SEPTEMBER 25, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 7, No. 39

THIS page hereby issues free tickets to ringside seats for what promises to be a knockout fight between Cowboy Texas, holder of the Old Gray Mare honors, and Kid Oklahoma, contender for the title. Round 1 opens with this letter from Roy Hoffman, Past Commander of the Department of Oklahoma: "For several years last past we of Oklahoma have listened to the claims of Texas and other outlying districts as to the origin of the popular march known as The Old Gray Mare. We have reached the point where we want to claim our own. The Old Gray Mare march was originated by Captain Robert E. Flynn, my band leader in the old First Oklahoma Regiment of Infantry. In Border Service at San Benito, Texas, he made this march very popular. In fact, so popular that Texas has stolen it, and it has been able to get away with it up to date. We are now going to resist by force this musical rape. Will you please let the world know that the Old Gray Mare march is distinctly, positively, unequivocally and everlastingly an Oklahoma product, and we will not stand for anyone hereafter, either at the coming convention at Omaha or anywhere else, committing grand larceny upon our music. Attached is a letter from Captain Flynn, giving the authentic birth and early raising of the Old Gray Mare and establishing its legitimacy as an Oklahoma product."

* * *

EXHIBIT A, the letter from Robert E. Flynn which Mr. Hoffman cites, is as follows: "I first used the march, The Old Gray Mare, with the band of the First Oklahoma Infantry in 1913 and 1914. It became very popular, and while our regiment was stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in the summer of 1916, we played it every morning at reveille at the request of our top sergeant. My colonel came to me one morning and asked me what that tune was that I used for the reveille march. I told him it was The Old Gray Mare march. He asked that I play it every morning, as it got the men up so quickly and brought them out of their tents dancing. He said: 'Be sure and play it every morning.' I never saw a copy of the march. After we were on the Mexican border it was published by a Pittsburgh (Pennsylvania) man and I think he had the right version. I play it in jig time as I heard an old colored man play it on the violin when I was a boy. The way our band played The Old Gray Mare became very popular with the other bands. I do not claim the authorship of the tune, but I do believe the First Oklahoma Infantry used it first in the service of Uncle Sam."

* * *

WELL, whoever owns it, it's a good march. And nobody will deny that it was Texas which made it popular at national conventions of The American Legion. It stands out in memory like the Iowa Department's tall corn song. If Oklahoma gets too insistent, perhaps the Omaha National Convention will have to settle the argument by giving the march a national blessing, thus making it a distinctive Legion tune for the whole country. But we have a hunch that, now that the question of birthright has been raised, some department from 'way down East will come booming out to Omaha with the news that The Old Gray Mare really is a native of New England. Somehow or other the tune and the words which usually go with it have the tang of Yankee farm life back in the days of the bobsled and the buggy. Anybody else want to say anything on the subject?

* * *

PRESS dispatches recently announced the death of Colonel James M. Holmes at Owensboro, Kentucky. Readers of the Weekly will recall the article by Thomas J. Malone in the June 19th issue, "They Soldiered with Both Grant and Lee," which told about the nineteen veterans of the War with Mexico who were at that time still being carried on the Government pension rolls. Colonel Holmes's death reduces this number to eighteen. He would have been one hundred years old on November 10th. In fact, as Mr. Malone explained, the Pension Bureau gives his date of birth as November 10, 1824, which would have made Colonel Holmes, at the time Mr. Malone wrote, the oldest living veteran. He himself, however, said he was born in 1825. Colonel Holmes did more of his soldiering with Lee than with Grant. In addition to serving in the War with Mexico as an enlisted man, he was with the Third Kentucky Cavalry in the Civil War, attaining the rank of lieutenant-colonel. His longevity record holds out the hope that when the year 2000 arrives 100-year-old World War veterans will welcome it.

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OMAHA
OCTOBER 5th to 9th

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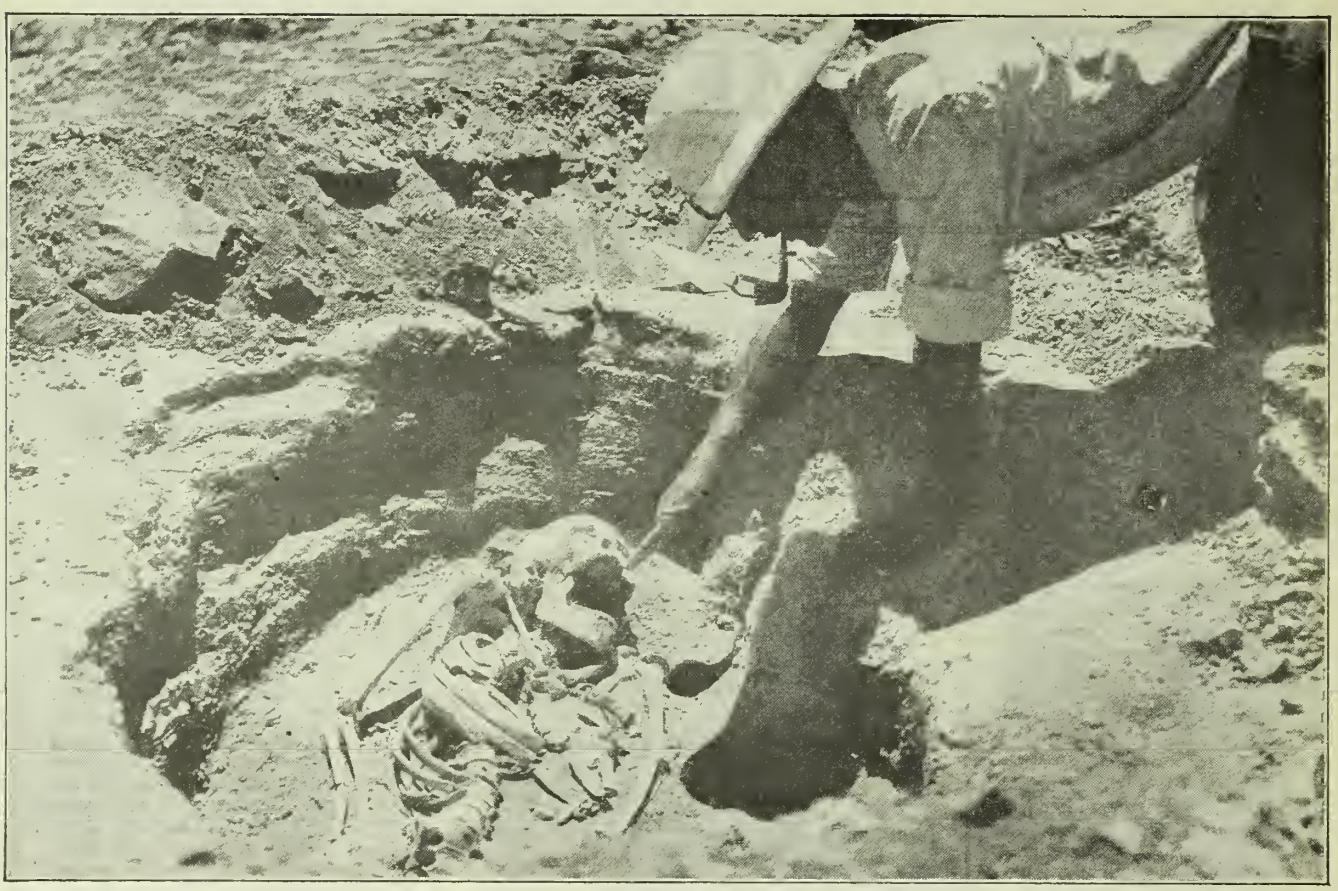


The powerful jaws and the perfect teeth of a man who lived twenty centuries ago in the Lost City of a desert valley in southeastern Nevada give the modern explorer a clew to the kind of breakfast food he ate. The photograph shows Louis Shellbach, 3d, Legionnaire of Memorial Post of Brooklyn, New York, and representative of the State of Nevada in the excavation and reconstruction of the Lost City, looking at rows of teeth which were worn down uniformly by the grinding action of bits of grit mixed with the ground corn which was the staple diet of the inhabitants of the city

America's Oldest Old Home Town

By PHILIP VON BLON

TWO Legionnaires have dug from the sands of countless centuries in the Moapa Valley of southeastern Nevada a Main Street six miles long that was the center of a vanished city of more than 20,000 inhabitants which flourished before the time of Christ. Their discoveries this year constitute one of America's foremost contributions to a world-wide renaissance of archeology. They have worked almost unnoticed, however, because the magnitude and significance of their discoveries have appealed chiefly to those who devote a lifetime of scientific study to extinct civilizations and not to the hurried newspaper reader who demands for thrills such spectacles as a newly-discovered tomb of an Egyptian king full of entrancing antiquities, or a suburb of ancient Carthage revealed beneath the waves of the Mediterranean.

It happens, therefore, that few have heard of the Lost City which is taking form again in a desert valley of Nevada as the sands which covered it are swept away—a city which is coming to light like ancient Pompeii, as Legionnaire explorers carefully reconstruct its dwellings on their leveled foundations.

M. R. Harrington, archeologist of the Museum of the American Indian, a member of Columbia University Post of The American Legion of New York City, is the man whose skill is causing the Lost City to live again. Assisting him is Louis Shellbach, 3d, a member of Memorial Post of The American Legion of Brocklyn, New York, artist, photographer and map expert, representing the State of Nevada.

Another Legionnaire holds the honor of originating the project of exploring the Lost City so that science might find in its ruins clews to countless mysteries concerning America's earlier inhabitants. He is James G. Scrugham, Governor of Nevada, a Past National Vice-Commander of The American Legion. It was Governor Scrugham who patiently pieced together traditions of the Indians and fragmentary reports of the pioneers of a century ago and enlisted his whole State in a search which finally revealed the true site of the Lost City legend. It was Governor Scrugham, also, who interested one of the foremost archeological research societies of the United States in undertaking the exploration in co-operation with his State.

Less than a year ago the exploration party headed by Mr. Harrington began its work. The explorers knew they could not hope to make any spectacular finds, such as the world-thrilling discovery of the

tomb of Tut-Ank-Ahmen in an Egyptian pyramid or the revealing of the buried splendors of another Carthage. All existing knowledge precluded the existence of any signs of royal magnificence or rich civilization underneath the Nevada sands. And as the work of the explorers proceeded it speedily became evident that the city they were unearthing had not been the capital city of a rich and powerful warrior king but had been instead a primitive community in which the problems of bare existence dominated every human activity and left no place for grandeur or splendor.

For six miles along a hillside above the Muddy River—a scanty stream during most of the year—the explorers traced the habitations of the ancient city. Six miles long and at no point more than a mile wide, the Lost City lay under the sands, inviting the explorers to wrest from it the knowledge of the lives its people lived.

Soon after the explorers began their delving among the foundations, the fallen adobe walls, the tombs and the ash heaps of the buried city, they concluded that the Lost City is probably one of the oldest towns in North America north of Mexico, and many things have confirmed their belief that it must have been a populous and highly organized community before the time of Christ. It doubtless was built by the ancestors of the prehistoric people who later constructed the famous cliff dwellings and the stone cities and villages whose ruins fascinate tourists in New Mexico and Arizona. All the evidence indicates that it is much older than these other ruins and that, probably, the rudimentary architecture developed in the building of the Lost City was expanded into the higher skill necessary to construct the cliff dwellings and the stone houses.

Whence the builders of the Lost City came the explorers could only guess. Why, after building this huge community, they abandoned it, must remain also a subject for speculation. Most certainly, however, the extent of the ruins, the evidences of a complicated community life which have come to light, indicate that at one time in the earlier history of the now barren desert land Nature had provided the resources which enabled a primitive people to multiply and to make a fair start toward

The character of the broken bowls and jars found beside the skeletons in the graves of the Lost City is most important evidence that the city flourished long before the time the famous cliff dwellings of Arizona and New Mexico were built

M. R. Harrington, member of Columbia University Post of The American Legion, archeologist in charge of the explorations at the Lost City, looks over one of the reconstructed house groups used as a background for the pageant in which Zuni Indians played the roles of the ancient folk

These two men helped make possible the important discoveries on the site of the Lost City. John Armstrong Chaloner (left), Eastern millionaire, has made a large contribution to promote archeological research in Nevada. James G. Scrugham (right), Governor of the State of Nevada and Past National Vice-Commander of The American Legion, enlisted old residents of his State in the search which resulted in the discovery of the site of the Lost City of tradition

civilization. The riddle of their disappearance perplexes the modern mind. Contemplating the desolate sand-covered hillside site of the city, the barren weather-carved mountains which rise behind the valley walls, one wonders how the region must have looked when primitive men were able to find subsistence in it. One wonders, also, what great natural change or cataclysm caused the inhabitants to vanish.

Mr. Harrington and his fellow-explorers have concluded that the builders of the Lost City were the ancestors of the Pueblo Indians of today. If this theory is accepted, it indicates that the domain of ancient Pueblo culture extended much farther north than has hitherto been believed. The theory opens to archeologists a new and earlier chapter in the history of the Pueblo Indians and presents a new approach to the mysteries of the beginnings of civilization in North America. It opens up the possibilities that some day archeologists may succeed in developing a clear picture of the human life which existed on the northern continent while the Incas and Aztecs of the southern continent and the mid-region were developing the extraordinary civilization whose record is preserved in the ruins of buried temples and ancient hieroglyphics.

Nature, however, has left in the Lost City no open book to be read by the archeologists, no carved writings upon stone tablets to give the clews to the lives of its inhabitants. Such knowledge as the explorers gain is acquired laboriously by delving beneath the hard-baked cement-like floors of the razed dwellings, by inspecting the two-thousand-year-old skeletons which have been remarkably well preserved in their burial places beneath the hard floors, by studying the pottery and the hunting weapons which lie among the bones with which they were buried.

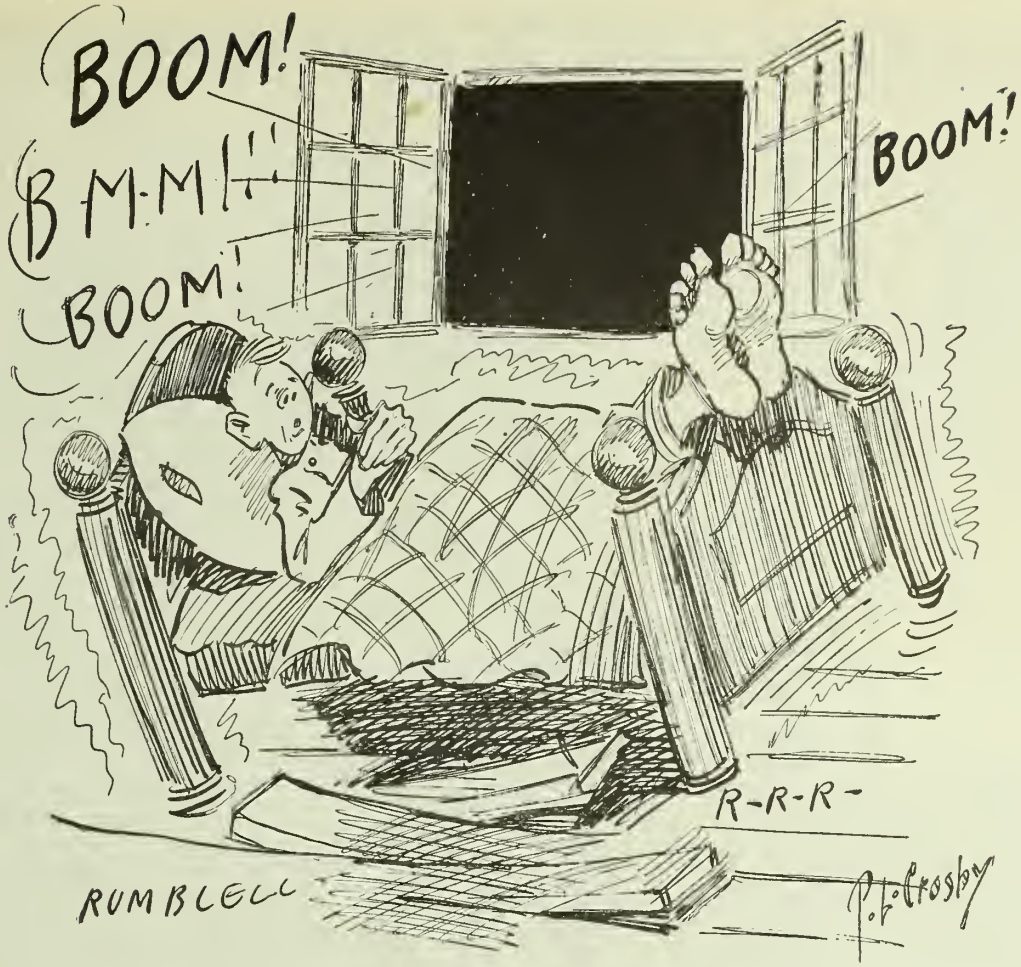
Not a single wall has been found above ground in the Lost City. The sun-dried, loaf-like bricks of adobe of which the houses were built lie in tumbled and crumbled heaps above the foundations, and ordinarily each house site is marked only by a low mound of rocks and adobe clay, from which the accumulated sands must be swept before excavating starts.

The cement-like floor of each dwelling is sharply outlined when the debris above it is cleared away, and the explorers find clearly the lines of the foundations and the dividing walls of the rooms. But it is only after the hard floor has been pierced, after the explorers have carefully worked their way downward with trowel and brush, that the important discoveries have been made. For each sun-baked floor has been found to be the roof of a tomb. Several feet beneath the surface of the floor the explorer finds a cramped skeleton, the skull and the long bones remarkably well preserved despite the passage of twenty or more centuries. The baked floor of the house, in a region of scanty rainfall, has been a perfect seal, arresting the forces of disintegration. Scores of perfect skeletons have been found beneath the floors of the dwellings, and many of them have been transported to the Museum of the American Indian in New York City. The people of the Lost City were not giants—the skeletons show most of them were no taller than five feet.

Surrounding the skeletons are found broken bowls of pottery. The inhabitants of the Lost City, like many modern Indian tribes, believed that every

(Continued on page 16)

The pits and lines of piled rock show the sites of ancient dwellings in the Lost City. The barren landscape suggests that nature supplied more water centuries ago when the city was populous. One theory for the abandonment of the city is that the water supply gradually diminished, making community life impossible



A regular machine gun fusillade o' bullets spit and spattered against the walls o' the farmhouse. Then there was another spell o' heavy firin', like a minor league war from the Balkans had busted out all over the farm

East Meets Zest

A Buck O'Dee Story

By EUGENE E. MORGAN

Illustrated by Percy L. Crosby

YOU know how it is when an old army pal blows in to pay you a visit in your own home town. The best ain't none too good for him. You drop everything includin' your plumber's caddy bag and step him out. You feed him till he nearly busts. You drink toasts to visions o' sunny France, includin' the little one in the front row, third from the left, at the Folies Bergere.

That's me, anyway. I'm the guy which put the hospital in hospitality.

Well, when Lucas Beaseley o' Laramie, Wyo. and other points west, blew into Skaggerack, N. J., where I was settlin' down to the simple life, I just went right up in the air with joy. Think o' seein' that big Western hombrey after all these years! Laramie Luke—as we always called him when out o' ranks—came to visit me in style. I was proud o' him. Three gallon kelly with Leviathan-deck brim, leather pants with wool side whiskers, and hand-carved leather boots with heels so high a kitten could vault her vertebrae under his insteps. He wore straw cuffs runnin' nearly up to his elbows, and a red bandanna soup-catcher around his neck; he had foreign and domestic notches on the handle of his .45.

Yes, Luke was a picture o' the wild and all-wool West when he crashed Skaggerack, just for to look me up. Funny part of it was, Luke hadn't come from the West at all, not this trip. He was on his way back from London, where he'd been takin' part in the Bar-X Ranch Wild West Show by command o' his gracious majesty, the king—and he'd showed them cocky cockneys that there's nothin' under the sun or fog a Yank cowboy can't ride, not even a high-wheeler hansom cab while hangin' on by one eyelash and eight sheets in the wind.

Well, we had a heap to talk about, me and Luke, and we laughed over them days in France when he was just plain Private Beaseley of B Company, who naturally had been assigned to the infantry because he knew all about horses. Now he was comin' back again from Europe and on his way to the wide open spaces where men are men.

He was a man, all right, as I had reasons to know. Luke *was* what them movie cowboys *think* they are. He handed me many a laugh, but when he got into a fight it was no laughin' matter. Tho' they didn't let him ride his horse to battle, he took it out by ridin' Jerries. Fight?—he feared nothin' on two feet or a Krupp tripod.

It wasn't till the third day o' celebratin' that I brooched to the boy bronc peeler the idea which had been gallopin' through my bean ever since he crashed the village.

"Luke, you old son-of-a-gun," I says, "you're always talkin' o' the wide open places o' the golden West."

"Sure," he cracks, "have you got anything to match 'em here? Man,

you ain't got elbow room, you ain't got space to breathe here in the yeast. Out where the hearts is a little truer, out where the skies is a little bluer—*that's* where the West begins!"

Then I knew I'd got him started. He fans himself with his cowboy one-man-top, and looks around savage-like for lurkin' tenderfeet, under the furniture o' my hall bedroom.

"Luke," I implores, "take your spurs out o' the lace curtains and give me your rapped attention for a few minutes. If you think we ain't got wide open places in the East, where do you suppose Babe Ruth finds room to knock his homers without killin' thousands? If you want solitude, take the New York subway where you can ride for miles and miles without a human touch. And up in Connecticut—"

"Who got cut?"

"Connecticut. Up in Connecticut, I was goin' to say, they've got wide open places to burn. There's a cattle ranch up there at this very time where me and you can find fun and excitement to keep our blood pumpin' for years to come. What do you say, Luke, about us takin' advantage of a elegant standin' invitation I've got to take charge of this cattle ranch while its owner, who is a friend o' mine, takes a long-looked-for vacation. Luke, is it a go?"

"Go way, Buck!"

Laramie Luke leans back and laughs, and when he laughs look out for fallin' plaster, because his lungs sure shake the shimmy and the château. Nothin', it seems, can convince him that there's any excitement or adventure to be found in the high-browed East. Luke won't believe there's anything this side o' the Missouri River which is worth three hoots in Hades. This buckaroo thinks easterners wear their hard hats and spats to bed with 'em. Even ten months in the Army in a outfit mostly made up o' hard guys from New Jersey—the gang which won the war—didn't fracture Luke's pet prejudices.

"See here, Laramie," I says, takin' command like when I was temporary a corporal, "you're comin' to help me run this rodeo in the wiles o' Connecticut while poor Archibald goes to the city for a rest. Why, you're the man for the job. *I'll* be the ranch boss, but what you say *goes*. Who's better qualified, anyway? For months I've waited this chance. But I've never saw my way clear until you breezed in. Now you've *got* to come!"

"Buck, I decline the nomination—"

"What nomination? This ain't like bein' a P. G. in the Forty and Eight. This will be a nice rest for you—somethin' different from the lights o' London and Paris and the rough-ridin' taxicabs. I'm goin' to write to Archibald immediate that I've yanked in the man I want—a real, two-fisted he-man from the wide open places, a cow puncher, a bull dogger, a broncho buster—"

"Tell him I'm a dude wrangler, too," pipes in Big Boy, who is absorbin' most o' the writin' desk with his manly form.

"Oh-kay, I'll write Archie that you're a dude wrangler and a rude strangler o' wolves, grizzlies, mountain lions, wild cats and wild wombats which eats 'em alive. Now Luke, slope over in the far corner and play with your lariats, six-guns and bowie knives, while I dash off the good news to Archibald, and tell him he can rest up after fightin' the prime evil forces o' the Connecticut wilderness."

How I come to write to Archie was in this manner: He was an old bunk mate o' mine while we was in gas school over in France. After the war he comes into his inheritance, which was mostly an old, abandoned farm up in Connecticut. When Archie took possession o' his property, even the field mice and cockroaches has gave that farm up as a bad job. But he bought some cows, and what he didn't know about the dairy business would

fill a bottle-raised baby elephant. But he dug right in, and soon Archie was clearin' a small profit from his herd. Whether it was the quality o' the milk or the nice stream o' water which gurgled thro' his ranch, I ain't prepared to say.

But even a good thing like an au lait foundry sort o' pails on a guy after while. Archie needed a vacation like our vice-presidents need sympathy, and knowin' I have had some acquaintance with milkin' bovines in my youth—and havin' proved it by committin' cow barn piracy over in France—he was always writin' and urgin' me to come up and take the ranch off his hands for a couple o' weeks. And so Laramie Luke's arrival was providencial.

* * * * *

Well, at last we was on the train bound for Connecticut, and no matter how much Luke beefed about the prospects, I didn't care, because I had him roped, in a manner o' speakin, and that was the main thing.

"A cattle ranch in Connecticut—bah!" bahs Luke. "Nothin' but sleepy, contented, cud-chewin,' fly-flickin' Holsteiners. Milch cows! I wouldn't trade a bunch o' long horns or doggies for 'em. Out in my country even the *calves* are dangerous. Man, I come from the open spaces, where men are men, where bronchos are devils, where six-guns crack and bullets fly, where coyottes are pesky, where salad is poison ivy, where rattlers cuddle under your pillow and hiss you to sleep, where there's gold in them hills and distances is deceptive. Why go to Connecticut? I can get bored to death in my own private graveyard!"

The way Luke grouched you'd think he was headed straight for the Sleepy Hollow hookworm sanitarium. He only come along to be a good fellow, he said, and then he took it out on me by expressin' his opinion o' the East in no uncurtained terms. When we struck the pretty green hills o' New England he began comparin' 'em to Pike's Peak and Mount Reindeer and the Post-Bugle Buildin' in Snake's Elbow, Ariz.

"Why, these hills ain't no higher'n the wrinkles on the neck of a tough prune," says Luke, and he registers his feelin' by wheelin' out his gunnery and shootin' the globes off passin' telegraph poles. Everyone in the smokin' car ducked exceptin' a guy who began croonin' Home, Sweet Home. But then, he was from Chicago.

The next scene is Archibald Gibbons' farm at sundown.

It sure was a lonely lookin' place when we jitnied into the barnyard; in fact it seemed to be feelin' especially abandoned that evenin'. Even the cows looked ready to publish sour milk.

Archibald was overjoyed to see us. He gave us full instructions about waterin' the milk—of course I meant the Holsteiners—as well as everything else that's got to be done to keep the ultimate consumer in milk and the milkman in squeaky shoes. He also introduced us to Harry Hoozick, his hired man, which looked at us as if he hoped we wouldn't live thro' the night and who was so dumb outside the milk business that he thought Bar Harbor was a bootleggers' port o' debarkation.

Then, havin' gave us our instructions, Archie rattled away over the hills in his flivver with two suitcases and all the soap on the place. He didn't waste a minute takin' the air. The last thing we heard he was whistlin' a Broadway ditty, and then we was left to ourselves in the silence and the gloamin' on that abandoned farm in the wiles o' Connecticut.

The farmhouse looked older than the landscape and was begin to totter. Its gable windows looked bleary, and near-sighted. Its plumbin' was designed by engineers from sunny France—you know their work, Buddy. It had a colonial fireplace which was bigger than the front door of a garage, but you were supposed to do your cookin' on a stove which smoked like a roundhouse. The furniture was an tick; why, it must o' been junk when it come over on the Mayflower. Upstairs the boards creaked and groaned like ghosts was holdin' a grave argument or a Rotary get-together.

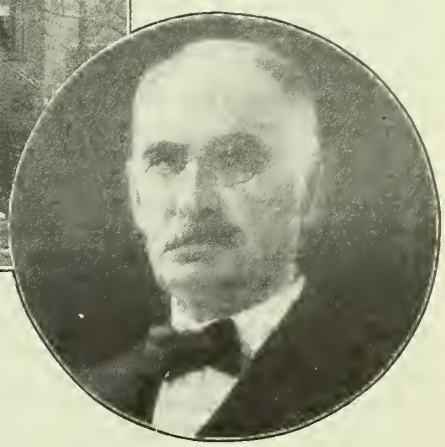
"Well, here we are," I says, pickin' Laramie Luke off the barn floor and settin' him up on a milk pail. He had just been reefed off his milkin' stool

(Continued on page 13)

MEMORIALS *that* Carry On

This large clubhouse was presented as a memorial to Jackson Johnson Post of The American Legion by Jackson Johnson, St. Louis manufacturer (circle), father of the man for whom the post is named. In it Mr. Johnson has placed his son's books, furniture, and other personal possessions. The clubhouse is one of the latest of many memorial buildings which have been presented to Legion posts

By GEORGE EVANS



JACKSON JOHNSON, JR., was one of the 70,000 American young men who went overseas in 1917 and 1918 and did not come back. In 1919, while the streets of St. Louis, his native city, were resounding with the tramp of homecoming veterans, there was sadness and loneliness in the great home on Lindell Boulevard which Jackson Johnson, Jr., had left.

His twenty-first birthday had passed but a short time when Jackson Johnson, Jr., died. Giving up his plans to enter Yale in the autumn of 1917, he had enlisted in the Army, and he was traveling to France with a tank corps company attached to the 83d Division when he was stricken with influenza aboard his transport. He died in an army hospital at Liverpool.

Jackson Johnson, shoe manufacturer and former president of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, was stirred to memories of his son who had not come back as the spell of joyous homecomings held his city. His thoughts were relieved by the homecomings of another son, a daughter and two sons-in-law.

Time passed, but Jackson Johnson's memories of his son stayed fresh. There were additional reminders. Jackson Johnson, Jr., Post of The American Legion had been formed, and with its Auxiliary unit it was doing many things which reflected credit and honor upon the name it bore.

The father took an intimate interest in all that the post and its Auxiliary unit did. He attended post meetings. He presented to the post a stand of colors. And all the while he was planning a suitable memorial gift by which he might further testify to his confidence in the post.

Recently Mr. Johnson selected his memorial. On Lindell Boulevard, within a few blocks of his own home, he bought a fifteen-room house, once the seat of another old St. Louis family. He presented it outright to Jackson Johnson, Jr., Post. He placed in it many of the beautiful furnishings of his own home, particularly those which had been the personal possessions of his son. Furniture, rugs, books, pictures, all helped keep alive memories of their former owner, who had given his life for his country.

The gift of the clubhouse to Jackson Johnson, Jr., Post in St. Louis has an especial significance because it marks the growth of an idea which has already been given expression in many other American cities. Notable examples of other clubhouses presented to Legion posts have been mentioned in the Weekly. Among them are the three clubhouses which George F. Johnson of Endicott, New York, has given to the posts in Endicott, Johnson City and Binghamton, the three New York cities in which are shoe factories of the company which Mr. Johnson serves as president. The three gifts represented a contribution of more than $350,000.

Another conspicuous gift was made at Sheboygan, Wisconsin, where Prescott-Baynes Post received a completely-furnished mansion from the Kohler family.

Another inspiring memorial gift stands in Stratford, Connecticut. Because John Sterling, country boy who went through Yale University and became one of the leading corporation lawyers of the country, wished to leave something to his native town to remember him by, Anderson-Dunn-Kochiss Post of Stratford now has one of the finest clubhouses of its type in the United States.

Mr. Sterling, who died several years ago, willed most of his fortune, approximately $18,000,000, to Yale. But he set aside $50,000 for a Sterling Memorial in his native town. His sisters, Mrs. Catherine M. Bunnell and Miss Cordelia Sterling, were to decide what this memorial should be. They decided that the best way they could carry out their brother's wishes would be to erect a clubhouse for the Legion post in Stratford. They expended not only the $50,000 provided by their brother's will but an additional sum also.

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.

Enforcing the Prohibition Law

THE new and vigorous steps the Government is taking to enforce the Volstead Act appear to meet with fairly general approval. This, by itself, is a triumph—when one considers the sharp antagonisms this law has engendered.

True, dissatisfaction over the new program has been expressed by some of those who are opposed to prohibition. But on the other hand certain ardent disbelievers in the national dry law favor the new effort and are contributing their support to its success. The believers in prohibition support it as a matter of course. So there is a more nearly unanimous agreement in the matter than we have had for a long time on anything touching the prohibition question.

Drys favor the remodeled enforcement policy because they favor the law and want it applied rigorously. Certain wets favor the new policy because they say it will make for a showdown on prohibition. They say this is the thing most needed in that entire ugly, knotty, and highly expensive problem. A determined and intelligent effort to keep liquor from being sold in the United States, they say, will reveal whether this country really wants prohibition.

It is nigh impossible to say anything about what the country "wants" in this connection without starting an unprofitable argument. The partisans of both sides talk bitterly and inaccurately. Facts are hopelessly obscured in a fog of absurd propaganda, which, sifted down, discloses something like the following contentions:

The wets say the country does not want national prohibition, never wanted it and that a minority of drys put it over during the war when so many other Americans had their attention fixed on more vital concerns. The drys say nothing is farther from the truth than this. They point to the states which were dry by choice of a majority of their voters before the war. They point to the saloon as an element in corrupt politics.

The wets generally concede the principle of local option or States' rights. If some States wish to be dry, let them be dry. If others wish to be wet, let them be wet. The wets ask if politics is any purer now than before prohibition. They point to the political scandals of the past five years and ask if they do not grade up fairly well with any examples in the days of the open saloon. The open saloon has few defenders even among the wets. Whisky and other hard stuff have fewer proponents than wine and beer.

Both sides argue their contentions with such bluster and vehemence, substituting rhetoric for reason, that it is impossible to determine anything for certain. One way to determine what the people want, of course, would be to vote on the question. But that is not possible. So we have left as a practical proposition only the Government's new drive against the illicit liquor traffic. It may give the most trustworthy indications yet whether the country really wants a continuation of national prohibition in its present form.

It would seem that if a majority of Americans are satisfied with the present law then the present enforcement drive will succeed. With the money that is being spent and the brains and organization which are behind the program it seems bound to succeed if it has the moral support of a majority of citizens.

But if the Government's new effort does not succeed after some thirty million dollars are spent in a year of whole-hearted effort to curb the hooch trade, the wets will have some argument to support their claim that the country does not desire the present law, and as a self-governing nation we ought to change it.

To achieve success the present effort does not need to make the country bone dry. It needs only to bring the illicit sale of liquor within reasonable compass. It is not within such compass now. The liquor commerce has reached astounding proportions. It has reached in five years the proportion some legitimate industries have struggled for fifty years to attain. And it has done this under the handicap of operating entirely outside of the law. This does not prove that the country repudiates the law. Prohibition enforcement has been so loosely and incompetently managed that the drys have not had a fair run for their money. They have not had a fair test of their cause. The Government's present effort should constitute that test.

America Reciprocates

FOR forty years the Statue of Liberty has looked down upon New York harbor while men of all races, passing in ships, have been thrilled by the symbolical beacon of a world enlightened. Next year another great statue, symbolizing an important event in mankind's eternal striving for the preservation of human liberty, will be dedicated at St. Nazaire—a Statue of Liberty for France.

This new Statue of Liberty on the coast of France will commemorate the landing in France of the first American contingent of combatant troops during the World War. It will preserve for all time the memory of the arrival of General Pershing with the vanguard of the A. E. F. at St. Nazaire on June 26, 1917. Standing above the harbor where the first transport dropped anchor, it will not only commemorate that event but it will also, in the words of President Coolidge, serve as "a new and lasting token of the fine traditional friendship that has existed between the French and American Republics for so many years."

The monument represents an American doughboy, with arms outstretched, a crusader's sword in hand, standing on the back of an American eagle alighting on a rocky cliff. The figures will be cast in bronze and placed on a pedestal of natural rock in the harbor.

It is appropriate that this new Statue of Liberty should be provided largely by funds contributed by Americans who fought in the World War. The St. Nazaire Memorial Fund, which is now being raised throughout the United States, is expected to be largely subscribed through the participation of a special American Legion Committee which has expressed the hope that each post of The American Legion will contribute at least ten dollars to the fund. The American Legion at its Sixth National Convention in St. Paul last Sepember endorsed the proposal of the St. Nazaire Association to erect this memorial and declared it to be an enterprise to which the Legion could give hearty support. President Coolidge, General Pershing and National Commander James A. Drain of The American Legion have personally endorsed the project.

Contributions to the St. Nazaire Memorial Fund are being received at the office of the treasurer, 1190 Madison Avenue, New York City. A certificate of participation will be sent to each post contributing and the name of the post and its commander will be inscribed on the presentation list which will be turned over to the French government at the dedicatory ceremonies next June.

❖ ❖ ❖

Smoking makes women homely, reports a beauty expert. In other words, fagged out.

❖ ❖ ❖

Why frown on cannibals when so many civilized folks delight in roasting others?

❖ ❖ ❖

Oil lubricates any situation except when it spills out of a sardine can on to a clean shirt.

A PERSONAL PAGE *by* Frederick Palmer

This page is written three weeks before it reaches you, and two weeks before the Prize Contest closed on September 20th.

Now, Who Win the Prizes?

After all the contributions are in I shall require a week, perhaps two, to choose the winners out of the enormous number. This being strictly a Personal Page I shall not turn over the first reading, as is the rule in prize contests, to an assistant who will pick out the likely ones from which I may make my choice. I shall not deny myself the pleasure and the instruction of reading every one, myself. This being a Personal Page I shall be the final judge.

With nearly three weeks elapsing after the winners are chosen before their names are announced, the prize essays will appear in the Weekly of November 11.

"Human Snakes That Hiss"

This caption comes from the vigorous *Arkansas Legionnaire*. René Daneels, born in Belgium, now an American, scarred by four years of fighting against the Germans, winner of the Victoria Cross and other honors, had been working hard to make a success of a film given under the auspices of the Gordon Gale Post of North Little Rock.

"When he went to the theater Thursday night," says the *Arkansas Legionnaire*, "some drug store cowboys and flippant jellybeans saw him coming. He was wearing his medals on his uniform and was accompanied by his wife. After he had passed, one of the smart alecks is said to have remarked:

" 'Look at that bird! I'll bet he stole his medals off some German prisoner.'

"Of course René didn't hear the insult or there would have been another war."

If René had used his fists he would have had to have them disinfected as surely as if he had punched carrion. Brave men have to fight in war to protect the indecent as well as the decent. In peace the temptation of brave men sometimes is to kick some decency into the indecent; and that being impossible, then to kick the indecency out of them, which in some instances could be accomplished only by kicking them out of existence.

If one of these drug store cowboys had a war medal it certainly would have been a stolen one. If stolen from a German prisoner somebody else would have had to take the prisoner. And consider how mean, craven, stinking and cheap such vermin feel when a brave man faces them down. There is never any fight in them to back their words.

Reducing a Swelled Head

Here is Babe Ruth being fined and suspended again. All swelled heads should consider Babe. Only yesterday he, the only Babe, was the spoiled child of public favor, the darling of the fans, drunk with cheers.

Today he stands bowed before his manager asking another chance. The dizzier the heights to which you ascend the harder it is to keep your head and the farther you have to fall. Ty Cobb kept his head. He knew that he was a hero only as long as he kept making hits; and at this writing he is batting second in the American League. Babe thought he was a hero because he was Babe; he did not have to keep training faith. Moral. Keep on delivering the goods if you want to remain a hero.

"Al" Smith and William R.

If you want to taste strong, warlike language read the exchange of open letters between "Al" Smith and William R. Hearst in New York's mayoralty campaign. They give each other the lie direct and unequivocal. Smith is Governor of New York State with mighty pluralities and great achievement behind him. Hearst owns a string of newspapers which make him powerful in many cities and in the nation. Smith defies Hearst's heavy newspaper battalions; Hearst defies Smith's personal popularity. It is an illumining fight to the finish with no quarter asked.

Still Faster and Faster

Britain is building airplanes to go 240 miles an hour which she is sending to compete in the international Schneider cup races in Baltimore in October. Our army is building planes that are planned to go equally fast. Some hold that the speed of planes will soon be reached by the limits of human power to drive them. But that was said before planes went a hundred and fifty miles an hour. The impossible is becoming the possible so frequently that the only safe prophecy is to doubt no promise of future wonders. The "It can't be done!" grouch of the village store had better muzzle himself by diving head first into an empty cracker barrel, while the optimistic let imagination fly with a plane at five hundred miles an hour piloted by radio.

Being Serious About Omaha

Commander Quinn triumphantly finished his task. It is certain that Commander Drain will triumphantly finish his by raising every dollar of the Endowment. His self prescription when he was ill last winter seems to have been right when his friends thought it was wrong. He has worked himself back to health equal to bearing a strain sufficient to make an athlete an invalid.

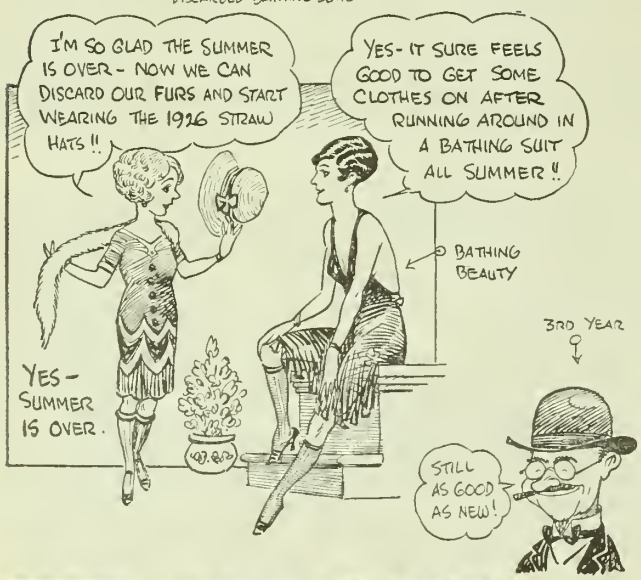
What is to be next year's task? What is the Legion going to do for the United States? By being true to itself and the service which gave it existence it will do most for the country in peace. Principles and sentiment being right, the thing is to be practical in their expression. The more of us there are the more power we have. A commander with a million membership behind him speaks with more authority than one with six or seven hundred thousand.

Legionnaires with a clubby feeling, who hardly welcome new faces in the Post, may rejoice in their pioneerdom, but it is not real pioneering that wants no more settlers. As well might the first divisions to arrive in France have been lukewarm to reinforcements. No member of a Post, no matter how new he is, no man who served, must be considered as an outsider. Everyone who served in the war should be made to see that the best way to continue service is in the Legion. They will be if the Legion is true to itself. To wish for an increase is not enough. A wish is no use unless it fathers a thought, and a thought of little use unless it fathers action. Organize!

Comes the Golden Autumn

By Wallgren

FALL IS HERE — AND THE FALL HOUSE CLEANING —



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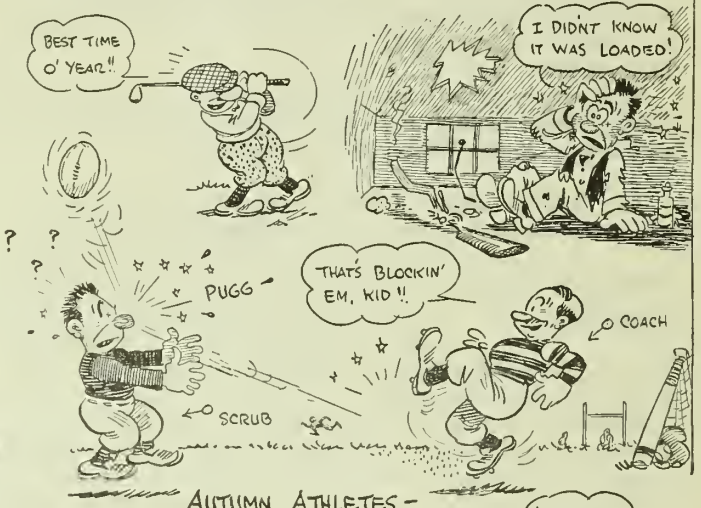
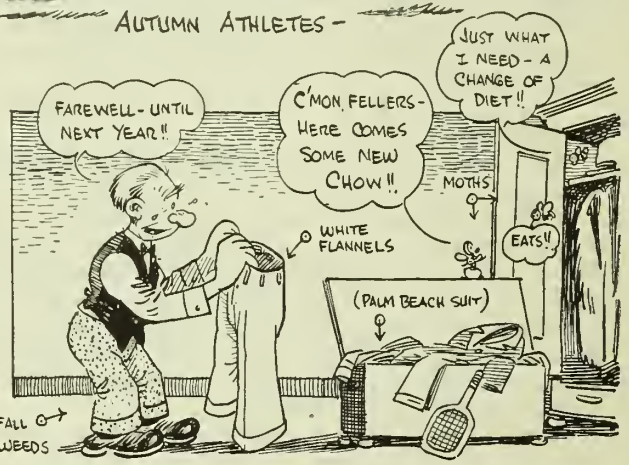


AUTUMN ATHLETES —

DOWN ON THE FARM —



IF IT ISN'T ONE THING IT'S ANOTHER —

East Meets Zest

(Continued from page 8)

by the hind paw o' one o' them gentle Holsteins.

All we had to listen to in that abandoned Connecticut farmhouse was the grandfather's clock shiftin' gears with a noise like a chain gang, and now and then a big rat trampin' the floor in his heavy overshoes. So we went to bed.

Pretty soon Luke fell to snorin' on all six, and I began to feel pretty ornery for draggin' a cowboy to an abandoned farm like Archie's. The moanin' o' the wind—or whatever it was—sort o' soothed me and I was about to topple over asleep when—

What was that noise?

It must o' been a pistol shot. I sat bolt upwards.

Bang!—bang!—bang!

A regular machine gun fusillade o' bullets spit and spattered against the walls o' the farmhouse. Thro' the windows flashes o' fire could be saw. There was a volley o' cuss words outdoors, and then another spell o' heavy firin', like a minor league war from the Balkans had busted out all over the farm.

Laramie Luke was up in a jiffy and his night shirt, rarin' and tearin' because he couldn't find his shootin' iron in the dark, and buttin' his big toe against the colonial furniture, which was however, unmoved by his agony. I jumped up too and grabbed an iron candlestick. We was keen to stop the war, whoever was fightin'.

Bang! — bang! — bang! — bang!— bang!

This time a whole ordnance depot spilled over, and then there was the shiverin' o' glass. Somethin' with a sharp nose had drilled thro' the window and shattered an old-fashioned lookin' mirror into a thousand pieces.

Then the shootin' stopped. But the cut-outs o' high power tourin' cars roared thro' the night, only the noise kept gettin' further and further away, and at last they could scarcely be heard in the insulatin' distance.

When Luke and me had recovered what senses we had left, we demanded of Hoozick what nell it all meant.

"Why, that's nothin'," says Hoozick, tryin' to act cool instead of as cold as death. "It happens nearly every night on the old post road. One night the pro'bition agents shoots up the rum runners which is bringin' in groceries by truck from Canada for the New York house-to-house trade. The next night the hi-jackers endeavors to wipe out the rummers, and the night after that the hooch hustlers waylay the hi-jackers and cut 'em down in their innocent youth. Then, maybe just for fun, both the hi-jacks and the moon merchants go out to exterminate the government moppers. You see where the road curves in front o' this farm? That's called Bloody Angle, because it's their favorite battle ground."

Hoozick sighs. "But then," he adds, "what can you do about it? Boys will be boys!"

* * * * *

Next mornin' we woke bright and early and went to look for souvenirs o' the latest battle. If there was any corpses, they must o' picked themselves

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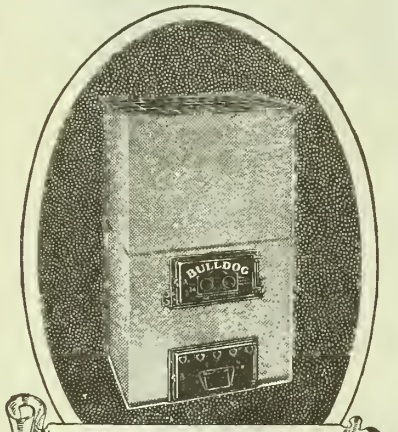

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up for fear o' gettin' rheumatism in the dew, for we didn't see none. All except one cow. We found thirty empty shells and a quart o' good Scotch —Haggard and Haggard's.

We buried the cow and called it a mornin'.

While we was chewin' the fat about one thing an' another Luke suddenly cries out, "What's that?" and points to a string o' small cars and auto trucks which had come over the rise in the road, and which was now about to disgorge its passengers by the roadside. No sooner had one truck been unloaded than the people, men, women and kids, hopped the stone fence and swarmed all over our farm, scarin' the cows which was discussin' the merits o' hand and factory made cud in a shady spot by the stream.

"What's the big idea?" I cries.

"Damn trespassers!" says Luke. "They ain't got a right to set foot on our property. Look! There must be two hundred of 'em pilin' off the trucks."

Off he goes to do his stuff. When I comes out a little while later there he is with the other gents standin' in a group while the females danced around them in a circle.

If you wanta know it, the fifth annual picnic and outin' o' Boyem & Ginsberg's Classy Pants Factory, Inc., was a howlin' success. The employes had come all the way from lower Broadway, New York, in the firm's delivery trucks, plus a few private rigs left over from the home cannin' season.

Well, the picnickers pulled out without liftin' the stone fence for souvenirs. That evenin' Luke and Belinda, the horse, was about in the same physical condition. So we excused Luke from the milk pail formation and me and Hoozick put him to bed and give him a rub-down with the hired man's perfectly good synthetic gin. And I chalked a sign at Bloody Angle which read:

ZOAN OF QUITE!

And so we had a peaceful night and not a cow dead at reveille roll-call.

* * * * *

"Where do they get that stuff about this here ranch bein' 'abandoned'?" says Luke the next forenoon, as he peels off his vest and his illusions. Then he looks out from the porch at a fresh lot o' trespassers who has taken possession o' the south forty, and is again elbowin' the cows and Belinda outa their rightful grazeteria de luxe.

These new raiders carries long tripods and big frames covered with white cloth. They also has brushes and knobbed sticks and flat tea trays which is smeared up with all the colors o' the rain's beau.

"Gosh," I goshed, "I hope they ain't goin' to use them brushes to tickle the cows into new fits o' ribald laughter."

"I'll settle *their* hash, leave it to me, pardner," says Luke, whose temper has riz by this time, and he is not in a mood for further lallygag.

Well, he looks big enough to fade a flock o' fuzzy wuzzies and mad enough to charge a Skoda gun point blank. So I don't offer my feeble assistance, but preserve my dignity as ranch boss and finish my lunch even to the extent o' lickin' the can-opener clean, and then I strolls over to the lot where this massacre o' trespassers is now overdue twenty minutes. By this time the trespassers has settled down to steady trespassin' and has pitched their easels and got to work paintin' the cows, trees, sky, brook, Belinda, silo, windmill and other Gothic embellishments. Yes, these young men and girls is a bunch o' artists.

And doggone my hide! If Laramie Luke ain't standin' on a rock, pistol in hand and shadin' his eyes like the statue of "Old Scout" and holdin' that position like a figure on a clock, while a little, yellow haired art-lady, in a checked dress o' loose material and a floppy tammy shanter, is sketchin' the outlines of his manly form on her easel.

When Luke sees me a blush mantles his face which don't come from no artist's color-tube, and seein' as I'm lookin' orey-eyed, he goes on to make introductions.

"Pawdon me, Miss Quilt, this is Mr. O'Dee, the ranch-boss," he says, makin' a bow as Chesterfeld as a bent cigaret. "Mr. O'Dee, Miss Quilt. This little lady, Buck, is a real artist from some village—Greenish, ain't it?—and she's come to our ranch to paint nature in the rough. *Some heifer*, eh Buck?"

This last he whispers in my ear, but pshaw, Miss Quilt wouldn't understand the compliment anyway. This lady artist, who really ain't no blot on the landscape anywhere you put her, shakes hands with me limp but cordial and then pouts a little around the corners o' her cupid's beau mouth until Luke resumes his pose as a Indian fighter up on the rock.

"Wonderful type, is he not?" says Miss Quilt, altho' her mouth is now blocked with pencils and brushes. "He is utterly non-indigenous to the milieu of pastoral picturesqueness in the Connecticut perspective, don't you think, Mr. O'Dee?"

"Even so," I says, tryin' to connect. "When is this picture comin' out? Is it for a paper?"

"A splendid idea! Wouldn't it make a stunning cover effect for 'Vampy Visions,' the new Greenwich Village weekly of frankness in art?" Here Miss Quilt squeezes a tube and out comes some ketchup which she smears on the picture to represent Luke's bandanna. "Do you mind holding that pose a little longer Mr.—er—Mr. Beaseknees?"

"Beaseley," corrects Luke. "Certainly not, Miss. I could stand this way all day for you, without gittin' tired."

The big bum! Up to then I had never knew him to hold one position for two successful minutes without regroupin' his shanks, unless it was in line at retreat.

Well, after posin' for three hours in the sun, with brief rests for a cozy chat, Luke and Miss Quilt felt theirselves fairly well acquainted and he took her all over the ranch, afoot, not on horseback.

"You *must* come again, Vesta—I mean, Miss Quilt," sighs Luke as he sees her off with the other artists in their flivvers. And she promises to come again and again. I am about to remark to Hoozick that partin' is

such swell sorrow, but he is off to page the cows.

* * * * *

That night, as the movie subtitles say, we are just about to bed down in the storm cellar with Hoozick for safety when who should blow into our abandoned farmhouse but a bunch o' swell-dressed New York people, out joy-ridin', and they insist that our place is a road house, and that they're goin' to stage a party. So they order up a flock of ice and ginger ale.

"But I tell you we ain't runnin' no roadhouse," I says to the portly gent in evenin' clothes who seems to be carryin' the load o' worry and other things for the party. "This is a private—"

"Aw, tell that to the cops," says the flash bird, unpeelin' a roll o' smackers. "Just give us large gobs o' *service*—that's all we ask."

"Of course it's a roadhouse, ain't it Daddy?" pipes a bobbed bit o' femininny-ty in a baby voice and who obvious ain't his grown daughter. "Why, *all* o' these farmhouses on the old post road has been turned into roadhouses for tourists. The next one further on is 'The Purple Sand Flea.' The one after that is 'The Sulky Samovar.' What's the name o' this one—you!"

She levels a pink varnished finger nail at me and what could I do but say real quick: "This place, lady, is 'The Sign o' the Mildewed Clam.'"

"What a cute name," says the little one, as she executes the manual o' the cigaret holder.

Well, we couldn't give 'em no ginger ale, but we got ice from the icehouse, and it seems they'd brung along their own silver cups and cocktail shakers and corkscrews and everything you need for a party exceptin' splints and bandages. They had a portable radio, and after they'd cleared the floor and begun dancin', say, even the ghosts in the garret seemed to be creakin' in jazz time, and everybody shook a leg, includin' Luke, who was in great demand. Well, two or three more automobile parties dropped in, also claimin' we was runnin' a roadhouse, and by midnight it was a *regular* session. Some couples sat out the dances in their cars with the help o' moonlight. Luke followed 'em with his eyes and sighed. Still thinkin' mushgrams about Miss Quilt. Oh, I know those guys!

Well, the racket was gettin' along good about 3 a. m. when a big car roared into Death Angle, stopped, and a bunch o' dry agents jumped out and searched the place. They couldn't find no evidence, altho' they even smelled o' the cows' breaths, and so they went about their business. Later on we heard they raided a still on the farm above us and smashed it to pieces.

* * * * *

Next mornin' me and Luke woke up to the rattle o' musketry. We poked our achin' heads outa the window, and there we saw a bunch o' red Indians prowlin' thro' the bushes, and snipin' a column o' troops in George Washington uniforms. Leadin' the bloodthirsty redskins in their attack was officers in red coats and powdered wigs.

Luke was about to rush out to the aid o' his American forefathers when Hoozick explained that it was just an-

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other o' them movie companies filmin' a drama o' revolootin' days with the background of our colonial farmhouse. They're hardly gone when there's a knock at the door. Luke's so nervous he jumps four feet in the air.

Suddenly there's a gentle tap on the door. But Luke jumped four feet in the air at this noise, life on a abandoned farm havin' had some effect on his nerves.

But it's only Miss Quilt. She has motored from the city to paint Luke on horseback. Won't that be *splendid?*

First o' course, you have to catch your horse. Luke is tickled all over to oblige Miss Quilt, and so he starts on a dog-trot across the field to grab old Belinda, saddle her and blindfold her so's she won't stage another spell o' staggers. Miss Quilt follows his athaletic figure with adorin' eyes and waits for the exhibition o' masterful bareback ridin'.

Well, when Luke gets within arms' reach o' Belinda, that dried-up old skate looks at him sort o' cock-eyed and lets out a vicious kick. With a boyish laugh Luke snatches her by the mane and leaps to the back. Now do my eyes deceive me? No, it's too true! Belinda has lowered her head and bunched her hoofs. She leaps in the air and comes down like an iron safe. Woof! She's up on her haunches, buckin', kickin', writhin' and shakin' like an earthquake o' bones and glanders.

Finally the nag knocks Luke off. We pick him up and find that no bones are broken. Miss Quilt acts as his nurse and he comes round pretty soon.

* * * * *

Well, there ain't much more to tell. If there was, I'd o' been a long time dead before this tellin'. Since them hectic days on Archibald's farm, Luke has settled down to the quiet life o' the West. Why, only the other day I got a postcard photo o' him and Mrs. Beaseley, knee Quilt, taken at a studio in the skyscraper section o' Laramie, Wyo. She looked much the same, but he'd traded his Angoras for a pair o' golf knickers.

Archibald Gibbons came back to his abandoned farm sooner than he expected. The first thing he did was to get out a injunction against dry agents dumpin' sour mash and other still life objects into the babblin' brook above his farm, and thus agitatin' the live stock, and givin' said brook a hiccough instead of a babble.

As for that poor dumbbell, Hoozick, while his boss was gettin' out the injunction, he just got out a tin dipper and said nothin'!

America's Oldest Old Home Town

(Continued from page 6)

inanimate thing possessed a spirit, and when they buried a leading citizen they broke his most precious bowls within his grave, thus symbolizing the death of the spirits of the owner and all he possessed. Under one floor the skeleton of a dog was found beside the skeleton of a powerful man—and one wonders whether the grave was the reward of extraordinary faithfulness.

Main Street of the Lost City had its tiny bungalows and its mansions. From dwellings of but one or two rooms, the structures ranged in size up to one pretentiously-arranged structure of twenty-one rooms. The best indication of the age of the Lost City is in the character of the houses, as the explorer reconstructs them. They represent Pueblo architecture in its earliest stages.

The most primitive dwellings found were simply oval pits dug to a depth of two or three feet, eight or ten feet in length and six or eight feet wide. These had adobe floors and a small circular fireplace, and the dirt walls of the pit were plastered with adobe. For these dwellings, it is believed, the walls from the surface of the ground upward must have been made of poles and matting or something else as perishable, because the pits are found with no trace of rocks, adobe or other fallen wall material.

The next type of dwelling found is also a pit dwelling, similar to the first. but with an encircling wall of adobe or adobe and stone. The outline of the upper walls endures and the ruins of the material of which they were made is found within the pit.

After living in the isolated pit-dwelling, the prototype of the modern bungalow, the inhabitants seem to have developed a plan of placing the pit-dwellings side by side in a row. Then an architectural genius must have appeared among the dwellers, developing a rudimentary form of apartment house. By placing the pits close enough together, by making them rectangular instead of oval, a single partition wall was made to serve two adjoining dwellings, and the idea of building a single house with a large number of rooms developed naturally.

In time the pit dwellings went out of style. They were succeeded by structures built flat on the ground. From the ruins one may guess that one-story houses with many rectangular rooms became common, and "Pueblo architecture was born here," Mr. Harrington says, "although the idea of constructing huge communal dwellings several stories high, with hundreds of rooms, was not evolved until centuries later." Thus it happens that tourists today who view with amazement the elaborate cliff dwellings and the ancient stone houses of Arizona and New Mexico may go to Nevada and see the birthplace of the building art which they exemplify.

Pottery fragments supply the most convincing proofs of the character of life in the Lost City. These, Mr. Harrington says, definitely identify the ruins as belonging to Pueblo culture and help in estimating their age. One indication is the fact that the pottery in the Lost City bore black paint directly on the clay, while on Pueblo pottery of a later period the black paint has been applied on a background of white paint.

Tourists may find the Lost City only two miles from the old Mormon town of St. Thomas, which is reached by a line of the Union Pacific that branches from the main line between

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Salt Lake City and Los Angeles at the town of Moapa, thirty miles from St. Thomas. The Arrowhead Trail, a famous east and west motor highway, also passes near the Lost City. Not far distant is the site of the proposed Boulder Dam across the Colorado River, a project that will convert a vast section of the Southwest, now desert, into fertile farming lands.

Early this summer the Lost City knew its greatest day since its original inhabitants lived in it. A pageant was held upon the ancient hillside. Upon an earth-banked stage, having for background a group of the ancient dwellings which had been reconstructed by Zuni Indians, believed to be descendants of the original inhabitants, were enacted the scenes typifying the successive ages in the desert's history. The pageant was enacted at night under the open sky, with brilliant floodlights focused from the outer darkness upon the richly-garbed actors on the stage, with band music and the chorus singing of hundreds of school children. Despite the fact that St. Thomas is but a tiny settlement and despite the great distances separating all the communities in the desert country, several thousand persons saw the pageant.

This pageant was made possible by a gift from John Armstrong Chaloner, a New York philanthropist who has become interested in the rich historical background of the State of Nevada. It was a part of a State-wide program originated by Governor Scrugham, to preserve the record of the romantic periods through which his State has passed. As a result of this pageant and the explorations of the city of the ancient Pueblos, the Nevada of today looks with new interest upon the Nevada that was twenty centuries ago.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

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

Co. A., 47TH INF.—Reunion at Legion National Convention in Omaha, Neb., Oct. 5-9. Address Elwyn D. Joslyn, P. O. Box 46, Warwick, N. Y.

P. W. E. Co. 211—Former members interested in reunion and banquet at Legion National Convention at Omaha, Neb., Oct. 5-9, address Joseph R. Leary, P. O. Box 727, Johnstown, Pa.

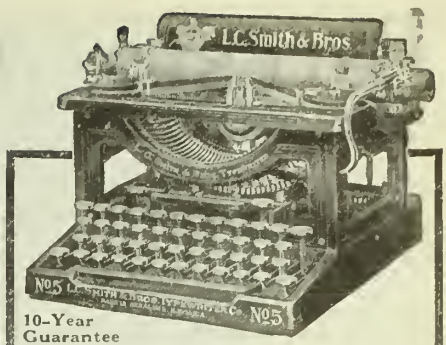
6TH BATTLE SQ. TARS—Men who served with this squadron, attached to the British Grand Fleet, aboard U. S. S. *New York*, *Texas*, *Delaware*, *Wyoming*, *Florida* and *Arkansas* invited to reunion banquet at Council Bluffs, Ia., Oct. 6, in connection with Legion National Convention. Address any of the following in Council Bluffs and send one dollar to be pooled in banquet fund: From the *Florida*: Perce Mayberry, 400 South Tenth St., Huron Herbert, 3512 Avenue B, or Harry Bromberg, 307 South Eighth St.; from the *Wyoming*, William Millard, 2 Charles St.; from the *Arkansas*, "Pug" Simmons, 183 Graham Ave.; from the *Texas*, Ned McMahon, 707 East Broadway.

11TH F. A.—Reunion originally scheduled for Oct. 10 will be held Oct. 11, at Hotel Astor, Times Sq., New York City. Address J. T. Carroll, 211 P. O. Bldg., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LEGION RADIO

Brief announcements of radio programs to be broadcast by Legion posts will be published in this department. 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.

Rolla Dicks Post, Burlington Junction, Mo., will broadcast a program from Station KFNF (266 meters) on the evening of October 2.



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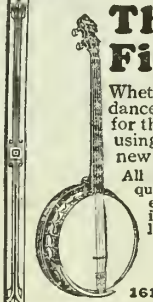

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Expensive Lessons

"I'm getting up a little poker game, Major," invited the friend. "Would you like to join us?"

"Sir, I do not play poker."

"I'm sorry. I was under the impression that you did."

"I was once under that impression myself, sir."

Who's Who?

[*Personal in the Detroit News*]

WON'T Miss Mary Boyle please communicate with Steiner Ogburn, at ———, no matter who she is now?

A Stitch in Time

"Oh, John," cried the young mother ecstatically. "Baby's got a tooth!"

"Good heavens!" shouted her husband in an alarmed tone. "Have it out right away! Don't you know that nearly all diseases can be traced to the teeth?"

For Ladies Only

[*From Harrisburg (Pa.) Evening News*]

Miss Dorothy Rowland, of Toronto, Can., and Dorothy J. Bailey, of Brooklyn, chose York for their wedding because of its historical associations. They are now spending their honeymoon at Gettysburg.

Climate Regulator

A customer stepped into a Los Angeles hardware store.

"I want to get one of those thermometers like the Chamber of Commerce uses," he announced.

"And what kind is that?" asked the clerk.

"It's one that won't go above eighty in the summer or below fifty in the winter."

Johnny on the Spot

[*Ad in Jacksonville (Ill.) Journal*]

Durbin M. E. Church Picnic; Annual Burgoo and Fish Fry, Thursday, July 23d, held at Ransdell's Grove near Durbin church.—Arthur G. Cody, Funeral Director, Phone 218.

In the Day's Work

"Ps-st! There's a man who has just finished cleaning out a bank."

"He doesn't look like a bandit. How much did he get?"

"Three cans full. He's the janitor."

Tough on Bootleggers

[*From the Atlanta Georgian*]

The ordinance . . . stipulates that in East Point homes it shall be unlawful to use water for any other purpose than bathing, cleaning house, washing dishes and laundering.

The Higher Criticism

"What's that classical selection the orchestra is playing?"

"They're not playing anything; they're just tuning up."

"Oh, no, you're mistaken. It's too discordant for that."

Social Event

Five-year-old Elsie had been to Sunday schol and afterward had wandered into the body of the church where she watched with grave interest the preparations being made for the communion service. Her elder sister, missing her from the school, finally found her sitting sedately in a pew.

"Come, Elsie," she said. "We must go home now."

"Oh, no," replied the child. "I am going to stay for tea."

In Desperation, Probably

[*From the Selma (Cal.) Enterprise*]

He drove his mother up to Lake Arrowhead and then drove on himself to Big Bear Lake.

Patriots All

"It's perfectly scandalous how little clothing the girls wear these days."

"Oh, well, they're only living up to the slogan 'Keep cool with Coolidge.'"

Now, Isn't That Nice?

[*From the Barnesboro (Pa.) Star*]

The bridegroom . . . is of fine personality, thrifty, industrious and clever in his ways. In his chosen bride he has found a most amicable and sociable lady, who will surely be a fitting better half for life's sojourn. She wore a white satin dress and made a very pretty appearance. . . .

Advertise in the Star!

Bought and Paid For

It was an off hour among the caddies at the golf club.

"What kind of a score did that guy make you was totin' for today?" inquired Jimmy idly.

"Listen here," retorted Johnnie. "That gent gave me two bucks an' his score is whatever he says it is."

Winter Resort, You Mean

[*From the Hartford Courant*]

Satan's Kingdom, a wildly picturesque section of country, part of which borders on the Hartford-Winsted road, will be developed as a summer resort.

Comfortable Future

"I told my husband," sobbed Alice, "that if he couldn't support me, I'd go home to mother, who has lots of money."

"What did he do then?" asked Alicia.

"Snf—snf—he went home to mother himself."

Observations

Two beggars—a blind man and a deaf man—met on a street corner after business hours.

"What is the world coming to?" sighed the blind man. "The young folks of today have gone mad. See the clothes the girls wear!"

"Yes," replied the deaf man. "And it's all due to this terrible jazz one hears everywhere."

World Events From the Press of the Nation

[*Oxford (Miss.) Eagle*]

Mr. and Mrs. Simp Meets and family and Miss Ruby Nell and Lowell McGonagill went to an Ice Cream Supper at Miss Bessie Dale Gean's Saturday night and had a nice time.

Mr. Kid Livingston is the proud owner of a Chevrolet car.

[*Carbon Hill (Ala.) Index*]

Health of this place is very good at present.

Mr. Bud Proscott bought him a lot of fertilizer Monday of this week. I see he is going to farming.

Rev. Richardson will conduct services at Edgil cemetery next Sunday. Everybody cordially invited to come.

[*Baraboo (Wis.) Daily News*]

There will soon be some interesting news in Smoky Hollow: Thomas Smith has purchased a new outfit including: a Ford roadster—also a new suit, shoes, etc. He has notified his sister Bridget to be home in two weeks.

[*Holton (Kans.) Recorder*]

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Grinnell a boy. All reported doing nicely.

The men of the Banner Grange served ice cream, cookies and coffee to the ladies of the Grange last Wednesday evening and you may not believe it but they had fine coffee and they also washed the dishes.

Mayetta observed two Flag Days last week, one on Thursday and one Sunday. We can't understand how they came to get Thursday as Flag Day, unless they got their wires crossed. Sunday was really Flag Day.

Miss Rosanna Fisher entertained in honor of Mrs. Boyd Riley, alias Miss Daisy Fernkopf.

About That

"What is it that keeps us from doing wrong?" asked the teacher.

"Well," declared Jimmie, "there's ten commandments and about nineteen or twenty amendments."

Suggestion for old fashioned municipalities whose authorities look askance at the short skirt

Did You Sit In This Chair

Did you chance to tackle a musical instrument with the same energy as this young lad—and have you succeeded? If you did, and it was a Conn, we are sure you have realized your ambition.

America has lost a great deal of genuine musical talent through the use of inferior, cheap instruments by boys who were not at fault, for each had a "Musical Bump". We all have one but we must have easy playing and pleasing toned instruments in order to cultivate that "Bump".

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