come all of five miles to see her!"

Good Method

"I got even with Dr. Jabbem."

"How was that?"

"When he handed me his bill, I gave a bloodcurdling yell and frightened away all his other patients."

When Two's a Crowd

Mrs. Jones was vastly excited. She was telling the story for the fourth time.

"So when we heard the burglar prowling around," she narrated, "I told my husband I was afraid and was going to crawl under the bed."

"What did he say to that?" asked an interested neighbor.

"He said: 'Nonsense, dear; there's no need for you to get under here, too.'"

Advertising

"I'll let you kiss me if you'll promise not to tell a soul," she said.

He promised. But the next day seven boys called up and wanted dates.

Tame Stuff

"Oh, sergeant, it must take wonderful presence of mind to open your parachute after you've fallen so far."

"I find it very monotonous, madam. I used to run an express elevator in a skyscraper."

"Ps-s-st. Hey, mister, will ya please take me in with ya?"
"Sorry, son, I can't take you in. I'm not your father."
"Oh, I don't mind passin' ya off as my old man, just so's I get in t' see the show."

The Man Who Wore a Belt and Suspenders, Too

[*Ad in the Barbour (W. Va.) Democrat*]

FOR SALE—The following personal property of ————, deceased: 1 Ford touring car, 1922 model; 1 Buena Vista saddle; 1 horse collar.....

The Favorite Uncle

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,"
Said the girl who always used care.
So she dropped the heir to the million
And married the millionaire.

—*L. H.*

Interrupted

"Yessir," declared the native, "this here train we're on runs the twenty odd miles to Plowville as the crow flies."

"You said it," agreed the weary traveler. "Stopping at every cornfield on the way."

What the Man Will Wear

[*From the Elmira (N. Y.) Star-Gazette*]

The bridegroom wore tan colored chenille with hat to match and carried Killarney roses.

What's In a Name?

Mrs. Satterlee belongs to the Boston Literary Club, Mrs. Indorf to the Home Culture Club, Mrs. Bates to the Society for Social Improvement.

But when the three get together and talk over their meetings, the main question is: "What kind of cards did you hold this afternoon?"

A Matter of History

The visiting guest had engaged the caretaker of the local golf course in conversation.

"I met a man the other day," he said, "who claims to have played this course in 72."

"He did, huh?" snorted the caretaker. "Well, you go tell the durned liar that there wasn't no course here before 1915."

A Case of Necessity

The campaign in the Ninth District was at its hottest. Both candidates were making wild promises and the voters were aflame with excitement.

"I understand," said an out-of-town visitor, "that both of your candidates are promising a new postoffice."

"Yep," replied a native, "but I take more stock in Jim Black's promises than I do in the other guy's."

"Why?"

"Well, if Jim keeps on sendin' us gover'ment literature like he did last session, they'll *have* to give us a new postoffice."

The Preference

Dad: "Huh! Don't you know you can't support my daughter? Why don't you go to work and earn a salary?"

Dud: "But I don't want to support your daughter. I only want to marry her."

A Run of Luck

"Did you give your penny to the Sunday-school, Robert?" asked the mother.

"No, ma, I lost it."

"What! Lost another one? That makes three Sundays straight you've lost your penny."

"Yes, but if I keep it up I'll win 'em back. That's kid's luck can't last forever."

For Emergencies

Blinks has a way of walking in his sleep—a failing of which he is greatly ashamed. Early one morning, after a long absence, he returned, with a pair of trousers rolled up and tucked under his arm.

"Where in the world have you been?" his wife demanded sternly.

"Down to the office."

"But why the trousers under your arm?"

"Oh—I—I thought I might meet some one."

A Good Deed

"Do you know," observed an oil-stock salesman after unloading several hundred dollars' worth of worthless stock, "I feel sort of righteous today."

"You? Righteous?" snorted his partner. "How's that?"

"The guy I sold that stock to was going to buy a used car with the money."

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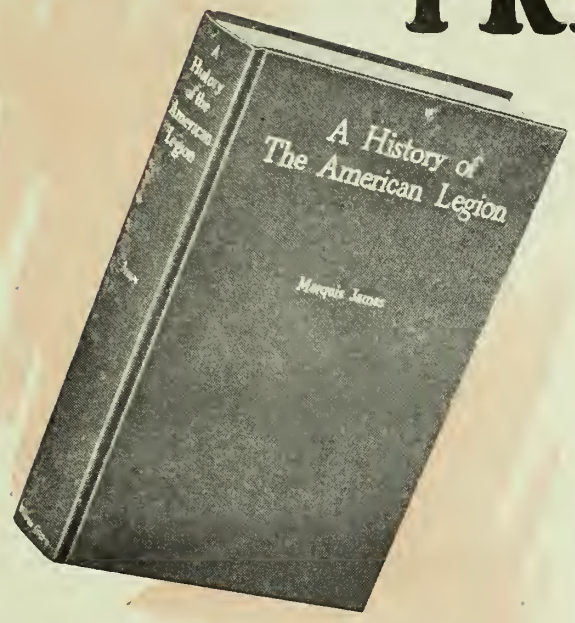

This AMAZING HISTORY of THE LEGION

For Only ONE NON-MEMBER SUBSCRIPTION to The American Legion Weekly

Commander Galbraith Said:

"HERE IS YOUR HAT—GET OUT!"

Do You Know—

the story that led up to this remark, which went around the world? When Commander Galbraith showed Dr. Von Mach, German propagandist, the door, it revealed an audacious scheme to entrap the Legion into a gigantic conspiracy by which Germany hoped to regain by diplomatic cunning what she had lost through war.

This is merely an incident in the more thrilling story that appears in the History of The American Legion, entitled the "Von Mach Incident" reading like fiction—but true—every word of it. Only two men ever knew the whole story. Galbraith is dead. James is the other. He relates it vividly. This is only one of several incidents that will amaze and thrill you.

And Do You Know—

That there was an attempt made by certain interests to bribe Franklin D'Olier to sell the Legion out during the first adjusted Compensation fight? This story reveals the boldest and most brazen attempt ever made to wreck the Legion. It reads like a thriller by E. Phillip Oppenheim, on intrigue, yet it is true—every word of it.

What—and who—intervened to persuade Pershing from going and administering to the Legion an undeserved rebuke that might have destroyed it?

What did Bolshevism in Russia have to do with the formation of the Legion?

Is Theodore Roosevelt the "father" of the American Legion? If so, what was said or done that induced him to vanish from the spotlight of Legion affairs as suddenly as he had entered it?

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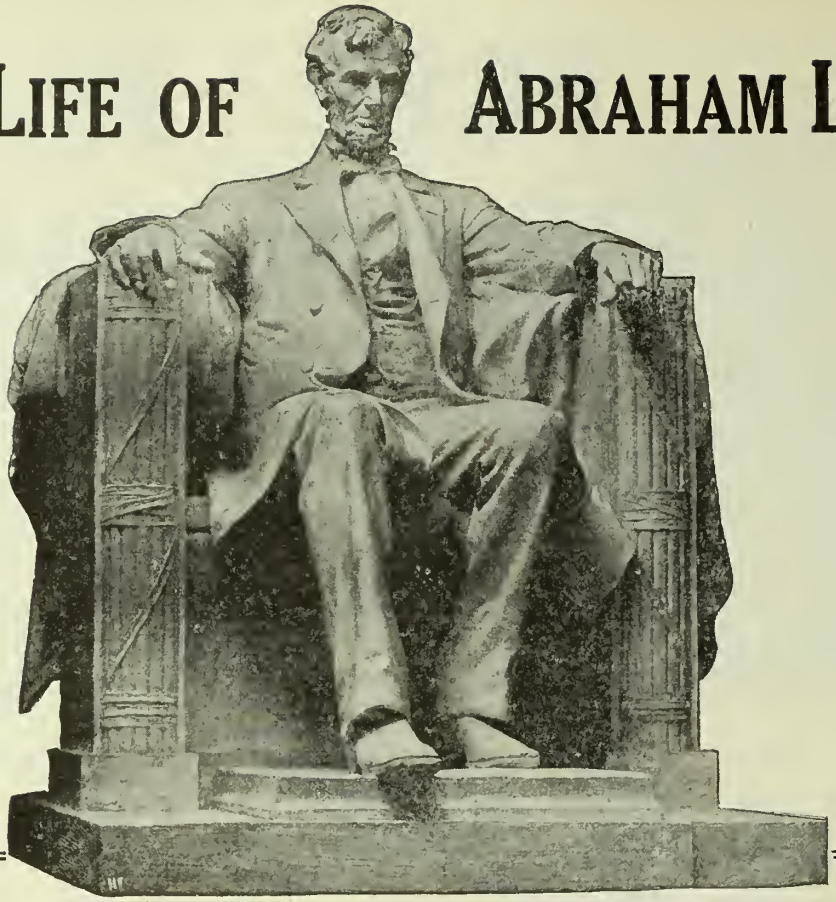

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