APRIL 9, 1926

# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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*April 9, 1926*

# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

*Vol. 8, No. 15*

LETTERS, and more letters. Every one of them worth publishing if this page were big enough to hold them. Harvey B. Child of Darrell Dunkle Post of Reno, Nevada, writes that he has crossed the Atlantic nineteen times and will make it an even score when the Legion goes to Paris in 1927. . . . James G. Hodgson, new adjutant of Rome Post, says Frank B. Gigliotti, retiring adjutant, has already signed up 503 Legionnaires for 1926 in Italy's capital. . . . Joseph D. Fox of Wallace Fetzer Post of Milton, Pa., reports that Dr. Charles T. Mills, a dentist, who formerly directed the Milton post's musical comedies, recently directed several of the same shows for the Ex-Service Men's Association in Kvala Lumpur, Federated Malay States. . . . Arthur G. Berry of Smith-Reynolds Post of Vancouver, Washington, recently established a world's record for the New York Life Insurance Company by obtaining 311 applications for $368,500 worth of insurance in a single month. . . . Legionnaire A. D. Merritt visited the United States Consulate at Valletta, Malta, and, missing The American Legion Weekly from the files of publications there, took steps which insure that the Weekly will appear regularly in the consulate hereafter. . . . Ed Kibler, adjutant of Lavern J. Thompson Post of Cavalier, North Dakota, believes Robert E. Carlson, his post commander, is the biggest commander in the Legion. Mr. Carlson weighs 300 pounds and has a chest measurement of 53 inches and waist of 55 inches. . . . Arthur D. Mann is serving his seventh term as treasurer of Schenectady (N. Y.) Post and his brother, Allan B. Mann, is serving his fifth term as post adjutant. Must be a record there.

* * *

THERE are three hundred faces shown in a photograph of the Girard-Columbus banquet given at Columbus, Kansas, by Keith Reeves Post—a photograph which proves that Legion membership is booming in the great coal center of Kansas. The banquet was given at the end of a membership contest between the posts in Columbus and Girard. More than half of those shown in the photograph are members of the United Mine Workers of America. The membership contest season is still open. Legion posts in rival towns anywhere could do what the Kansas posts did.

UNFORTUNATELY banquet photographs look so much alike and are so hard to reproduce (individuals can't be recognized after the picture has been reduced) that the Weekly seldom uses them as illustrations. Incidentally, with its banquet room background of the Columbus Country Club, the Kansas photograph looks just like similar pictures made at post banquets held in the biggest hotels in New York or Chicago. Group photographs of any kind, as a rule, are open to the same objections as the banquet photographs.

* * *

WHEN you find a Legionnaire who happens to be hard up when you see him to collect his 1926 dues, ask him to give you a check dated in advance," suggests George E. Hornby, adjutant of Leo Brinda Post of Valentine, Nebraska. "It's the best plan I know of for an adjutant who wants to save footwork, and you'll seldom find anyone unwilling to date a check ahead if necessary." Mr. Hornby's post exceeded its 1925 membership early in the year and he personally signed up two-thirds of the outfit.

* * *

IF YOU don't like statistics, please detour. Thirty dozen lemons, ten dozen oranges, thousands of olives and dates were used by William Russell Ledford Post to make a huge emblem of The American Legion which it exhibited at the Citrus Fair held in its home town, Cloverdale, Cal.

* * *

LAST year it was the Weekly's privilege to call attention in a series of articles to the organized business of smuggling undesirable aliens into the United States by way of Cuba. All Chicago recently recognized that the smuggled alien criminal is responsible for a wave of crime and terrorism, and the Cook County Association of The American Legion, representing 128 posts, has joined other Chicago organizations in demanding deportation of aliens guilty of felonies, and against proposed amendments to the immigration laws which would let down the bars. Following an address by Howard Savage, National Executive Committeeman of the Illinois Department, the association adopted a resolution urging Congress to extend the facilities for deportation. Frederick W. Galbraith Post of Chicago held a special meeting at which plans were made for co-operation in the drive against alien criminals.

## Table *of* Contents

Cover Design *by C. LeRoy Baldridge*

Memories by Mail....*By Steuart M. Emery* 4
*Illustrated by Douglas Grant*

The Legion Keeps Its Promise
*By Marquis James* 6

Proper Planting Brought Us a Membership Harvest .....*By William H. Larson* 7

Editorial ..... 8
*Spring Fever*
*The Williamson Way*
*Some Figures*

A Personal Page.....*By Frederick Palmer* 9

An April Shower.....*By Wallgren* 10

The Auxiliary ..... 14

Recording History with Facts Still Fresh in Mind ..... 15

Radio ..... 16

Taps ..... 17

Outfit Reunions ..... 17

Bursts and Duds ..... 18

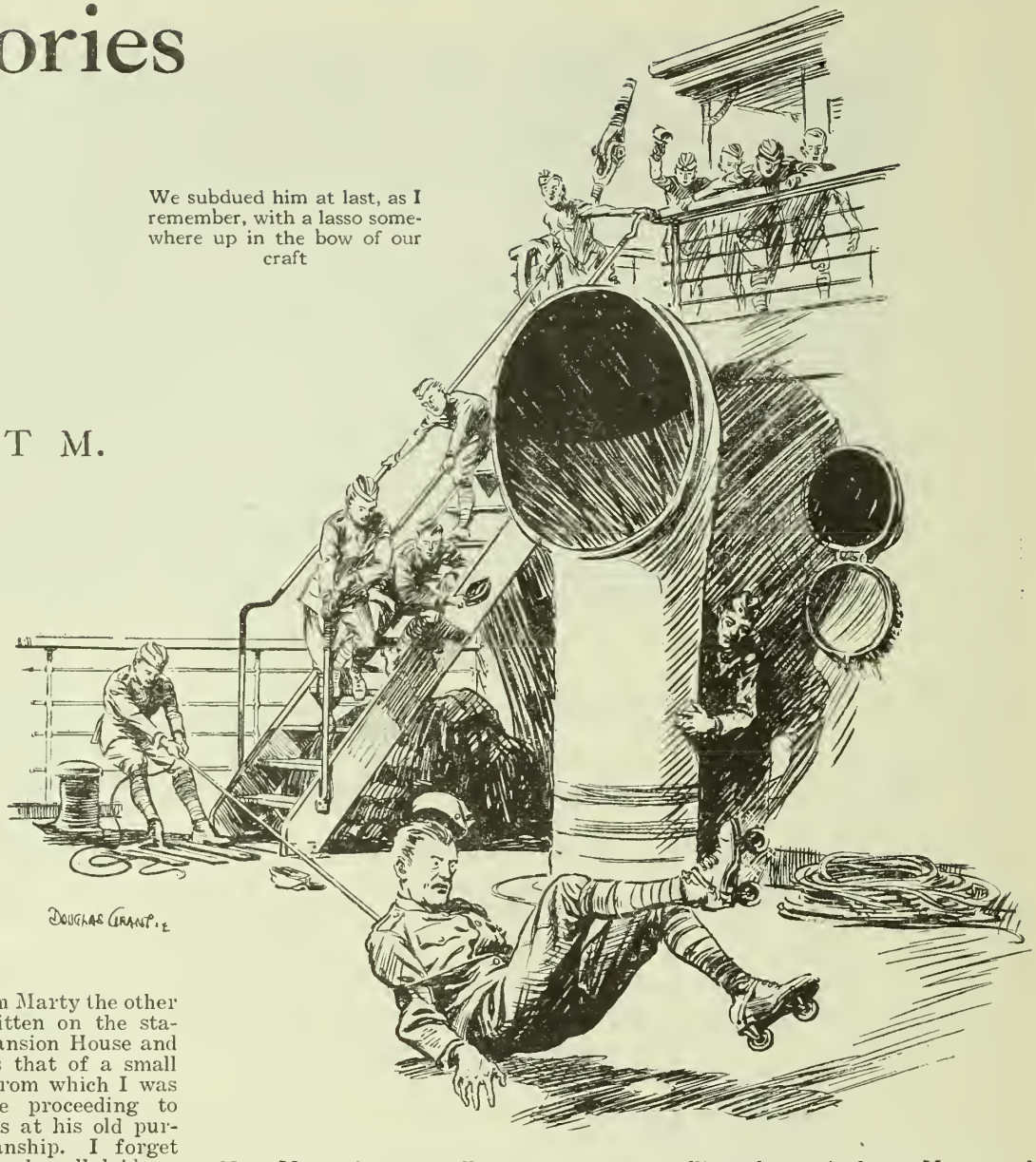
The American Legion Weekly is the official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright, 1926, by The Legion Publishing Corporation. Published weekly at 2457 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second class matter January 5, 1925, at the Post Office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price $1.50 the year. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. In reporting change of address, be sure to include the *old* address as well as the *new*.

Publication Office, Indianapolis, Indiana; Advertising Office, 331 Madison Avenue, New York City; Western Advertising Office, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

# Memories *by* Mail

*By* STEUART M. EMERY

*Illustrated by* Douglas Grant




We subdued him at last, as I remember, with a lasso somewhere up in the bow of our craft

I HAD a letter from Marty the other day. It was written on the stationery of the Mansion House and its postmark was that of a small town in mid-Illinois, from which I was able to gather, before proceeding to opening, that Marty is at his old pursuit of super-salesmanship. I forget now whether it is coal, celluloid or kimonos that Marty sells. It may even be pianos, although I rather doubt that as he always preferred to carry his samples with him. The important thing is that I heard from him.

But this was a new kind of a letter from Marty. It failed, like his former epistles, to inform me how he had sold three times the goods his company could deliver; it did not contain scathing references to the condition of the roads in America's greatest corn-growing states; it said nothing about the latest pair of blue eyes to shed their light upon him. It started out with the news that he had bumped into "that iron-jawed, whistle-tooting old corporal of ours who isn't a lumberjack as we used to think but a rising garage owner in this burg." The second paragraph informed me that the corporal "filled the gas tank of the flivver free of charge and introduced me to six new prospects." The third paragraph stated that "we've been sitting up half the night beefing about the old days" and that "the corp wants to know if you still wear your hat on the back of your head. I told him yes, that you were a dumb-bell who never learned anything in the Army or out of it."

Now Marty has no call to get personal. For close on to two years we lived together in the same squad, split fifty-fifty our iron rations, tin francs and anything else we happened to have on hand, howled at the hard lot of a buck private in this man's Army and otherwise comported ourselves as good buddies should. I put down his insulting screed at the above sentence to remember that if I cared to jolt him with a hard come-back I could accuse him of being a deserter.

For Marty came to us from an organization which, I like to think, was unique in the great war. It took only those few lines of his to call to mind the picture of his genial, freckle-faced self as he sat on the edge of the bunk that first night in our tent in a brand-new O. D. turnout not more than two sizes too large for him. While learning that winter comes early and hard to a training camp in the Sunny South we had forgotten, long since, that in the State which we had left tremendous plans had been set afoot to recruit a regiment of heavy artillery for service with the division. The Kaiser, it was distinctly understood, was to be blown clean off the map of the Continent as soon as the caissons of the "Big Guns" got rolling along. And now Marty and half-a-dozen of these selfsame gunners had appeared mysteriously to swell our ranks.

"Don't give it away," he besought, "but I've run off from the Big Guns. So have the rest of the crowd I came down with. The State took us into the National Guard all right, but when it came to getting federalized the dizzy old War Department turned the cauliflower ear. So there we were—the whole crowd—passed over by the draft because we were in state service and unable to go to war because Washington wouldn't admit we existed. The Big Guns, boys, have been blown to Halifax. The whole shooting-match of us got fed up last week and deserted. We've joined every division in the country. It sure is hell when you have to desert to go to war."

We promised we wouldn't reveal his secret. We had taken to Marty at once for, like a sterling youth, he had sold the civvies and derby in which he arrived at the camp to enlist and had blown the squad to a meal downtown on the financial results.

"The adjutant was pretty darned decent about it," he proceeded. "He said that since we were all set on de-

serting from the Big Guns he thought it was only fair to tell us he had a bad memory and might have mislaid our enlistment papers. I heard yesterday he lost his own and joined the Marines as a buck private. That leaves the janitor at the Armory in command."

I picked up Marty's letter from mid-Illinois again only now it was not only Marty's letter but the corporal's as well. With all the authority of a two-striper he had horned in and every other paragraph was in his splashy hand. They must have been having a lovely reunion.

"How are you, old kid?" he scribbled. "Better come out here some time and give this part of the country the once-over. I bet you've settled down like a frog in a pond and have developed a bay-window to equal the general's. You always were a bear for seconds. Or are you skipping around as lively as Skimmo the Seagoing Roller-Skater?"

I suppose at that point I should have hurled the epistle to the floor and rushed out to despatch a night letter, C.O.D., to Marty and the corporal, suggesting that they weren't as funny as they thought. But instead I paused and pondered. A bay-window like the general's? Nothing of the kind. Merely a slight indication of good living such as accompanies a modest prosperity following the doffing of the web belt. However, bay-window or not, ours was a general to remember. I like to recall him in these piping times of peace and of bosses who wear knickerbockers and play golf.

He stood for Authority with a capital A as well as for Avoirdupois as the corporal hinted. Little though we cared for it in the raw, green days of the division he insisted upon making soldiers out of us. One way to do so, he believed, was for us to wear our blouses on all occasions. We wore them consequently away down South in Dixie until July when we sailed. Every man was his own private Turkish bath as he strode snappily about the camp in the summer sun. The general was also fond of gas masks. We were still wearing them on the hip a month after the Armistice and were rapidly becoming known about the billeting area cities as the Permanent Gas Alert Division. But most of all he was insistent that the Division's paper work be kept up. He shipped the field clerks and blank-filling officers out of the Division Headquarters dugout and up into the reserve trenches during the Argonne affray so that they could work quietly and without overcrowding. Two of them drew wound stripes as a result. Did I not say that he was a general to remember?

It was when we arrived at the embarkation center that we began to have the heartiest appreciation of his ideas on discipline. Three divisions, no less, were booked to sail for home ahead of us and we were low in the mind. And then the commandant of the camp sent an inquiry to the generals of these divisions regarding how soon they could start for the States with every triplicate form made out. The best estimate was two days.

The same inquiry came to our rock-ribbed chief. His remarks were brief and to the point.

"Tell the commandant," was the substance of his answer, "that the head of my division will begin to pass his office on the way to the boat ten minutes after he orders us to sail."

As a matter of fact, it took twelve minutes on account of the headquarters troop not being very good at marching. But in spite of this delay we landed in the States six weeks ahead of schedule, cheering loudly, with the blouses and the gas masks forgotten.

Yes, the Old Man may have ruled us with a rod of iron, but I distinctly remember that he allowed no one else to interfere with his soldiery. It was a nice, sunshiny winter morning on the promenade at Nice when he came upon a pair of warriors from the Division being escorted toward the local bastile by the military police. No sooner had his flaming eye lit upon the divisional insignia than he crossed the street and halted the procession. The M.P.s saluted at once.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"Disorderly, Sir," said the eldest M.P. in point of service.

"Young man," said our general, "I've got my own M.P.s down here

*(Continued on page 11)*

"What are you shooting at?" we inquired of the chief gunner of the Frogs—in the very best French we could muster

# *The* Legion Keeps Its Promise

*Fifteen amendments pending in Congress would end inequalities under the Adjusted Compensation Law and correct injustices*

*By* MARQUIS JAMES

IF THE expressions of opinion received by The American Legion, the War and Navy Departments and the Veterans Bureau mean anything, veterans are mighty well pleased with the provisions of the Federal Adjusted Compensation Act which Legion effort put through in 1924 after a five-year fight. It was recognized at the time that this was, as all legislation is in one way or another, a compromise measure. The veterans compromised among themselves. Some desired one form of compensation and some another. It was necessary to frame a bill which would as nearly as possible meet with the wishes of the great majority. It was also necessary to compromise with the Administration, which was opposed to Compensation, and draft a bill which would reduce the official objections to a comparatively small number.

There were some who feared that as a result of all this give-and-take the bill had been made unacceptable to such a large minority of veterans that there would be a serious back-fire in later years. That has not come about. It will not come about. The veterans appreciate the soundness of the insurance "bonus" as they never appreciated it before, and many who were opposed to it have confessed their error.

But as the Legion announced at the time, improvements in the bill would be made in later years. The Legion is keeping that promise. A bill is pending in Congress amending the act to make it better than ever. The chances are that by the time this is read that bill will have passed the House and will be before the Senate for action.

The bill embodies fifteen amendments in the original law. It would abolish the sixty-dollar deduction from the compensation received by the dependents of men who died in service. The theory of that sixty-dollar deduction was that it took care of the bonus men received on discharge. Men who died in service, of course, received no such bonus and neither did their heirs. Another change would reverse a decision of the Comptroller of the Currency that an application for compensation is void if the veteran dies before it is received by the authorities in Washington. This is a narrow construction of the law, and the Legion believes it distorts the intent of the law. It is a penny-pinching policy at the expense of the widows, parents and other dependents of veterans. A veteran making an application receives an insurance policy the face value of which is determined by his length of service. A dependent of a deceased veteran making application receives payment in cash which is much smaller than the value of the insurance policy a living veteran gets. There have been many cases where veterans have died a few days after making their applications. The Government has been throwing these applications out and requiring the man's dependents to reapply and receive a much smaller sum.

These amendments are to be retroactive, so that dependents of veterans who have been paid under the present law or regulation may receive the additional amounts to which the amendments would entitle them.

Another amendment would prevent deductions from compensation to satisfy any counter claims the Government may have against a veteran. Another change would do away with the embarrassment and red tape now necessary for bereaved parents to receive the compensation of deceased sons. Elaborate proofs of dependency are now required, which are quite beside the spirit of the law. In the new bill a widowed mother shall be presumed to be dependent without further proof, and parents sixty years of age at the time of application or before January 1, 1928, shall be presumed to be dependent. There are also other liberalizing clauses dealing with dependency claims.

It has been discovered that there are about twenty World War veterans who are living at the age of 75 and over, and who by a queer quirk of circumstance are ineligible to compensation. The Government insurance policies given for compensation are the same as the twenty-year paid up endowment policies issued by outside companies. There is no form of twenty-year endowment policy issued to men of seventy-five or over. An amendment to the present law would pay such veterans the amount of their adjusted service credit in cash.

It is interesting to note that this bill in the House is sponsored by Representative Ogden Mills of New York. Mr. Mills is a Legionnaire and a very influential man both in New York and Washington. He is one of the founders of the Legion organization in 1919 but he opposed the original adjusted compensation bill, and while that fight was on took no part in Legion affairs. He is again an active Legionnaire, and many pleasant expressions have been called forth in Washington by his sponsorship of this bill. It is believed that the measure will pass the Senate, though it may have some hard sledding there. It will be referred to the Finance Committee, of which Senator Reed Smoot of Utah is chairman. He was against the original adjusted compensation bill and he is against these amendments. The same, unfortunately, must be said for a Legionnaire who is a member of the Senate Finance Committee—Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania. These men will have more control over the fate of this bill than any other two men in the upper house. No doubt the amended bill will pass if it gets before the Senate. The problem will be to get it out of Mr. Smoot's committee and on the floor so it may be voted on.

## What Fair Play Demands

ELIMINATION of the $60 deduction from the compensation received by dependents of men who died in service.

Establishment of presumption of dependency for a widowed mother and for bereaved parents more than 60 years of age, and elimination of embarrassment and red tape now necessary before parents can receive the compensation of deceased sons.

An amendment to permit payment to World War veterans more than 75 years of age of their Adjusted Service Credit in cash.

An amendment to prevent deductions from compensation to satisfy any counter claims the Government may have against a veteran.

# Proper Planting Brought Us *a* Membership Harvest

*By* WILLIAM H. LARSON
*Adjutant, Oklahoma City Post*

WE just went out and got them—that's all. We got thirteen hundred of them in one day—almost one for every minute of the twenty-four hours. Thirteen hundred members of the Legion signed up in a single day! I hope nobody will accuse me of blowing a too sonorous bugle, but I do want to tell the world why Oklahoma City Post is counting on being the Legion's largest post in 1926, and I want to tell how it got that way.

It's rather an old story to us, here in Oklahoma's capital. Because what we did on February seventeenth this year wasn't much different from what we had done on one other day in each of the two preceding years. The only difference was that while we had signed up a round thousand members in a single day in both 1924 and 1925, this year we raised our sights and bettered our score. We used largely the same methods—methods, incidentally, which any other post could use just as well as we—and we account for our bigger gains on two grounds.

In the first place, our experience in the two preceding years had given us confidence. We were veterans in the one-day membership getting system, and we carried out our plans with a machine-like precision, knowing they were bound to get results. In the second place, this is the Legion's biggest year. It's in the air. The tide has turned. It is easier to get members this year than in either 1924 or 1925. Service men who have stayed outside up to now have been seeing the light lately. They have decided that it is time for them to come on into the Legion to help win their own battles, to do their share of the service which the Legion is rendering to country and community.

Perhaps what I have written may indicate that we simply waved a magic wand and then spent our time keeping the boys from crowding one another as they flocked in to lay down their dues. It wasn't that way at all. It is true that we got our 1,300 members in a single day. But leading up to that day were weeks and weeks of downright hard work by the membership committee and all the other post members who took part in the scene shifting and stake pounding and tent raising which must all be done before any circus starts.

This preliminary work wasn't a bit spectacular, and for the most part there wasn't very much novelty in it. It was just the hard plowing and seed planting period, but any post expecting to make a grand single-day membership drive had better see that this preliminary work is done as thoroughly as the actual over-the-top work of the big day.

Three leaders in Oklahoma City Post's one-day drive that got 1,300 members—Roy Hoffman (left), former Commander of Oklahoma Department and Oklahoma City Post, the Old Gray Mare and T. P. Gilmer, commander of one of the two rival member-getting armies

Weeks before the day set for the drive, we announced our plans in the newspapers. Each day after the original announcement we issued to the newspapers material for good stories and saw to it that suitable photographs were available for illustrations. We didn't ask the newspapers to print a lot of dead stuff simply to show their good will. We helped the papers obtain what they wanted—live stories about interesting Legionnaires and interesting local Legion events. And each story, of course, was tied up with the membership campaign in some way. Just as an example, when National Commander McQuigg visited Oklahoma City in advance of our membership drive, he was introduced to our Department's own Old Gray Mare, the speedy mare which is going to outdistance her Texas rival this year in the membership race. A photograph of Commander McQuigg in the saddle and wearing a five-gallon hat was good stuff not only for the newspapers in Oklahoma but also in newspapers throughout the country. And that picture told a lot of people we were out to beat our own membership record.

The newspapers helped us mightily. Interest never slackened, with new stories from day to day. Legion speakers appeared before civic clubs, business and professional organizations and other bodies, telling what the Legion is and what it is doing. We sent letters to the heads of the larger businesses in the city, asking permission to interview employes eligible to Legion membership on the day of the drive. Without exception, our requests were gladly granted, and many company heads went out of their way to co-operate with us.

The police and fire departments and county and city offices supplied a goodly number of experienced workers. Two or three days before the drive, we opened headquarters on one of the principal streets. Here the windows were filled with war trophies and the front was decorated with flags and banners. Here assembled the workers assigned parts in the solicitation. Boy Scouts, who were to serve as runners, gathered here to learn their parts.

On the Saturday night preceding the drive, Radio Station KFJF, which regularly gives a Legion program weekly, broadcast a special program, with its leading feature a talk, "Why I Belong to The American Legion," by Josh Lee, head of the public speaking department, University of Oklahoma.

The whole city knew it when the big day came. And the whole city entered

*(Continued on page 13)*

# 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.

## Spring Fever

WHO has not felt the call of the road these April days? The air has just the right tingle to it, the sun climbs high in the heavens, robins chatter gaily on lawns or in trees, and you want to be on the go. Anywhere but here. The most fantastic schemes pop into your head and demand that you give heed to them. "O to be in England, now that April's there," or in Paris, where April is a symphony of moods that spells the utter joy of living, or in any of those places you've ever visited. Duty that chains you to a job and the eternal round of the day is a cross old witch, incapable of understanding a young fellow. A curse upon her.

So it's ho for the open road, with a pleasant companion, leaving behind the petty ways and bound for the great land of adventure. We shall spurn the comforts of civilization, and shall get close to nature. We are arrant gypsies, here today and gone tomorrow, knowing no compulsion save that one most tyrannical of all, the whim of the moment. No matches for us, no canned foods, no pack. The food we require will be foraged, and if there is none to be had, we shall grin, tighten our belts a notch, and sleep under the stars, remembering that Lady Fisher went forty days without other sustenance than orange juice, and why can't we cheat our stomachs one or two days? Tomorrow, as Longfellow or someone said, shall find us farther than today.

And then we wake up, and the workaday world is with us again. Romance is dead, and the cellar's flooded. Junior's got his feet wet, and is threatened with pneumonia. The house is turned topsy-turvy with spring cleaning, and the boss wants to know why in blazes we can't sell more units than we sold last month, now that we're having this fine weather.

So we grit our teeth and do our stint. It's lucky spring fever doesn't last long. If it did, what a world this would be!

## The Williamson Way

IN THE northern part of New York State, within hailing distance of the shore of Lake Ontario, is the town of Williamson, shown by the 1920 census to have 740 people. Measured in terms of population, Williamson would be lost far down on the list of communities of its populous State, but measured in terms of civic spirit and Legion spirit it stands out at the top of the list, not only for its State but also for the whole country. For Williamson and Williamson Post of The American Legion recently completed an accomplishment which has been rated as the most outstanding achievement of the whole campaign for The American Legion Endowment Fund.

Williamson Post has forty-six members. When it started its Endowment Fund campaign, twenty-five of those members were able to take time out and put their energy into the campaign. The campaign lasted three days. When it ended the post found that it had collected more than $2,400, four times the sum of its quota. More surprising, it had obtained subscriptions from 750 persons. Bear in mind that the town's recorded population is 740. Its largest subscription was $25 and its smallest was a quarter. The average was almost four dollars for each person.

Records at National Headquarters show that approximately half of the Legion posts in the country have yet to submit contributions to the Endowment Fund, but the percentage of non-contributing posts is rapidly decreasing. Delayed campaigns in several States, which are now going ahead at full speed, will give many hundreds of posts the opportunity they have been waiting for. In New York, Williamson Post is only one of many posts which have shown just how strongly they could be counted upon, for already New York has contributed a total of more than $660,000 to the fund, $100,000 in the month of March alone. In Pennsylvania, Ohio and New Jersey also, hundreds of posts are potential Williamsons. In many other States, posts which were unable to do their part at the time statewide campaigns were held are doing now all that could be hoped for. Before the national effort ends, if present indications may be relied upon, the post which has not contributed to the Endowment Fund will be a rare one.

## Some Figures

THE average age of America's World War veterans is about thirty-three or thirty-four. That means that a heavy percentage of the nearly five million men who were America's armed force in 1918 were born in 1892 or 1893.

Set that fact to one side for a minute.

In "The Origin of the Next War," by John Bakeless, an admirable and highly readable discussion of "the tensions of the modern world," occurs this sentence:

"Between 1878 and 1918 the world enjoyed four perfectly peaceful years—1886, 1888, 1889, and 1910."

The sentence immediately following is not without interest:

"Since the Armistice we have not had one."

In other words, since the average-age Legionnaire was born in the early nineties up to and including this present year of 1926 there has been just one peaceful year.

It looks as if war were a customary condition of the race. Four peaceful years out of forty! One year of rest for every nine of bloody exertion! Why, even convicted burglars and gunmen get a better allowance than that for good behavior.

Yes, war is customary—which is not the same thing as saying it is inevitable or necessary. Most children manage to contract measles, whooping cough, mumps and three or four other more serious ailments before they reach their 'teens—to endure such a sequence of maladies is the customary lot of childhood, but not an inevitable or a necessary condition of it.

When a youngster breaks out with measles the family doctor, recognizing the situation as a common—or normally abnormal—condition, knows precisely what to do and does it. He does not stop to compose a long treatise on the perverseness of the white corpuscles or raise his palms in shocked dismay at the pink eruptions on the chest of Willie Jones. And when Willie has recovered, the doctor—or some other doctor at work in a laboratory—goes right on studying measles in general, firm in the faith that some day measles will cease to be.

Universal peace will come when the germ of war is isolated and either stamped out or reduced to inoffensiveness. Until that time the world will recognize the fact that war is a common, a customary, a usual condition, but not (and herein lies the supreme hope of humanity) an inevitable one.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Historians say that Caesar, when a young man, owed a sum equivalent to $1,360,000, which seems almost unbelievable since flivvers, feather-edge haircuts and trouser creases were unknown in his day.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

If that Paris woman who is seven feet, six inches tall is married it is comforting to know that at least one husband doesn't have to drop his newspaper to clamber up and get a glass of jelly off the top shelf of the cupboard.

# *A* PERSONAL PAGE *by* Frederick Palmer

***That Comfortable Feeling***

It gives us a sense of renewed comfort to have two thousand miles of water between us and Europe when the old devils seem to be busy in stirring up all the racial and national antipathies in a squabble of intrigue only a few months since the Locarno pact with its high hopes. We should be more comfortable if Locarno's spirit were revived; and yet we should still look fondly on that expanse of blue on the map beyond our Atlantic coast.

***Truth and the Price***

There may be something you want to say and say hard and clearly and even at length. You go along without saying it, then something makes you break out. I am breaking out, now, as a result of a letter and a copy of the *Kansas Legionnaire* which are on my desk. The letter is from R. H. C. of Minneapolis. He writes:

"I was tired tonight and a bit doubtful. I still had 'What Price Glory' in mind and could hear Flagg's last line, 'What a lot of —— —— fools it takes to make a war,' and then I went to a motion picture of men leaving for war and in battle and heard people applaud in the same old response to the flag and trumpets and martial music. I wondered if it would not be as easy as ever to raise a battle cry and a war hysteria."

R. H. C. feels that we should not forget the horror of the sacrifice while magnifying the glory of it, and that we should instill into the coming generation an understanding that will prevent further sacrifice.

Now for the play "Who Won the War?" by Kirke Mechem in the *Kansas Legionnaire*, which is a handsome magazine of fifty-two pages, larger than the Legion Weekly itself. Mechem writes, "You know how unfair was the attitude of 'What Price Glory' to the enlisted and drafted men who made up the big percentage of the A. E. F." His play is an answer to "What Price Glory." Perhaps it will have no production except by the members of Wichita Post, for which it earned $1,300. It is not as good dramatic shock stuff for Broadway as "What Price Glory." But it does not have to be that to be true.

"What Price Glory" had all the old theatrical tricks well veiled by its theme of showing the horror of war, and especially the moral depravity of our soldiers. It was an immature view of one type in one angle of war, when truth demands a generic type and the full view.

I watched the audience. Those who had not been in service came to hear the worst swearing yet heard on the stage and the obscene references to women. Service men saw the realities of it and passed over the oaths as only a form of emphasis. Civilians were left with the impression that our soldiers in France thought in oaths and low amours and were moved by no ideals.

"What Price Glory" pretended to be realism; but it happened that I saw the brigade from which its types were supposed to be drawn, in billets after its greatest action. In that deserted little French market town there were no cafés open, no drinking, no carousing, only utterly weary, exhausted soldiers resting; and the only woman I saw was a grandmother of eighty who was munching chocolate given her by a doughboy.

"What Price Glory" had much the same box office appeal as shows of nudities and salacious suggestion which go the worst one better in fluttering conventional susceptibilities. Have you heard 'em swear? Have you heard 'em boast of their loves? Have you seen 'em fight over a café harlot?

It was a libel on the cleanest army ever sent home. It supported the stories that all our men were diseased. It was a libel on the manhood that served in France, the manhood that was not formed on the type of a Flagg who had been a professional bruiser going from low dive to low dive of the ports of the world; a libel on the soldiers of past wars. The caricature appealed to a certain type of mind, especially to slackers. It convinced them soldiering was a low, vulgar, nasty business which should be left to a certain class; and so they themselves were well out of the war. Yes, probably we had to have soldiers; but it was best to forget them and their services, especially if you had not served yourself, as an unpleasant necessity like garbage removers.

That simple play "Who Won the War?" which was written for a Legion post, shows the regulars as well as the citizen soldiers as they were. And it gives us another type of womanhood in France without an implied slander of all the noble mothers and wives of France by expressing a single type. We have an American army nurse in her devotion as we knew it in reality. You would not know from "What Price Glory" that one had served in France; or that in our citizen soldiers' hearts respect for fine womanhood never failed.

The motion picture, "The Big Parade," is far better realism—real realism, not that of pose and fad. It shows the unity of America in its manhood from town and city in step. It has its motion picture limitations. But, is the horror of war missing in the pictures of the dropping men in the advancing lines or in the scenes in the shell craters? No one who sees these scenes can want war. They kill all the glory of war. They show us that only the best can win if war comes, while "What Price Glory" plants in the civilian mind the germ that works out in the thought: "Well, if we have another war, we'll have to hire another gang of brutes like that to fight for us."

We shall not be stampeded into war when we know that it takes our best to make good soldiers and we see what they have to endure. To honor and remember the deep underlying nobility of their sacrifice is the way to keep in mind the cost of war and how to avoid war. Therefore, we should have a national draft which will make all serve and leave no one to think that he can hire a Flagg to fight for him.

***Much to Interest Us***

We shall have much "continued in our next news" to thrill us this summer. Ten teams are grooming for the Polar race. Suspense will grip us when Amundsen starts in his dirigible and Byrd and the others start in their planes, and to learn if the French motor driven sledges succeed. Weeks without news of some of the bold racers may pass—and perhaps there will never be any news. The ice floes will hold the "continued in our next" a secret. It's the old story of man answering nature's eternal challenge.

# An April Shower

*By* Wallgren

# Memories *by* Mail

*(Continued from page 5)*

with the leave detail to handle things like this. You turn these men over to me."

The M.P.s departed, leaving their prisoners quaking in their issue hobs. The eye of the General blazed more brightly than ever.

"About face!" he commanded. "Down the street and around that corner. Don't let me ever see you again. Double time!"

I hope that the volcanic optics of our General will somehow fall upon these lines. I would like him to know that there are two ex-soldiers in this land who bear toward him an enduring feeling of gratitude. Oh, yes, the two warriors are Marty and myself.

And just why should Skimmo the Seagoing Roller-Skater be mentioned amid the corporal's remarks? He came in later on the transport, bound across the plunging seas for home. There was in our outfit one private of millionaire descent who carried about in his pack a copy of the New York Social Register in order, as he explained, to have the addresses of his friends handy. There was another who bore hitched to his belt next to his canteen a two-dollar alarm clock, presumably for use in case the bugler forgot to show up for reveille. But Skimmo, whom we met on the boat, had cherished throughout all his campaigning a pair of single-wheel, professional roller skates.

"Back home on the stage I'm billed as Skimmo the Great Roller-Skater," he confided to Marty, the corporal and myself on the third day out. We laughed at him, I recall, with the heartiest of glee. The following afternoon, however, the laughter ceased. For, as we lay about the decks absorbing the sunshine, a marvelous and appalling sight met our gaze.

In some underhand manner Skimmo the Great had made connection with the wine ration served to the French crew. It had created in him not so much the desire to burst into glad song but rather to give the boat a free exhibition of artistic skill. We first saw his flying figure on its skates as it came hurtling along the starboard deck and drove, back first, toward the gap in the rail that had once held a mounted gun.

Three feet from a drop into the bounding main Skimmo the Great shot off in a beautiful half-arc and poised on one skate headed for the gap in the opposite rail. He coasted by this with a margin of six inches and arrowed away on the port side. Half-way to the stern of the boat he decided that a nice short cut would be through the officers' dining room and took it, thereby adding a bevy of second lieutenants to the hunt that was rapidly developing. Skimmo the Great was doing a neat fifty miles an hour on the level and nobody seemed to want to get in his way to stop him. We subdued him at last as I remember with a lasso, somewhere up in the bow of our craft.

"Now," he announced triumphantly as we sat upon him, "p'raps you guys will believe I amount to something."

For the remainder of the trip the fire of true professional pride burned in his eyes. I do not believe that I am

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Agents Wanted

mistaken in saying that he cut his thumb twice on the potato-peeling job with which his performance was rewarded. But then the artistic temperament has never been adequately understood in the Army. I can frankly rebut the corporal's suggestion with the information that I am not skipping around as lively as Skimmo the Seagoing Roller-Skater.

Several large splashes of ink on the stationery of the Mansion House directly under the corporal's contribution seemed to indicate, as I dipped further into the letter, that a controversy had arisen over the possession of the pen. Both Marty and the corporal appeared to be wanting to say something at the same time. But Marty won and his handwriting proceeded. By now he and the corp had evidently reached Verdun in their reminiscences and in a few moments more would undoubtedly be hurling the entire German army back toward the Rhine.

"Do you remember," wrote Marty, "the time the French Navy went into action in front of a barn? The corp says you were asleep all the time we billeted in that ratty village and couldn't ever be found for anything."

The good soldier is known everywhere by his imperturbability. I pass up the outrageous slander conveyed by Marty for distinctly I do remember our running into the French Navy in a onetime village near the famous citadel. In this case it was composed of a group of what Marty referred to as "frog gobs" who were engaged in stoking and firing a naval rifle. Theirs was a cheerful life and not too onerous as they only discharged their piece about six times a day. They had, beyond a doubt, one of the really good jobs of the war.

"What are you shooting at?" we inquired of the chief gunner in our best French.

There had just come a tremendous blast of flame from the gun's mouth and its crew were now sitting around eating luncheon. The whistle of the shell was diminishing many miles away in the direction of Germany and if we waited long enough we would hear it burst.

"Ah," said the gunner shrewdly, "we shoot at ze big cross-roads ten, fifteen kilometers behind ze Boche's line. Three months have we been here in zis spot shooting at him."

A dapper officer in charge confirmed this statement. He and his detail were greatly fed up with la guerre. They had not seen the sea in four years. They—cannoniers marines wearing wide blue panties and blue-and-white-striped dickies and natty round sailors' caps—were condemned to this boresome life on land. Only when it rained and all the world was wet did they feel at home.

"We have," proceeded the chief gunner, patting the great cannon, "ze range of forty kilometers. Never yet have we seen so much as a German. We shoot so far sometimes I think it is we are fighting not in this war but the next one. Will you have some pinard with us? We are not to make any more noise until seize heures et demi."

I had mess with them—pinard and rabbit stew—and late that afternoon after they had stopped playing leapfrog out back of the gun pit observed them at their work. That gun was hungry. I saw them feed it with a blue sack of lyddite, a pink one of something else, and a white one to top off with. Eagerly I watched, expecting to see some one thrust half a dozen bricks down the muzzle just for good measure.

The officer in charge carried on a twenty-minute telephone conversation with his observer who was up a tree or on a hill about ten miles away. I gathered that the observer was complaining that his copies of *La Vie Parisienne* were not reaching him. In the middle of this someone yanked the lanyard and the ground for rods around rocked with the force of the explosion.

"Fini," said my friend the gunner, removing his fingers from his ears. "Aftaire a while ze observaire will telephone back to tell us if we have hit anything or not. We can but wait."

Right here in the letter, I shall always think, the corporal began to take advantage of his rank. There was a blotchy sweep of the pen from which I deduced it had been snatched away from Marty and then followed half a page of reminiscence, recrimination and local gossip. Did I remember putting my darned feet in his face all one night in a Hommes 40? Why in Samuel J. Hill didn't I ever drop a buddy at least a postcard? They had real paving on Main Street now, he guessed he might as well be getting married soon, and there was a new vaudeville theater going up. It would be bigger and better than the Dijon Opera House. Did I suppose that doughboy ever found out what that show was about?

I wondered. I have been wondering for nearly five years now and I wonder still. For the sturdy doughboy in question sat next to the corporal and myself in the front row at a performance of "La Tosca." The first act got away to a slow start amid much gesticulation and a steady stream of song.

"Say," remarked the doughboy, "I thought this was a musical show. Where's the chorus?"

It was explained to him that this was grand opera without a chorus. "What's it all about?" he demanded, still aggrieved, a quarter of an hour later. "I paid good money to see this thing. I want to know what it's about."

He had me stumped. Never have I been long on opera and La Tosca was being sung in real, not doughboy, French. As it progressed the warrior beside us grew more and more dangerous. Determination creased his countenance. He prodded a fat Frenchman with a beard who sat on the other side of him.

"What's it all about? You compree? What's it all about?" he demanded. Vigorously the Gallic music-lover shrugged his shoulders and waved his hands. It was, monsieur, it was La Tosca. Everyone knew what the opera La Tosca was about. Comment les Américains sont droles!

In the promenade between the acts I descried my friend approaching patron after patron and demanding to be informed what in the name of Gallic-American accord it was all about.

"J'ai payé beaucoup francs to see this thing," I could hear him arguing. "Now if you'll tell a guy"—and so on and so forth.

The last act bell rang. We went back to our seats. Only once did the doughboy lose his expression of baffled rage

and that was when the hero of the opera was led forth to face a firing squad. He began to clap automatically until silenced by hard looks.

"Hooray!" he exulted. "They ought to shoot somebody for putting this show on," and by all the little fishes, he meant it too.

When the final curtain fell he turned to us, a sadder but not a wiser man. "I stuck it out," he said mournfully. "Yes, by gee, I can tell the folks back home I stuck it out. Buddies, let's you and me find a lake of cognac and drown in it."

The letter now turned a page and ended abruptly over a pair of scrawled signatures. They looked as though their owners had thought they were signing an Army payroll or something unimportant like that. The letter hadn't said much, perhaps, but it had certainly served its purpose. It had had me returning in spirit for a full evening with Marty and the corp and wishing that I too had been there in the Mansion House looking out on to Main Street and beefing about the old days. Then I noticed the postscript and, like all postscripts, it carried the real kick of the entire letter.

"I'm hitting your town in a couple of weeks," scribbled Marty, "so the corp and I have just decided it's time for him to take a vacation. I've invited both of us to spend a week with you. Get out the messkits and rig up the extra shelter-half—the troops are on your neck."

Will I? I'll tell the world I will.

# Our Membership Harvest

*(Continued from page 7)*

into the spirit of it. We used the old method of dividing all the active workers into two divisions, each under the leadership of a general or sergeant, whichever designation happened to appeal most to the rival gangs. The skippers appointed team leaders and each team leader picked his squad of men who pledged themselves to report at seven o'clock on the morning of the drive. The post's Auxiliary Unit furnished the cooks and the K. P.'s and served chow to the rival armies before and during the big push.

At headquarters a machine gun rattled away at intervals during the day. Aerial bombs exploded over the city every thirty minutes and reminded citizens that the campaign was on. Boy Scouts were everywhere. The Old Gray Mare did her stuff.

With the list of prospects carefully gathered in advance, with new ones found everywhere as the rival armies spread over the city, the actual work of signing them up was the easiest part of the whole effort. There was nothing left to do but to go out and gather the grapes. Nobody had to be sold.

Incidentally, while we were doing our stuff we had the satisfaction of knowing that the other posts in Oklahoma were keeping pace with us. That is the reason why Oklahoma came mighty near winning the Lindsley Trophy race which ended at midnight of February 28th. Oklahoma jumped from tenth place to fourth place in the final week of that race.


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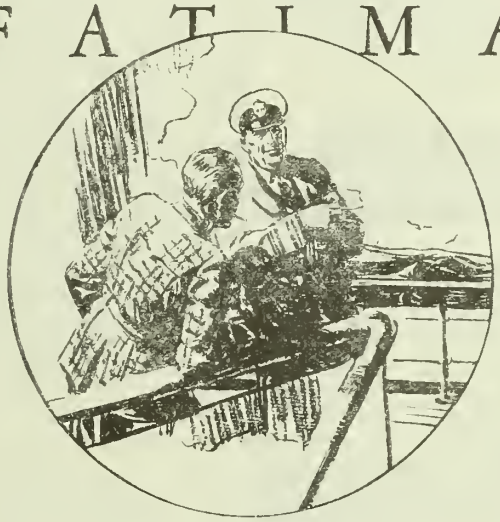

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THE Old Gray Mare is dead—Long live the Old Gray Mare!" is the new cry of Brownwood (Texas) Post and its Auxiliary unit. Several months ago came the sad news that Sarah, the original Old Gray Mare, mascot of the Department of Texas at three National Conventions and the visual representation of the official song of the Lone Star Legionnaires, had departed this life. On Washington's birthday last at Paris, Texas, the Legionnaires of Winfield F. Brown Post of Paris presented to Brownwood Post, Sarah II, who will now reign as the successor of the recently deceased "ain't what she used to be" mare. With Miss Margie Lou Moore, member of the Auxiliary unit of Winfield F. Brown Post, in the saddle, Sarah II made her entry into the Fair Park coliseum in Paris, and with 1,200 diners looking on, Sarah II was presented with appropriate ceremonies to Miss Katie Merle Parks, sponsor for the Old Gray Mare Band of Brownwood Post. The fifty-piece band, a delegation of seventy-five Brownwood Post Legionnaires and twenty-five Brownwood citizens, made the trip to Paris for the occasion. Large parties from at least fifty towns in the northeast section of Texas helped swell the dinner participants to over a thousand. In the afternoon, a large parade, headed by Sarah II and the Brownwood Post band, and including hundreds of gray mares as well as numerous organizations, passed through the streets of Paris. The only fly in the ointment is this: Sarah II may have to abdicate before the 1926 national convention of The American Legion in Philadelphia next October, in favor of the Old Gray Mare of the neighboring Department of Oklahoma of the Legion. While Texas introduced this famous marching song of the veterans into the Legion as its official departmental ditty, Oklahoma Legionnaires claim that the song originated in their State and belongs to them. A membership contest now being waged between these two Legion departments will decide the issue and the future of Sarah II's reign depends on the outcome.

MRS. CLARA MURPHY VILLARS, national publicity chairman of The American Legion Auxiliary, is making a direct appeal to Auxiliary units and to Legion posts to buy poppies for their annual Memorial week poppy sales from the Auxiliary instead of from concerns which have commercialized this memorial flower of the two organizations. The slight reduction in the cost of commercial poppies is more than offset by the splendid rehabilitation work effected through the manufacture of poppies by disabled veterans under the direction of the Auxiliary. Purchase of Auxiliary poppies means aid to the disabled man who is receiving no government compensation and no government hospitalization. The three dollars a day which he can earn by making poppies makes him self-supporting, and helps him to take care of his dependents.

Furthermore the manufacture of poppies means mental occupation for many disabled men whose minds were affected by their service. Mrs. Villars makes this plea: "Can you think of these things and let your heart or your conscience permit you to save a few paltry dollars by buying commercial poppies? Can you feel at peace with the world and satisfied at having done your duty by your buddies, when by not patronizing the labor of his hands, perhaps you contribute to his physical and mental breakdown? As Legionnaires and Auxiliary women, are you not 'your brothers' keepers'?"

WHEN the Legion—and Auxiliary—parade in Philadelphia in October next, the resplendent uniforms and stirring music of Legion bands and drum corps will as usual attract the attention of the people on the side-lines. But at the coming national conventions of these two organizations, there will be an added glamor to the annual march of the veterans and their feminine associates. The Auxiliary, while receiving ample attention along the line of march, wanted more, and so National President Eliza London Shepard has announced that an Auxiliary Music Committee has been appointed to draw up rules and regulations governing contests at the national convention between Auxiliary bands, drum corps and drill teams, and, as an added measure, competitions between Auxiliary sextets, quartets and other vocal organizations will be fostered. The chairman of the newly-organized Music Committee, Blanche W. Scallen, department secretary of the Minnesota Department of The American Legion Auxiliary, has outlined a program of musical activities for Auxiliary units, the principal feature of which is the encouragement of group and community singing. Auxiliary quartets and sextets formed by units will compete at district and department singing meets and the winners in these elimination contests will be heard at National Conventions of the organization. Miss Scallen, the assistant director of the Minneapolis Auxiliary Glee Club, which has been heard at several department and national conventions of the Legion and Auxiliary, is well fitted for her new assignment. The committee includes Mrs. Cornie Glynn Cocklin of Rutland, Vermont, and Mrs. J. E. Damron, National Vice-President of the Auxiliary, of Pocatello, Idaho.

# Recording History *with* Facts Still Fresh *in* Mind

THE recent publication of excellent histories of the Kansas and Massachusetts departments of The American Legion calls attention to the important work which department historians have been carrying out along lines which Eben Putnam, the Legion's National Historian, has been indicating for several years. What the Massachusetts and Kansas departments have done, most other departments will do eventually, and the two books have been designated as fitting models by Mr. Putnam.

Mr. Putnam also considers equally excellent two other department histories prepared earlier, those of the Virginia and Nebraska departments, each of them giving the picture of a department at work in its early years.

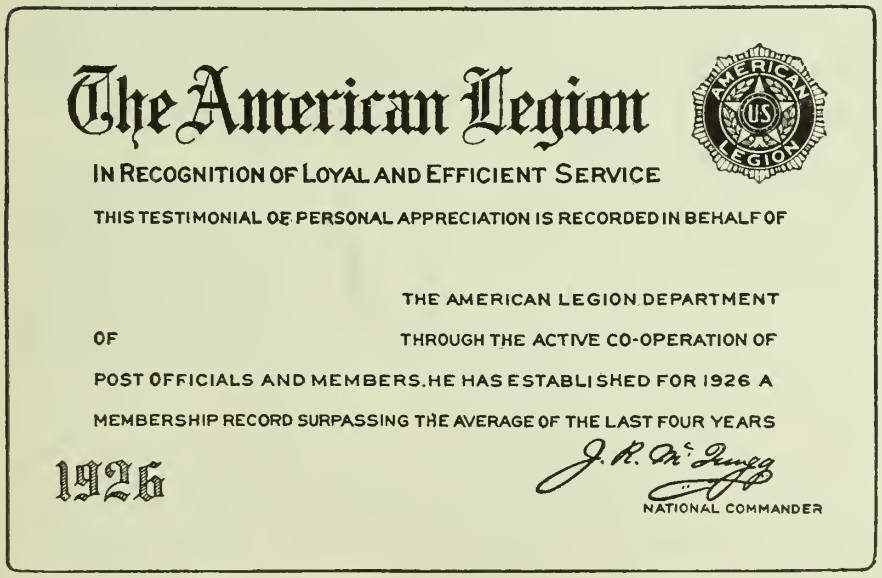
Taken together, the four books give an admirable basis of procedure for any department historian assigned the task, now or in the future, of preparing the history of his own department. The method used in each book differs from that followed by the other three, and later historians may profitably select the best features of all the pioneers.

National Historian Putnam, who lives in Massachusetts, but maintains offices at National Headquarters in Indianapolis, has consistently urged upon representatives of all departments, both at national conventions and at meetings of the National Executive Committee, the importance of having each department arrange to have the history of its founding days prepared while the memory of events is still comparatively fresh. He has also prepared a list of references, consisting largely of articles on the cradle days of the Legion and articles containing practical suggestions for department and post historians. This reference list is being mailed to all historians who address a request for it to the National Historian's office at National Headquarters. It is invaluable to post historians, who quite often lack the facilities for original research possessed by department historians.

Dr. Claude Moore Fuess, Department Historian, is the author of the Massachusetts History, and Thomas Amory Lee, Department Historian, wrote the Kansas history. Frank B. O'Connell wrote the Nebraska history in July, 1922, while he was serving as adjutant of his department. The Virginia history was prepared early in 1924 by a committee consisting of Hugh T. Williams, Morgan W. Strother and Albert A. Stone, Jr.

All the histories are illustrated. Photographs of department officials, Legion clubhouses, notable gatherings and important events have been used. The Massachusetts, Kansas and Nebraska histories are based primarily upon chronological accounts of the successive administrations of department commanders. The Virginia history contains a tabloid history of every post in the department and an alphabetical list of all the members of the department.

## Your Post Can Win This Card




There will be a new informal honor society in the Legion when the national convention is held at Philadelphia in October. It will be composed of post commanders and post adjutants designated by National Commander John R. McQuigg. To the commander and adjutant of each post which enrolls before September 11, 1926, a membership exceeding its average membership for the past four years, National Commander McQuigg will present a Testimonial of Appreciation, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Presentation will be made on certification by department headquarters, and the testimonial cards will be issued from National Headquarters as soon as possible after September 11th

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SMOOTH the way for your razor with *Klenzo Shaving Cream* and a *Klenzo Shaving Brush.*

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## BIG A. E. F. STORY!

**"LADY LUCK"** is the title of a complete novelet of A. E. F. adventure by Larry Barreto (*who* was in the Big Show). It's the story of a buddy who took his "educated dice" into No Man's Land. It's a wow! Don't miss it! In the May

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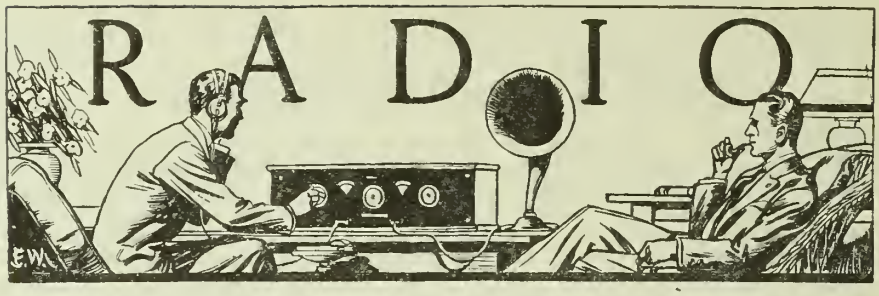
## *Post Pep Postals*

Now for that Spring Offensive, Adjutants! Write today for sample booklet of ***POST PEP POSTALS*** and find out how to get the boys out for Member-getting, Meetings and other Post activities.

***POST PRINTING SERVICE***
***The American Legion Weekly***
***Indianapolis, Indiana***


AS AN incentive to more Legion posts to interest themselves in the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly, being expended for the purpose of giving radio entertainment to disabled veterans in hospitals, we are pleased to broadcast the following letter from Comrade A. M. Gribble, Jr., a member of Travis Post of Austin, Texas, who is a patient in the Station Hospital at Fort Sam Houston, Texas: "Through the untiring efforts of Lieutenant Colonel Wallace DeWitt and Major J. W. Sherwood, Commanding Officer and Executive Officer, respectively, of our hospital, and with the co-operation of Alamo Post of The American Legion of San Antonio, the installation of the central receiving set, furnished by the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly, has been completed. The 800 head-sets, connected up with the central receiving plant, are giving most gratifying service. As a Legionnaire and a patient, I want to express my thanks to those responsible for this wonderful gift to the fellows in this hospital. An outsider has no conception of the pleasure and profit to be derived from such a set in a place of this kind, where many of the patients never leave their beds, and others rarely leave the hospital limits. Of course, entertainments are scarce, and no one is blamed for that condition, but a radio eliminates the condition and brings entertainment to every bed. We want to assure you of the great pleasure we derive from the radio."

Fifteen veterans' hospitals have now been equipped or are being equipped with radio receiving plants by the Fund, and in each project the co-operation of Legion posts located near the institutions has been invaluable. Investigations are now being conducted looking toward installations in six additional hospitals. The posts which are assisting in this work are not benefiting only from the satisfaction of rendering a service to their disabled comrades, but are gaining local commendation for their interest in these men. Alamo Post, which handled the Fort Sam Houston project, reported that it had received much favorable publicity by reason of the installation and that the work had tended to make its position more substantial in San Antonio. Newspaper articles and editorials have lauded the work of the Legion in practically all of these projects which bring entertainment to the disabled.

### ON THE AIR

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

WASMER POST, LeMars, Iowa, will broadcast a novelty program from Station KWUC (252 meters), Monday, April 12, from 7:30 to 9:00 p. m., Central Time.

FOLLOWING Legion programs will be broadcast at 2 p. m. on dates shown from Station WMAQ (447.5 meters). Chicago, Illinois: HYDE PARK POST, April 9; AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY, April 12; COOK COUNTY ASSOCIATION, April 13; AUXILIARY UNIT OF SOUTH CHICAGO POST, April 14; MARINE POST, April 15; GOLD STAR MOTHERS, April 16.

THE American Legion Weekly has assumed charge of the distribution of the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund, now known as the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly, for the purchase of radio equipment for disabled World War veterans. The Fund is governed by the following regulations:

1. All requests for radio installation must come through posts of The American Legion. All government-owned hospitals operating under the United States Veterans Bureau have been or will be equipped with radio reception by the Government; the Fund, therefore, will affect only contract and general (army, navy and marine) hospitals in which disabled veterans are patients.

2. On receipt of a radio installation request, the requesting Legion post will be furnished a questionnaire and approval form for use in making specific non-technical recommendations regarding the hospital to be equipped. This questionnaire, filled in, must be approved by the post before being submitted to the Fund's board of trustees.

3. After the proposed installation has been approved by the trustees, a specifications form will be submitted to the post. The post, after consultation with the hospital authorities, will report in detail the nature and amount of supplies required for a complete radio installation. From this form the secretary of the board will place orders for supplies to be sent direct to the hospital.

4. The Fund may be spent for the purchase of radio equipment only. The cost of actual installation must be borne by the hospital. Incidentally, all expense of administering the Fund is borne by the Weekly. In many cases post members who are trained electrical technicians will doubtless be willing to contribute their services. Hospitals have governmental authority to call on technical experts of the nearest army post or naval station to assist in the installation.

*Address all correspondence to the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

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The first of the new stories by Captain J. W. Thomason, Jr., who writes of our Marines as Kipling did of the British Tommy, will appear in an early number of Cosmopolitan, with illustrations by the author.

### OUR SPECIAL OFFER

to *American Legion Weekly readers* brings you 8 issues of Cosmopolitan for $2.00 (including the Captain Thomason stories).

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ALW 326


## TAPS

*The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this department. 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.*

JOHN R. ARCHER, *Ball-Smith Post, Lindsay, Okla.* D. Feb. 19. Served with 8th Co., C. A. C., Ft. Crockett, Tex.

KENNETH BERST, *Jackson A. Matthews Post, Saranac Lake, N. Y.* D. Jan. 24, aged 33. Candidate, Cent. Inf. O. T. S.

HARLEY G. BICKFORD, *Panama Canal Post, Balboa Heights, C. Z.* D. Feb. 6. Major, Med. Corps, at Camp Pike, Ark., and Canal Zone.

CARROLL M. BOWEN, *Louis E. Davis Post, Bloomington, Ill.* D. at Paducah, Ky., Feb. 5.

LEONARD L. CHITTENDEN, *Robert F. Arnold Post, Marissa, Ill.* D. Feb. 17, aged 54. Served with 1st Div. Ammn. Tr.

LYALL H. CLEMONS, *Froid (Mont.) Post.* D. Jan. 4, aged 28. Served with S. P. U. 14, M. T. C., A. E. F.

LAWRENCE DHOOGHE, *John Watson Post, Springfield, Minn.* D. Oct. 27, aged 39. Served in A. E. F.

EDWARD O. DICKMAN, *Clarence King Post, Mansfield, Mo.* D. Feb. 3, aged 59. Served with Co. A, 2d Bn., U. S. Guards.

MICHAEL E. DOYLE, *Binghamton (N. Y.) Post.* D. Dec. 2. Served with 102d Ammn. Tr., San. Div.

RASMUS FREDRICKSON, *Waite-Westrum Post, Bruce, S. D.* D. Jan. 16, aged 32. Served with Camp Dodge Det., 120th Inf.

HERBERT D. GRAHAM, *Lynbrook (N. Y.) Post.* Accidentally killed, Feb. 7, aged 31. Instructor in journalism, A. E. F. Univ., Beaune, France.

FRANK M. GROVE, *Richard Ellis Post, Janesville, Wis.* D. Feb. 3, aged 39. Served with M. G. Co., 111th Inf., 28th Div.

WILLIAM H. HALL, *Medford (Mass.) Post.* D. at U. S. V. Hosp., Rutland, Mass., Feb. 7, aged 27. Served in Naval T. S.

ARTHUR H. HENDERSON, *York (Pa.) Post.* D. Jan. 20. Served with 65th Aero Sqd., A. S.

CHESTER A. HILL, *Danvers (Ill.) Post.* D. in December at U. S. V. Hosp., Maywood, Ill.

JOHN F. HOGAN, *Lange-Ostrander Post, Columbus, Wis.* D. Jan. 22, aged 38. Served in Signal Corps.

LESTER L. KASTNER, *Leo R. Anderson Post, Ardmore, Okla.* D. Dec. 21. Served with Co. C, 111th F. S. Bn.

NELS KEEND, *Theodore Roosevelt Post, Enumclaw, Wash.* D. at American Lake Hosp., Washington, Nov. 12, aged 36. Served in Army.

ADLEY R. KIMBALL, *Louis Halphen Post, Legion, Tex.* D. at U. S. V. Hosp., Legion, Jan. 13.

HARVEY L. WOODS, *Champaign Post, Creston, Ia.* D. at U. S. V. Hosp., Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 1. Served with 4th Trans. Band.

## OUTFIT REUNIONS

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

125TH F. A.—Members of this outfit as well as the 14th Minnesota Inf. (1898), 3d Minnesota Inf. (Border Service) and the present 125th Inf. will hold reunion in Duluth, Minn., April 9-10. Address Albert A. Burns, The Armory, Duluth.

Co. I, 104TH INF. (26th Div.)—Annual reunion at Boyden's Restaurant, Northampton, Mass., 8 p. m., April 10. Address Reunion Committee, P. O. Box 255, Northampton.

113TH INF. (1st New Jersey Inf.)—Reunion and dinnner dance, Achtel-Stetter's, Newark, N. J., 7 p. m., April 17. Address A. B. Cohen, 21 Osborne Terrace, Newark, N. J.

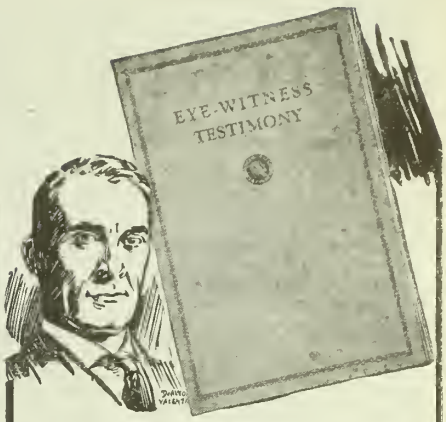
CAPE MAY SECTION BASE, U. S. NAVY—Reunion at Boothby's Cafe, 116 So. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa., 7 p. m., April 19. Address Frederic D. Garman, 1953 North Sixth St., Philadelphia.

102D M. G. BN.—Reunion at American House, Boston, Mass., 6 p. m., April 24. Address Col. C. C. Stanchfield, Room 267, State House, Boston.

BATTERY A, 112TH F. A.—Annual reunion at Armory Parkway, East Orange, N. J., 7 p. m., April 24. Address Frank G. Dreyer, 304 So. Clinton St., East Orange.

Co. C, 305TH INF.—Annual reunion and dance at 77th Division Clubhouse, New York City, April 24. Address Fred Gunther, Room 745, 42 Broadway, New York City.

12TH ENG.—Annual homecoming dinner and meeting at American Annex Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., 6:30 p. m., May 15. Adress John J. Barada, Sec'y, 514 Kansas St., St. Louis.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# Bursts *and* Duds

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## Quick, Watson, the Puff!

The young wife was about to undergo an operation for appendicitis and was naturally a trifle nervous.

"Tracy, dear," she said to her husband, "I want you to stand right by the doctor during the operation, and hold my vanity case."

"But, darling," he protested, "that can't do any good."

"Oh, it can't, eh? Suppose my appendix comes out shiny?"

## Fixing It

"Come on over to dinner tonight," invited Archie. "I've asked some of the gang and there will be thirteen of us."

"That's unlucky," objected Reggie. "Better invite one more."

"There won't be room. You needn't come, I guess."

## Cleverly Disguised

[*From Philadelphia Evening Ledger*]

Later, he told the police he was Teddy Dorn, 42, of Newark, N. J. Police said he was a wife and two children.

## Tempting Fate

Second Story Mike and his better half were going over the list for Junior's birthday when they came to an item that aroused the loud husband's ire.

"Wot's dis?" exclaimed the family breadwinner. "A tool chest for de kid? Nuttin doin'!"

"Why not, dear?" inquired the wife. "He keeps asking for one."

"Yeah? Au' if de cops see me on de street luggin' a tool chest, I'll keep askin' fer a boudsmau!"

## Perfectly Safe

"Does your mother know that you read those racy novels, my dear?" asked the well meaning friend of the family.

"Goodness, no!" exclaimed the flapper daughter. "She's not even aware of the fact that I know where she hides them!"

## Forever and Ever

Leave me alone with the Sunday paper,
When Sabbath day rolls round.
Go drown the cat and leave the flat
And make no raucous sound.
Leave me alone with the Sunday paper
And plenty of brilliant light,
And I'll read it through if it takes me to
The following Friday night.

Leave me alone with the Sunday paper—
Go hike or tour or tramp,
While the latest news my eyes peruse
In the lee of my reading lamp.
Leave me alone with the Sunday paper,
My acquiescent wife—
And on second thought, 'tis three I bought,
So leave me alone for life.

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

## Back to the Grind

At eleven o'clock on Armistice Day the composing room force of the Des Moines *Register and Tribune* stood at attention, facing the East. At the end of the two minutes' time an apprentice turned to his companion and remarked:

"That's a hell of a holiday—two minutes."

## Sounds Plenty

"I want a girl," announced the office boss to his secretary, "who is a high school graduate and who can spell words of two syllables. And I want a girl who knows something about business; I want a girl who has ambition to become an executive."

"Yes, sir," replied the secretary, looking up from the notes she'd made. "Then you want four new girls for the inner office?"

## No Alternative

"No," said the merchant, "I can't give you a job today. You better leave your address."

"I know it," replied the applicant sadly. "The landlady said I'd have to unless I got a job today."

## Woman Crazy

[*Ad in Stockton (Cal.) Record*]

WILL GIVE an apt. in exchange for landlady.

## True for Once

The dentist was spanking his son.

"This hurts me worse than it does you," he said, as the lad's yells frightened three patients from the reception parlor.

"Take this damn thing an' beat it. The tickin' gets on my nerves."

## In Earnest

"Did you—utterly without warning—assault this poor book salesman and throw him into the street?" demanded the district attorney.

"Yes," replied the prisoner. "Three times."

## The Bare Truth

If I planned women's dresses,
I'd take a hint from Eve.
I'd have the menfolks laughing,
But I'd make the modistes grieve.

—*E. D. K.*

## Questionnaire

Papa: "Who discovered America, Dad?"

Grandpa: "Columbus, my boy."

Papa: "Who recovered it, Dad?"

Grandpa: "The Minute Men, my boy. And now in return, let me ask you who uncovered it?"

Papa: "Ziegfeld, Dad."

## After That, the Deluge

[*Ad in Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle*]

8 Acres just off East Bonndary—High and Dry for This Week Only.

## Crackle, Crackle

"Waiter!" called the esthete at the fashionable café.

"Yes, sir."

"Be so kind as to take this celery out to the culinary department and boil it. I find it altogether too outspoken."

## Holding Out

"Why did you tell that reporter that you were robbed of a hundred dollars when you never had that much on you?"

"I was after revenge. I wanted that holdup man to get in trouble with his wife."

## Not His

"Don't you think people are reading altogether too much trash these days?" asked the author.

"Just what do you mean by trash?" countered the cautious publisher.

"Oh, you know—the sort of stuff all these other chaps are writing."

## The Lesser Evil

"George," inquired the motorist's wife, "why did you buy that ticket to the policemen's ball?"

"Because, my dear," replied George, "I saw that if I didn't buy a ticket the policeman was going to give me one."

## "Well, So Long, John, Dear"

[*Millbank (S. D.) Herald Advance*]

Immediately after the ceremony the bride left for a brief honeymoon tour to the Twin Cities.

## Something Like the Truth

First Gasoline Dealer: "If temperance wasn't the cause of prohibition, what was?"

Second Gasoline Dealer: "The fellows who used the saloons for filling stations."

## Cue for the Act

An American tourist sat in a Paris café and wrote to his wife in Indiana:

"I have been in Paris two weeks and have not taken a drink."

Just then an American orchestra struck up: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

## The Good Old Guerre

The scene was aboard ship at Brest, Lady Liberty bound.

"What's holdin' up the parade now?" fumed an impatient soldier.

"They're a-weighin' anchor," explained a gob.

"That's the Navy for you!" spluttered the transportee. "Why don't you fellers write down what it weighs and not be holdin' up the ship every time a guy wants to get started in a hurry?"

## Limerix

Though my sweetheart has lost all his hair,
I can say with a smile, "I don't care,"
But the thing that I hate
Is to know that his pate
On the inside is equally bare.

—*D. D.*

They tell of a beautiful bimbeau
Who loves neither stout beau nor slim beau,
But I'll wager four bits,
If you dined at the Ritz
She wouldn't consign you to limbeau.

—*J. C.*

## Enviable Prerogative

[*From Baton Rouge (La.) State-Times*]

Dr. D—— is characterized in the resolutions as being a publicity seeker and meddler in the affairs of the Rapides Medical society, a prerogative which it was declared was only enjoyed by members of that body.

## Giving Everybody a Chance

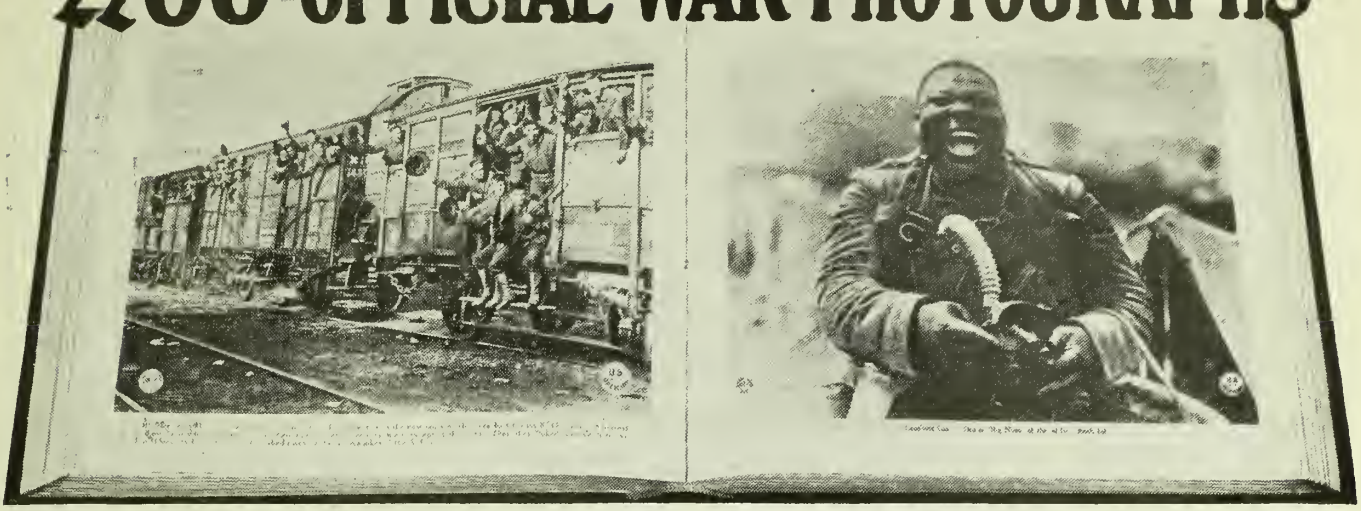
"Oh, dear," sighed a pretty girl in a restaurant, "I must have forgotten my purse!"

"Allow me to pay," offered a gallant male.

She looked at him with care, then smiled sweetly.

"No," she said, "you paid for me yesterday. Let some one else do it today."

# 2200 OFFICIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS



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***2200 U. S. Official War Pictures in One Beautiful, Bound Portfolio that will Last for Years***

"GEE, I wish I had a camera." Remember the day, five years or more ago, when you made such a remark? Perhaps you wished it as you handled pick and shovel in some training camp, perhaps as you wrestled with a 500 pound "ashcan" on the deck of a bucking sub-chaser, or possibly as you entered the streets of some little French village just won from the enemy. You wanted an honest-to-goodness record of your daily life in the service to preserve the memories for yourself and the folks back home.

## Army, Navy and Marine Corps

Thousands of men have recognized themselves. Here you will find pictured every combat division in action; the French villages; training camps; photographic records of all the big offensive, Cantigny, Soissons, Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, and all the others.

In addition, you will find a special Navy and Marine Corps section with hundreds of pictures; also dozens of Air Service photographs, Tank Corps in action, Hospital Corps, Medical Corps, S. O. S. Sanitary Corps, Welfare organizations, and every branch that contributed to the success of the combat forces.

It is absolutely complete.

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Every photograph appearing in this collection was taken by government official photographers. Every picture bears the seal of the United States Government. It is their story of America's participation, reproducing them by the famous Rotogravure process, we are able, by making these portfolios in big quantities, to keep the price within reach of all.

This is the largest collection of official photographs ever assembled into one volume. Read the list of contents in the opposite column. The actual size is 9 inches by 12 inches, and the portfolio contains 1,000 pages and is handsomely bound in an ART LEATHER cover.

## CONTENTS

### Army Section

1. Mobilization, photographs of training camps in America.
2. Convoys and transports. Dozens of these ships are shown.
3. Landing of the troops in France and England.
4. Training in France.
5. Cantigny; our first offensive.
6. Chateau-Thierry. 2nd and 3rd Divisions in action.
7. St. Mihiel; the first American army in its first offensive.
8. Meuse-Argonne. The most terrible scenes in the whole war.
9. Operations of the 2nd army.
10. Americans on the British front.
11. and 12. Americans on Italian and Russian fronts.
13. Service of supplies.
14. Victory and the armistice.
15. American army in Germany after the armistice.
16. Women in the war.
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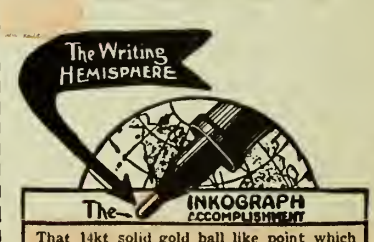


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