FEBRUARY 20, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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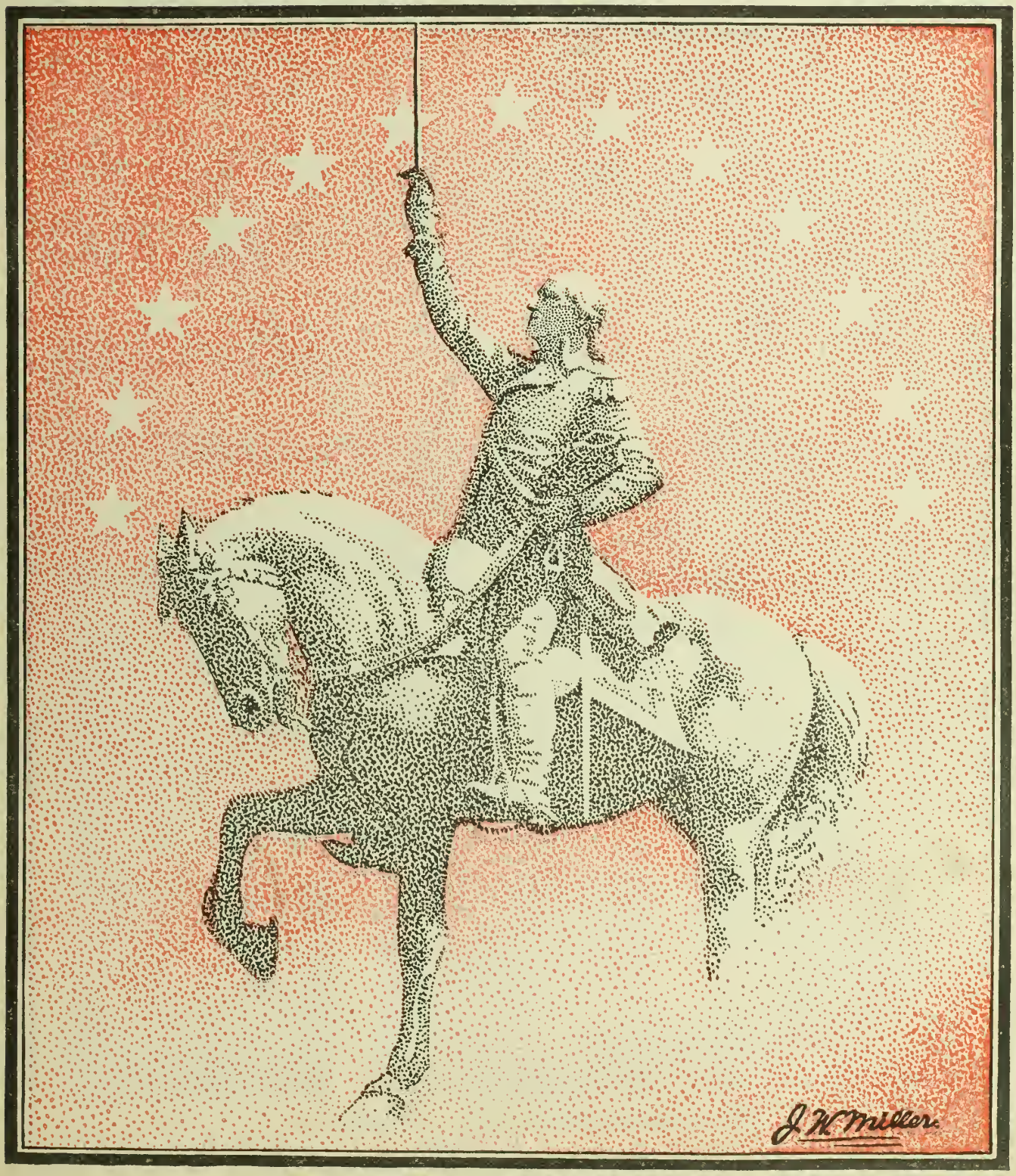

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 7, No. 8

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C. LeRoy Baldridge, whose portrait of a Chinese doughboy carrying Equipment C appears on the opposite page, has been to China twice since he got back from France in 1919. As the only unattached private of infantry in the A. E. F., Mr. Baldridge served as cartoonist for *The Stars and Stripes*. In fact, Mr. Baldridge, Mr. Wallgren, and one T square constituted that newspaper's art department. After the war Mr. Baldridge came home via Africa, a continent he had previously missed. He collected his best A. E. F. work and published it under the title "I Was There." Some day he may settle down and write a book called "I've Never Been There," but it will have to be a small book.

* * *

L. Pares of Humbebak, Denmark, is one of our latest subscribers. Mr. Pares pays his ante with a tikroner note, tikroner apparently being Danish for ten crowns. A tikroner note closely resembles a ten franc note so far as size and general appearance go, but the color scheme is brown instead of blue. The design on the reverse side is three lions playing in a flower garden and having such a good time that the crop must be catnip, or something equally ambrosial for felines.

* * *

Here's another reply in the yam-sweet-potato definition contest—it's from Charles S. Manning, a native of the South who belongs to Funkhouser Post of Indianapolis, Indiana: "I'm not from Arkansas, but a son of South Carolina transplanted in Indiana, and would state that if you received a box of sweet potatoes, you were lucky, if they were yams, you were to be envied, but if they were Carolina yams, you are too lucky to live. One doesn't need one hundred words to tell the difference between a yam and a sweet potato; I can do it in four—it's in the taste. If you doubt my description eat a baked sweet potato and then eat a yam, thoroughly baked."

William Henry Nugent of New York City, a frequent contributor to the Weekly, has come upon this interesting information: "Recently I ran across something in the Oxfordshire Archaeological Society's report for 1911. It contained an article on 'Words and Sayings from a Mid-Oxon Parish,' by Rev. C. E. Prior, explaining many words he had heard, including this one from the mouths of rustics: 'Butty. Companion, chum. "He was my butty." "They were butties."'" Can anyone shed further light on the subject? The word buddy applied to a small boy was common in America years before the war, but did anyone ever hear it used in the sense of a boon companion before 1917? Mr. Nugent adds that Oxfordshire gave the South many famous families, including that of Robert E. Lee, so that buddy may have got into the service vocabulary via Dixie. That's one theory. Anybody else with a different one?

He Goes *Into* Battle *With An* Umbrella

Drawing by
C. LeRoy Baldridge

THE factional wars which are rending China are not getting so much space in American newspapers these days as they did a few months ago, probably because no one who is not pretty conversant with Chinese politics knows exactly what they are all about or cares to read about them. But they are still going on, and to the Chinese doughboy in the field (who may know as little of what they are about as the average American does) they are wars indeed. Certainly he fights as bravely and as bitterly as can be expected under the circumstances.

But he won't fight at all unless he has his umbrella. A few weeks ago a division at Nanking nearly mutinied because they were ordered to entrain for the front before their umbrellas arrived. The O. D. umbrella—only it is usually pink or bright blue oiled paper—is as much a part of the Chinese soldier's equipment as his personal chopsticks, ear cleaner and ivory toothpick.

During a recent skirmish near Shanghai one of the contending armies sent up three airplanes. Running out of regulation bombs, the flyers dropped a shower of hand grenades. Up came the umbrellas in the midst of the attack—for if the oiled paper protects the carrier from the machinations of the Rain God, certainly it should be effective against bomb splinters and exploding shells. Instead of taking cover, both attackers and defenders remained motionless on the battlefield, umbrellas upreared, until the planes had passed. Nearly one hundred men were killed.

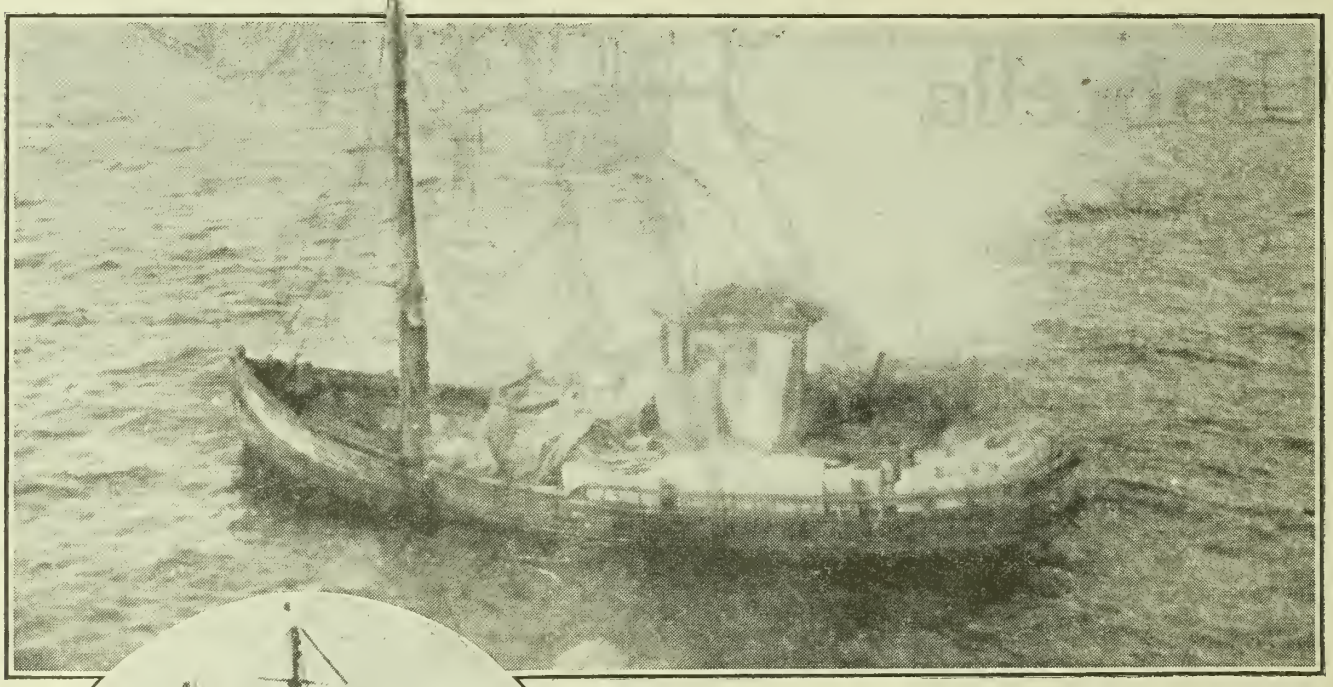
Uncle Sam Is Dry Cleaning *the* Atlantic Ocean

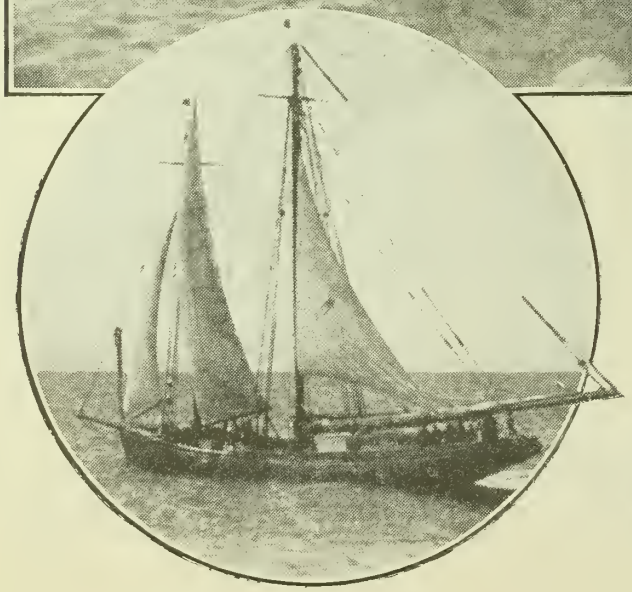
"THE ocean is getting dryer," Mr. Moore reports after an extended visit with the Coast Guard during its busiest season in the fight against liquor smugglers on the more or less bounding main. Mr. Moore is the only writer who has made this trip—a salt-water pilgrimage that combines the thrills of old-time piracy with the scientific ingenuity of modern naval warfare—and the life with the dry navy is just as exciting as it sounds.

By SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE

IT WAS five days before Christmas. For twenty-four hours the Coast Guard destroyer *Downes* had rolled easily at anchor off the Long Island coast in a hopeless pea-soup fog. Parched throats were the order of the day in cities on the northern Atlantic seaboard. Would their bootleggers fail them for Christmas? They never had yet since prohibition became, in a manner of speaking, effective—and yet—it was the Coast Guard's business to see that no relief arrived in the form of bottled joviality—at least via the waterfront. So the *Downes* rolled gently in the easy swell.

The strategy was this: For four weeks the business of rum-running had been poor. High seas, blanket-thick fogs, and the eternal vigilance of the Coast Guard had just about ruined what promised to be a prosperous holiday boom. The supply ships out on Rum Row were getting desperate. Their regular customers in speed boats hadn't been out to see them for reasons mentioned. Twenty-five miles away was a market that would singe the hair of any bears. It was likely that some daring Rum Row skipper would make a dash for it, would gamble ship, precious cargo and his own personal liberty against a profit that might buy him the *Leviathan*. That's why the *Downes* was there—not to pinch the greedy skipper to wake him from his day dream, but to pinch him for breaking the laws of the United States, specifically for smuggling liquor.



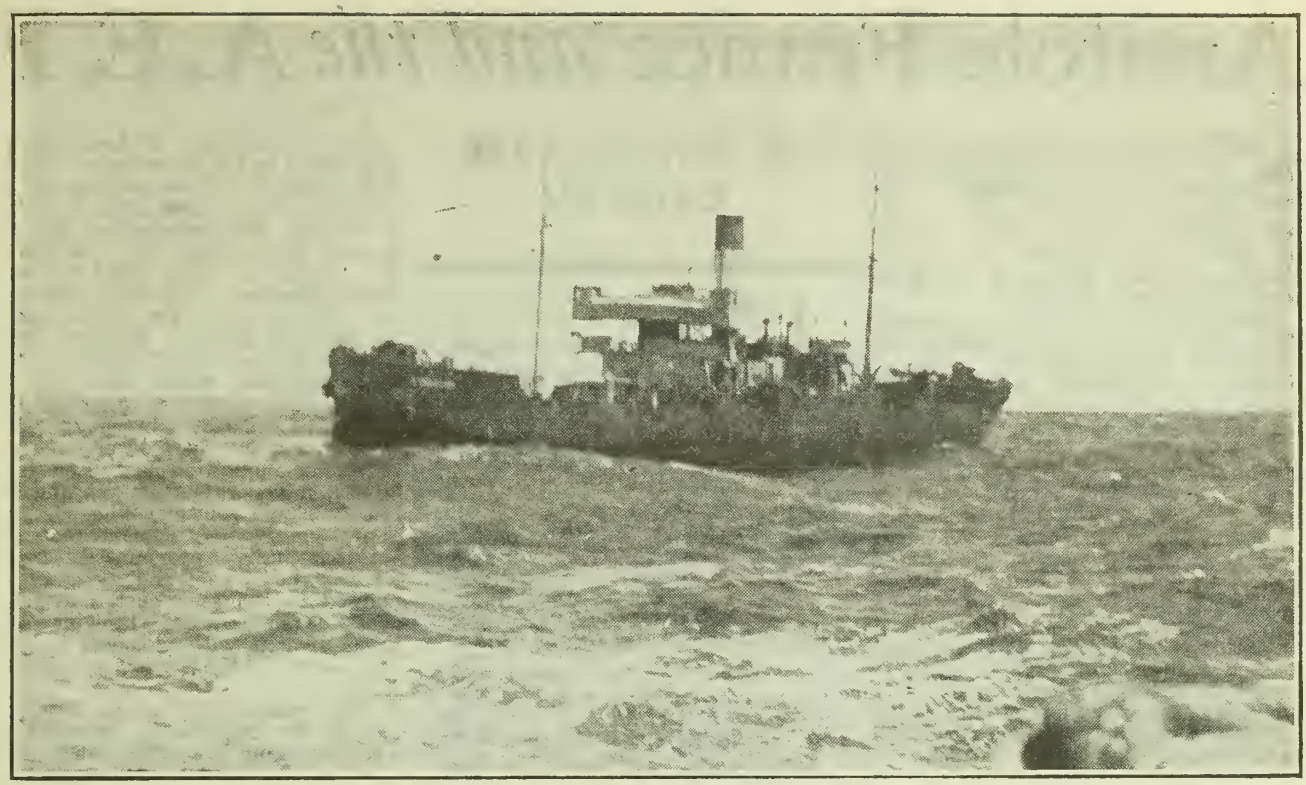


With capture imminent, the crew of this rum-runner applied the torch and abandoned ship. The Coast Guard got 'em. Note the evidence piled up on deck

A tragedy of the row—the Waldo L. Stream was a familiar sight to the Coast Guard until last November. She disappeared in a storm and was later found bottom up, her crew of fourteen missing

A few days before in these same waters the Coast Guard mine sweeper *Red Wing* had taken in tow the French tramp steamer *Acadien*. There was no liquor aboard. It was too late for that. But the skipper, a gallant young Frenchman, oh, very gallant, gave the funniest explanation of his presence.

Yes, said the gallant skipper. It was true that he was engaged in the liquor traffic. But all perfectly legal, the Coast Guard m'sieur must understand. He sold liquor, but only beyond the legal limits of United States waters, on the high seas. Of an assuredness he could explain his presence close to the Long Island coast,



The British steamer Lynntown, flagship of the rum fleet. She has a capacity of 350,000 cases

perhaps well within three miles of land. Many friends had he in that so noble young nation America. And sometimes business was not so good on the high seas. At such times it was his practice personally to pay some small part of the momentous debt of his dearly beloved France to the heroic young men of America who rushed to the defense of the land of Lafayette when her hour of peril came. When some part of his cargo remained unsold, then it was that he paid his small tribute. Always at such times was it his practice to run his good ship close to shore and throw his excellent whiskeys and champagnes into the water where the tide would soon carry them to shore, where they might be picked up by the glorious youth who drove back the Boche at the very moment when Paris was endangered. Très simple, m'sieur.

Now, whether you believe this or not, the captain of the *Red Wing* didn't. He hooked a tow line around the bow of the *Acadien* and then some of the crew became scared and told where the cargo was unloaded, so that the generous gesture of French good will was a total loss. Sometimes the Coast Guard is so unsympathetic.

And so the destroyer *Downes* lay dutifully in the fog. Two days previously the *Downes* had been lying in a fog not far away when the impenetrable curtain lifted momentarily. And there, right off the starboard bow, was what might have been an honest sword-fisherman, the sloop *Edith Louise*. And that's the whole point of it—this Coast Guard campaign—she might have been and again she might not. She wasn't. A boarding party paid a call and in the hold and on her decks were found five hundred cases of whiskeys and champagne. A prize crew took the festive *Edith Louise* into New London. Her effort to alleviate Manhattan's suffering failed even to moisten the holiday.

A breeze came up out where the *Downes* was at anchor, a smart spanking blow that swept away the fog but made Long Island sound a bowl of slop. It grew bitter cold. Black clouds raced down from the northwest to ceiling the heavens. The *Downes* weighed anchor and got under way.

Now ordinarily this pastime of pouncing on rum-runners is religiously nocturnal. The Coast Guard vessels prowl about without lights but with several pairs of eyes alert, observing all that takes place within sight or hearing. We were headed for the main line of navigation where traffic through the sound is heaviest and our running lights were on. I stayed on the bridge until one o'clock in the morning, resigned to disappointment, for it is a tradition of the Coast Guard that a civilian observer invariably fulfills the role of jinx. When I had wearied of watching the lights on passing merchantmen I went below to turn in.

An hour later I was awakened by an excited engineering officer.

"Get up on deck!" he shouted. "A Canadian rum-runner darn near ran us down. We just missed hitting her because she was sailing without lights."

I rubbed my eyes when I gained the bridge and saw a magic-lantern slide dead ahead. The round arc of our searchlight encompassed a two-masted schooner with full sails billowing. In the language of seafaring men, she was "making knots." The destroyer captain had ordered the schooner to put about into New London. We took no chances. With a gun crew ready for business we trailed aft for several miles until the jib was dropped and the rumship skipper brought his craft about with sails flapping idly. In a moment a whaleboat was dropped into the chop of the sound from the davits with a prize crew aboard. The searchlight followed them to the rum-

(Continued on page 12)

A type of rum-runner now grown obsolete on account of its limited speed. Note the auto shoes for use as bumpers when loading—one of the marks of the illegal booze carrier

Anatole France *and the* A. E. F.

By BERNHARD RAGNER

INTO the quiet study of one of the great masters of literature of his generation came a war, and hard on its heels followed a swarm of soldiers from over the sea who trebled the population of his placid little provincial city and turned it overnight into a boom town. The man was the late Anatole France, and the city was Tours. Is it any wonder that the grand old man was a little shocked by the change, and that his reactions to the sudden descent of the A. E. F. on his cloistered seclusion were expressed in rather biting irony? For M. France was the master ironist of his day, and his comments, while hardly appreciative, are racily interesting.

SOME of the most biting sarcasm and unfriendliest criticism ever uttered about the American soldier is to be found in a book just published in Paris which purports to record the opinions of Anatole France—"Anatole France à La Bechellerie," by Marcel le Goff.

"Savages . . . very ugly, disagreeable and stupid . . . possessing the brains of children in the bodies of giants . . . the smiles of babies that contrast singularly with their stature and their age."

Such is the unflattering, ungracious manner in which M. France described the "inevitable" members of the A. E. F. who came in caravans to La Bechellerie, his country home near Tours. At first these American visitors amused him; he laughed at their enormous spectacles, their exaggerated salutes, their extreme boyishness, but finally it all got on his nerves and he complained sardonically: "They come to see me as if I were a monument. After the Cathedral and the Tower of Charlemagne I am one of the principal curiosities of the city of Tours."

As for the American generals who visited M. France, he said: "I don't see much difference between them and our own generals. Nevertheless I think they are still more stupid. To what depths have we fallen! To think that men like these will decide the fate of the world. Poor France! Poor Europe!"

Again:

"How great is the inconsequence of men and how unreasonable is their conduct! Behold the patriotic sentiment pushed to its extreme limits! Under the pretext of saving France, we succeed in exterminating her. We kill our children and replace them by foreigners. Under the pretext of an alliance, we open the country to them.

"There are no more Frenchmen, but the Americans swarm like bees. In every French family there is now an American. The son or the husband has been killed, or is in constant danger of being killed, but the unknown foreigner has taken their places. Every Sunday we see the American walking with the French family. He gives his hand to the youngsters; he caresses the mother when she is not too ugly, or the daughter, if the mother be too old. Everybody thinks this very correct and very natural. As a result, to kill all the native Frenchmen and to open wide the doors to the American has become the extreme consequence of patriotism. In this fashion we facilitate the fusion of races which nobody could foresee. The Germans repopulate the Nord; the English, Normandy; the Negroes and the Arabs, the Midi; and the Americans, all the rest of France. Is it in this fashion that France will be saved?"

But there were two Americans who completely captured the symphathies of M. France. One of them, it seems, was a true business man. He exchanged American jam for autographs. The jam cost him little or nothing, but after the Armistice he easily disposed of the autographs. (His profits would have been much greater had he waited until 1925, after M. France's death.) M. France's housekeeper, who later became his wife, watched this man like a hawk. She knew his failing. Once he purposely overturned a basket filled with manuscript, and in replacing the papers, the book records, he good-naturedly filled his pockets with more autographs—for future sale. The housekeeper raged, but the master thought it was an excellent joke. This soldier's military duties must have been absolutely nil, for he seems to have been perpetually at La Bechellerie.

The second youth did not go in for autographs or curiosities, but was always dabbling in some business venture. First it was a bank. Then his great scheme was to film all the novels of Anatole France, beginning with "The Red Lily." The master gave his permission, but the American seems to have been unable to sell a single share. Even the devoted admirers of M. France refused to subscribe to the project.

In this carefree, pleasant fashion, these two Americans fought the war at Tours. Many months afterward, M. France spoke of them with pleasure. One of them returned for M. France's marriage to Mlle. Laprevotte in 1920; after which, like many others, he disappeared like a Chinese shadow from the screen of La Bechellerie.

One day a group of American generals came to La Bechellerie to present their respects. "These gentlemen," said the interpreter, "have come to see you, to express thir admiration for your literary works and for your talent." The master of irony could not resist the temptation. "Tell them not to admire me too much, for I have nothing to sell and nothing to give away, since I am not rich," he said. "Ask them, however, when will the war end?" (The inevitable question! Even France's greatest literary genius wanted to know the answer.)

Once the question had been transmitted, a general—very fat and very red (perhaps someone who served at Tours can identify him)—arose from his armchair, pronounced several words, when . . . Germany . . . he pointed to the seat of the armchair, acted as if he were throwing something upon it with violence, and then sat down himself with considerable force.

"The general wishes to say," explained the interpreter, "crushed . . . when Germany is crushed, when America is sitting on top of Germany . . . when Germany is completely—er—squelched."

"Très bien!" exclaimed M. France, also arising from his armchair and falling upon it heavily like the general . . . "Crushed, crushed. I understand. Voilà! Now, I know when the war will end! Please thank the general for his information."

One incident narrated in the book is certainly apocryphal. It claims to describe the visit of a son of President Roosevelt with his wife. Which son the author does not state. He is pictured as entering the salon awkwardly, stammering nonsense, calling M. France "Mr. French," breaking himself in two to salute, and acting like a simpleton and a boob. Even admitting that a Roosevelt might have an attack of stage fright in the presence of M. France, that is not sufficient reason for exaggerating and distorting what really happened.

But the incident, true or not, gives M. le Goff the opportunity to quote the master at length:

"They are not beautiful, these Americans, but they do have the air of being (how shall I express it?) somewhat young, un peu jeune. That's it, a trifle young, while our civilization is too old, and the two don't mix.

"And still, I would like to know why they came to France. What do they hope to accomplish here? This new intervention will only prolong the war. Each new ally only brings disaster . . . The wars are superimposed upon each other: the Balkan war, then the Russian, later the English, the Italian and finally the American. Will it ever end? For mark—it's upon French soil that they all do their fighting. And these Americans are the latest warriors in the war of right, justice and civilization. They surely have funny heads. To think that the two peoples, the most intelligent in the world, France and Germany, will continue to kill the flower of their youth in order

(Continued on page 16)

They Just Can't Keep His Feet *on the* Ground

By ROBERT I. SNAJDR

TO FALL 3,000 feet in an airplane on one occasion, and 400 feet on another; to be wounded four times in the French service, and several times more in the American; and then to survive all this and struggle through deafness and dumbness to comparative health and rehabilitation—this is the history, in brief, of Nelson B. Bliss of Cleveland, Ohio, whose iron nerve and will to succeed have carried him through under circumstances that would have killed many another man. Today, while he works as claims adjuster for a steel company, he spends his spare time as co-operator of an airplane garage and in fitting up a log cabin he built on the shore of Lake Erie.

Nelson B. Bliss was doing electrical work for the French government when the war broke out. Less than five months later, having seen that this was to be no short and snappy war, he quit his civilian job and joined up with the Lafayette Escadrille. France needed flyers badly then and it was not long before he obtained a pilot's commission and started out over the lines.

In August, 1915, while he and three other American aviators were pursuing eight Boche planes, the tail of his ship was shot off, and he took his 3,000-foot fall. Most of the time he was unconscious, and either during the fight or in the course of the plunge a bullet went through the calf of his leg. When only a few feet above the ground the plane hit an air pocket, straightened out, and came to earth without much more than a heavy jar.

He was in a hospital two months, after which he went back into training at Pau, and shortly after that he was at the front again. The second time he crashed, his observer, who jumped, was killed. Bliss's plane fell almost on the front line. The soldier's right leg was broken, and he was gassed. The surgeons decided his fighting days were over, and they gave him a discharge certificate, declaring him 55 percent disabled.

Bliss sailed for home in September, 1917, and arrived just in time to register for the draft. He thought his disability certificate would be sufficient to give him the rest he assuredly deserved but the surgeons in Cleveland waved it aside and told him he was perfect physically! He went down to the Public Square, then, and enlisted with a motor transport repair outfit, and within a month he was on his way to France again.

For a month he worked at repair jobs at Nevers and in Paris, and then applied for a transfer to active service. He got it. A motorcycle dispatch rider was the assignment he drew, and it was while in this service that he received his other wounds—five of them, including a machine gun bullet through his left shoulder, another in his right knee cap (he has a silver plate there), three bullets in his side, and another at the back of his head. The latter stretched him out alongside the road near Château-Thierry July 28, 1918, as he was returning to Chaumont after delivering his orders; and when he was picked up his clothes were saturated with mustard gas.

It was August before he became rational. He couldn't hear, he couldn't talk and he couldn't walk, and in this shape he was sent back to the United States and placed in a psycho-neurosis hospital at Plattsburgh, N. Y. The doctors shook their heads when they looked him over but to their amazement he began to mend, slowly, and on January 21, 1919, he was discharged at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio, though still drawing $80 a month rehabilitation allowance under the old Sweet Act.

He tried to work, but he was subject to fainting spells, and eventually he had to give it up. The Government lost his service record and it was not until long after his discharge that he received his pay for the entire period of his stay in the American Army. This, however, did not come until after the Government had notified him that his compensation would be stopped inasmuch as he had been declared "cured" officially.

Let him tell the rest in his own words.

"I made up my mind the Government owed me something. Whether it was money, or a job, or both, it made no difference. I was going to get it. And I intended to keep on plugging until I did get it.

"Washington sent me a letter about this time telling me to go to the Marine hospital at Cleveland for treatment if I still felt that I needed it.

(Continued on page 16)

Nelson A. Bliss, of Cleveland, Ohio, who fell twice in an airplane during the war—once from 3,000 feet, and another time from 400 feet—hasn't been scared into keeping his feet on the ground. He was badly disabled when he was discharged from service, but he has fought his way back toward health. Now he not only mounts a ladder to put the finishing touches on the log cabin he has built on the lake shore near Cleveland, but he also runs in his spare time, with the aid of a partner, an airplane garage, giving flights to passengers who wish to obtain a birdseye view of the landscape. He works as a claims adjuster for a steel company

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.

How to Help an Orphan

CONGRESSMAN Piatt Andrew of Massachusetts, a Legionnaire, who was one of the wheel-horses in the fight for adjusted compensation, has introduced in Congress an amendment to that law which should have the support of everyone. Especially it should have the support, as Mr. Andrew points out, of former members of the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League.

This bill would enable veterans to devote the proceeds of their "bonus" to public purposes. They may assign it to The American Legion Endowment Fund, to colleges, schools and other organizations. About four and a half million men are eligible to adjusted compensation and the average payment ultimately to each veteran is about $1,000. If one veteran in ten were to assign his "bonus" that would eventually create a fund of $450,000,000, a sum which ranks as tall money almost anywhere.

The Legion is asking for $5,000,000 to constitute an Endowment Fund the proceeds of which will be spent to provide for disabled veterans and for the orphans of the World War. It needs this money now, and expects to have it by this fall. The interest on this sum will be about $225,000 annually, which will be all the Legion will have to spend. The passage, before Congress adjourns on March 4th, of the Andrew Bill would insure additional millions for this endowment. This would be in the form of adjusted compensation certificates, or insurance policies, and not cash readily available. But these certificates would mean cash in the years to come, when the demands on the endowment will be greatest.

Mr. Andrew has opened a way to service for every veteran. The first thing to do is to ask *your* Congressman to do his part to help pass this bill. All veterans, whether they will be financially able to assign their bonus or not, can do that. When the bill is passed no further requests will be necessary. A sufficient number of veterans will assign their certificates to the Legion Endowment Fund to insure the future of our disabled and our orphaned children for all time to come.

Fifteen a Day

DURING 1922 and 1923, veterans suffering from service connected disabilities were dying at a rate averaging 4,500 a year, according to Veterans Bureau figures. During the first half of 1924 the "service origin" deaths recorded exceeded 2,700, or a rate of 5,400 a year. These are figures that may well give pause to those who are inclined to dismiss all reference to the disabled with the convenient truism that the war is ancient history now.

While the casualty list seems to be growing, it may simply be that the Veterans Bureau is growing in efficiency, and hence actually contacting more nearly the full list of casualties. Indeed, when it is realized that the number of men in Veterans Bureau hospitals increased by more than 5,000 during the last six months of 1924, one can appreciate how the Reed-Johnson Law has helped actually to get the Veterans Bureau and its hospitals into action along hitherto neglected sectors of the line of disabled men's relief.

However incomplete it may be, the record shows enough to point the way of duty. The casualty list, once scanned with fear and trembling each morning in millions of American homes, is going steadily forward. It grows at a rate of about fifteen men a day—not fifteen "killed in action," but fifteen killed of action plus six years of subsequent suffering.

Thus the task of relief grows. The list of widows and orphans increases. The national rehabilitation and child welfare programs of The American Legion must, perforce, expand to meet the greater needs. To finance with security and perpetuity this growing work, The American Legion Endowment Fund is being raised this year—and this month in many States. If the American people but realized that fifteen names are being added to the casualty list each day as a direct result of the wounds and suffering of war, there would be no question about a full subscription of the Endowment Fund. The Fund is for those sufferers for whom the war lasted many years after most Americans stopped reading casualty lists.

The Penalty of Fame

IN HIS recently published reminiscences Sir Arthur Conan Doyle narrates at second hand, but on good authority, a new Roosevelt story. Once on a fatiguing train journey the President was awakened rather early in the morning to greet a group that had collected at a small station. "They have come sixty miles to see you," his secretary told him. "They would have come a hundred to see a cat with two heads," T. R. is reported to have replied.

Somewhat similar was the situation of Anatole France when the A. E. F. began to camp almost in his front yard not far from Tours. "They come to see me," he said, "as if I were a monument."

In reading M. France's biting comment on the A. E. F. in this issue this fact must be kept in mind. War is more than a great catastrophe; it is a string of petty annoyances. And petty annoyances can break down the spirit as effectively as little drops of water falling on one spot on a man's head can kill him. Certainly petty annoyances have a big edge on great catastrophes when it comes to breaking down a man's disposition.

It is the price and privilege of fame that the multitude will stare at you. Some folks like it. Others don't. But they all have to stand for it. But not always in history has the provocation been so great as in the instance of M. France, who retired in his old age to the calm of a Touraine village and woke up next morning to find a foreign army on his doorstep.

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Another good reason why lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place is that after the first time there is seldom anything left to strike.

❖ ❖ ❖

The fact that 6,000 overseas caps have been sold to Albania leads to the suspicion that the United States Government has got hold of a sucker list.

❖ ❖ ❖

In a California industrial league a game scheduled between two plumbers' teams had to be postponed. The players forgot to bring their bats and balls.

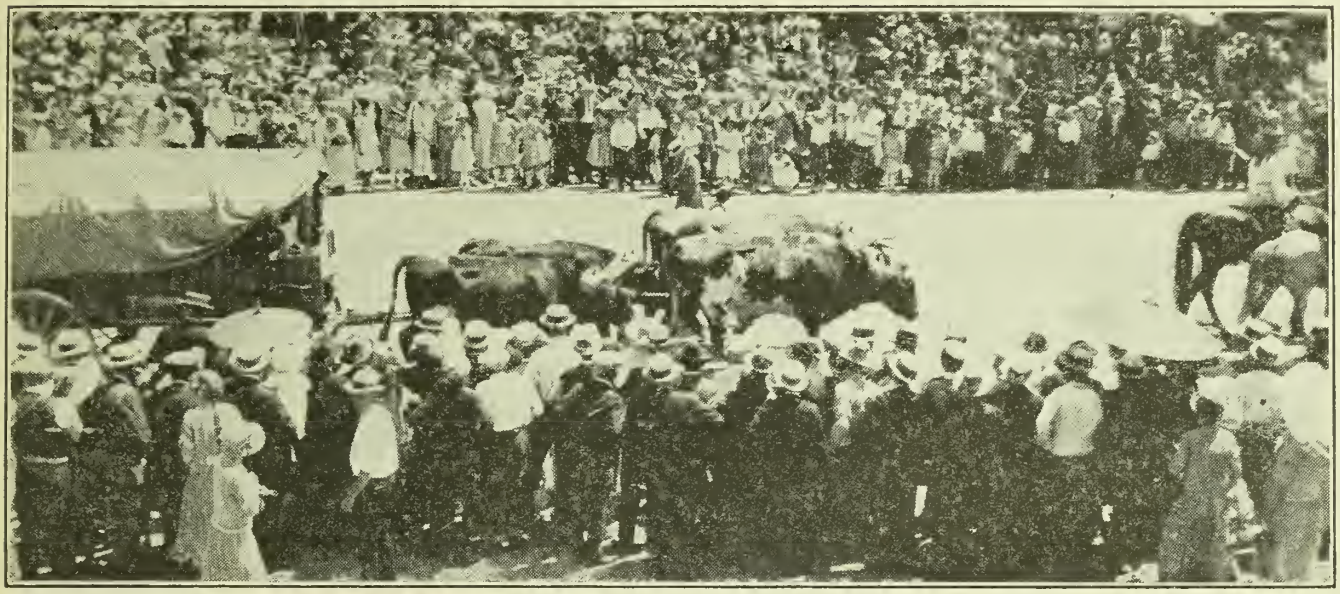
❖ ❖ ❖

When the pastor of an Iowa church announced his text from Thessalonians 2, 3-7, 15-17, a former quarterback snoozing in a back seat roused and excitedly asked for signals over.

❖ ❖ ❖

For the benefit of the many readers who have asked about the disappearance of the wooden Indian who used to stand in front of the cigar store, it can now be announced that he mounted the dapple-gray horse which once graced the sidewalk before the harness shop and rode into the sunset.

Boosting *a* Town's Population 400 Percent *in a* Day



Raising whiskers to match covered wagons was one of the leading industries of Logan, Utah, while Logan Post of The American Legion was preparing for its part in the town's centennial celebration of the discovery of the Cache Valley by Scout Jim Bridger. There were dull days in the barber shops, but when the flotilla of covered wagons drawn by oxen wound through the crowds of tens of thousands of spectators, there were plenty of wild and woolly frontiersmen under their canvas tops. Logan Post advertised its celebration by sending its caravan throughout its State

WHEN a city of ten thousand people puts on a celebration which brings fifty thousand people into town for one or two days, and when the Legion post of the city has an important part in the whole affair, making a huge success of its share and a considerable profit on its activities—then that post, and that city, have succeeded in doing what a large proportion of all cities and all posts in the Legion would like to do.

Each year a large number of posts make the preliminary plans for some big event that will include the whole community and everyone else who can be induced to come to town for the affair. Sometimes it's a rodeo, or a Fourth of July celebration, or an old settlers' homecoming; the main idea is that it is to make the town better known and to add a few much-needed dollars to the post's treasury.

The difference between success and failure in an enterprise of this type lies, of course, in the skill and attention to detail which mark the preliminary planning. It isn't a question of having a genius in the post to do the job. Rather it is a question of taking pains in advance, instead of afterward, in the post treasury.

Logan Post of Logan, Utah, a few months ago went through the experience of playing an important part in a most successful event. The event was Logan's centennial celebration of the discovery of Cache Valley by Scout Jim Bridger.

The Legion post did not do the whole job. But the part it played was at least as large as any post could expect to get to handle in putting on an ordinarily large celebration on its own hook. The Logan celebration was one of the largest celebrations ever held in the West, and the largest ever held in Utah, according to officers of the post.

So an account of just how the post set about its jobs, how it carried them through, the results it got and the lessons it learned of what to do and what not to do next time should have considerable interest to other posts throughout the Legion.

When the local chamber of commerce decided to undertake this large enterprise, it called on the Legion post to assist.

"Will you handle the athletic events, the fireworks display, part of the parade, advertising, and a portion of the general work?" was substantially the request.

And the post answered, "It shall be done."

The first step was to organize a general centennial committee of the post. This general committee comprised the post's regular standing committees under the following heads: Executive finance, athletic, entertainment, public affairs. Each of these committees outlined its plans and budgets and reported all of its activities to the post's publicity committee. The publicity committee, of course, saw that the post's plans for the centennial were not hidden under the bushel of obscurity.

At intervals the general committee met to thresh out difficulties and to coordinate the operations of the subcommittees. Then as special conditions arose which required special kinds of abilities, the general committee selected other committees, composed of individuals who were able to meet the requirements of the particular jobs ahead of them. Each individual was placed where he could serve best, so that no time or energy would be lost.

The athletic committee arranged the contracts with the boxers and wrestlers for the show, and signed up rival baseball teams to fight it out before the centennial visitors. These contracts involved a considerable amount of money. So, of course, the finance committee was called in, and took care of raising the funds for the advance payments and the like.

Incidentally, here is one of the most significant points which came to the attention of Logan Post out of its experience last summer: Unless the finance committee O. K.'s every plan which involves the spending of money, and unless the finance committee knows exactly where it will lay hands on each dollar that is required on each date of its schedule, then there is a rare opportunity for the post to get into trouble. But as long as everything is planned ahead, and scheduled ahead on facts instead of hopes, the money end of the business should run smoothly.

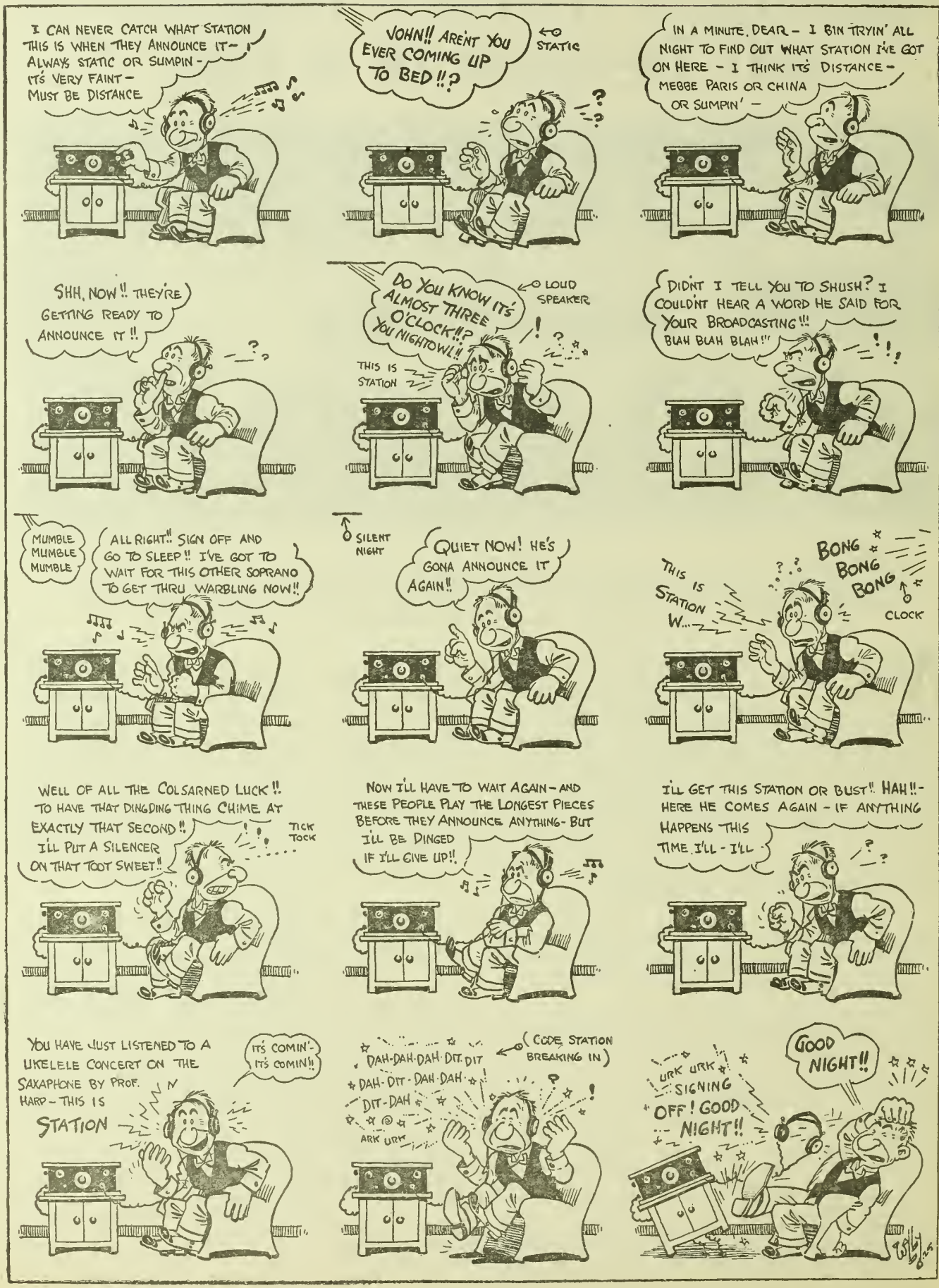
Take the athletic affairs, the wrestling and boxing bill. The expenses which had to be advanced for this totaled $2,100; the post advanced half of this, took half the risk, and therefore received half of the net profits. But as to the athletic events, more later.

The entertainment crew, working in co-operation with the advertising com-

(Continued on page 14)

Last Night on the Air

By Wallgren



A PERSONAL PAGE *by* Frederick Palmer

Mr. Coolidge is showing us how to keep well through President. After President Harding's death there was much talk that the Presidential office had become so onerous that no man could bear the strain. Since entering the White House President Coolidge has gained eight pounds.

The President Gains Weight

He has his official duties so well regularized that he has time for adequate relaxation and exercise. He is making it easy to be President. Circumstances are making the Presidency easy for him. He has the backing of the immense majority by which he was elected; he is master of his party. The Republicans say he created these happy conditions. The Democrats say that they happened, and he is just lucky. Anyhow, it is easier to be President when things are going the President's way than when there are strikes, hard times, war alarms, Congressional insurgency and when the fierce light of bitter criticism beats upon the White House. One thing is certain. Mr. Coolidge does not lose boiler power by making a noise blowing off steam; and that is a good example to everybody.

It is good to have some of your own instead of getting it all from the movies and comic strips. Comes in my mail a flight of fancy from J. L. B. of Wayzata, Minn., as the result of his reading of my whimsical paragraph on how the millions of New Yorkers are condemned to hang on straps in the subway between their home cells and work cells in skyscrapers. J. L. B. was born and raised in New York, but he escaped. He has just paid a visit to the old home town. He noted one effect that I missed in the subway victims "whose existence, like that of the weasel, the rabbit and other animals, depends upon successful entry into a hole when pursued or wanting to get home to their babies." The effect, J. L. B. says, is that "the offspring of parents who have always used the subway are being born with feelers which, as you know, are standard equipment for that which lives in a burrow." I will go J. L. B. one better. Future New Yorkers, with their feelers, will not need any subways at all. They will cling to revolving aerial belts and make elevators unnecessary by shinning up skyscraper walls, human fly fashion, to their work and home cells. What opportunities this would give cartoonist Wallgren! J. L. B. and myself having settled New York's transit problem for Mayor Hylan, both he and we can turn to other things.

A Native New Yorker Solves a Problem

A. A. C. of Los Angeles asks me if I will not please write a paragraph some day on Chuchundra, the rat, of Kipling's story. Why should I? A. A. C. has written it himself, and it is worth reading at Legion Post meetings. It improves on Kipling.

Chuchundra and The Legion Endowment

"Chuchundra lived in a little nest behind a wall and took what came his way without complaint," A. A. C. writes. "A neat little hole gave him access to the great room that the wall embraced. Every night when all was quiet Chuchundra poked his head through the hole and said solemnly to himself:

" 'I'm going out into the very middle of the floor and see what is there. Perhaps I can find something to help my fellow rats.'

"You see he was a good little rat as rats go—a good-hearted little rat.

"Every night he crawled through his hole ready for his venture. Every night his knees trembled and he compromised by saying:

" 'First I will run around the wall, and then I'll go out into the middle.'

"So he ran around the wall, faster each step, hugging the wall closer as he ran. When he got back to the hole, he ducked in. Perhaps he was a bit ashamed, for always he said to himself, 'Tomorrow night . . .'

"But he never got to the middle of the floor. Chuchundra is hurting the Legion. He is holding it back. There are too many of him in every post. But I have always felt there was hope for him. Potentially he is all right. Right now he is a drag. If he would only try once."

And A. A. C. concludes:

"You tell 'em, Frederick Palmer. You know how."

A. A. C. knows how better than I. He has told them in that graphic parable. But I'll keep on trying to live up to his spirit. We all have to go out in the middle. Sometimes when one man takes the lead and he comes back the worse for a lone fight the others say, "I told you so," and laugh at him. He failed because the others did not back him up. There are many things we have to go out in the middle for, all of the things worth while. That is how we won the war. The thing to go out for now, all of us, and right into the very middle is to make the Endowment Fund a success.

And, first you have to show the public that you are ready to give your share to that Endowment Fund, or you are a Chuchundra. Then you have to realize how busy is the average human being who makes up the public and that you have to "tell" him about what you may know very well and he hardly knows at all.

How to Make It Go Over Big

He (or she) may think that adjusted compensation took care of the whole after-war problem. He sees well ex-service men at work. He does not see the disabled ones. Tell him about them.

Find out if he has any children. If he has, ask him how much of his thought and labor are occupied in making sure of their future. Then ask him how he would feel if he knew that he were to be dead within the next month and his children were to be robbed of care, schooling and a fair chance.

Having got his attention in this personal and concrete way tell him that there are such orphans whose fathers gave their lives, or were disabled for life, for the security and prosperity of all the parents and the children in the land.

Once the object of the fund is made clear to him, man to man, a thrill of patriotism, of pride, of gratitude and of human kinship should send his hand into his pocket.

The Endowment will go over big if we go out in the middle for it, but not if we whisper at the edge of our holes Chuchundra fashion. Do not wait until "tomorrow night" to go out into the middle. Go now!

New York's Favorites

Jazzy Fox Trots

Doodle Doo Doo — *My Best Girl*
Oh Mabel — *Where is My Sweetie Hiding*
I Wonder What's Become of Sally
I Want To Be Happy — *Too Tired*

Vocal Hits

Charlie My Boy — *Follow the Swallow*
Put Away a Little Ray of Golden Sunshine
Go Long Mule — *How Do You Do*

Dreamy Waltzes

Dreamer of Dreams — *Honest and Truly*
All Alone — *Pal That I Love*

Here they are! The 16 song and dance successes of the hour! All New York is humming, whistling and dancing to these pieces. We offer you—*all 16 of them*—for only $2.98 on *eight 10-inch, double-faced guaranteed records.* Play them on any phonograph. Each record beautifully rendered by famous orchestras.

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ADDRESS .....

Uncle Sam Is Dry Cleaning the Atlantic Ocean

(Continued from page 5)

ship. There was a moment of expectancy as they came alongside—perhaps there would be resistance. Apparently not. The name of the captured ship could be easily made out—*J. Duffy,* Le Havre, Nova Scotia.

"Don't know whether she has anything on board but we've seen her out on the row," the skipper of the *Downes* commented. "We'll take her in for running without lights, anyway." For an hour we followed the prize, occasionally picking her up with our searchlight. A signal light began flashing from the position of the *Duffy* across the waters. Dots and dashes blinked in rapid succession. Some prize! Oh, boy! The good word is that the *J. Duffy* has 2,800 cases of whiskey and wine and 150 barrels of whiskey. Just before dawn the mainsail was dropped and we came alongside to pass a towline to bring in our trophy at stern.

At daybreak we were safe in New London harbor. In the gig of the *Downes* I visited the prize with breakfast for the prize crew. They turned up their noses at the unappetizing bologna sandwiches and went forward where the cook of the rumship busied himself to serve them breakfast with apparent good will. I had expected to find a desperate, evil-looking crew. The skipper was a capable, clean six-footer from Newfoundland, the mate a short, soft-spoken Nova Scotian, the supercargo a handsome youth speaking Brooklynese, though claiming Canada as his home. The forecastle was as prim as a New England pantry, with a puppy and kitten the pets of the crew. Aft the officers were comfortably fixed with an elaborate radio set with loud speaker, cribbage board and cards, Corona cigars and several empty whiskey bottles.

The skipper's defense was that he was in distress. They had cleared from Havana on December 2d and had had the devil's own time, what with head winds and fog and a broken-down motor. The drinking water had turned salty and they were putting in to New York for fresh water on their way to Canada. Now a jury might believe that a skipper en route to Canada might have sailed three hundred miles or more out of his way to get fresh water—liquor juries are noted for straining credulity to the breaking point. But where the rumship skipper made a notable error was in insisting that he had been since December 2d beating his way up from Havana. For in the log-book of the *Downes* was written in black and white under date of December 12th: "Schooner *J. Duffy* of Le Havre coming into position" at a certain latitude and longitude off Montauk Point."

But the cruelest blow to the thirsty who still believed that a Santa Claus in flowing boots would not fail them was struck on Christmas Eve. On December 24th a vigilant Coast Guard cutter apprehended a speed boat loading a liquor cargo alongside a British schooner. It was a speedy speedboat, capable of traveling better than thirty miles an hour.

The British schooner was twenty miles or more distant from United States territory, which certainly is well beyond the much-discussed twelve mile limit. But the twelve-mile limit, curiously enough, is in practice only a trade term. In the liquor treaty between Great Britain and the United States it is provided that when a ship of British registry sells contraband to a craft "within an hour's run" of shore the craft making such a sale may be seized. So the twelve-mile limit is elastic enough to stretch to twenty-four or even thirty-six miles from shore. It all depends on the speed of the boat which is to make the dash for land. The twelve-mile limit is thus highly flexible, a measurement of time and speed rather than of fixed distance.

The skipper of the Coast Guard cutter wired to Washington for instructions. The reply was to seize the supply ship. The radio message was intercepted and the Britisher took to her heels. Followed an exciting forty-mile chase in which the fleeing ship was a target for a bombardment of twelve shots from deck one-pounders. The cutter towed in her trophy, banner prize of the season—six thousand cases of whiskey and wines.

These were merely incidents of the pre-holiday campaign. This dry blockade of the Atlantic Coast is now in its sixth month. A rum-runner told me that the game was getting tougher all the time. His statement is readily substantiated by a visit to the Coast Guard bases at Boston and New London and the barge office at New York. Schooners, steamers, tugs and speedboats clutter the wharves—smuggler prizes. When the cases are disposed of in court these craft must be auctioned off. They find their way back into the contraband traffic, the auction price being recovered in one trip. For instance, the tug *Underwriter,* tied up alongside the state pier in New London, has four times been captured by the Coast Guard fleet—three times it was released on a legal technicality under the Tariff Act. So long as these craft are disposed of at auction to return to merely interrupted trade, the campaign resolves itself into an endless cycle—capture, conviction, return to business and capture again. The Coast Guard is now seeking authority to destroy the captured craft after conviction.

Liquor seized is turned over to the customs authorities for disposal. Unless warehouses are raided by hi-jackers, as has happened, it must be admitted, the liquor is in Government custody. But the actual seizure of liquor is only a part of the effectiveness of the Coast Guard campaign. Thousands of cases of liquor are thrown away by rum-runners when capture is imminent or to evade capture. Much is jettisoned to leave the Coast Guard without evidence for conviction. Other quantities are heaved over the side from speed-boats to lighten the load and to increase speed so that they may get away from pursuers. Some of the discarded cases float for days, and after every storm at sea coastlines

are strewn with cases and cans of various alcoholic beverages, intact. But beachcombing for bottles is not so profitable as it might be because the land stations of the Coast Guard constantly patrol the beaches, and whenever possible destroy Neptune's rare gifts with an axe.

This new and increased activity of the United States Coast Guard has earned for it the undesirable public appellation of "the Dry Navy." To say that the Coast Guard is resentful of such references is to state mildly a notorious fact, for the United States Coast Guard has one of the proudest traditions of service of any government bureau. It has participated with honor in every naval engagement since 1790. Its peacetime service is not less inspiring—rescuing lives and shipping, destroying derelicts and icebergs, protecting the nation's coasts far into the Bering and Arctic Seas. And the original Dry Navy did not have a distinguished record exactly. The first and only Dry Navy of the United States was composed of prohibition agents traveling in converted submarine chasers. Its brief history was inglorious. Some idea of what I mean may be gained from the fact that a Coast Guard rum prize of recent date was commanded by a former captain in the Dry Navy.

Until the first of last July three government agencies were responsible for preventing liquor smuggling—the Dry Navy of the prohibition enforcement forces, the marine patrol of the Customs Department, and the Coast Guard. Because of pressure of other duties the latter organization could spare only three cutters for the prevention of rum-smuggling—large, leisurely craft designed to aid honest merchantmen in distress and to supplement the Navy in time of war, not to overtake fast speedboats traveling in darkness or through shallow waters where they could not be followed.

The net result of the activities of these three branches was negligible. Although an occasional capture was made, compared to the volume of liquor successfully smuggled in it was wholly inconsequential.

When the Coast Guard was chosen to make the dry blockade effective it was without misgivings about the magnitude of the task. A special fleet was planned to cost $12,000,000. Congress gave the money at the request of President Coolidge. When completed this law-enforcement division will consist of twenty converted naval destroyers, two mine sweepers, a number of patrol boats 75 and 100 feet overall, watchdogs on Rum Row, and many small speedboats, pickets for guarding the coast line. The larger craft are manned by the marine division of the Guard, while the smaller boats are operated by crews of the land Coast Guard stations. It is not permissible to state how many of these craft are now in commission, but it may be said that the campaign is just getting under way. It may be a year before all the cutters are available for their regular fixed duties.

The coast is divided into divisions and sections for purposes of administration and each unit is commanded by a veteran Coast Guard officer. Here is a navy complete in itself with its own intelligence system, its constantly shifting school of tactics and strategy, and a communication system that is the last word in radio. Almost a million dollars is being spent so that various craft commanders may talk at will with other vessels of the fleet and land stations.

When the campaign was ready to be launched Rear Admiral Frederick C. Billard, commandant of the Coast Guard, and his aide, Lieutenant Commander Yeandle, arranged a clever trap for the rummies to fall into. The Coast Guard officer selected to execute the idea was Lieutenant Commander Fletcher Brown, who incidentally was one of the outstanding naval heroes of the World War. Disguised as a rum-runner and provided with a sea-sled, Brown spent weeks hobnobbing with the skippers on Rum Row and with rum-runners operating from sequestered shore bases. He was even arrested by the Coast Guard at one period of his operations. But he learned the profession of rum-running in all its phases—minor strategy, major tactics—and had his identity been disclosed Mrs. Brown would have found herself possessed of a valid insurance policy in place of a husband. When the moment arrived Brown acted. Several unfortunate skippers were placed under arrest and their ships and cargoes seized as prizes. The schooner *Mary Bachman* is a prize in Boston, the *Over the Top* at New London.

It is no mimic war, this dry blockade. The roar of five and three-inch rifles, the bark of one-pounders and the rattle of machine guns reverberate up and down the Coast. A chase is an exciting event with the rum-runners not infrequently making their escape in the darkness. As I stood on the dock at New London waiting to embark on the *Downes* a speedy yacht raced out the harbor. A short distance away the destroyer *Jouett* stopped her. The ship's papers were not in order. The cabin of the yacht was heavily armored, a slide was found in the hold to facilitate loading. Yet the Coast Guard was obliged to turn the craft free after collecting a modest fine. It merely kept the yacht from rum-running for a few days.

The land Coast Guard stations at Sandy Hook, Rockaway Inlet, Jones Inlet and Fire Inlet close to New York frequently engage in running gun fights with rum-runners. Always the defense of such captured ships is that they thought the Coast Guardsmen were hi-jackers. And that is a peculiar feature of this dry blockade. A hi-jacker on the seas is nothing more or less than a pirate. Yet in practise he is an effective ally of the Coast Guard. It is analogous to a burglar being an ally to a policeman.

A member of the crew of the prize *Acadien* related to me the story of the hi-jacking of the Canadian converted government lightship *Red Island*, on which he was a seaman. Six hi-jackers disarmed and overawed the crew of fourteen and held them prisoners for six days while they leisurely made away with 2,800 cases of whiskey. Hi-jacking is on the increase and the Coast Guard has not adopted a policy toward the breed as this is written. An important member of the rum-running profession told me that between the Coast Guard, hi-jackers on land and

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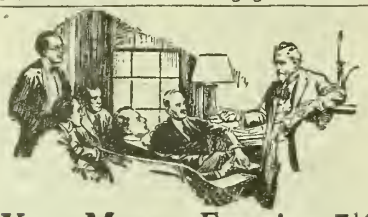

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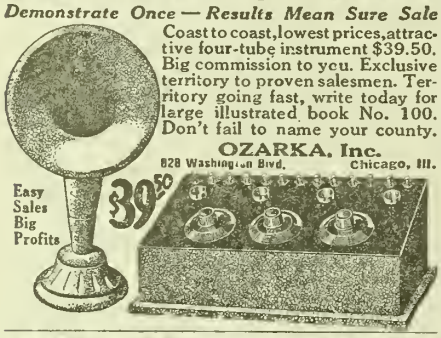

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sea, and police activities, the rummies now figure on losing at least one cargo out of six.

The paradox of the pirate ally to the Coast Guard finds a logical sequence in the allies of the rum-runners. Local protection on land frequently may be bought and paid for, but beyond this the Government provides allies, both nationally and locally, to the rum-runners. There are ports on the coast where the Coast Guardsmen will never take a prize because of the known hostility of Federal prosecutors or commissioners to the eighteenth amendment. Armored speedboats are licensed as yachts. The farce is completed in legal technicalities and modest fines that may be made up in one successful smuggling expedition.

Half the craft used in rum-running six months ago have been discarded. Speed is the demand of the moment. Cabins are being armored to make the pilots immune from gunfire. Thousands of dollars are being spent for new and speedier craft. When it is considered that the average profit on a single cargo of contraband is now estimated at $3,000 the financing of the new craft does not present a problem. A rum-runner off the Massachusetts coast has just invested $33,000 in a new craft with a guaranteed speed of forty miles an hour. He is reported to have placed a duplicate order at the same time. He will not endanger capture of this craft by landing his cargo on shore. It is his plan to run his new ship close to shore and transfer the cargo to smaller boats. Always must he be near the open sea ready to take to his heels. His factor of safety is his superior speed.

Two other phases of strategy may be cited, as employed off the New Jersey coast. A rum-runner who formerly carried four hundred cases of liquor on a single trip now carries but one hundred. He can make better speed and instead of having a full hold, difficult to unload if pressed, the smaller cargo, secured on deck, may be dumped abruptly by means of a mechanical arrangement similar to a tip-cart. Then there is no evidence. The other scheme is known as the "will o' the wisp." When the rum-runner is sighted by a Coast Guard craft he switches on a stern light. However, he keeps on traveling at full speed until a warning shot falls across his bow. The stern light is then extinguished and a light of the same candle-power operated by a battery is switched on attached to a buoy. The decoy is dropped over the side for the Coast Guard to capture while the rumcraft seeks safety in some other direction.

On the other hand I was told by a rum-runner with earnest conviction that "so long as there is a booze boat on Rum Row there will be runners ready to take a chance on getting a cargo to shore."

After two months' study of the problem at first hand on various ships of the blockading fleet, with an opportunity to observe the spirit with which the Coast Guard has tackled the job, working tirelessly night and day, and mingling with high and low in the rum-running profession, the conclusion is forced that Rum Row as an institution is doomed by the end of 1925. Mark you, I do not say that the Eastern coast of the United States is going dry. There is no question that when the coast is blockaded against liquor smuggling that moonshining, home distilling and rum-running on the Canadian border will increase in exact proportion to the decline in surreptitious importations. But the Coast Guard, being singularly free from political influence, with a challenge to the corps involved, will complete its task. This does not solve the prohibition problem. It merely causes it to revert to its former status before rum-running on the high seas became a lark.

Boosting a Town's Population 400 Percent in a Day

(Continued from page 9)

mittee, arranged the dances and the fireworks display. They too, of course, were guided by the ever-present finance officers.

One important duty which was not overlooked—as it is too often overlooked by posts, whether or not it is their own celebration—was that of the decoration committee. The post's decoration committee subdivided the city, and each individual member inspected the section assigned to him. If any of the decorations were contrary to flag etiquette, the merchants and other citizens at fault were requested to correct the mistake. Thus the day of the celebration saw that rare sight, a city decorated with practically no violations of the flag code, something that should stir the soul of any Legionnaire.

To draw people to the celebration an unusual method was used; it is so simple that it is strange it is not regularly used. Of course the ordinary circulars were sent to every town in Utah, and to parts of the surrounding States. And personal letters were dispatched to all former residents who could possibly be reached. They were urged, in these letters, to attend as guests of the city on home-coming day. The response to these letters was surprisingly large. People had merely to know about it to come.

The unusual method, however, was the forming of an automobile and covered wagon caravan which toured through the largest towns and cities of the State. All told, three or four hundred Loganites made this trip. There were the Legion fife and drum corps, pioneers in old time costume, whiskerites who were loyal fellows who let their beards grow in fantastic shapes to help give the town the flavor of a hundred years before; and finally there was a bevy of the city's most charming girls, wearing hoopskirts and the other paraphernalia which constituted a conventional dress-up costume in 1824.

Throughout the caravan trip, throughout the parade (which was the largest ever held in that part of the country) and at the dozens of dances which were given during the celebra-

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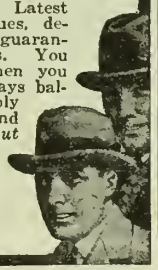

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tion, the fife and drum corps of the post ably advertised The American Legion. "We shall reap the benefit from that in 1925," prophesied one of Logan Post's most active members.

The Legion built a large outdoor arena to accommodate 3,500 spectators. Approximately this number used the arena to witness the boxing and wrestling events, and the fireworks display, "Battle of the Argonne."

By the request of the chamber of commerce the Legion post handled the athletics, and by their hearty approval the post participated in the financial rewards. And the chamber of com-

PATRIOTIC QUIZ NO. 9

1. What States of the Union were named for persons?

2. Who said: "I know of no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effectual as their strict construction"?

3. What was a "galvanized soldier"?

4. What famous American artist was expelled from West Point in the third year of his service as a cadet?

5. What patriotic song was written at the request of a professional actor in the hope that it might produce a full house at a performance given in his benefit?

Answers next week.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S QUIZ

1. The words, "There never was a good war or a bad peace," were written by Benjamin Franklin in a letter to Josiah Quincy of Boston on September 11, 1773.

2. Joseph Bonaparte, whom his brother had created king of Spain, fled to the United States following the battle of Waterloo in 1815 and sought refuge in New Jersey. He remained in America until 1841, when he returned to Europe, dying in Italy three years later.

3. James Monroe, re-elected to the Presidency in 1820, received 231 of the 232 electoral votes polled, a New Hampshire elector voting for John Quincy Adams on the ground that it was due Washington's memory that no other President should be elected unanimously.

4. Edgar Allan Poe published his first book, "Tamerlane and Other Poems, by a Bostonian," in 1827, while he was serving as a private in the United States Army under the name of Edgar A. Perry.

5. "Repairing fences" in a political sense originated with a remark by John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury, during a visit to his farm in Mansfield, Ohio, in the spring of 1879. When reporters asked him why he had returned home he said: "I came purely on private business—to repair my fences and look after neglected property." The reporters, says Mr. Sherman in his Recollections, "seized on the reference to the fences, and it became a byword, used of every politician strengthening his political position by 'mending his fences'."

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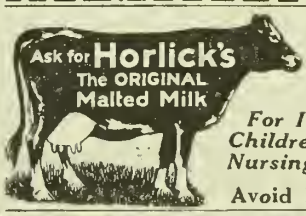

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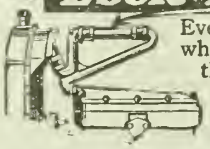

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merce gave the post the dance concession, in recognition of the unflagging efforts of the organization for the success of the celebration as a whole.

As a result, the post made money from athletics and dances during the celebration and built itself a volume of good-will in the town and State.

Now what are the lessons which Logan Post learned from its share in the centennial celebration of its town—a share which, as has already been pointed out, was quite as large as most posts are likely to have in putting on a whole celebration of their own? For arranging for a crowd of 50,000 is a real job.

Summed up, the lessons which the post learned are briefly these:

1. Organize completely for the job, with the work subdivided and a general committee over the whole job.

2. Let the finance committee of the post approve every step which involves the expenditure of more than a dollar or two. This guards against mistakes and against a lack of financial coordination which may later lead to embarrassment of hefty proportions.

3. Watch the town's decorations to avoid violations of flag etiquette.

4. Use all the usual, tried and tested plans for attracting people to town. But don't overlook novelty plans like the caravan, which will get lots of publicity and draw people directly.

5. Keep the Legion in the foreground as much as possible without detracting from the enjoyment of the visitors. Try to present the Legion so that it will hold their interest as well as earn their respect.

6. Give a good program throughout, but don't waste money by giving too big money's worth for a small admission. Better split it up and get two admissions.

7. Arrange in advance with the chamber of commerce to stop any profiteering the minute it appears.

8. Don't overlook any stunts which folks will enjoy which will make money for the post and which are reputable and in keeping with the dignity of The American Legion as an organization of the community.

They Just Can't Keep His Feet on the Ground

(Continued from page 7)

That hospital, though, nearly took the heart out of me for the doctors there kept telling me I was all right.

"Then the Red Cross became interested in my case and told me to continue my efforts. It was tough, but I was married, and I had to do something. Eventually the Red Cross sent me to the Veterans Bureau office in Cleveland and from that time on things began to look up. The doctor who had treated me in Plattsburg was a Cleveland man and he worked so hard over me that I recovered. The Bureau secured my back pay from Washington, and found me a job. I had to give that up after a while, and the Bureau found another one for me, in an insurance office.

"And from there I went into the office of a big steel corporation as claims adjuster, where I am now. And I'm feeling better right along."

"I'm glad I kept on plugging, for I've learned that it pays," Bliss says. "For if a man does his eight hours a day he's bound to get somewhere even if he does nothing else but fish. You can't expect to learn a trade by getting down to work at ten o'clock and knocking off at noon, then staying away the next three days. Your employer doesn't want to be too hard on you, but after all, he isn't in business for fun.

"That's all there is to this coming back stuff. Make up your mind to get there."

Anatole France and the A. E. F.

(Continued from page 6)

to make profits for such savages. For, mind you, they will be the conquerors in the end. They will impose a peace composed of the Biblical and Kantian ravings of Mr. Wilson, pounded out on his typeyriter. It almost makes one die laughing. In one hand, a Bible; in the other, a sample of cotton—a mixture which stinks of Puritanism and mercantilism. . . . This man Wilson knows nothing of Europe, nothing of its history, and he will attempt to distribute justice by the milligram. These Protestants are terrible; they mix money with Bible texts, and the result is odious. I have a profound horror of that crowd; they never do anything but evil."

But all this must be taken with a grain of salt, perhaps three and four. Does it represent the opinion of M. France? We never will know. He had a reputation to maintain, both as scoffer and anti-militarist. His past required him to be cynical, original, iconoclastic. He had to disagree with the mob, even if the mob was sometimes right. And, at the moment the foregoing opinions were uttered, the French public was hailing the American doughboy as the savior of France. Cantigny, Château-Thierry and St. Mihiel had bene fought. The Armistice was approaching. Consequently, to emphasize his singularity and independence, M. France may have intentionally made these disparaging remarks about the A. E. F. soldiers who overflowed his villa and bothered his leisure hours at the Librarie Tridon, his favorite bookstore in Tours.

But despite his cynical criticism of the A. E. F. soldier, despite his bitter scoffing at the motives which prompted America's entry into the war, M. France realized the inestimable service which United States troops rendered to France. M. le Goff expresses it in eight words: "M. France attribuait nos succès aux renforts américains. (M. France attributed our success to the American reinforcements.)" And in this simple phrase M. le Goff practically demolishes all the unkind adjectives which M. France had previously hurled at the American soldier.

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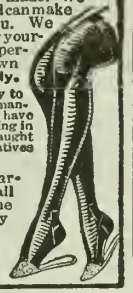

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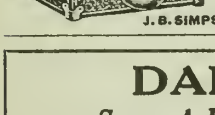

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American Legion Weekly Indianapolis, Indiana

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.

ERNEST BARROW, *Frank Allen Wilcox Post, Fall River, Mass.* D. Jan. 4, aged 32. Served with Q. M. C., Camp Devens, Mass.

C. L. BRIMI, *Gordon Lindgren Post, Cooperstown, N. D.* D. Jan. 19, aged 48. 1st Lieut., M. C., 352d Inf.

T. M. CALLADINE, *John J. Welch Post, Niagara Falls, N. Y.* D. Jan. 27, aged 35. Capt. M. C., 50th Inf. and Base Hospital, Coblenz.

CHARLES F. CAVANAUGH, *Homestake Post, Lead, N. D.* D. Dec. 5. In Chemical Warfare Service, Washington, D. C.

HAROLD B. CHRISTY, *Wood River (Ill.) Post.* Killed in motorcycle accident, Feb. 1, aged 28. Served in Hd. Co., 124th F. A.

HAROLD A. DAVIS, *Homer White Post, Hiawatha, Kas.* D. Dec. 26, aged 32. Served with Co. B, 341st M. G. Bn.

FLOYD H. EASTMAN, *Hiram G. Luhman Post, Oakfield, N. Y.* D. Jan. 4. Served with Co. L, 1st Replacement Bn.

GEORGE HOLDER, *Patchogue (N. Y.) Post.* D. Jan. 20, aged 26. Served with Co. A, 337th Inf.

ROBERT HOWLETT, *George Washington Post, Washington, D. C.* D. Jan. 21, aged 52. Capt. Signal Corps and in Air Service.

ALBERT C. LANG, *John J. Welch Post, Niagara Falls, N. Y.* D. Nov. 4.

CHARLES MESETH, *Lawrence (Mass.) Post.* D. Feb. 1. Served with 36th Inf.

RALPH E. NEIDHARDT, *Harry J. Reynolds Post, Spencerville, O.* D. Sept. 24. 1st Lieut., Co. G, 146th Inf., 37th Div.

HARRY O. NOEL, *John Joda Post, Fairbury, Ill.* D. Jan. 28 at Veterans Bureau Hospital, Milwaukee, Wis., aged 32. Served in A. E. F.

OSCAR P. NILSON, *Henry H. Houston 2d Post, Philadelphia, Pa.* D. Jan. 24, aged 28. Quartermaster, Naval Aviation, Norfolk, Va., Naval Base.

OWEN F. REARDON, *Lawrence (Mass.) Post,* D. Feb. 2. Served with Co. A, 1st Pioneer Inf.

FRED J. RUHFEL, *Naval Post of Chicago, Ill.* D. Jan. 8. Served in U. S. N. R. F.

HOWARD G. SEEMS, *Hudson (N. Y.) Post.* Killed in auto accident, Jan. 27, aged 28. Served at Camp Devens, Mass.

CHARLES A. SMITH, *William F. Grimeson Post, Newark, N. J.* D. Jan. 4. Served with R. R. & C. Co., 2d Army.

WILLIAM N. WILLIAMS, *George Washington Post, Washington, D. C.* D. Jan. 12, aged 88. Served as 1st Lieut., Q. M. C.

GEORGE M. WILLIAMSON, *Huntingdon (Pa.) Post.* D. Sept. 19. Colonel, Q. M. C., A. E. F.

MERTON B. WISE, *Winona (Minn.) Post.* D. Jan. 31 at St. Joseph's Hospital, Phoenix, Ariz., aged 31. Served in F. A.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

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

FIELD HOSPITAL 134—Sixth annual reunion at Northwestern Hotel, Des Moines, Ia., Feb. 21 at 7 p. m.

WEST POINTERS—Reunion of graduates and former cadets of United States Military Academy at Kansas City, Mo., March 21. Address Col. Lytle Brown, Corps of Engineers, Ft. Leavenworth, Kas.

FIFTH DIV.—Ex-members of this division write Frank F. Barth, 2542 East 76th St., Chicago, Ill., for data on proposed reunion.

BASE HOSPITAL 10—Former members write Florence E. Wagner, Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., for data on reunion to be held in May.

FIELD HOSPITAL 12—Former members write E. J. Gill, 519½ Fourth St., Columbus, Ind.

306TH AMB. CO. (77TH DIV.)—Former members of this outfit interested in proposed reunion in spring, address Phil. O'Brien, 530 Eleventh St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LEGION RADIO

Male quartet of American Legion band of Wichita, Kas., will broadcast from Station WDAF, the Kansas City Star, (414 meters) evening of Feb. 20.

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Bursts *and* Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Ill Wind

A couple of darkies were discussing an accident to a mutual friend.

"Suttinly am too bad Jefferson lost his laigs when de en-gine come aloug," sighed Sam.

"Mought be wuss," consoled the other. "Jeff had pow'ful bad rheumatism iu dem laigs."

Where They Get That Stuff

"I haven't a thing to wear," protested Eve, immediately after the fall.

Reassurance

"I wish you could assure me," said a nervous old lady, approaching the captain of an excursion boat, "that this vessel would be able to come safely through a storm."

"Lady," proudly asserted the grizzled skipper, "this old craft has come safe through so many storms that half her timbers is unj'inted."

Reason Enough

"Why rob Peter to pay Paul?"

"Because Paul's taking boxing lessons."

Travel Directions

"Will you let me know, please," asked the nervous old lady of the conductor, "when we come to Decatur?"

"But you want to get off at Illiopolis, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed. But I'm to recognize Illiopolis because it's the first town this side of Decatur."

Who Would?

"See here!" remonstrated the boss sternly. "Smith's office boy doesn't go about his work humming and whistling."

"You betcher life he don't," cheerfully assented the tough kid. "He's th' rottenest crap shooter in th' buildin'."

The Arctic Regions

A young Georgian, touring the country, was stranded in Indianapolis on a cold winter day.

"Say," he demanded of a stranger, "how far is it to the North Pole?"

"Oh, a few thousand miles, I guess," was the reply.

"What damn liars these Yankees are," muttered the Cracker as he moved off.

Modern Variation

Co: "Who was that lady I heard you talking with in your room?"

Ed: "That wasn't no lady; that was my radio."

Aggravated Circumstances

Phillips and his wife had always been reputed to be the happiest of married couples, so when Mrs. Jones heard that her friend was suing for divorce she was astonished.

"You say his chief fault is his absent-mindedness?" she asked Mrs. Phillips. "You should try and endure that, dear."

"I did as long as possible," replied the latter. "But when he shook down the player piano and threw a music roll into the furnace, that was going too far."

Still Hunting Seam Squirrels

[*From the Rochester(N. Y.)Times-Union*]

A shirt entertainment, with refreshments, will precede. . . .

The Fiend!

"That ambulance driver is the meanest man in the world!" suorted Willis in indignation.

"How so?" asked Nillis.

"He had a punctured tire the other day and made his passengers pump it up before he would take them to the hospital."

"Hey, lay off. This train's goin' slow enough without pullin' you over the ties."

In the Name of Art

"I don't believe that guy can sing a cantata," remarked the lowbrow music manager.

"Oh, I don't imagine he can sing an iota," said the highbrow.

The other considered a moment.

"Well, mebbe not," he agreed, "we gotta keep him to solos then."

Same Old Thing

Doolittle was unquestionably the kindest-hearted man in town. Also the laziest.

"Dearie," he told his wife, "when I pass away, I shall leave everything to you."

"That's what you've been doing ever since we married," she snapped back.

Must Have Squealed on Them

[*Headline in Newark (Ohio) Advocate*]

Thieves Kill Pig and Flee.

He Who Gets Slapped

I saw a flapper flapping,
Oh, so enticingly!
I got an awful slapping—
She hadn't flapped for me!

—*D. D.*

Discouraging

It suddenly occurred to the small Boy Scout that he had neglected to perform his daily good deed. He approached the infirm old lady on the corner.

"May I accompany you across this busy street, ma'am?" he asked.

"Why, of course you may, you poor little fellow," she beamed. "How long have you been waiting for somebody to take you across?"

Code System

"I am a woman of few words," announced the haughty mistress to the new maid. "If I beckon with my finger, that means, 'Come.'"

"Suits me, mum," replied the girl cheerfully. "I'm a woman of few words, too. If I shake me head, that means, 'I ain't comin'.'"

In Course of Construction

"How nearly ready is my wife for the theater?" called Mr. Kriss from downstairs.

"It won't be long now, sir," answered the voice of the maid. "The scaffolding is about finished."

Hard Labor

Ethel: "So Dick presented you with that spleudid eugagement ring?"

Clara: "Presented nothing—I earned it!"

Only an Amateur

Gloomily the man in the Public Library stood staring at the volumes of the encyclopedia—from AUS, down through BIS and CHA, clear to ZYM.

"Guess I've got a lot to learn," he muttered. "I never get any of those stations on my set."

She's a Jazz Baby

The doctor was peremptory about it.

"You've got to quit the fast life," he ordered. "You can't stand the pace."

"I know it, doc," agreed the pale patient. "Would you advise me getting a divorce and settling down?"

Over His Head

"Your wife uses faultless English, old chap."

"Yes, I know. She generally has me guessing, too."

Country School Clipping

[*This composition turned in to a teacher by children in a rural school has not been altered.*]

THE SEASONS

Spring is kinda pretty allright when it aint too cold and it rains a lots in Spring. Flouers gets buds on them.

In summer it is lots of fun thresshing only the sun gets too hot ou your head and you swect too much and it don't rain at all hardly.

In autumn is good time in woods to get nuts and leave from trees all fall down in your yard and you burn all the time.

Winter is a good time. There is lots of iee and snow and there is skating and sliding and throwing snowball fights and eating icicles and you dont get cold outside like you do in house when you sit and study and then you must get coal and wood so fire don't go out so you keep warm.

Amazing Magazine Bargains

The publishers of various magazines were so well pleased with the amount of business contributed by Legionnaires thru the Legion Subscription Service that they have agreed to extend the last chance bargain period until April 1st. Legionnaires may place their orders at great reductions in price thru the Legion Subscription Service. Select the magazines you want and mail your order today. Subscriptions may be new, renewals or extensions.

A Few of the Best Clubs

American Magazine*	$2.50	$3.25
Woman's Home Companion	1.50	
		Save $0.75
American Magazine*	$2.50	$3.75
Collier's, The National Weekly	2.00	
		Save $0.75
Woman's Home Companion*	$1.50	$3.00
Collier's, The National Weekly	2.00	
		Save $0.50
The Saturday Evening Post	$2.00	$3.00
The Ladies' Home Journal	1.00	
Modern Priscilla	$2.00	$2.75
People's Home Journal	1.00	
McCall's Magazine	1.00	
		Save $1.25
Harper's Magazine	$4.00	$6.75
St. Nicholas	4.00	
		Save $1.25
Harper's Magazine	$4.00	$7.00
World's Work	4.00	
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Cosmopolitan*	$3.00	$5.25
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American Magazine	2.50	
Good Housekeeping	3.00	
		Save $0.75

*Publishers require that magazines in this club must go to one address.

POPULAR CLUB OFFERS

Cosmopolitan (1 Year $3.00, 2 Years 4.50)

	Regular Price	Our Price
with American and Woman's Home Companion*	$7.00	$6.25
with Collier's, The National Weekly	5.00	4.75
with Delineator	5.00	4.50
with Good Housekeeping*	6.00	5.25

American Magazine (1 Year $2.50, 2 Years 4.00)

with Collier's, The National Weekly*	$4.50	$3.75
with Cosmopolitan and Good Housekeeping*	8.50	7.75
with Harper's Magazine	6.50	6.00
with Red Book Magazine	5.50	5.00
with Woman's Home Companion*	4.00	3.25
with Woman's Home Companion and Collier's, The National Weekly*	6.00	5.00
with Woman's Home Companion and Mentor*	8.00	6.75

Good Housekeeping (1 Year $3.00, 2 Years 4.50)

with American Magazine	$5.50	$5.00
with American and Woman's Home Companion*	7.00	6.25
with Child Life	6.00	5.50
with Collier's, The National Weekly	5.00	4.75
with Cosmopolitan*	6.00	5.25

Collier's (The National Weekly)

(1 Year $2.00 2 Years $3.50)

with American Magazine*	$4.50	$3.75
with American Magazine and Woman's Home Companion*	6.00	5.00
with Cosmopolitan	5.00	4.75
with Good Housekeeping	5.00	4.75
with Mentor*	6.00	5.25
with Popular Science Monthly	4.50	4.25
with Red Book Magazine	5.00	4.25
with Woman's Home Companion*	3.50	3.00
with Woman's Home Companion and Harper's Magazine*	7.50	6.50

World's Work (1 Year $4.00, 2 Years 6.00)

with American Magazine	$6.50	$6.00
with Collier's, The National Weekly	6.00	5.25
with Good Housekeeping	7.00	6.50
with Harper's Magazine	8.00	7.00
with Mentor	8.00	7.00
with Radio Broadcast	8.00	6.00
with Woman's Home Companion	5.50	5.00

Photo Play (1 Year $2.50)

	Regular Price	Our Price
with American Magazine and Woman's Home Companion*	$6.50	$5.50
with Red Book Magazine	5.50	4.75
with True Story	5.00	4.50

McCall's Magazine (1 Year $1.00, 2 Years 1.50)

with American Magazine and Woman's Home Companion*	$5.00	$4.25
with Collier's, The National Weekly	3.00	2.75
with Child Life	4.00	3.50
with Modern Priscilla	3.00	2.35
with People's Home Journal	2.00	1.50
with People's Home Journal and Modern Priscilla	4.00	2.75
with Youth's Companion	3.50	3.00

Red Book Magazine (1 Year $3.00)

with American Magazine	$5.50	$5.00
with Collier's, The National Weekly	5.00	4.25
with Woman's Home Companion	4.50	4.00
with Woman's Home Companion and American Magazine*	7.00	5.75

People's Home Journal

(1 Year $1.00 3 Years $2.00)

with American and Woman's Home Companion*	$5.00	$4.15
with Child Life	4.00	3.40
with Christian Herald	3.00	2.25
with Collier's, The National Weekly	3.00	2.65
with McCall's Magazine	2.00	1.50
with Modern Priscilla	3.00	2.25
with Pictorial Review	2.50	2.10
with Woman's Home Companion	2.50	2.40
with Youth's Companion	3.50	3.00

Today's Housewife (1 Year $1.00, 2 Years 1.50)

with American Cookery	$2.50	$2.15
with McCall's	2.00	1.50
with McCall's and People's Home Journal	3.00	2.10
with Modern Priscilla	3.00	2.15
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How a "Crazy Invention" Ended My Baldness

Sixty days ago they called me "Baldy". Now they're amazed at my new growth of hair.

"GEORGE, don't be foolish. You ought to know there's no help for baldness. You're just throwing your money away."

"But listen, Bill—"

"Nothing doing. You can't convince me that anything will grow hair on that bald head of yours. *And especially that crazy invention!* Take my advice and hang on to your money."

That was how my friend, Bill Jenkins, felt. I had been telling him about a new treatment for baldness I wanted to take. He just wouldn't listen to me. He was all against it. And in a way I didn't blame him. For I certainly had wasted an awful lot of money on other treatments with no results. I had tried countless tonics and salves. I had tried singeing and massages. I tried crude oil and even mange cures. But every new thing I tried actually seemed to make my hair thinner.

Still, this new treatment was entirely different from anything I had ever tried. Other methods treated only the surface skin. This one consisted of a new invention which provided, for the first time, a method of getting right down to the *dormant roots* and nourishing them. The results it was bringing seemed really astonishing. Men who had been partially bald for years, who had long ago given up hope, were getting brand-new growths of hair in surprisingly short times. Women, too, were using it with equally remarkable results.

But the best part of it all, as I later learned, was this—I *didn't risk a penny* in taking the treatment. The discoverer of this new method—Alois Merke—founder of the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York—absolutely guaranteed an entirely new growth of hair in 30 days, or the trial would cost me nothing!

At the theatre I always felt that the people behind me were doing nothing but giggling at me

I just couldn't resist such an unusual offer. I had nothing to lose, and perhaps a lot to gain. So I sent for the treatment.

The Biggest Surprise of My Life

When I first saw this new invention I laughed out loud. My friend Bill had called it a "crazy invention." It almost looked the part. But that didn't keep me from trying it.

The first two or three days, nothing happened. True, my scalp felt very much invigorated. And I didn't see anywhere near the amount of hair on my brush that I used to. Then, a few days later, I looked in the mirror. What I saw almost bowled me over! For there, just breaking thru, was a fine downy fuzz all over my head!

Every day I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment. And every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And at the end of sixty days—well, my worries about baldness were ended. For I had regained an entirely new growth of healthy hair.

Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely *dormant*—temporarily asleep. Now to make a sickly tree grow you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the leaves. Yet that is just what I had been doing, when I used to douse my head with tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the *roots*. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years' experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as $500 for the results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—*at a cost of only a few cents a day!*

New Hair in 30 Days or No Cost

Merke very frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But so many others have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days, or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether you pay or not.

To be bald is certainly a real misfortune. In my own case, it was more than embarrassing. Most of my well-meaning friends called me "Baldy." At the office they were always "kidding" me. And at the ball game or theatre, I always felt that the people behind me were doing nothing but giggling at me. I never felt comfortable. So when I saw Merke's offer of new hair in 30 days or no cost, I determined to give it a trial, anyway.

And without a doubt in the world, I will always consider the day I sent for the Merke treatment one of the luckiest days of my life.

Coupon Brings You Full Details

I was once skeptical. And I suppose you are, too. But no matter how fast your hair is falling out—no matter how thin it is—no matter how little hair you have left—I certainly advise you to at least learn more about this treatment.

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke treatment.

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow" is the title of a vitally interesting 34 page book describing the treatment. It will be sent you entirely free, if you simply mail the coupon below.

This little book explains all about the treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decide to take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now. Address Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 222, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Read This!

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

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

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

"The top of my head is almost covered with new hair. I have been trying for last five years, but never could find anything that could make hair grow until I used your treatment, and now my hair is coming back."—Tom Carson, Ohio.

(Original of above letters on file in the Institutes.)

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Please send me—without cost or obligation—a copy of your book describing the Merke system.

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