APRIL 30, 1926

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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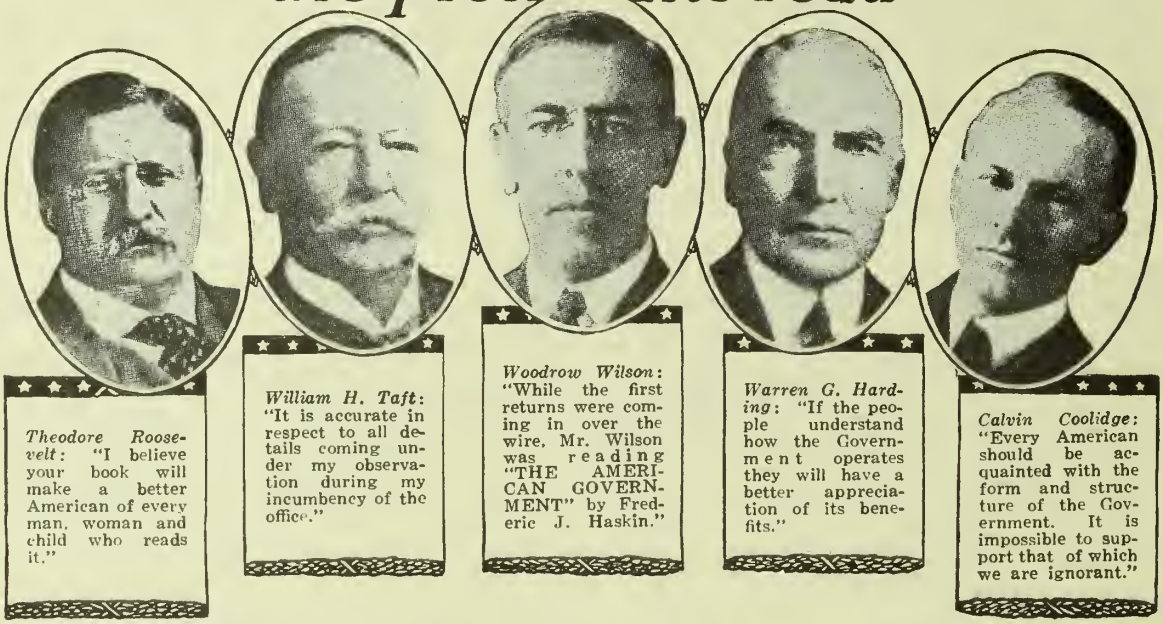

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April 30, 1926

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 8, No. 18

How many World War service men do not know that the War Risk insurance they allowed to lapse must be reinstated and converted to permanent Government insurance before July 2, 1926, or, under the present law, pass forever beyond recall? Certainly no uninsured Legionnaire should be at this time uninformed of the urgent necessity of protecting his insurance rights in the nine weeks which remain before July 2d. Following the publication in the Weekly recently of a series of three articles on insurance, practically all posts have been reminding their members of the need for quick action in reinstatement and conversion of insurance. Special insurance meetings have been held by many posts. Insurance officers of a large number of posts have communicated personally with post members, with good results.

* * *

In the March 12th issue of the Weekly was published the resolution adopted by the Association of Life Insurance Presidents on December 6, 1918, indorsing Government insurance and requesting all insurance company representatives to do everything in their power to urge service men to convert temporary war-time insurance to permanent policies offered by the Government. The Executive Committee of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, meeting in New York recently, reaffirmed the resolution adopted eight years ago, adopting a new resolution calling attention to the fact that all War Risk Yearly Renewable Term Insurance must be reinstated and converted before July 2, 1926. Certainly any service man who has been doubtful whether the claims made for Government Insurance prove its advantages to the service man over other insurance he may obtain may accept the authoritative recommendation of the insurance profession.

* * *

Cecil W. Fogg Post of Hyde Park, Massachusetts, has had extraordinary success with its insurance campaign. On April 1st it held an Insurance Rally at which insurance experts explained all the provisions of the six forms of government policies. Physicians performed physical examinations free of charge and all necessary assistance was given at the rally to men wishing to reinstate and convert their policies. Before the rally, Fogg Post distributed to every home in its city a bill addressed not only to service men but to their relatives, calling attention to the urgent need of protecting insurance rights. "In addition," writes William J. Bordeau, post adjutant, "our membership committee is calling on every man in our district who served in the World War and is giving personal assistance on insurance and other matters. The service has brought us many new members."

* * *

The New York Life Insurance Company and the Prudential Insurance Company recently issued especially noteworthy appeals to their field forces to help service men reinstate and convert wartime insurance. The former printed a bulletin signed by Thomas A. Buckner, first vice-president. The appeal to the 21,000 representatives of the Prudential Insurance Company was signed by Franklin D'Olier, vice-president in charge of administration and Past National Commander of The American Legion. Mr. D'Olier urged all company representatives, as "a patriotic duty," to "help by seeking every service man and urging him to reinstate his insurance before July 2d."

* * *

The National Life and Accident Company of Nashville, Tennessee, reprinted in its company publication, "The Seals," the article on government insurance published in the Weekly for February 12th, and H. F. Polk, assistant treasurer, wrote: "We believe that urging veterans to protect themselves and their families by securing the limit of government insurance is a duty and privilege which falls most directly on the life insurance profession."

* * *

Child Health Day will be observed throughout the United States tomorrow. The American Legion is vitally interested in the observance of this day, particularly as it is committed through its Child Welfare Service to a continuing program of help to children of disabled veterans.

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Along *the* Front *of* Legion Helpfulness

By A. V. LEVERING

Unusual visitors' day activity in the kitchen sector of a Legion Children's Billet. Pennsylvania and New Jersey Legionnaires giving the final touch of actual home life to the billet

SERVICE MAN WITH TWO YOUNG CHILDREN MUST GO HOSPITAL MOTHER DEAD CHILDREN SHOULD GO UNCLE NEW YORK NO FUNDS AVAILABLE HERE CAN YOU HELP.

THIS wire came from the adjutant of a western department one day last spring, to National Headquarters of The American Legion at Indianapolis. Within a few hours a telegram had reached the adjutant authorizing him to advance money for the children's care and transportation, to be repaid from the emergency fund of the National Child Welfare Service.

So a Legionnaire who was traveling to Chicago took the children that far. A child welfare worker of the Legion took them on to New York City. And when, after a few months, the father was restored to health by his hospital care, he went to his children and reestablished the home.

This is typical of how the needy dependents of service men are being helped today through money made available by the Endowment Fund. Every case is a little different from every other, and requires a different handling. But in every case where help is genuinely needed, the Legion comes to the fore with it.

The work is on no haphazard basis. In direct charge of the social service work for children is Miss Emma C. Puschner, an experienced social worker in the children's field.

"We want Legionnaires and any other interested people to let us know about every needy case where the welfare of service men's and women's children is involved," declares Miss Puschner. "Our first task is to learn of the need. Then only can we do for the children what the Legion wants us to do. Our aim is to provide home care, or the closest approach to home care, for every child of service parentage.

"Information will be most welcome whether it comes direct to us at Indianapolis, or through channels of the state chairman of child welfare who is functioning in practically every department. Once we get knowledge of a deserving case, we obtain for the children the best care we can provide to fit their needs."

Wherever possible, the Legion policy is to maintain the home. Putting a child in a billet is a last resort.

There was a mother who wanted her six-year-old boy admitted to the billet at Otter Lake, Michigan. Her appeal gave the idea of urgent need.

But a short investigation disclosed that the mother was earning over $100 a month in office work, and was receiving $40 a month from the Government. So she was told to continue caring for her child. Legion funds and billet space must not be wasted on those whose relatives can provide for them.

Next after maintaining the home with parents or relatives, the child welfare service prefers to have the children placed in good families or adopted by foster parents. Two little girls came under Legion care not long ago, two years and four years old respectively. Their father and mother had died recently of tuberculosis, leaving no relatives.

A prosperous farm family in Indiana had been asking for two Legion

children. The two little girls were welcomed into the childless home, a fine home. The best of care, and a world of outdoor play, are helping build constitutions which will enable the children to avoid the scourge which took their parents.

Placing children in a foster home is only the first step in such work. The next step is long drawn out. For unless the children are followed up from time to time to make sure that all is well with them, abuses may creep in.

FOSTER parents do not, unfortunately, always give children proper care. Sometimes they don't know how; much rarer is the family which overworks or mistreats the youngsters. But these difficulties must be guarded against in fairness to the children by proper supervision of the foster home.

Frequently it is possible to enlist the assistance of local authorities in providing for a needy family. The Child Welfare Headquarters at Indianapolis keep as well posted as possible on local conditions; and the "volunteer" helpers, the community, county or department committeemen and chairmen, are supposed to keep themselves familiar with the situations in their localities.

Thus it was that, recently, the case of a widowed mother with two children was called to the attention of National Headquarters. They were residents of an eastern State which has especially liberal laws for the care of needy dependents. Through the department "volunteers", an allowance for the mother was obtained from the State's Mothers' Aid Fund. This took a little time; meanwhile funds were provided from the emergency fund at Legion National Headquarters.

A similar situation arose in a middle western State. The Auxiliary of the State promptly contributed a monthly allowance to the support of the children. The mother received a widow's pension from the State, plus a small allowance monthly from a fund provided by the State for relief of service men's families. A fraternal lodge of which the husband had been a member was appealed to, and it added another regular contribution. By the time all of these local resources had been found, the family was no longer in want. And no money was required from the Legion's funds.

The father of two children in a New England State was in the hospital. Their mother was dead. So the local department chairman of child welfare applied for billet care for the youngsters.

Of course children cannot be admitted to a Legion billet on the instant. There's too much demand for such care, and a child carelessly admitted when there's no need is likely to keep out some other child whose need is acute. So, in this instance as always, a careful investigation had to be made of all essential factors.

The Auxiliary and the Legion in this department have a fund for the care of widows and orphans—not a large fund, but a fund. With this money the children were placed in a foster home where their board was paid for. Such homes must always be approved by the child welfare authorities of the State before the Legion will use them at all.

By the time the department chairman had gathered the information required to admit these children to a Legion billet—and the facts proved that they were absolutely entitled to such care—the children were so happily settled in the boarding home that they did not want to leave. So the department chairman decided that the department's funds would continue to pay for keeping these youngsters in the foster home, at least until some change of conditions might make it advisable to move them. Living nearby, the children are able to see their father occasionally at the hospital—something which would be impossible if they were taken to a billet. This contributes not only to the children's happiness, but also to the father's chances of recovering his health.

Two other applications for billet or hospital care have been granted but are held up temporarily at the request of the parent. One is a two-year-old child of a father in hospital for tuberculosis. The father wants his child near him; the child is actively tuberculous, and hence is eligible to Legion hospital care but not to billet care.

Rather than take the child away to a distant hospital, the Legion is paying—out of the emergency fund—for the care of the child at a convalescent home near the father's hospital. Thus the child is getting excellent care, and can be seen by the father often.

A FATHER had tuberculosis. He needed to be placed in a hospital, right away. But he didn't dare leave his family. They were living on a rented farm in a middle western State. The mother couldn't do much work besides caring for the children and the home, for she had a three-year-old and a pair of twins two months old. And there wasn't a dollar in the house or in the bank.

The child welfare authorities of the Legion rolled into the job. After a little money had been provided to take care of the family's immediate needs, the father was placed in a Veterans Bureau hospital and a concerted drive

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"Why, that I cannot tell," said he, "but 'twas a famous victory." Legionnaire Thomas V. Dowd, Secretary of the Third District National Rehabilitation Committee, does a modernized little summer's evening story-telling for the boys and girls of the eastern children's billet

He Leads 8,000,000 Veterans

By BERNHARD RAGNER

George R. Crosfield, as president of FIDAC, is leader of 8,000,000 service men of nine countries. He is arriving in the United States for a visit of six weeks under American Legion auspices. Mrs. Crosfield was the widow of the eldest son of the famous American novelist, F. Marion Crawford. Her first husband was killed early in the war

FROM chemical formulæ to night bombing over the German lines, from an office chair to a dug-out near No Man's Land in France, from high military honors to practical, peace-time service in mufti —these are some of the picturesque contrasts contained in the colorful life of Lieutenant Colonel George R. Crosfield, president of the FIDAC, that international organization which groups the ex-soldiers of all the Allied nations.

The American Legion is soon to renew its acquaintance with Colonel Crosfield, for he is to arrive in New York on board the *Aquitania* in a day or two to make an official visit to the United States. The constitution of the FIDAC specifies that each President shall visit all the member countries during his term of office, and Colonel Crosfield has been over most of Europe since his election as head of FIDAC at the Congress held in Rome last September. Colonel Crosfield does not come as a stranger to either the Legion or the United States, because he attended the Legion's third National Convention at Kansas City in 1921 and presented to The American Legion the greetings of the British Legion.

While in the United States, Colonel Crosfield will be entertained by the Foreign Relations Committee of the Legion, of which H. Nelson Jackson of Burlington, Vermont, is chairman. The Legion's Distinguished Guest Committee, whose chairman is Alton T. Roberts of Marquette, Michigan, will also assist in conducting Colonel Crosfield on a tour of American cities, including New York, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago and Indianapolis. Thomas W. Miller of Wilmington, Delaware, President of the FIDAC in 1925, and Lemuel Bolles, Vice-President of the FIDAC, will accompany Colonel Crosfield on his tour. The President of FIDAC will spend six weeks in the United States.

Big jobs are not a curiosity with Colonel Crosfield. They have been part of his daily routine ever since he received his diploma at Harrow, whether as head of a giant industrial enterprise in Great Britain, as a battalion commander on the front line, or as one of the founders and chiefs of the Comrades of the Great War. But even he will confess that the biggest job he ever tackled is the present one, that of leading in time of peace, for purposes of peace, the almost innumerable legions that Marshal Foch led to victory in time of war, eight million service men of nine countries.

Seldom does a man possess the two sets of dissimilar qualities which make him a successful chieftain in and out of uniform. Colonel Crosfield reveals his versatility by being one of these men. He was a gallant and courageous military commander, as the British D. S. O. upon his breast attests. He is a capable and energetic peace-time chief, as his presidency of FIDAC demonstrates. He has won success in two careers, one military, the other civilian, a combination that is rarely encountered.

Whether in khaki or mufti, Colonel Crosfield has been and is a service man.

He served when he entered (and later directed) the firm which his grandfather founded in 1815, namely, Joseph Crosfield & Sons of Warrington, Soap and Chemical Manufacturers. He served when, in 1895, he accepted a commission in the Second Volunteer Battalion, South Lancashire Regiment. He served when he volunteered for the South African War and commanded a company of the Imperial Yeomanry. He served when he affiliated himself, in 1904, ten years before the holocaust broke, with the National Service League, an organization inspired by Field Marshal Earl Roberts, V. C., whose object was to arouse England to the coming German peril. He served, during the World War, in England, in France (where he lost a leg), in Czecho-Slovakia. After the Armistice, he served when he helped to organize the British Legion. He served when he delivered the message of the British Legion before the Kansas City convention of our own Legion in 1921. And he is still serving, doubtless performing his greatest service, as president of the FIDAC. In letters of gold, Service is written on his escutcheon: Service for God, for Country, for Mankind. It takes more than a cynical epigram to annihilate such a record as that!

Colonel Crosfield has three decorations, the British D. S. O., received for gallantry in action at the Battle of the Bluff, in France, on March 16, 1916. He also has the T. D. (Territorial Decoration) for twenty years of service in the Volunteers and Territorials. In 1919, the Czecho-Slovak republic awarded him its war cross for services rendered that youthful nation.

When the great war broke out, Colonel Crosfield proceeded to France as second in command of his local Territorial Battalion, the Fourth South Lancashire Regiment, landing at Le Havre in February, 1915. By the end of that year he was given command of a regular battalion, the Second Suffolk Regiment, and took part in the Battle of the Bluff in March. Subsequently, he assumed command of the Tenth Royal Welsh Fusiliers and was wounded in the Battle of St. Eloi, his wound necessitating the amputation of a leg. When convalescent, he was passed fit for home service and given command of the Seventh Reserve Battalion, King's Liverpool Regiment, stationed at Oswestry in Shropshire.

In June of 1918, possessing special knowledge of certain parts of Germany, he was given a commission in the Royal Air Force, being trained as a night bomber. In September, he pro-

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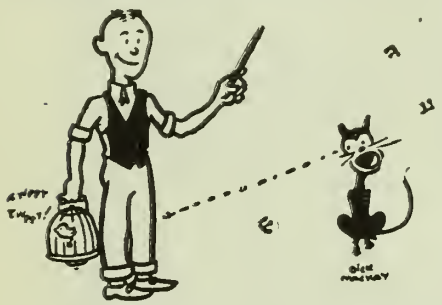
Dinwiddie: Memory Expert

Cartoons by Dick Mackay

By TIP BLISS

FOR some time past I had been worrying about Dinwiddie. To anyone who knew him as well as I did it was as obvious as a red necktie at a funeral that he was getting ready to Take Up Something Seriously. And when Dinwiddie takes up something seriously, it generally turns out disastrously.

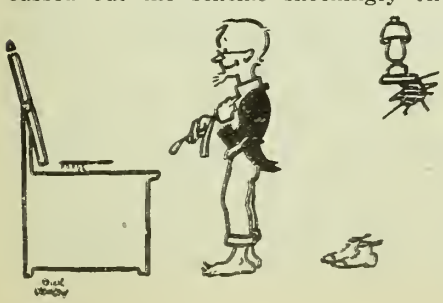
There was that time, for instance, when he figured he could improve the voices of cats by feeding canaries to



them. Fundamentally, of course, the idea was sound; but Aunt Sarah, who owned the only canary he could find, never became reconciled to her loss, and, as far as anybody could see, his solitary meal of canary sauté never did Hannibal, the cat, a particle of good. He was as raucous as ever.

Then there was intrinsic merit in his notion of strewing over the floor those little wooden collar buttons that laundries sent back in shirts. Dinwiddie reasoned that when a man drops a collar button he gropes first directly

under him. Being in a hurry, he would grab the first wooden one his hand touched, jam it in his collar and rush off, never noticing the difference. Dinwiddie, of course, would salvage the genuine button as a reward for his inventiveness. But Dinwiddie's Uncle Andrew, who always dresses in his bare feet and puts on his shoes last, cussed out the scheme shockingly on



the first morning he walked over them, so it had to be abandoned.

This time, however, when Dinwiddie got ready to confide in me there seemed to be nothing inherently dangerous in his idea. It was some of this memory stuff. You know—you go up to a man and tell him he's Mr. Archibald Heck of Keokuk, and you met him seven years ago come Michaelmas, and did he get away with his project of selling Connecticut oil stock to the widows of Ute Indians?

If you happen to have guessed right, he falls on your neck and gives you a bunch of Liberty bonds to keep you from telling what you know among the Utes. If you have the wrong number, there's no harm done.

"The trouble with you of the herd," said Dinwiddie, looking at me, although calling a self-respecting citizen a herd is a fighting word out where I come from, "is that you never cultivate the powers that Providence sends you."

"Providence never sent me anything," I interrupted, "although I did order a sweater-vest once from a mail order house in Woonsocket. It never came.

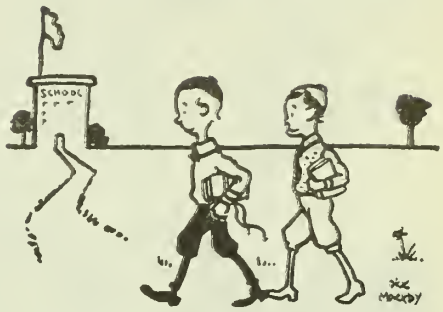
"For instance," went on Dinwiddie, "there's the matter of memory. Now you, I happen to know, can never remember names. You run into a man you've met years ago and you hem and haw and stammer—"

"I may have hawed and stammered," I said, "but I never hem. What kind of a guy do you think I am? A sissy?"

"What you have to learn," said Dinwiddie, "is to associate names with ideas. For instance, I meet a man named Carmichael. I notice that he has a carbuncle. Carmichael — carbuncle, that's association. I have an acquaintance named Fallon. He has fallen arches. I unexpectedly encounter someone who is obviously suffering from chilblains. 'So long since we have met, Mr. Frost,' I say instantly."

"You're certainly lucky in your circle of appropriately christened friends," I said enviously. "Now I went to school with a lad named Hallett, but I never noticed that he was afflicted with halitosis. And none of the boys I knew in Paris even had a touch of paresis. But, tell me, do you always travel around with these physical wrecks? Haven't you any healthy ones on your list? Don't you know any Cruickshank who isn't bow-legged or any Lampson who isn't wearing a permanent black eye?"

"A good recognizable disease always helps, of course," admitted Dinwiddie, "but there are lots of other ways. I tell you what. My old outfit is giving a dinner tomorrow night and I'm going to be toastmaster. Now, I haven't seen those boys since the Armistice. You come along with me and see if I don't get every name right—just by



association. I'm going to make a speech."

"In that case," I said, "I've got an engagement tomorrow night. I'll take in a neighborhood lynching or something cheerful like that."

"It won't set you back a nick," said Dinwiddie. "It's on the bunch."

"In that case I'll be there," I accepted hastily.

* * * * *

"I forgot to tell you," said Dinwiddie, as we walked to the banquet hall the next night, "that there's going to be a lady there. A Miss Fayre. She was a 'Y' girl—er, a 'Y' woman—who

was attached to our outfit. Sewed on our buttons and things."

"If she sewed on your button," I thought, looking at the skull which housed his mighty brain, "she ought to be tipped off that it's come loose again." But I didn't say it. There are times when my ability to know when not to talk amounts to a positive gift. Aloud I said: "I suppose you'll be able to remember Miss Fayre's name by the fact that she's

(Continued on page 16)

Just Tell It *to* Them

By ALEXANDER GARDINER

The start and finish of Corydon's successful drive for membership. Brown and Keller, retiring officers (left), against Hurst and Becker, their successors, line up before a captured German field piece in front of the one-time Indiana capitol. Below, Robert Hughes, finance officer, gets check for 245th member from Commander Hurst. The paper in Hurst's hand contains the names of eligibles in Harrison County still outside the Legion. He'll sign them up

COMPETITION is the life of more things than trade, and there's nothing like it to bring out the fighting qualities in a man. In the days of the Roman Circus the Blues and the Greens vied colorfully for honors, fifteen centuries later knights in armor had at each other for the purpose of deciding who was the master, and when dad was twenty-five years younger than he is today the Pinks and the Purples staged their contest for getting members into the lodge. Choosing sides (the loser to pay for a dinner at the end of the contest) is a modern recipe that never fails to produce the goods, like a banana on the sidewalk in a slapstick comedy.

Why do the American people spend millions of dollars on sports each year? It's because of the competition sport brings out, because some group has an idea it can beat another group at horseshoe pitching, or football, or what have you? If you can convince someone he's got a fighting chance of trimming you in a game you won't have any trouble in getting him to try.

Charles A. Keller is a business man. He is familiar with efficiency experts and all their works, and he has mastered all the lingo of the modern "you've got to sell yourself" line of the super-salesman. He was finishing his second term as commander of Harrison Post of the Legion in the little town of Corydon, Indiana. Harrison Post had been a better-than-average post in its department. Keller was conscientious enough to want to turn the post over to his successor in as good shape as he had received it. So it occurred to him that he had better think up a scheme for getting in members. Here it was the sixth of December, and the new commander was taking office the first of the year. And only forty-eight men had signed up for 1926—there had been one hundred and two members in 1925.

There ought to be some sort of competition, Keller thought. He took counsel of Clarence Brown, retiring adjutant. When they had talked it over for a while, they issued a challenge to the incoming commander, George Hurst, and the new adjutant, Edward Becker. Each side was to have twenty-four men, and the losing side in the battle for new members was to pay for a dinner to as many of the post members as wanted to attend, on January 6th of the new year.

George Hurst is a hardware merchant in Corydon, but more than that his acquaintance with people in all parts of Harrison County can't be matched. George is a mild sort of fellow, quiet-spoken and not at all hard-boiled. Just to make it a fair fight he got hold of the draft list at the county courthouse and with this as a nucleus built up a list of eligibles in the county. This list was made available to Keller's side also.

The next day they formally started the contest in front of a tiny building that adorns the public square of Corydon. The building has something of a history, for it was built in 1812 to serve as the capitol of the Northwest Territory. In 1816 it became the capitol of the State of Indiana, retaining that distinction until 1825, when by legislative action the city of Indianapolis was laid out and was designated state capital.

Situated almost exactly in the center of the county, the town is the natural trading point for the smaller towns grouped about it. The entire county has a population of about twenty thousand and Corydon, the county seat, has 2,000. George Hurst took his list of eligibles and started to look them up. He dropped into a farmhouse here and another there, called on half a dozen men in a community, and made the rounds in the larger towns. When he signed up a man he asked the new member to get another member. And so men at the ends of the county who don't get into Corydon once a month found themselves approached by Hurst or one of his deputies with a request to join the Legion.

The rest of the men on both sides were busy with the campaign, but when the contest ended on January 6th Hurst had put them all in the shade. He had personally signed up seventy-five men, and had a share in bringing in more than twenty-five others. His side had signed up one hundred and eighteen men, and the post member-

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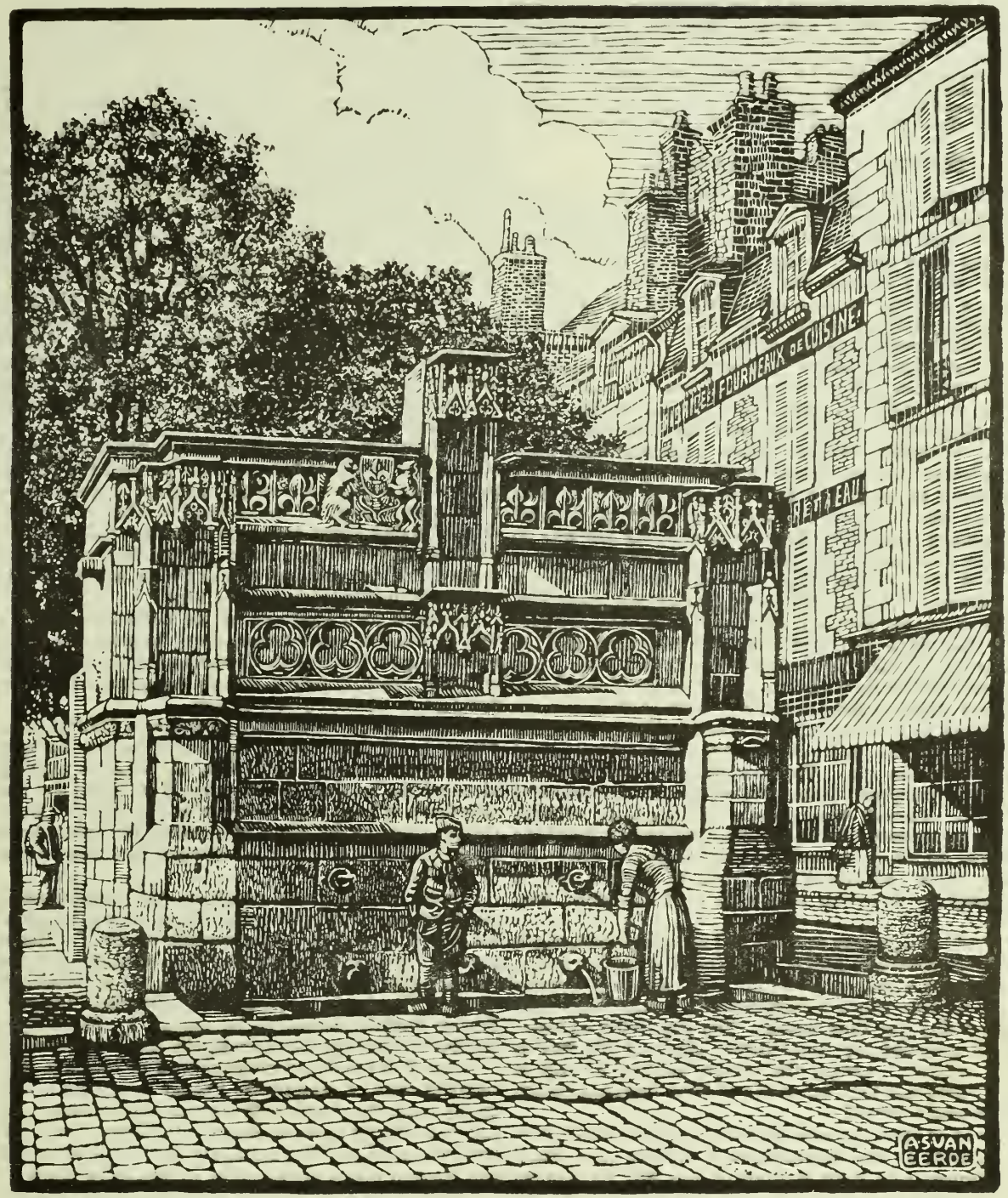
Corners of A. E. F. France

V. La Fontaine Louis XII, Blois

from a drawing
by A. S. VAN EERDE



A WAVE of protest arose from the merchants and shopkeepers of the city of Blois, France, when on February 15, 1919, the activities of the Blois Area were transferred to the First Replacement Depot at St. Aignan, and Blois ceased to be one of the most famous of the casual camps of the A. E. F. Over 100,000 enlisted men and 15,000 officers of the A. E. F. had passed through Blois in its heyday and the objection of the merchants arose from the fact that the shops of the town were well stocked with souvenirs, officers' trench coats and Sam Browne belts.

A. E. F. history fails to record the reaction of the officers to this change, as Blois was the location of the "benzine board" before which officers who had not made good appeared for reassignment, reduction or loss of commission. The name of the city gave to the A. E. F. the slang term to "blooey" an officer, meaning to bust or reduce or transfer him.

The Louis XII fountain, of which the above is a drawing, occupies a prominent place in Blois, where is located the famous Chateau de Blois, one of the most beautiful and elaborate of the old royal residences in the "chateau country" of France. In 1462, the Duke of Orleans had a son born in the chateau, which dates from earlier than the XIVth century. This son in 1498 began his reign as Louis XII.

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.

History Written on the Spot

GREAT dramatists, poets and story tellers of the Restoration period in England created literary masterpieces which still have power to charm our modern imagination. One reading them today catches something of the spirit of life in the time of Charles the Second. But the spell they cast upon a modern imagination is like the spell of some old and rare painting, spiritual in its quality, above and beyond our ordinary comprehension.

For the clearly delineated picture of life as it was lived in the late Seventeenth Century, one does not read plays and poems and tales. He finds that picture in the multitudinous pages of a diary which was kept for years by a methodical, whimsical and altogether understandable ordinary man named Samuel Pepys. In Pepys's pages one may find, set down in much the literary style of a busy man dictating to his stenographer, the happenings of a court and the rumors which Mr. Pepys picked up on his way to work in the mornings. And there, too, one finds, as Pepys tells it with terrific simplicity, what ordinary folk did in London during the black plague and during the great fire.

For four years, between 1914 and 1918, the creative genius of the stage and literature was mobilized for the production of soul-stirring works on the World War. Little that was written will endure. Most of what was written will find future appreciation only from those who have kept on living in a trance of war emotionalism proceeding from an idealized conception of the war and not from actual participation in the war. The average war book, with its "glory of the trenches" theme, leaves the battle-memoried veteran cold. He may admire such writing, as he admires an exceptional painting, but he is conscious that it lacks the completeness which only truth and actuality can give. By and large, truth and actuality in such an account can be achieved only by one who was a part of the great war drama.

The World War seems to have had an elusiveness which overwhelmed those who sought to write of it in fine fancy. Try to think of a truly great war poem that will breathe an understandable spirit a half century hence—that lives powerfully today, for that matter. You may think of one—or two. A surpassingly great fiction story of the war is yet to be written. Among the scores written, so far, is there one which any half dozen World War veterans chosen at random would recall?

The truth is that the real literature of the World War at this moment is the circumstantial records of a small number of men who have written of the war as Samuel Pepys wrote of his everyday life. If all the war literature of fiction and fancy were to vanish, if only Hervey Allen's true story which he has called "Toward the Flame" were to remain, the reader a half century hence would be able to live through the several breathless months of the early summer of 1918 when American soldiers were fighting from below Château-Thierry to beyond the Vesle. In 250 pages of rushing description, from the route march from St. Denis-Rebais to Petit Villiers to "the last hours in Fismette," an American Lieutenant, a high school professor of English before the war, has epitomized the war as it was, close-up, to the soldier.

Perhaps the great war drama will yet be written. Perhaps some one will yet write a war tale that will endure for posterity. But, meanwhile, there is "Toward the Flame," war as it is in all its grim starkness, without heroics and without apology.

A Dream That's Coming True

IRRECOVERABLE boyhood possesses a magnificence in the imagination of the man past thirty. The old swimming hole lives enchanted and unchanged in memory. Big moments come back—a barefooted boy catching a sunfish—his first fish—on a bent-pin hook at the end of a piece of thread. And baseball—ah, that was baseball, then! The magic of springtime sunshine, days of impatient waiting for the mud diamond to dry out, the frustration of belated snowstorms and April showers, and, finally—joy upon joy—the season's first Saturday afternoon game. When earth's greatest sorrow was to strike out with the bases full and earth's greatest joy was a home run to ruin the pretensions of that red-headed boy who pitched out-drops for the other gang. The bliss of aching shoulder muscles. Old Stick-in-the-Mud past thirty can only use a spade for flowers and radishes now, or drive a golf ball a scant 150 yards, but he was a hero once, and there are no mothballs in the accolade of memory.

Recollection is the magic liaison between youth of yesterday and youth of today. And because the youth of yesterday can still on memory's footsteps travel backward out of its own summer to the springtime whence it came, grown men of today know how boys of today feel about baseball. That is why The American Legion this year is going to make itself the greatest country-wide agency for the promotion of baseball playing by boys.

Under a plan approved by the Legion's national convention at Omaha last October, every Legion post this year is asked to take the lead in its community in forming a league of boys' baseball teams—teams composed of players from fourteen to sixteen years of age.

The Legion's National Americanism Commission is supplying to all posts details on the methods to be used in organizing the leagues, conducting the season's playing schedules and the holding of tournaments in which the championship team of each community is to be selected. Frank Clay Cross, Director of the Commission, has already received from hundreds of posts assurances that the program will be carried out.

Under the Legion's program, the championship boys' teams representing posts will take part in district and state tournaments, and the championship teams of states will take part in regional tournaments. The winners of the regional tournaments are expected to play for the national championship of the Junior All-American Baseball League in the Junior World's Series to be played at Philadelphia next October during the Legion's eighth national convention.

One of the best recommendations of baseball is that the smallest town, a cross-roads hamlet or merely a wide place in the road, can hope to produce a baseball team that need ask no handicap from its bigger neighbors. Country meadow and city sandlot alike regularly give to professional baseball players whose names shine in baseball's fame.

Here, then, in this national baseball program of the Legion, is an activity and an opportunity which calls to more than 10,000 posts and to the towns and cities in which they flourish. It is an all-summer opportunity and the time to start is now, before the school term is over.

✣ ✣ ✣

The Prince of Wales, it seems, has been riding, off and on, for years.

✣ ✣ ✣

Busses may be putting railroad companies out of business but, judging by the number of crossing accidents, the railroads are also making some fair progress.

But He Got There Just *the* Same

By DONALD H. HIGGINS

WHOEVER thinks a man's feet can't make an artist of him is as shy in the pot of imagination as were beef tenderloins in the G. I. cans of slum served on the field of Flanders, or of Texas, or of any place the bucks did their bucking, or whatever they did during the war.

Some day, when one of you veterans feels like looking at something right pitiable, just take a train down to New Orleans and strut into the office of the New Orleans *Item-Tribune;* and keep on strutting until you reach the art department, a little east by south of the big editorial room. There you'll see Paul Bayon, and the sight will make you feel so blue you'll laugh out loud. For Paul is just about as sour looking as the Pullman porter or the baby in the infant food ads.

Half through high school and the call of the world was strong upon him. Into the railroad yards he went as a clerk who trotted back and forth all day checking cars. Big, bluff and good natured, he rumbled toward the top among his fellow workmen until his progress was arrested by the snarling tocsin: "Fight!"

And Paul volunteered in the vaunted old New Orleans regiment, the Washington Artillery, never mentioned in the Crescent City except as "the historic, crack command." This was in April, 1917.

Despite aching feet he went overseas, seeing service as a private in the 114th Trench Mortar Battery, a separated segment of the Washington Artillery. And he kept his mouth closed tightly during the training at Camp Coetquidan in Brittany. A man with broken arches who did regular drill had to bite his lips, as all soldiers know. And it wasn't until he fainted dead away during a 30 kilometer hike from Baine to Maure that the C. O. and Paul's bunkies wised up to his suffering. Paul mounted the trucks thereafter, or did K. P. or anything wanted of him until his outfit was returned to this country and discharged at Camp Beauregard on January 31, 1919.

Home again a few days later, and, like a good many of us, wondering what in the devil to do next, Paul disregarded all government promises of training—and they were thicker than fleas on a dog's hind leg at that time—and sought his beloved railroad, the New Orleans and Northeastern. He went at the old job, and gladly, but in a week there was a groaning mass of bone and muscle back in bed with pains shooting up from its feet like zig-zag flashes of lightning in a motion picture storm.

Broken arches resulting from service in France put the skids under Paul Bayon's plans to go back to railroading after the war. Through Veterans Bureau training he became an artist and his ability to draw pictures that make people laugh gave him his chance on a New Orleans newspaper. Here he is with some of the work he has done

A week of suffering and back on the job. Another week, then in bed. And so on and on. Love applied its unguent and its spur. Bayon married "the sweetest girl in New Orleans." With a bent for drawing, he applied to the Veterans Bureau for training. He was assigned, to his own great pleasure, to training on the art staff of the New Orleans *Item* (now the New Orleans *Item-Tribune.*)

J. Gilbert Sutton, himself a veteran with more than two years' service in France, was the head of the department. Under Sutton's tutelage, Bayon developed rapidly. And recently, when Sutton's genius was recognized by a great New York daily, which claimed him, Bayon was graduated to the headship of the *Item-Tribune's* art department. He has made good with a bang on the job.

Missing—One Shoehorn

By Wallgren

YOUNG GENTLEMAN CANNOT FIND SHOEHORN - CALLS UPON WIFE FOR AID AND ASSISTANCE —

ALL DRESSED BUT FEET - SHOEHORN STILL MYSTERIOUSLY LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN —

ATTEMPTS SQUEEZING SHOE ON WITHOUT HORN - AND HAS DIFFICULTY IN EXTRICATING SQUOZE THUMBS -

- ENDEAVORS TO STAMP IT ON BY FORCE AND SUCCEEDS ONLY IN MASHING HEEL OF SHOE FLAT —

- ALARMED AT DISASTROUS RESULTS - SEARCHES FRANTICALLY FOR SOMETHING TO USE IN PLACE OF HORN -

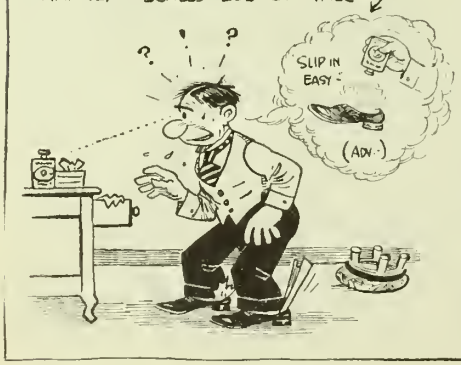
- TRIES USING SOFT SILK HANDKERCHIEF AS MEANS OF DELICATELY EASING FOOT IN —

— WITH GREAT SUCCESS - FORCING PORTION OF HANDKERCHIEF, TORN IN OPERATION, INTO SHOE ALSO —

- REMEMBERS "HELPFUL HINT" THAT STARCHED COLLAR MAKES DANDY SUBSTITUTE SHOE HORN —

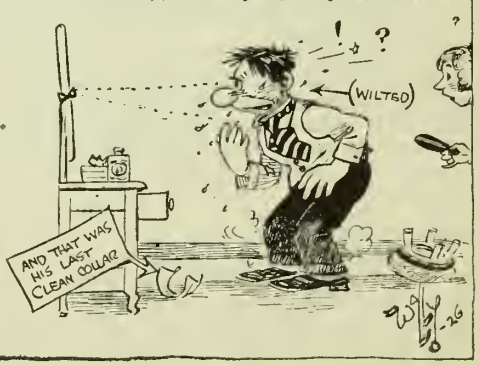
- CORRECT IN SURMISE - EXCEPT FOR FACT THAT COLLAR REMAINS UNEXPLAINABLY INEXTRICABLE —

- COMPELLED TO REMOVE SHOES AGAIN TO RELEASE KOLLAR AND KERCHIEF - HAPPILY RECALLS USE OF TALC —



- TALCUM POWDER PROVES MIRACULOUS SUCCESS AS FEET SLIP IN WITH GREATEST EASE AND FACILITY —

VICTORIOUS - BUT HOPELESSLY DISARRAYED IN ENGAGEMENT - DISCOVERS HE MUST START TO DRESS ALL OVER AGAIN.



A PERSONAL PAGE *by* Frederick Palmer

The whole Page, this week, is about Prohibition. When two million service men returned from France in 1919 they found that a great issue had been decided in their absence. Whether they wanted a drink or not, many of them thought that this was not fair play to them considering the proof they had given of their citizenship.

Let Us All Keep Sober

"But it's settled," the average American thought. The Drys had won. The issue was behind us. But we have found that it is not. It is still very much with us.

The two million men who have been at home as working citizens for seven years, are experts on light wines and beers by observation if not by personal consumption. They served in a land where wine and beer are common beverages. Statistics show that the average Frenchman is drinking less hard liquor and more wine than ten years ago. The French soldier had wine, "pinard," as a part of his rations just as the American soldier had coffee and the British soldier tea.

Drink Lessons From France

How many drunken French soldiers do you remember having seen? The "Poilu" was temperate at the front and temperate and thrifty at home. In three weeks in Paris last year I did not see one drunken Frenchman.

We who came from a country of hard liquor learned that the French took their wine with their meals. Our habit, as a rule, was one extreme or the other; either hard liquor or nothing. Our soldiers who had been brought up as teetotalers, when they served with French units and were given the French "pinard," found it unpalatable. It soured on their stomachs. They demanded coffee as their beverage. And they were just as healthy as the French.

A Land of Hard Liquor

Americans did not take their hard liquor with their meals. When we had it for "a party" at home we served it as cocktails on an empty stomach instead of taking it with our food. Ask any doctor which is the healthier of the two customs if you insist on following one or the other.

Now the Wets are in the open with Governors and Senators for their leaders. They say they do not want the saloon back. Let us hope that no one wants it back. The leaders of the great labor organizations are explicit that they do not want it back, but they are for the sale of light wine and beer. How are wine and beer to be sold? Will a modification of the law to permit their sale mean an end of private stills and of all making and bootlegging of hard liquor? Will we live up to the modified law? Will the Wets keep the faith by drinking nothing stronger than wine and beer? Can we educate our public to give up the stuff with a "kick" for light alcoholic beverages? Can we keep the saloon from coming back?

Wets Are in the Open

Veterans have seen in France that wine with meals, or beer between meals, does not lead to that ruinous intemperance and profligacy which we associate with saloon days. The saloons meant wages wasted over the bar on Saturday night, an open door to intoxication for youth, a wicked influence in politics, alcoholic cases in hospitals, and evictions for unpaid rents. But increased distribution of bootleg liquor and more private stills mean the same.

The campaign which won Prohibition was against whisky and the saloon. Either the saloon with whisky straight, or else no saloon and no alcoholic drink, no wine, no beer. Wayne B. Wheeler, of the Anti-Saloon League, has told us how that campaign was conducted with its widespread organization and its "drumfire" of telegrams on Congress and buttonholing Congressmen with, "Are you for the saloon or against it? You must stand up and be counted or look out on next Election Day!"

Against Whisky Straight

To vote against Prohibition was to align yourself with the liquor interests. No one could be for the saloon. And the saloon was beaten. That was good. But hard liquor was not beaten. The law did not end drinking. It did not bring universal temperance.

The law permitted the well-to-do to lay in a stock of liquor for life the day before the poor man was to have his last glass of beer. That was an injustice to start with. But the thirsty who missed their beer were soon being supplied by the bootleggers and rum runners with hard liquor. Rum-running is on the decrease. We have ceased to get much foreign whisky manufactured in the regular way. The bootleggers have a source of supply in vast quantities manufactured from commercial alcohol. Individuals have their own stills. We seem to be consuming more liquor in the sixth year of Prohibition than in the fifth or the fourth. It is hard liquor, and more harmful hard liquor, quart by quart, than the whisky of the saloon days.

Making Our Own

If we are not going to enforce the law, if Prohibition cannot prohibit, what then? The more people who think the law a failure the less chance it has of success. Straw votes indicate a nation-wide increase of sentiment against it. The sleep of Congressmen who are coming up for re-election in uncertain districts is broken by trying to learn the size of the Wet and Dry cross sections in the ranks of the old political parties. Buckner, United States District Attorney of New York, has testified that it would take $75,000,000 a year to "dry" New York City, and there would have to be eighty-five more Federal Courts and one hundred and fifty more Judges to deal with offenses against the Volstead Act.

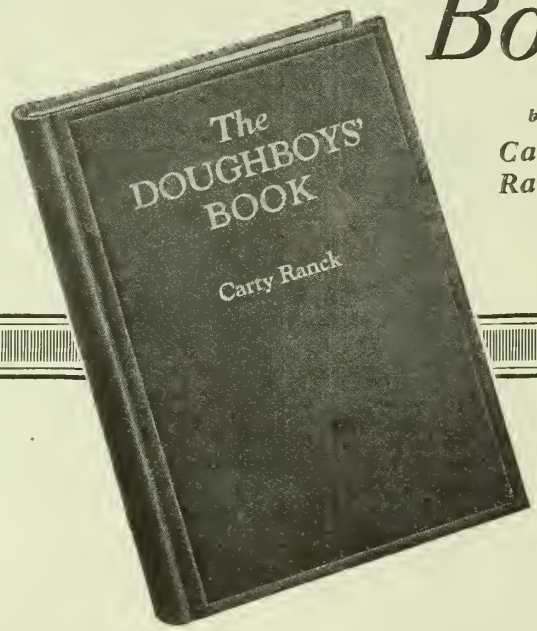
Has the Law Failed?

The issue is one to be thought out soberly without auto-intoxication in either camp. The veterans may now be heard. The Wets say all veterans are against the Volstead Act. The Drys point to the fact that the Legion is on record for enforcing the law. Ex-service men have the close interest that they have young families growing up to live under the conditions and temptations which we are today preparing for them.

Up to Ex-Service Men

The DOUGHBOYS' Book

by Carty Ranck



HERE we have a dramatic portrayal of America's role in the World War. It is not a "War" book in the conventional sense. There are no tiresome figures or statistics to bore the reader: no wearying, yawn-provoking footnotes or appendices. It is a straightforward account of our doughboys' lives and activities from the day they arrived in France until they delivered the solar-plexus punch that made Germany take the count.

The American public has read meticulous and technical descriptions of the World War by generals and others who were more concerned with statistics and tactics than with human nature. But here we have a close-up of the boys who were living ramparts against the enemy, whose bodies stopped the bullets and shells, who endured fifty-seven varieties of "Kultured" hell in order to beat the Boche to a standstill, the gallant, sacrificing, hard-fighting doughboys who actually won the war! This book should find a home in every American heart. It's as natural as the doughboy himself!

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RADIO

ALMOST a third of the total number of Legion departments have followed the mandate of the resolution adopted at the National Convention in Omaha last October and have broadcast official Legion programs. The South, the Middle West, the New England section and the North have all been heard from thus far. Now preliminary announcements have been received of the first official Legion program to be broadcast from the Pacific Coast. The Department of California has chosen May 31st, the day following Memorial Day, on which to broadcast a program to be known as California Legion Memorial Day Program. Station KPO (428 meters) in San Francisco will be used and the program will be heard from 8 to 9 p. m., Pacific Time. Additional information regarding this program will be published in this column when further advice is received.

WE ARE pleased to add to the list of Legion posts which are broadcasting radio programs regularly, MacDougall-Lowe Post of Kirksville, Missouri. Comrade D. R. Sisson, Finance Officer of the post, advises that a program will be broadcast from Station KFKZ (226 meters), Kirksville, on the second and fourth Monday nights of each month from 8 to 9 o'clock, Central Time. The next program in this schedule will be broadcast, therefore, on Monday night, May 10th. Other Legion posts which broadcast regularly are: Captain Belvidere Brooks Post, New York City, from Station WFBH (272.6 meters), every Monday at 6 p. m., Eastern Time; Oklahoma Radio Post, Oklahoma City, from Station KFKJ (261 meters), every Saturday at midnight, Central Time; Robert E. Bentley Post, Cincinnati, from Station WKRC (422 meters), every Monday from 9 to 10 p. m., Central Time; Castle Williams Post, Decatur, Illinois, from Station WJBL (270 meters), on the last Monday of each month from 9:30 to 11 p. m., Central Time.

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.

HUGH J. KEARNS POST, Plattsmouth, Nebraska, will broadcast a program from Station WOAW (526 meters), Omaha, May 6 from 9 to 10:30 p. m., Central Time.

SOMERVILLE (Massachusetts) POST will broadcast a Legion program from Station WNAC (280 meters), Boston, on the evening of May 7.

MACDOUGALL-LOWE POST, Kirksville, Missouri will broadcast a Legion program from Station KFKZ (226 meters), on May 10 from 8 to 9 p. m., Central Time.

RICE-EBNER POST, Easton, Pennsylvania, will broadcast a Legion program from Station WSAN (229 meters), Allentown, May 11 from 8:15 to 11:30 p. m., Eastern Time.

FOLLOWING Legion programs will be broadcast at 2 p. m. on dates shown from Station WMAQ (447.5 meters), Chicago, Illinois: COMMONWEALTH EDISON POST, May 3; AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY, May 4; AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY, May 5; BLACKHAWK POST, May 6; CHICAGO STOCKYARDS POST, May 7.

Just Tell It *to* Them

(Continued from page 8)

ship had jumped to one hundred and ninety-nine. The best previous year had been 1922, when the membership was 155. And Department Headquarters had put the 1926 quota at 150. Well, Keller's side was ready to pay for the dinner. It had been quite an interesting drive, and now that it was all over—

But it wasn't all over. By March 20th the Harrison Post boys had run their total up to 239. Ten days later they had 245. There were still thirty eligibles in the county who were not members. Most of these men live in almost inaccessible places, but Commander Hurst knows where they can be found, and any day now National Commander McQuigg is going to hear from Mr. Hurst that every last eligible in the county is in the Legion.

When that comes about Harrison Post is going to give a good share of the credit to the Grand Army of the Republic. Every year the Legionnaires take over the program for Memorial Day, and make the aging veterans welcome at a luncheon and entertainment. It is a service that has paid handsome dividends. Here is one of them.

A few weeks ago a Grand Army man dropped in on the service officer of the post. He was worried about that son of his. For five years the "boy" had refused his father's request to join the Legion. Wasn't there some way to get him in, now that the Legion was making a special campaign for new members?

"I've told him that from my experience I know he'll be sorry if he doesn't get into the Legion," said the veteran, "but he just says he'll wait a while. I was just thinking, would it be all right for me to pay his dues to get him in? I know that once he's in he'll stay in, all right."

The service officer thought it over. It was unusual, but there was really no reason why the father shouldn't pay the son's dues. So he accepted a check from the elderly veteran. It is probably safe to say that no other post in the Legion has acquired a member in just that way.

Carl Bott, vice-commander of Harrison Post, lives in the little village of Palmyra, fifteen miles from Corydon. He never misses a meeting of the post, and he generally takes with him most of the nine other members of the post living in Palmyra. Over in Elizabeth, sixteen miles from the county seat, are eight more Legionnaires. Amsterdam, fourteen miles distant, has ten. So Harrison Post is far from being merely a Corydon affair. In fact there are only fifty-one men eligible to the Legion in the county seat. Forty-nine of these were members on the last day of March.

One reason for the post's success in this campaign for new members is that it keeps capable men on the job. For six years Ruskin Rowe has been service officer. The county branch of the Red Cross gave up its service to veterans in 1921. Since then the Legion post, meaning Rowe, has carried on. He has worked on some six hundred cases that have brought a hundred thousand dollars to disabled buddies in the county. Bob Hughes, finance officer since 1920, has been a factor in the success of the post, and in Charlie Keller's two years as commander was laid the foundation for what is happening now.

The Auxiliary unit of this peppy post is a capable organization of seventy-five members. Its service work is valuable, though carried out without publicity. Only on one occasion each year does the unit seek the limelight. That is on Armistice night, when it serves a supper in conjunction with a home talent show put on by the post. The supper is a fixed event in the schedule of most people in Corydon, and it is not mere punning to say that it is an excellent feeder for the show that follows.

There's a factory in Corydon that turns out lamp chimneys, the kind your father and grandfather used when kerosene was in its heyday. And there's another factory, the largest of its kind in the world, that makes farm wagons, the massive sort that never get as far as the state highways and must have Old Dobbin's help to get under way. Harrison Post's successful campaign for members was grounded in methods older than those used in these factories, methods that were already old when the world was young. If you can only talk to a man face to face. . . .

Along *the* Front *of* Legion Helpfulness

(Continued from page 5)

was made by several rehabilitation experts to obtain compensation for the father's disability.

Their efforts got results, in a hurry. They got $105 a month compensation for the family. Then arrangements were completed for the mother and her children to go to live with her husband's parents. This made possible better living conditions and home surroundings than would otherwise be available. And the family is getting along fine, with its family life intact except for the father's absence, which will not be too long by present prospects. Every indication is that he will be home, his T. B. arrested, within a few months.

The champion case that has come to child welfare headquarters so far is one that is still pending. From every angle it is most unusual. And no one can hear of it without feeling a real sympathy for the child and his father.

Born in Greece, the youngster lived there with his mother until he was nine years old. Then his mother died, and word was sent to the father. Promptly the father, a Legionnaire in an eastern city, arranged to have the boy come to live with him.

But when the lad reached Ellis Island, the immigration physicians found he had trachoma, an eye disease which bars an immigrant from admission to the United States. The stage was set to deport him back to Greece—where there was no one to take care of him. The Legionnaire father was frantic; even the immigration men at

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Gentlemen: Kindly rush to me, list of U. S. Government big paid positions now open to Ex-Service men. Advise me also regarding the salaries, hours, work, vacation and tell me about getting preference.

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Write for a sample of the new, revised edition of *"God and Country,"* a pamphlet which has won national praise as a member-getter! If you prefer, send 50c for 100.

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The American Legion Weekly
Indianapolis, Indiana

I Make $25.00 per day writes D. C. Beckham

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Solicits as a member of the old established firm of MILO B. STEVENS & CO., the business of his fellow Legionnaires and of their friends. We offer a strictly professional service at moderate fees. Preliminary advice without charge. Send sketch or model for examination. Offices W. L. & T. Bldg., Washington, D. C.; 338 Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill.

Wreaths for Memorial Day

Honor the memory of your departed buddies

Spray shown costs 55c. Wreaths at 50c, 75c and $1.00.

Order samples to show your Post at next meeting.

We are also manufacturers of "The Official Poppy."

KIRCHEN BROS., *Legionnaires*
221 W. Randolph St. Chicago

Ellis Island, who daily must witness a dozen major tragedies, were profoundly moved. The idea of shipping a small boy—an ill small boy, at that—back to a country where no one could care for him—that isn't very pleasant for any of us to contemplate. But a law's a law, and has to be obeyed.

A long distance telephone call from the home State to New York City got a New York Legionnaire to work. He found the commissioner at Ellis Island could do nothing about the case; he didn't have the authority. So the New York man took a train for Washington, got a special hearing, and arranged to have the boy held in this country under certain specified conditions.

The father's post of the Legion immediately negotiated the $1,000 bond which the government required. Then it pledged itself to contribute twenty-five dollars a month from its welfare fund toward the boy's hospital maintenance. The lad's father pledged himself to contribute twenty-five dollars a month, even though it will be very difficult for him to do so. The cost of the hospital care is $82.50 a month, so there was still lacking $32.50.

So the Child Welfare Service was speedily appealed to. It agreed to give the $32.50 monthly for four months, which is the period estimated by the doctors as a likely time to effect a cure. And the child is assured of four months' treatment by competent physicians. By that time he will probably be cured; if his case is incurable, then he will have to go back to Greece. But every effort will have been made to reunite him with his father.

This is a bare outline of the sort of work that the Legion is doing with money made available already out of the Endowment Fund income. Its aim is to provide a home for every homeless child, and to maintain the nearest possible approach to a perfect home environment.

So if you know of any service men's and women's children who need care and attention, get word of it right away to your local or department chairman of child welfare, or to Indianapolis direct. That is the way that the individual member of the Legion and of the Auxiliary can best help the children of their less fortunate fellows.

Dinwiddie: Memory Expert

(Continued from page 7)

a wow. A peacherino. A zip. A swooner."

"Well, not—er—exactly," replied Dinwiddie thoughtfully. "No, as a matter of fact, she wasn't a wow. But that's where my system on names helps me again. I look at her face. Terrible! I think of what it ought to be—beautiful—Fayre. See? Synonyms and—ah—antidotes.

"Then there's my old skipper—he'll be there," continued Dinwiddie. "Now he's easy. His name is Captain Bellows. Well, he does that when he talks. Yells his head off. No danger of my forgetting *his* name.

"I want to get in right with him, too," he went on. "I hear he married money, and I want somebody to finance a new scheme of mine. Did you ever consider the waste of the cheese that's taken out of those places in Swiss cheese when they put the holes in? Now, those holes—or, rather, the cheese that was there before they put in the holes, would, if laid end to end—"

Well, the dinner went off nobly, the great majority of the Constitutional amendments being rigidly observed. They were all from a Q. M. outfit, and it puzzled me why Captain Bellows had found it necessary to marry money, as I knew the prices that American slickers were bringing in France back in 1918-19.

"Ladies—I mean, lady and gentlemen," Dinwiddie began, "we are privileged to meet here again tonight after all these years and blah blah blah."

He called on a few of the minor candidates and favorite sons—wagoners or saddlers or whatever they have in the Q. M.—and got away with that passably. Then he came down to the chief guests of the evening, and the turmoil subsided a little.

"And now," he said, clearing his throat with a rasping noise that sounded like a contented rattlesnake wagging its tail, "we are proud and honored to have with us tonight on this —ah—honored occasion, our—ah—honored skipper—ah—Captain—ah—ah—Boomer—I mean—that is—Captain Thunderer—Captain Snorter—Captain Roarer—oh, my God—Captain Loud Speaker—Radio Rex—"

He sat down.

I will say the captain was a sport. He was obviously annoyed, and his face wore that rich purple tinge that comes to a field of raspberries in the late summer. But with muffled voice he made a speech in which "despite deep personal affront" were the only words I distinguished. At last he subsided and Dinwiddie rose again. Miserably.

"Remember the old association of names business," I warned him in a whisper.

"And as our final speaker," Dinwiddie began his introduction, "I take pleasure in calling upon the sole member of the—ah—gentle sex—Miss—ah—"

He gazed on the lady desperately, seeking inspiration.

"Miss Sourmush!" he yelled.

* * * * *

On the way home I tried to console him.

"Don't take it so to heart," I said, "Captain What'shisname is probably a good fellow at heart. He may back you yet in your cheese invention—I mean, your invention about the cheese. He married money, you know. And, after all, you insulted only him. You didn't call members of his family names. That's the only thing that can't be forgiven."

"In five minutes," said Dinwiddie vindictively, "we are coming to a convenient riverfront, where the water is very deep. There I am going to push you off. Since you have such a short time to live, I may as well tell you now that I have just learned that the 'money' he married, three months ago, was Miss—Miss—Oh, dammit, Miss *Fayre!*"

Legionnaires Laugh Loud and Long at

Classics In Slang—

By H. C. WITWER

Now Running in
COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

What a healthy wollop old man Gloom received when H. C. Witwer's gifted pen dashed off Classics in Slang for Collier's! Not in this alone, but in myriads of live, up to the minute articles on every conceivable present day subject from flapperism, prohibition, or sports to religion, politics or education, Collier's holds a wealth of interest for you. In fiction, too, authors like Sinclair Lewis, whose new novel "Mantrap" is now running in Collier's; also E. Phillips Oppenheim, Joseph C. Lincoln, Arthur Somers Roche, etc., turn out for Collier's the kind of he-men stories every Legionnaire enjoys.

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He Leads 8,000,000 Veterans

(Continued from page 6)

ceeded to the Independent Air Force Station at Rambers-Villers.

For three months, after the Armistice, Colonel Crosfield performed certain technical and administrative duties for the government of the new republic. For this, he was awarded the Czecho-Slovak *croix de guerre.*

After the Armistice, scores of ex-service organizations grew up over night in Britain, and success in welding them into one strong society—the British Legion—is due in great part to Colonel Crosfield. Originally, he had been active in the Comrades of the Great War; for a time, he was the virtual leader of this order, while Captain Towse, the blind V. C., was in South Africa. But he realized the need of a national ex-service men's league, and so persuaded the Comrades to merge with the British Legion. Other ex-service organizations did likewise, and today the Legion's prestige and influence are recognized by all. For three years, Colonel Crosfield has served as vice-chairman of the British Legion.

By marriage, Colonel Crosfield is related to America. In November, 1925, he married Mrs. Marion Crawford (who lost her husband early in the war), a daughter-in-law of the American novelist. And Mrs. Crosfield is just as devoted to FIDAC as the Colonel himself, which is a mighty good thing. If she weren't, she might grow jealous, since FIDAC is the great passion of his life. Why shouldn't it be? For his platform is the following:

To transform the legitimate aspirations of the world's ex-service men towards a safe and sane peace into reality, and to prevent a recurrence of the catastrophe.

To safeguard the rights of those who wore the uniform, whether Yank or Poilu, Anzac or Tommy.

To protect the widows and the orphans of those who, in the magnificent French phrase, fell upon the field of honor.

Certainly, a sacred crusade; and Colonel Crosfield engages in it, with Lord Byng's noble command as his motto: Honor the dead by serving the living.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

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

BASE HOSP. 49—Seventh annual reunion at University Club, Omaha, Neb., May 1. Address Thrya Brandt, 3156 N. 47th Ave., Omaha.

108TH ENG.—Former members are invited to opening of clubhouse, 1710 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., May 15. Address O. F. Yetter, 5100 Byron St., Chicago.

M. T. Co.'s 356, 357, 410, 615—To complete roster of these companies and arrange for reunion at Legion National Convention in Philadelphia, Oct. 11-15, address Howard Hay, 21 Ellis Place, Ossining, N. Y.

U. S. S. *Orizaba*—Men who served on this vessel during the war interested in proposed reunion at Philadelphia during Legion National Convention, Oct. 11-15, address George C. Danfield, Jr., P. O. Box 82, Maple Shade, N. J.

SUPPLY CO., 108TH F. A. (28th Div.)—Former members interested in proposed reunion during Legion National Convention in Philadelphia, Oct. 11-15, address J. M. DeWitt, 514 City Centre Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Tivoli
"The New Cigarette with the Tropical Aroma"

Men who enjoy a real TASTY cigarette will find TIVOLI their brand

If you want a cigarette that will strongly appeal to your smoke taste, try a TIVOLI. The tropical aroma due to a special blending process of choice varieties of tobaccos, including West Indian, makes it irresistible.

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What outfit consists of:

$10 CATCHER'S MITT—Tan leather, full-moulded, patent laced-back, leather-bound edges.
$12 MASK—Electrically welded, correctly balanced. Scientifically padded. Made to sell at $12. Our price $4 Similar mask, lighter, for boys, $2.
$12 LEG GUARDS—Strong fiber, leather reinforced. You'll pay $12 at most stores. Our price $7.
$15 CHEST PROTECTOR—Designed by big league catcher. Padded. M. & H. price, $5.

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Made to Measure
BASEBALL UNIFORMS $5

Other Uniforms to Order $6.50 and $8.50. Write for Swatch Book, Easy Self-Measurement Blanks and Special Bargain Sheet.

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512 Market St. Phila., Pa.
ESTABLISHED 30 YEARS

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.

Endless Chain

'Willie," ordered father, "get out the mower and cut the grass."

"Aw, gee, what's the use?" expostulated the kid. "You'll just water it and make it grow again."

Brute!

A nervous old lady had been pestering a railroad station agent with countless questions.

"Can you tell me how to make a connection with the eastbound train?" she asked for perhaps the twentieth time.

"Stand right in the middle of the track, madame," advised the weary official.

The Spread of Paganism

[*Scranton (Pa.) Republican*]

Ruth, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Tidd, of South Main street, is improving from her recent Christianity.

Sad, Indeed

Of all sad words that are known to fame,
The saddest are: "Sergeant, take his name!" —*W. E. W.*

It's an Art

"Why do you throw all the soiled linen out in the hall, Hilda?" asked the mistress.

"'Tis just a little trick I learned when I was workin' in the hotel, mum," replied the new maid modestly.

If Things Go On This Way—

War had been declared, and there was consternation at Washingtou.

For all our fighting forces were under movie contracts aud couldn't be spared by the film magnates.

The Game

A flivver driver had obviously been partaking not wisely but too well of post-Volsteadian hooch, aud the course traced by his car was erratic. A policeman ran out into the middle of the street and stopped him.

"Say, where you going, auyway?" he demanded.

"Now, you jus' wait a minute, off'cer," replied the driver, smiliug delightedly, "dou't you tell me—you jus' lemme guess!"

Limerix

Said a stubborn young man of Virginia
To the girl of his choice: "I'll continia
Proposiug, although
Twenty times you've said, 'Nough!'
But I'll persevere, dear, till I winia!"
—*H. F. J.*

A flapper's dress reaches the knees;
It always looks like she would kfrees.
When the icy winds blow
Down the street she will gow.
But it's seldom one hears flappers ksnees.
—*H. G.*

Old Fashioned Ideas

[*Watertown (S. D.) Public Opinion*]

WANTED—I, a husband, want to exchange my wife who is too affectionate, for a good cook.

The Latest Sport

The Afro-American Annual Social Ball was iu full swing when George Washington Jones appeared in the center of the floor ominously displaying a razor.

"Boy, what yo'-all gwine do wif dat thing?" asked Ulysses Grant Brown apprehensively, for he happened to be danciug with Mr. Jones's girl.

"Ah done heard," replied Mr. Jones, "dat dis am one of dem cut-in dances."

Curious

The condemned man had once been an actor, and as he sat down in the electric chair a thought occurred to him.

"Say, warden," he demanded, "is this a rehearsal or the real thing?"

A Lady to Her Love

I love the things you tell me, dear;
The way you whisper in my ear
That I'm the only girl for you
And that you always will be true.
I love to hear you praise my eyes,
And tell me it is Paradise
When I am cuddled in your arms,
And you're a slave to all my charms.
But, darling, I am at a loss
To know if it is applesauce.
—*Robert D. Little*

The Irrepressible

[*From Fort Dodge (Ia.) Messenger*]

He had embezzled more than $235,000 of the bank's money. He was immediately placed under arrest and removed the county jail in Clariou this morning.

Famous Saying—1926 Model

Governor of North Carolina: "Sh-h-h-h-h!"

Governor of South Carolina: "Sh-h-h-h-h!"

The Pink of Condition

"Norah," said the mistress to the new maid who had recently landed from the other side, "do you feel like feeding the goldfish?"

"No, ma'am," replied the maid. "I feel quite well, thank you."

The Ratio

"Do you have strict enforcement around here?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, sir," groaned the native. "The liquor is something terrible!"

Timid Girl

"My gal saw a mouse yesterday," announced Cactus Joe. "She's powerful afeared on 'em."

"What's she do?" queried Alkali Ike.

"Picked up a rattlesuake an' whipped it to death."

Handy

"Do you ever have to walk the floor with your baby?" asked Brown.

"No," replied Green. "I'm a postman and I simply take the baby to work with me every day."

The Boy Who Cried "Wolf!"

"This blankety-blank motor is on the bum!" snapped the sheik. "We're stalled!"

"Quit your kidding and drive up the next lane," cooed the sheba. "It's too public here."

"Don't get fresh. The blamed thing is really stalled."

Eventually, Why Not Now

[*Ad in Ansonia (Conn.) Sentinel*]

TO RENT—Five rooms, all improvements, in Oak Cliff cemetery, Derby.

Distance

"Why do you walk from your home to the office?"

"Because it's closer than walking from the nearest parking place."

Mixed Foursomes

Over the hills to the poorhouse,
Father and mother and I—
Mother bought mining stock, father tried oil,
And that is the reason why. —*D. D.*

A Hunting He Would Go

Jazztus: "'Yo' say yo' is gwine huntin'? Why, man, yo' gun ain't even loadified!"

Florian: "Ah knows dat. It am always de unloaded guns what kills people."

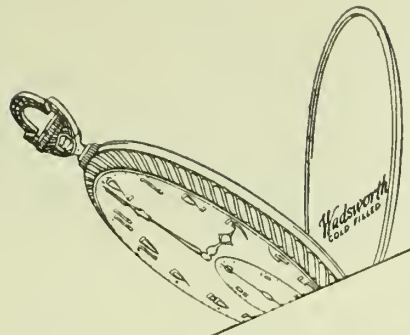
Useless

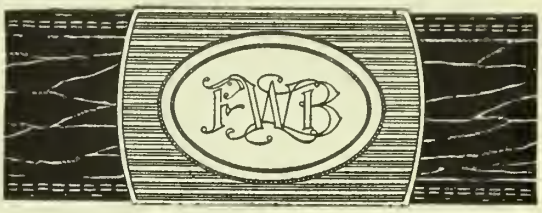
An ambulance driver, answering a hurry call for an auto accident, found nothing worse than an exasperated motorist and a car stalled in the mud.

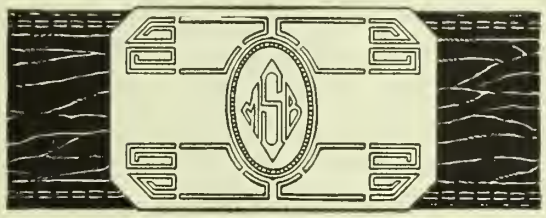
"Say," said the driver. "I thought you said you wanted a pulmotor?"

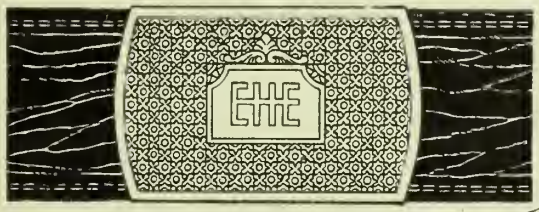
"I did," returned the car owner, "but how in the deuce are you going to pull me out with that?"

The artistic contortionist gets the trapeze performer to pose









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A BELT BUCKLE fashioned with all the rare skill and artistry which have gone into the world's finest watch cases!

—A buckle made in *14 kt. white gold filled*, identical in quality and durability with those same watch cases.

—A buckle which positively will not tarnish, and which possesses all the lasting beauty of solid gold at moderate cost.

—A buckle with an improved self-adjusting grip which locks itself tighter as more tension is put on the belt.

All this is now yours in a belt buckle newly created by Wadsworth!

As master workers in the construction of fine watch cases, Wadsworth has been the consistent choice of leading watch manufacturers and importers for more than thirty-five years.

And now, in the Wadsworth Belt Buckle, is notably reaffirmed the Wadsworth reputation for beauty in design, quality in materials, exactness in fit, correctness in style.

Made in a wide variety of distinctive designs, truly masculine in character. Prices, 14 kt. gold filled, white or green, $9.00 to $12.00.

The Wadsworth Belt Buckle may also be had in *sterling silver*, if preferred, $2.50 to $7.00.

Sold by good jewelers exclusively.

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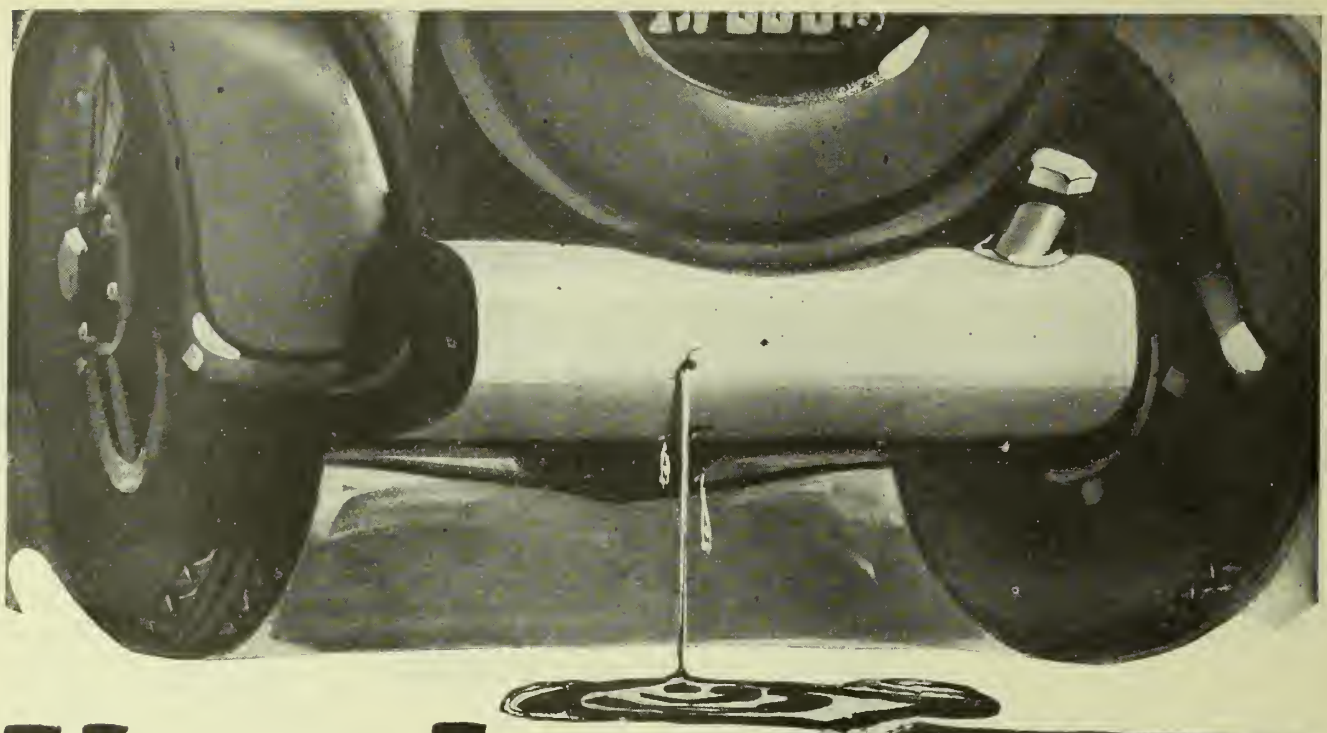

You're Losing Half Your Gasoline!

For every ten gallons you buy you lose five! That's a startling statement, but true. You are getting just half the power, half the mileage you should out of your gasoline! For now an amazing new invention—a ridiculously simple little device—makes any car give twice its regular mileage to the gallon! You can sell from five to twenty in one demonstration. Splendid for spare time work.

Earn $34 to $69 a Day

WITH this wonderful new invention auto owners in all parts of the country have chalked up records of from 37 to 57 miles and even up to 64 miles on a gallon of gasoline. Every day we hear of some new record—some difficult feat such as pulling a car through deep sand, or up a mountain, on half the usual gas.

And now this amazing new invention is making fortunes for agents and distributors. Now you, too, can make big money—just telling your friends about it. J. M. James made $120 in one day! Vernon Gaines netted $94 in eight hours, J. W. Cronk made $51 in just **one hour**! You can easily earn astonishing big profits in full or spare time—many are earning $34 to $69 a day.

Fits Any Make or Model Car

Here's how this wonderful little device works—how it adds more power and mileage to any make or model car. Every carburetor is adjusted to make starting easy. But once the engine gets heated up the mixture is far too rich, resulting in faulty explosion. Half the gasoline is drawn into the cylinders in a raw state, and, instead of exploding, it burns. This causes a heavy deposit of carbon.

But with this startling little device in a car all this is changed. As soon as the engine warms up, this device automatically begins to admit a much larger volume of air, thoroughly vaporizing all the gasoline, giving it fully 50% more power—breaking it up so that it explodes instead of burning.

A Carbon Remover

Not only does this invention save half the gasoline, but it also saves the expense and time of having carbon scraped out—a job costing from $5 to $25.

Introductory Sample Offer

To introduce this new invention, Mr. Stransky, the inventor, will send a sample at his own risk. Not only that, but he will actually pay you for testing his Vaporizer if you are not delighted with it!

Make $250 to $500 a Month

The demand for the Stransky Vaporizer is enormous. Agents handling this device are simply coining money. Every auto owner in the country—and there are twenty million of them—wants this splendid new invention the minute he sees it. You can sell from five to twenty in one demonstration. Splendid for spare time work. Many former agents are cleaning up enormous incomes as distributors and crew managers. Farmers with no experience are sending in orders in 100 lots, netting them two to three hundred dollars. This may sound like big money. It is big money—it is a big proposition—the biggest ever brought to your attention.

Just send the coupon at once for full details of our introductory sample offer. Be the man to cash in big in your community. Mail the coupon right now—today!

J. A. STRANSKY
MANUFACTURING COMPANY
D-180 Stransky Bldg., Pukwana, So. Dakota

Mail This Coupon Today

J. A. Stransky Mfg. Co.
D-180 Stransky Bldg., Pukwana, South Dakota

Tell me how I can get samples of the Stransky Vaporizer at your risk. Also tell me how I can make from $34 to $69 a day as your distributor. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____

Street or R. F. D. _____

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$51 an Hour

You may have heard of propositions paying men big incomes, but I'll wager you never heard of anything like this. In just one hour, Mr. J. W. Cronk made $51 with the Stransky Vaporizer. It would have to make good to sell like that—it would have to be a superior article to win such quick response from the buying public, wouldn't it? Here is what he says: "The results of one hour's work—17 men gave me orders for the Vaporizers.—J. W. Cronk."

Agent Earns $120 a Day

I have found out that the Stransky will do what you said it would. I took forty orders in one day, and wasn't out long. My Ford runs better than it ever did. I can save half the gas and it pulls better.—J. M. James.

$147.50 in One Day

My profits for one day were $147.50. In one week I made $280. Yes, I am always on the job.—S. E. Herrick, Ore.

$48 in 3 Hours

My gas bill has been cut nearly in half. I have removed every particle of carbon from my engine. Since I installed it, my engine runs as good as new, starts easier and quicker. I went out Saturday about three hours and secured 16 orders.—J. A. Williams.

Sells 500 in One Day

My best day's sales were 500 vaporizers; the next was 350; at another time I sold 23 in 35 minutes, and at another time 27 in 45 minutes.—W. B. Eberlein.

$39 in Three Hours

In three hours on Saturday I cleared $39. In one hour on a previous Saturday I cleared $18.—T. M. Wiley, N. C.