FEBRUARY 19, 1926

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

America's most famous dessert

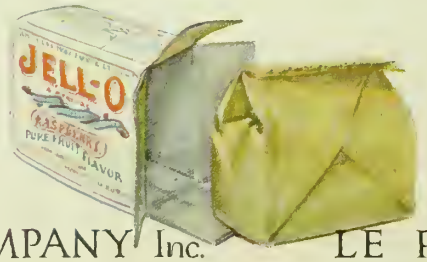
JELL-O

Here's another delightful Jell-O treat

"Paradise Pudding." Its name brings visions of good things, of a dessert more tempting than usual. And the taste fulfils the promise. Whipped Lemon Jell-O combined with luscious cherries, nuts, marshmallows, macaroons and whipped cream make a perfect delicacy, But like all Jell-O desserts, it is quickly and easily made, without endless fuss or trouble. You will want to try it today. Our new Jell-O book contains many other equally delicious recipes for desserts and salads. Write us for it.

PARADISE PUDDING

Take one-quarter pound blanched almonds, one dozen marshmallows, one dozen candied cherries, one half dozen macaroons. Cut these fine and stand aside in a cool place. Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a pint of boiling water, and when cold set the dish in cold (or ice) water and whip to consistency of whipped cream. Then fold in one cup of whipped cream, the cut fruit and one-quarter cup of sugar. Turn into a square pan and set in a cold place to harden. Serve in slices.



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February 19, 1926

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 8, No. 8

THE origin of the hatchet and cherry tree story, told in this issue, recalls another story of Washington which shows that as a young soldier he was a victim of the same frailty which was manifested in 1918 in letters from the front in France to the folks at home. "I have heard the bullets whistle," he wrote to his brother after his first battle in 1754, "and believe me there is something charming in the sound." Years later, when he was a general, someone asked him if he had ever said it. "If I did, it must have been when I was very young," he answered.

* * *

WHEN you read the article on government insurance in this issue, if you are one of the more than 3,000,000 men who have received their adjusted compensation certificates, give a little thought to what that certificate stands for. It is a 20-year-endowment paid-up insurance policy which Uncle Sam has presented to you. If you hold a $1,000 certificate, you hold a tangible security for which you would have to pay $40 a year for twenty years had you acquired it as insurance is ordinarily acquired. Watson B. Miller, chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, asks that word be passed along to everybody to take care that certificates are not lost, destroyed or stolen. "Where a certificate has been lost or destroyed," writes Mr. Miller, "regulations prescribe that satisfactory proof must be made before payment of a claim and an indemnity bond equal to the value of the certificate plus 25 percent, with sureties satisfactory to the Veterans Bureau, must be filed with the bureau to relieve the Government of all liability on account of the original certificate."

* * *

LIFE insurance agents have an easier time of it than they used to. Most prospective buyers of insurance nowadays do not have to be convinced that insurance is desirable. They are willing to purchase policies in keeping with their ability to pay for them and at the same time meet other financial obligations and accumulate reserve capital. A single big company, The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, reports that it is now insuring 23,000,000 persons. This of course includes millions who come under the industrial group insurance classification.

DEATH statistics of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for 1925 confirm a deduction one may make from notices submitted for the Taps column of the Weekly. Almost as many Metropolitan policy-holders were killed by automobiles last year as died of pneumonia. Happily, however, the tuberculosis death rate is falling. In 1911 it was 224.6 for each 100,000 of population. Last year it was 98.1 —the first year in which fewer than 100 people out of every 100,000 died of this disease. Science is winning its age-old battle with this curse, but progress is slow.

* * *

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THE Pennsylvania Department of The American Legion for several years has helped make commencement week in the grammar schools of its State notable by presenting medals of appreciation to the boy in each school who possesses most fully those qualities recognized as the basis of character. Now the National Executive Committee has recommended that posts in every other department adopt the Pennsylvania plan. The Emblem Division at National Headquarters of The American Legion, Indianapolis, will send upon application an illustrated description of the medal accompanied by an explanation of the manner in which it is awarded. The American Legion Auxiliary has authorized a medal to be presented to girls under conditions similar to those which govern the Legion award to boys. Your post has several months in which to establish The American Legion School Award Plan in your town. It means work, but it's work that will pay big dividends. Now is the time to appoint a post committee to do it.

* * *

THE J. Arthur Wilder Post of Timmonsville, South Carolina, is serving its town of 1,800 people well. It has taken the business men of its community into a partnership for civic improvement. Once a month the post gives a community dinner attended by the post's thirty-five members and about the same number of business men. Speakers at the January meeting discussed the subject, "The Future of the Small Town of the South." The post's Auxiliary unit prepares and serves the dinner. "Without a Chamber of Commerce, without luncheon clubs, our town had a need and we have met it," writes Fred K. Honour, Post Commander.

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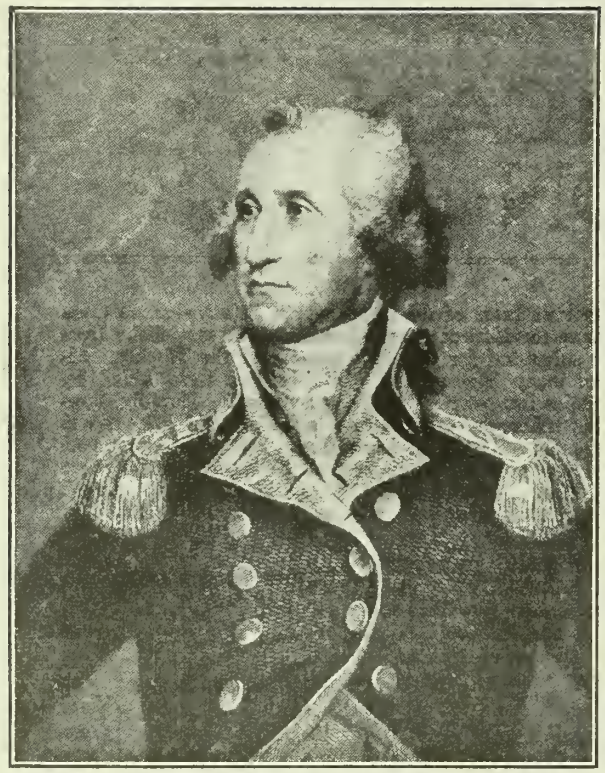


Washington as he looked in the darkest hours of the Revolution. From a painting by John Trumbull, from sketches made at Valley Forge, where Trumbull served as a lieutenant on Washington's staff

The Day That Valley Forge Lost Its Gloom

By MARQUIS JAMES

ON the twenty-second day of February, 1778, George Washington passed his forty-sixth birthday encamped with his shivering army in the snow on the bank of the Schuylkill River nineteen miles northwest of Philadelphia. Colonel Alexander Scammel, a light-hearted Irishman, was the Commander-in-Chief's adjutant. He is said to have been the only man in the army who could make Washington laugh that winter—which should establish Colonel Scammel as a humorist of parts, because there was little enough to laugh about in the American camp just then.

"In all human probability the army must dissolve . . . Meat [rations] are several days in arrears. The horses are dying for want of forage. The country in the vicinity of the camp is exhausted." Thus ten days before—on February 12, 1778—General Varnum, commanding New England troops, wrote to Washington's great standby, General Nathanael Greene, who had lately assumed the thankless post of quartermaster general.

Four days later the Commander-in-Chief himself recorded this picture of the situation: "For some days past there has been little less than a famine in camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, the rest three or four days. Naked and starved as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery that they have not been, ere this, excited to general mutiny and desertions."

The following day a member of Congress who had visited the army penned a report of conditions. "The unfortunate soldiers," he wrote, "were in want of everything; they had neither coats, hats, shirts nor shoes; their feet and legs froze until they became black, and it was often necessary to amputate them." There were a few Congressmen who took enough interest in Washington's struggles to see for themselves the state of the army. But not many. For the most part Congress had abandoned the army. By most citizens the war was given up for lost.

Such was the winter at Valley Forge where the first public observance of Washington's birthday was held. As a material spectacle that observance did not amount to much. As an example of the spirit of an army in the greatest extremity an American force has ever been placed, and as a mark of devotion to the leader who was responsible for that spirit, it amounted to everything.

On February 22, 1778, in all of the thirteen colonies, exclusive of those remarkable and remarkably led men at Valley Forge there seems to have been no one who acted as though that date had any particular significance. How the Valley Forgers found out about the birthday would be an interesting thing to know, because Washington was one of the most reserved of men concerning his personal affairs. But somehow they had found it out and with the pitiful resources at their command they wished their chief the compliment of many happy returns. One of the few bands in the army—that of the Fourth Continental Artillery Regiment—burnished up its battered instruments and marched to the Commander-in-Chief's headquarters. They stood about in the snow, shoeless, with their feet wrapped up in rags, and serenaded and huzzaed the General.

That was all there was to the first and finest Washington's birthday celebration ever held. It seems to have been the spontaneous thought of the soldiers—not "inspired" or officer-prompted. It touched Washington deeply. A few days later he distributed a "gratuity" among the bandsmen.

Major General Baron Von Steuben, who ranked next to Washington at Valley Forge. Direct from the gayety of Paris, he reached the dreary winter camp on February 23, 1778, and began the task of making over the ragged army

The next day—February 23—also was a red letter one for Washington and the Continental cause. A sleigh whirled into camp and Frederick William Augustus Henry Ferdinand, the Baron von Steuben, "lieutenant general in the King of Prussia's service", stepped out and reported for duty. The baron was just as impressive as his name. He looked like a lieutenant general whether he was one or not—and as a matter of historical fact, he was not. The highest rank he attained "in the King of Prussia's service" was captain and aide-de-camp—to old Frederick the Great. But the French were smart. They picked him up in Paris, where he was having a good time, and talked him into going to America. They did not

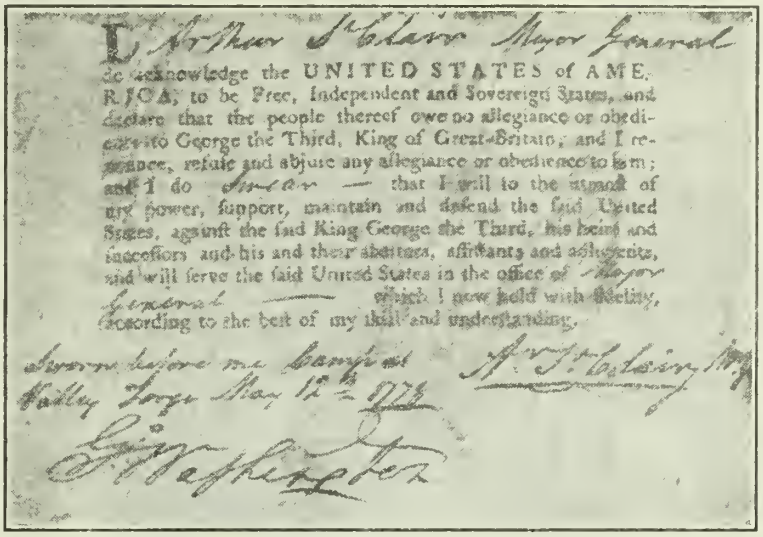
think captain and aide-de-camp high-sounding enough. So they sort of promoted him—without going through the formality of consulting King Frederick, who was notoriously crabbed and hard to reason with.

But Von Steuben soon became a general without any flaw in the title. He was made a major general in Washington's army, and he gave value received for the honor. Next to Washington himself he is regarded as the most important figure of that winter at Valley Forge. His work was to help Washington keep the army from dissolving, as Varnum—a good soldier, too—feared it must.

When one considers what the army went through that winter the wonder grows that it was held together by any means.

In the summer of 1777 a finely equipped British army of 19,000 under Lord Howe took shipping at New York for the South to capture Philadelphia, the Continental capital. Washington raced across New Jersey with 17,000 men to intervene. His army was badly off for supplies then—2,000 being without shoes. As the cool fall evenings came on they used to stand guard with their feet in their hats. Howe landed on the shores of Chesapeake Bay and started north for Philadelphia, fifty miles away. Washington met him at the Brandywine Creek, in Pennsylvania, and was badly defeated, losing 1,200 men. He extricated his army, however, and fell back, five weeks later attacking the British at Germantown. The American troops became confused in a fog and were beaten again, losing 1,000 men. Meanwhile Howe had occupied Philadelphia and fortified it. The Continental government retired to York, Pennsylvania, about one hundred miles west.

Several smaller engagements also had gone against the Americans. Washington had only 11,000 men left and these were unprepared for further operations. There was nothing to do but seek quarters and try to get his force in shape for a spring campaign.



I Arthur St Clair Major General
do acknowledge the UNITED STATES of AME-
RICA, to be Free, Independent and Sovereign States, and
declare that the people thereof owe no allegiance or obedi-
ence to George the Third, King of Great-Britain, and I re-
nounce, refuse and abjure any allegiance or obedience to him;
and I do swear — that I will to the utmost of
my power, support, maintain and defend the said United
States, against the said King George the Third, his heirs and
successors and his and their abettors, affidants and adherents,
and will serve the said United States in the office of Major
General — which I now hold with fidelity,
according to the best of my skill and understanding.

Sworn before me Camp at Valley Forge May 12th 1778
Go: Washington

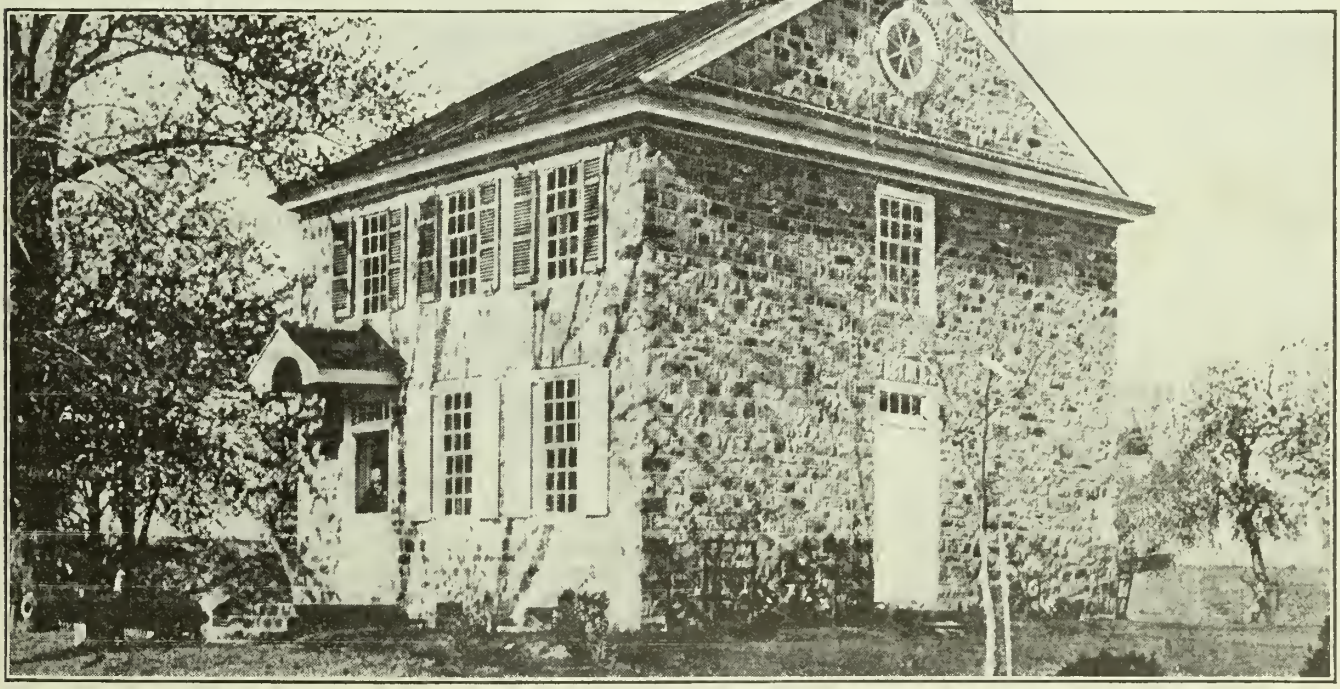
The Valley Forge oath, by which officers renewed allegiance after the Conway plot to displace Washington from command went awry. The copy shown above was signed by General Arthur St. Clair

When December opened the army was encamped at Whitemarsh, twelve miles from Philadelphia, and Washington was trying to figure out where to go for the winter. On the evening of December 2d, Howe held a council of war at the house of Lydia Darrah, in Philadelphia. It was decided to surprise Washington in his camp. But Lydia, who overheard the conversation, rode to the American lines and tipped matters off. On the morning of the 4th when the British approached Whitemarsh they found the Americans drawn up ready for battle. They maneuvered about for four days and then returned to the comfortable warmth of Philadelphia.

As soon as they were gone Washington put his army in motion, and with great difficulty crossed to the south side of the freezing Schuylkill River and reached a cupped out basin on the river bank, enclosed on the land sides by a semi-circular range of steep, wooded hills. A little stream called Valley Creek ran through the western part of the natural amphitheatre. For many years prior to the Revolution a small water-power iron works had been situated on this creek. Its proper name was the Mount Joy Forge—after Mount Joy, a neighboring hill. But locally it was called simply "the valley forge." During the war it was owned by William Dewees, a colonel of Pennsylvania militia, who also had a

(Continued on page 12)

After living in a tent until log huts for the army were finished, Washington made this house, still standing, his headquarters at Valley Forge



How *the* Hatchet Story Grew

By THOMAS J. MALONE

JOKESTERS who busy themselves this month with plays on that famous line, "Father, I cannot tell a lie," will be commemorating, knowingly or not, the life of Washington written by the itinerant preacher and book peddler, Mason Weems. Oddly enough, however, the author of the cherry-tree story, condemned by serious historians as having done almost irreparably much toward making his hero out an intolerable prig, in the telling had him use no such formality of address. Perusal of various editions of Weems's once popular biography discloses that, as presented, the youthful George, far from addressing his paternal parent on that momentous occasion as "Father" or "Respected Sire," actually called him plain "Pa."

"I can't tell a lie, Pa," runs Parson Weems's version. Hah—young George was a regular boy, speaking out, under pressure, like a human being.

What is the Weems version of the hatchet story, by all odds the best known, longest lived and most famous anecdote about an American? It is safe, perhaps, to say that many know it without its full setting, without the circumstances its author advances as having led up to it and that, one must admit, somewhat impaired the moral sublimity of George's act. How well known is it that he had virtually received a promise of immunity beforehand?

Weems retired from the ministry in 1795 to devote himself to the selling, and occasional writing, of books. Though the first edition of the "Life" appeared in 1800, soon after Washington's death, and others followed rapidly, the cherry-tree hatchet story did not form part of it until 1806. In that year the work was enlarged and much anecdotal material added, which was retained in later editions. Up to his death in 1825, Weems kept on revising and embellishing, but this "cannot tell a lie" yarn preserved a uniform wording; its popularity proved it too good to change.

Set down in simple English with a certain infectious enthusiasm and sincerity of style, despite exaggerations and platitudes, the book appealed to the great bulk of the people, was found in homes, schools and workshops throughout seaboard states and out in the frontier. It was one of the six or seven books that Abraham Lincoln read as a boy. It is said to have been the book by an American author most read in the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

Without doubt, Weems was a romancer, without training for history writing, but he was a profound admirer of Washington and quite possibly believed him to have been, as represented in the biography, a "godlike being," under the special direction and protection of Providence. When he tried to impress this belief on a whole people, he succeeded in part, creating a national "myth" by which the great general, statesman and president appears as artificial, priggish, unhuman.

In his method, Weems used that easy resort of the loose writer of attributing to anonymous sources many of his citations. Thus one finds him beginning a statement as to a trait of Washington when a boy with this, "A very aged gentleman, formerly a schoolmate of his, has often assured me"; and he uses in like way, "an excellent lady of Fredericksburg." This is probably designed to clear him from responsibility for inaccuracy, while at the same time protecting his alleged informants from criticism and backfire.

But to that story—

According to the book itself, at some time before the cherry tree suffered, George's father had expatiated to him upon the virtue of truth and the evil of lying. Then this, direct from Weems, following the father's discourse, spelling and punctuation as in the book:

"Pa," said George very seriously, "do I ever tell lies?"

"No, George, I thank God you do not, my son; and I rejoice in the hope you never will. At least, you shall never, from me, have cause to be guilty of so shameful a thing. Many parents, indeed, even compel their children to this vile practice, by barbarously beating them for every little fault: hence, on the next offense, the little terrified creature slips out a lie! just to escape the rod. But as to yourself, George, you know I have always told you, and now tell you again, that, whenever by accident, you do anything wrong, which must often be the case, as you are but a poor little boy yet, without experience or knowledge, you must never tell a falsehood to conceal it; but come bravely up, my son, like a man, and tell me of it: and, instead of beating you, George, I will but the more honour and love you, my dear."

A few paragraphs further, after a story on the authority of an unnamed "excellent lady," comes that narration that has been held up as a model for, and been the despair of, youthful America these hundred-odd years. How the story has grown through successive generations! All sorts of fantastic frills have *(Continued on page 16)*

Generations of artists have modified the original story of George Washington and the cherry tree. Above is the conception one artist presents to the children of today in the pages of a school reader

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in this country, and it cost me a great deal of money."

He was very angry when he came into the house.

"If I only knew who killed that cherry tree," he cried, "I would — yes, I would" —

"Father!" cried little George. "I will tell you the truth about it. I chopped the tree down with my hatchet."

His father forgot his anger.

"George," he said, and he took the little fellow in his arms, "George, I am glad that you told me about it. I would rather lose a dozen cherry trees than that you should tell one false-hood."

George Washington's "Pa," of the Weems version of the hatchet-and-cherry-tree tale, has become "Father" in the story as it appears in a school reader of today, and he is also a man of fewer words

NINETEEN *More* WEEKS

By MARQUIS JAMES

WORLD War Veterans have nineteen weeks more, or until Friday, July 2, 1926, to grasp the opportunity to revive their old War Risk Insurance policies in the form of regular life insurance at rates which average more than sixteen percent cheaper than the same policies can be obtained elsewhere. On the foregoing date the Government will cease writing new insurance policies and from then on Uncle Sam's insurance business will be confined to handling the policies already in force.

The size of the opportunity which confronts the veterans may be indicated by the following figures. During the war some 4,500,000 men and women of the armed forces carried War Risk Insurance. Those were special policies, designed to cover war hazards. When the war was over the Government, wishing to give the men who had paid premiums during the war an opportunity to protect their investments, announced that Uncle Sam would continue in the insurance business, and that veterans might exchange their War Risk term insurance policies for standard government life insurance policies of the same type as those issued by any commercial company. Six standard types of policies were put on the market, purchasable at absolute cost, which is sixteen or more percent cheaper than the average of policies written by outside companies. Outside companies cannot do business at cost and keep going. They must make a profit, toward which every policy-holder contributes.

Of the 4,500,000 veterans eligible to converted insurance at cost less than a half million have availed themselves of the opportunity. And this opportunity will be forever ended on July 2nd next.

What is the matter?

Is it that there is a catch in the thing somewhere? Is it that the Government policies, while cheaper, are not so good—do not afford as ample protection as the policies to be purchased elsewhere? Is it that World War veterans as a class have not been buying insurance?

The answer is no in every instance.

There is no catch. The Government policies are exactly the same policies as are being sold elsewhere for more money. Veterans are buying life insurance, but not the Government Insurance. They are going elsewhere and paying more money for the same product they could get from Uncle Sam, as a reward for their war service, for eighty-four cents on the dollar.

Why is it?

It is because of a kink in human nature. It is because life insurance is not *bought*, it is *sold*—by the most highly developed methods of salesmanship in the world. This sets up a competition—an entirely fair and honorable competition—which the Government has not been able to meet, because it has made no attempt to meet it. The Veterans Bureau, which has charge of Government Insurance, is prohibited by law from using the salesmanship methods by which outside insurance companies dispose of their product. The Bureau is even prohibited from advertising its insurance in the newspapers where any expense to the Government would be incurred. Congress has taken the view that if it makes this cost-price insurance available it has done enough. The veteran will have to display a little initiative of his own and come and get it. Congress will not spend additional millions of dollars, as the outside insurance companies spend every year, persuading veterans to buy insurance.

The result has been that veterans have not bought the Government Insurance to any great extent, but have paid more money for the same thing elsewhere.

A look at the insurance statistics of the Veterans Bureau in January disclosed that 167,000 men were in that month still paying premiums on temporary insurance, the War Risk yearly renewable term policies. These men will have to convert their temporary policies to one of the six standard forms of Government Life Insurance before July 2d. Therefore, the problem is a double one—some men will merely have to convert their temporary policies now in force, while the big majority of those wishing to be insured with Uncle Sam will have to reinstate their term policies, the temporary insurance, in order to obtain permanent standard policies. And here are two important rules governing reinstatements:

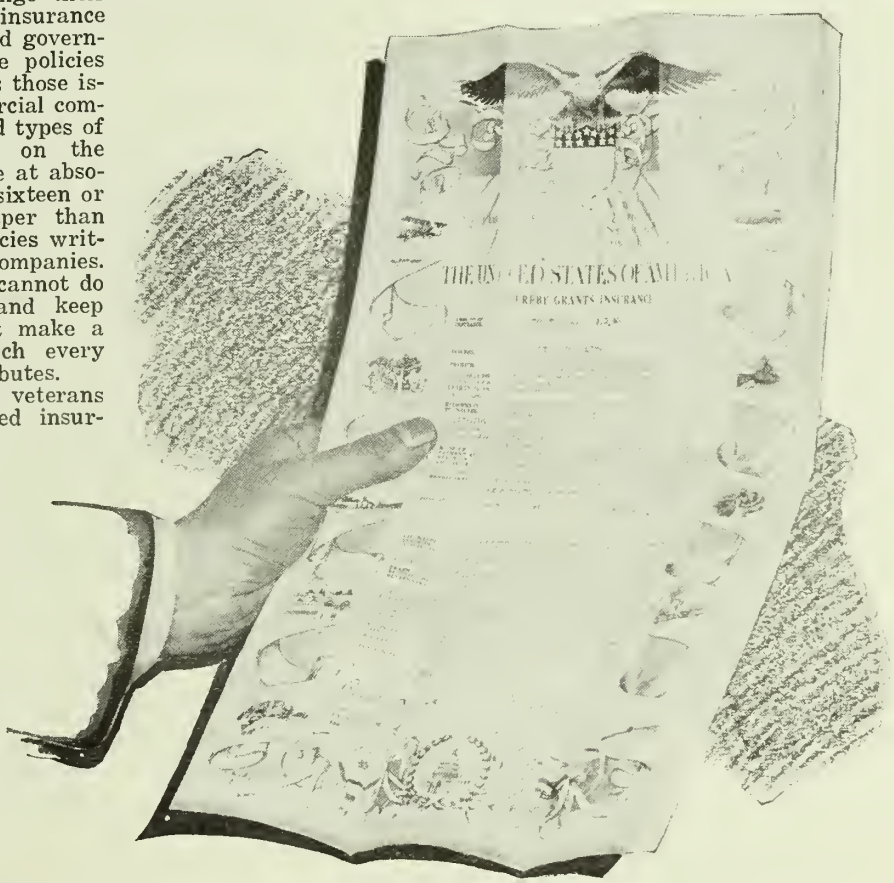
Veterans in good health may reinstate their term policies before July 2, 1926, by payment of two monthly premiums.

Veterans with service - connected disabilities but not permanently and totally disabled may reinstate their term insurance, providing it has not been lapsed more than two years, by paying all back premiums with interest at 5 percent.

In this connection, the fact must be recorded that The American Legion is recommending to Congress an extension of the time limit for reinstatement and conversion. But the result cannot be foretold, so the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee is warning all service men not to place their insurance rights in jeopardy by delaying longer.

Now the time grows short in which veterans may snap out of it, and save

(Continued on page 16)



If you hold a policy like this, you have it because you went after it. Uncle Sam hasn't used high pressure salesmanship to sell his insurance, and this is what private companies use to get policy-holders. As a result, four million veterans have allowed their wartime insurance to lapse. They may protect their rights by reinstating and converting their policies before July 2, 1926

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.

Watch That Lindsley Cup Race

THE crowd in the Legion membership grand-stand may now prepare to climb up on its chairs and cheer. The Henry D. Lindsley membership trophy race is rounding into the home stretch and a half dozen departments are neck and neck as they pound toward the finish wire. It's a red-hot race, all right—the kind that is won by an eyelash. The race ends at midnight of February 28th, the final hour in which membership cards received at National Headquarters will be counted. The winner will be the department which has attained the highest percentage of membership over its preceding year's membership.

Florida has held the silver cup for two years and it got away to a sensational lead on January 1st, with considerably more than half of its 1925 membership signed up for 1926. But now the leaders are so close together that one can't tell who is out in front. It may be Idaho or Kansas or Ohio or West Virginia—all of them neck and neck with Florida. Coming up close behind, too, are Illinois, Oklahoma, Montana, Minnesota, Arkansas, Colorado and New York. Anything may happen in the final hard dash to the wire.

A single post, by failing to get its cards into National Headquarters by midnight of February 28th, may cause its department to lose the Lindsley Trophy. The department in which every post puts in all it can put in during the next nine days will probably win.

History That Is Hard to Find

THE Government is investigating an alleged conspiracy by certain white persons to kill off large numbers of Osage Indians, who live on their reservation in Oklahoma. The whites, it is charged, murdered so that they might possess themselves of the Indians' rich oil lands. Sixteen or seventeen Indians have died under mysterious circumstances. The Government has acted vigorously and it seems that justice will be done, or honestly attempted.

That is something. It may be too late to restore the Indian race, and to right the wrongs of two and a half centuries which the Oklahoma case brings to mind. But we can and should do the square and humane thing by what is left of that race. It is a peculiar thing that the white inhabitants of North America, who have done so much for personal liberty and justice in this world, should have repudiated nearly everything they have had to say on those subjects, when they came to deal with the Indians. It is difficult to get a correct view of the matter by reading history. Most histories dwell on Indian wars and massacres which show the Indian in no favorable light. But the causes of trouble between the whites and the Indians are seldom given and almost never correctly given.

The reason for this is because the truth is unpleasant. There are exceptions to this statement of course, but in nearly every instance of trouble between the whites and the Indians in America the whites were primarily at fault. Sam Houston, who was president of the Republic of Texas and a Senator from there when Texas became a State, said he had never been wronged by an Indian, and that as far as he knew or ever learned there never was an instance of trouble between Indians and white people in which the latter race was not at fault. Houston knew the Indian character better than any American of his day. For many years this singular man lived as an exile among the Indians, spoke their language and was a tribal officer. He said that the Indian's vices which our histories have made the most of, without exception were adopted from the whites. Other eminent Americans who have known the Indian well have borne similar testimony—for instance the late Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, who died last year.

Of course, there is nothing to be done about it now. The Indian race has been exterminated, practically speaking. The actual extermination of a race of people is a difficult ethnological feat, and in this instance not a praiseworthy one. America, the melting pot, has absorbed other alien races which are inferior to the American Indian. Possibly someone will write the true story of the Indian some day, and Americans will read it. It will not make the Indian out a stained-glass saint, but it will make him out a better character than most persons think him to be, and it will make most of us blush for what our ancestors did. It might help us to deal more fairly in our human relations in the future. It might make us a little more incensed at the Oklahoma outrages than in the normal course of things we are.

Wonders

RECORDED history goes back about 6,000 years.

The United States has had a hand in this for just 150 years, or only since yesterday, you might say.

The United States covers six percent of the earth's surface.

Its population comprises seven percent of the earth's inhabitants.

But this seven percent of the world's people, living in a country which has been going only since yesterday produces 63 percent of the world's telephones.

It produces 80 percent of the world's automobiles.

It produces 85 percent of the world's motion pictures.

The telephone is less than fifty years old. The automobile is less than thirty-five years old. The movie is twenty-five years old. All have come into being within the last ten minutes by the watch of old Father Time.

If the movies were suppressed tomorrow we could still get along—with certain annoying changes of plans. But eliminate the telephone and the motor car and where would we be? We would be at a standstill for a while. There would be a great confusion, and great permanent changes in our affairs. All this from habits formed ten minutes ago.

We live in a wonderful world, a wonderful age, a wonderful country. More so than we realize, ordinarily.

And these Americans are an unusual race of human beings.

What Really Matters

RUPERT HUGHES stirred up a controversy not long ago by picturing Washington as one of the best cussers and card players of his day. Perhaps he was, but who knows his favorite oath? And who can tell whether he played a colonial form of poker with deuces wild or whether a pinochle deck was as indispensable to him as his demountable set of ivory teeth? Millions know what he said in the Farewell Address.

✣ ✣ ✣

Too many people cast their bread upon the waters expecting it to return in the form of cake.

✣ ✣ ✣

About the safest place to talk over a proposition with an oil-stock salesman is in a revolving door.

✣ ✣ ✣

One serious trouble with self education is that the teacher wants to play hooky quite as often as the pupil.

A PERSONAL PAGE *by* Frederick Palmer

Wait long enough and you will have the answer if the stuff is in you. When the United States had to build many ships and man them in a hurry in the war the British and other veteran seamen had their jokes at our inexperience. After the war, when we started a new merchant marine to keep our flag on the seas, we were told that we had too much to do on land to get good men to go to sea. Seafaring was not our business. We better leave that to the old hands who kept on making points against our amateurishness.

They Had the Answer

Answer in words would not convince them. It had to come in action. It came when Captain Fried, of the *President Roosevelt*, with her two hundred passengers spectators of all the hazardous efforts of supreme courage, laid by for three-and-a-half days to rescue the crew of the British freighter *Antinoe*, her engine stopped and all her lifeboats stove in, a derelict at the mercy of a terrific storm.

King George and the British Foreign Office sent cables of admiration and thanks. All England thrilled in honoring the *Roosevelt's* crew on their arrival at Liverpool. The world thrilled. It was the sensation of the hour. Sensations pass quickly out of the news. But I would keep this sensation in the news of this page and always in its spirit in honor of Officer Miller and his crew who dared those mighty seas in the face of fierce winter gales again and again; and in memory of Master-at-Arms Wirteman and Boatswain Mate Heitman of one of the *Roosevelt's* wrecked boats who could not reach the line thrown to them and were lost to sight still swimming sturdily.

Col. Clint Hearn, U. S. A., who had served in the Field Artillery in France, happened to be on board. It was his suggestion to put a spiral spring between the projectile and the line that finally got a line over the *Antinoe* after sixteen failures. All old already in the news, but never old in history, this triumph of American seamanship. The answer was there again because the stuff was there.

Recently, I heard a Legionnaire say that he would like to keep the Legion "exclusive." He did not want to see a lot of new faces in the post. That will not help membership increase. Other Legionnaires do not see why the Legion should take an interest in veterans who are not members. If veterans have not joined at this late date, let them look out for themselves. This will not help to increase membership. It does not sound like the fellowship of service in '17-'18.

Are There Snobs Among Us?

I struck gold in an item in the *Pacific Legion* this week. Harry Brown, a lumberjack in the Siletz district, comes to Portland twice a year. On his latest visit he laid a twenty dollar bill on the desk of L. R. Gilbert, Secretary of the Portland Post, and said: "Take four dollars out of that for my dues and give the rest to the boys in the hospital." He added to the gift two boxes of apples and fifty pounds of nuts which he bought himself before he went back to work.

Harry Brown Did Not Forget

I wonder if any of our great philanthropists have ever given a larger proportion of their capital at one time than Harry gave. Have they got more joy out of their giving from a fuller heart? Perhaps Harry got as much joy out of his gift as did the woman who appeared at the masquerade Beaux Arts ball in New York out of her gown on "a silver cloth foundation, with thousands of emeralds, rubies and pearls," says the New York *Tribune*, "sewn upon the huge skirt. It is said to have required the services of fourteen seamstresses four weeks." The gown might be worn only once.

That heroic motion picture actor, Jack Dempsey, who is knocking them out in rows on the screen, has not been saving lives at sea or giving nuts to veterans in hospitals. The New York State Boxing Commission, an authority on the etiquette of the "noble art," says that Wills is entitled to the first bout with him. Then Tunney may have his turn. Dempsey has been in no hurry. He is a pacifist who fought his last war to end war for him. He excels in the kind of self defense that defends the profits of previous victories without risking a defeat. This is in keeping with his record in 1917-'18 when he failed to get into the ring where the weapons used were harder than fists and no fabulous motion picture contract was assured the victor. Under a proper universal control system Dempsey would be sent to the front. I don't know as he is man enough to be a first class combatant private. But he could be given hard labor under fire along with others of the kind who would thus be kept from war profiteering at home.

Why Should a "Hero" Fight?

The time to pass the Universal Control Law is at this session of Congress. If we put it off this year we will put it off another year, and then another, and indefinitely until war is upon us with all the evils and injustices of the past. If war never comes the law will never be active, and the only cost will be that of printing it on the statute books. But let us have the law ready to apply; a law that calls every able-bodied man needed to the colors, without playing any favorites, and assures control of industry in a way to prevent profiteering.

Keep the Issue Alive

We continue reducing the national debt; and we are again reducing national taxes. But extravagant borrowing continues to increase state, city and town debts and taxes. When they are short of money or need to finance a new project they float more bonds. Each project is worth the cost only if it gives back full value to the public. Every dollar of interest on any kind of a public bond is another dollar in taxes; and every dollar in taxes is another dollar that comes out of the people in increased cost of living. The landlord who has to pay more taxes raises the rent on your house and on the store where you buy your food. All the economy cannot be practiced by the housewife and the national government. Look out for the waste between the home unit and the national unit. Make sure that you get value delivered in the new bridges, roads and streets and that no project is just an opportunity to sell bonds.

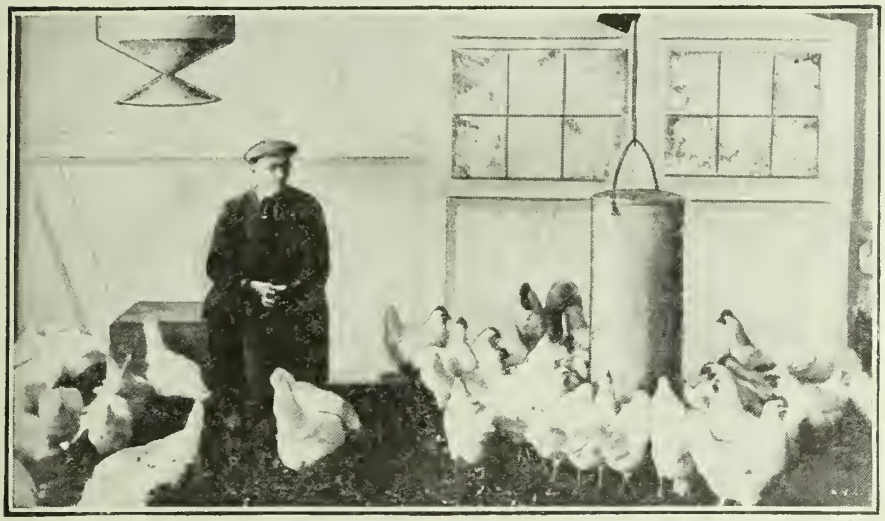
All Borrow and no Pay

Tit for Tat

By Wallgren

So He Put His Chickens *in the* Chow Line

By ANNELLE MILHOLEN



The man, the machine and the mob. Childs Partlow, disabled South Carolina veteran, watching his chickens go after the grain automatically dispensed by the feeder which he invented and which he has successfully marketed

THREE days in the front of battle; three weeks in the death ward of an army hospital; three years of agony in a government sanitarium; three more years of hard work, backed by unconquerable determination. Then realization of the ambition which had fanned the tiny spark of life as its glow faded slowly like the sunset—the ambition which turned back death when it seemed the only alternative, the only merciful solution for one of the war's pitiable bits of wreckage.

Childs Partlow volunteered for service with the Catawba Rifles of Rock Hill, South Carolina, later Company H, 118th Infantry, 30th Division. With his company he did his bit to smash the Hindenburg line. He was among the first to fall. Borne back to the emergency hospital, he was listed among those mortally wounded. His leg had been partly torn from his body. There was no hope, surgeons said. But they decided to try. For three years they worked on the leg, finally having to amputate it.

When he was discharged in 1921, a skeleton of his former self, Partlow marshaled his limited capital and purchased a flock of grown up biddies and a small plot of land in Maryland. But the work of feeding and attending his flock was too strenuous for a weakened man with only one leg. With sinking heart and a tinge of despair he sold his flock and re-entered a government hospital for another operation.

Childs left the hospital the second time and returned to Rock Hill, South Carolina, where he began experimenting with an automatic machine which would each day provide for his flock a balanced ration and thus eliminate the necessity for carrying heavy buckets and much walking. That is often a hardship for a man with two good legs; for this man with only one leg it oftentimes proved agony. Partlow was impressed with the possibility of a chow line for chickens similar to the "come and get it" of his army days.

After several months' work he perfected his invention, which after all is but a simple balancing bar with a hopper of scratch feed on one end of the balancing bar and one of mash on the other which says to the chickens: "If you don't eat the mash you can't have the grain. If you eat little mash you get little grain. If you eat much mash you get much grain."

Strange to say, his chickens automatically liked the automatic bar feeder. Their egg laying capacity seemed to have no limit. But the best part of it is that for days and weeks, depending upon the size of the flock, and the feeder, owners are relieved of the problem of twice each day doling out an uncertain ration to their chickens.

The little dollar hopper is calculated to save millions of steps for poultry raisers; to increase egg production by millions, and to swell the profits to poultry raisers in the same proportion.

Associated with Childs in his work is Barnie Partlow, a younger brother, who served on the U. S. S. *South Carolina*, and Fletcher Ruff, a veteran of the Fifth Division who lost use of one lung when gassed in the Argonne.

Rock Hill is a flourishing little, prosperous town in the foothills of the Blue Ridge. The people will take time to tell you of the pluck that built up a model poultry plant; of the 20,000 chicks hatched each week; of the thousands of layers and breeders. They will tell you at length also of the automatic self-tipping bar, protected by United States and foreign patents, that feeds, just as they need it, the 10,000 chickens. They're glad Partlow's successful, and they're proud of him.

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Do That Charleston, Dinah	That Certain Party
Remember	Wait Till the Sun Shines Again
Charleston Mad	Bam Bam Bammy Shore
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Dept. 352, 327 West 36th St., New York

Please send me for 10 days' trial your collection of eight new "National" records containing 16 very latest Charlestons, songs, fox trots and waltzes. I will pay the postman only $2.98 plus delivery charges on arrival. I reserve the rights to return them at any time within 10 days and you will refund my money. Also include *free*, complete instructions for dancing the Charleston. (Outside the U. S. $3.50, cash with order.)

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The Day That Valley Forge Lost Its Gloom

(Continued from page 5)

contract to supply bakeovens to the army. As the principal distinguishing mark of the locality, "the valley forge" transferred its name to Washington's winter cantonment.

On the 11th of December, 1777, the army halted and began its preparations for a stay. It is a literal fact that the route of this retreat could have been traced in snow stained by the bleeding feet of soldiers who had no shoes. The morning after the arrival 3,000 men were ill of exposure. But Colonel Du Portail, a French engineer in the suite of the Marquis de Lafayette, laid out a camp and the men began the construction of huts to live in. These habitations were of logs cut on the spot, and were 14 by 16 feet in dimensions. The floors were of earth. Each had a fireplace and a chimney of mud and sticks. Each billet accommodated twelve men—at first; death and disease rapidly thinned the ranks. Generally speaking the barracks were located along the sides of the hills, the tops of which were fortified by trenches and redoubts.

While this construction was going on Washington lived in a tent and ate the coarsest of food cooked over an open fire. He did not have to do this. There were several suitable houses in the valley he could have moved into, but without drawing any attention to the fact, Washington, a great Virginia gentleman and before the war the richest man in America, often did such things to buck up the courage of his men. He also gave a personal prize of twelve dollars to the men in each regiment who put up the best hut in the quickest time.

By Christmas day the army was fairly well under cover and the Commander-in-Chief moved into a stone dwelling which is still standing. Presently Mrs. Washington came up from Mount Vernon and spent the winter with the army.

The pinch of hunger and of suffering was felt from the start. The army was in need of food, clothing, blankets, medicines—everything. Officers began to resign and enlisted men, who had not that privilege, to desert. The British, warm and well-fed in Philadelphia nineteen miles away, offered cash bounties to all who would leave Washington's starvation camp and join them. On December 28th Surgeon Albigence Waldo wrote in his diary: "Yesterday upwards of fifty officers in General Greene's division resigned. Six or seven in our regiment are doing the same today."

The most part of the army's energies were consumed in the struggle for the bare necessities of life—warmth and food. At all times about one-third of the army was unfit for duty because of a lack of clothes. Records are fragmentary but on February 1st the reports show 3,989 men unavailable for duty for that reason. They lay in straw in their huts while their comrades foraged for them. Blankets were scarce and generally reserved for the sick. The others slept in straw. Ration parties scoured the country, but farmers preferred to sell to the British, who paid in gold. Finally Washington promulgated regulations which amounted to a confiscation of food within a radius of seventy miles. Other parties chopped wood and hauled it in wagons and sledges which they drew themselves with grapevines for harness.

As has been pointed out recently following Rupert Hughes's statements concerning Washington, profiteers were to a great extent to blame for this suffering of the soldiers. This is of course no reflection on the soldiers or on their Commander-in-Chief.

From a letter of Sergeant Andrew Kemp of a Pennsylvania regiment, written after the worst was over: "Sometimes for a week at a time with nothing [to eat] but frozen potatoes, and even worse for clothing. The men obliged to sleep by turns for want of blankets to cover the whole. There is hardly a man who has not been frost bitten. . . . But our distress was nothing as compared with the grumbling of some of the men, and, I am sorry to say, some of the officers. I really thought we should have a meeting once or twice, but we weathered it through. Some hard things were said about the officers."

From an officer's diary, December 22d: "At 12 of the clock at night Providence sent us a little mutton with which we immediately had some broth and a fine stomach for same. Ye who eat pumpkin pie and roast turkeys and yet curse fortune, curse her no more lest she reduce your allowance to a bit of fire cake and a draught of cold water, and in cold weather, too."

During the six months at Valley Forge between 3,000 and 4,000 men died or were sent to improvised hospitals in the country nearby and did not return. Even an approximate record of deaths is lacking, and all but one grave is unmarked. That is the grave of John Waterman, commissary of the Rhode Island troops of Varnum's brigade. Hospitals hardly deserved the name. Of forty patients in one hospital, thirty-seven died. Smallpox, pneumonia and freezing carried most of them off.

While this was going on the British were living high in Philadelphia. Every day was like Sunday on the farm. Howe was the most incompetent of British generals but he knew how to have a good time. The winter was spent proving it, and in boasting of what would happen to Washington "and his tatterdemalions" in the spring. Stedman, the English historian, says Howe could have surrounded Washington with 6,000 troops and starved him out if nothing else. It seems plausible. "If disease and sickness thinned the army at Valley Forge," he says, "indulgence and luxury perhaps did no less injury to the British troops in Philadelphia."

Washington was neglected by Congress and the country. The colonies were not impoverished. While men starved and froze at Valley Forge supplies rotted in warehouses or in boxes by roadsides because Congress had so

lost its grip that they could not be moved to Washington's camp. Congress and the rest of the government did not suffer at York. They ate rations which the army should have had, profiteered on the sale of supplies and gave such riotous balls that the clergymen of the town complained of their conduct. The flame of patriotism burned low. Colonel Du Portail wrote a French cabinet member that France should send troops soon or it would be too late. "There is one hundred times more enthusiasm for this revolution in one coffee-house in Paris than in all the thirteen colonies united," he said.

These trials were not all. A group of ambitious officers in Washington's own camp, united with intriguers in Congress to supplant Washington with General Horatio Gates. This is known as the "Conway cabal" because of the leading part taken by General Thomas Conway, an Irish-French soldier of fortune who commanded a brigade at Valley Forge. Samuel Adams, Benjamin Rush and General Charles Lee were involved with Conway, who, perhaps, has received more than his share of the blame. The plot fell through, Conway left the army, and the remaining officers renewed their allegiance by taking the famous "Valley Forge Oath." General Cadwallader, a friend of Washington's, challenged Conway to a duel and wounded him severely. When he thought he was dying Conway wrote a manly letter to Washington begging forgiveness. "Poor Conway," said the Commander-in-Chief as he read it. "There is nothing to forgive."

Under such circumstances it required a firm as well as a sympathetic hand to keep the army from dissolution. Some of Washington's disciplinary measures may seem severe today. A gallows was kept standing and deserters and spies paid the penalty without much ceremony. The whipping post was another instrument of correction. Washington's orderly book bears these entries:

"Lt. Saml Jones of the 15 Virga. Regt. tried for 'concealing and denying he had in his possession a pair of mittens belonging to Capt. Hull'." He was found guilty and dismissed from the service. "James Whaling, Drummer of Colo. Procter's Regt. tried for 'desertion and attempting to get into Philadelphia.' Plead guilty. The court in consideration of his youth and his having received no pay or bounty do sentence him to receive only thirty lashes." Washington investigated this case and remitted the lashes. Col. Procter's regiment was the Fourth Artillery whose band—of which Whaling may have been a member—serenaded Washington on his birthday. The next sentence entered is of fifty lashes for "Michael Nash of Capt. Kingsbury's company, tried for 'drunkenness and absenting himself from guard'." Washington gave his approval to this sentence.

This was the state of affairs when Baron von Steuben arrived. The baron's French cook took one look around and resigned: he wouldn't have had much to work on, anyhow. Von Steuben has left this memoir of his first impressions: "The arms were covered with rust, half of them without bayonets, many from which a single shot could not be fired. The pouches [for powder] were as bad as the arms. A great many men had tin boxes, others had cow horns. Muskets, carbines, fowling pieces and rifles were to be seen in the same company. The description of the dress is most easily given. The men were literally naked, some of them in the fullest sense of the word. The officers who had coats had them of every color and make. I saw officers mounting guard in an old blanket."

Von Steuben was especially interested in the powder horns, which he had never seen before. Many were decorated with home-made mottoes such as:

The red coat who steals this Horn
Will go to hel as shures hes born.

Help yourself to grog.

Yankee doodle cum to Town
Wareing linin breeches
He made the red coats leave the Sound
And filled up all his Ditches.

The spirit that went into those rude inscriptions was the spirit Washington and Von Steuben used to revive that ragged mob as an offensive force. Von Steuben first organized a demonstration company and drilled it in close order. His groping for English words of command, his mispronunciation and his tremendous German oaths amused the troops. The rough, good natured old soldier became very popular. He knew his business, too.

There is no better way to indicate the type of men who saw it through at Valley Forge than to mention a few names such as: Captain James Monroe, fourth President of the United States, who served on the staff of Lord Stirling, American born English nobleman who was a major general in the Continental army; Colonel Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury and Washington's chief of staff; Lieutenant Colonel Aaron Burr, later Vice-President and who killed Hamilton in a duel; Lieutenant John Marshall of Virginia Infantry, later Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court; and Marquis de Lafayette, then serving without rank but later commissioned a major general in the Continental army.

When spring came Von Steuben had the whole army under training. Howe revised his notion of attacking Washington's "tatterdemalions" and wiping them out. In June of 1778 he evacuated Philadelphia and started to retreat back toward New York. Washington hastily broke camp and pursued him, falling on the British at Monmouth, New Jersey. But for the conduct of General Charles Lee a brilliant victory might have been gained. Lee ordered a retreat at a critical moment —which led to his dismissal from the army. Lee had been mixed up in the Conway plot and beyond question he was a traitor. A drawn battle resulted and the British continued their retreat. But the great victory over starvation, cold and discouragement had been won. I think it was one of the old Russian soldier-emperors who said that Generals January and February are the hardest adversaries to conquer.

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FOR Washington's Birthday, walk into the nearest Rexall Drug Store and buy *Maxixe Chocolates*, the candy with the luscious red cherry centers. Real cherries, covered with rich, crispy chocolate.

Maxixe Cherries just melt in your mouth! They are so different, so delicious, that you always want more.

If you are attending a party, or if you are one of those persons who always do the extra-nice thing, you will take somebody a box of these *Maxixe* cherry chocolates on Washington's Birthday.

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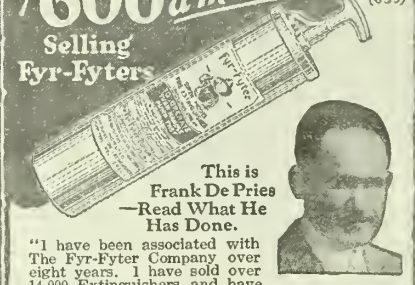

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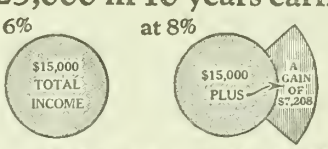

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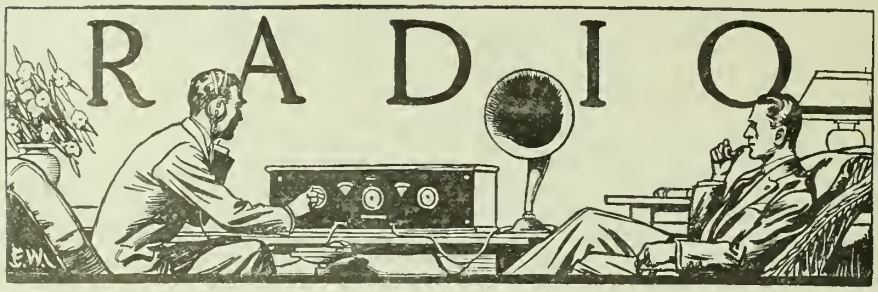

LAST minute information has come to hand that the official Legion radio program of the Department of Arizona will be on the air this evening, February 19th, from 7 to 8 p. m., Mountain Time. Station KFAD (272.6 meters), of the Electrical Equipment Company in Phoenix will be used. Included in the program will be speeches by Department Commander A. J. Dougherty and Vice-Commander DeCamp on the subject of Legion aims and accomplishments.

AGAIN we make brief mention of the official radio broadcast program of the Department of Wisconsin, "The Legion Barrage," which will go forth from the Kessellman O'Driscoll-Hotel Antlers Station WKAF (261 meters), in Milwaukee at 8 p. m., on Washington's birthday, February 22d. The program will continue until 11 p. m. and then after an hour's intermission, more will be heard from the Badger Legionnaires from midnight until 2 a. m. It sounds like a big session.

Two additional Legion radio programs are also scheduled for Washington's birthday. Providence Post of Scranton, and Victory Post of Dunmore, Pennsylvania, will broadcast a joint program from the Scranton Times Broadcasting Station WQAN (250 meters), during the evening of February 22d. Fort Cralo Post of Rensselaer, New York, which last year successfully broadcast the first pageant ever put on the air, will broadcast its second radio pageant, "The Spirit of '76," from Station WHAZ (380 meters), February 22d, at 9 p. m., Eastern Time. The pageant will cover incidents of the Revolutionary War which occurred during 1776, including the battle of Trenton, and the arrest and execution of Nathan Hale.

FOLLOWING the Wisconsin Department program, the Department of Missouri will take the air from the Kansas City Star Station WDAF (366 meters), on February 24th, just a week after its Jayhawker neighbors will have signed off from the same station. Reports thus far are meager, but it is promised that National Commander John R. McQuigg's speech to Missouri Legionnaires will be the feature of the program which will be replete with musical and other features.

THAT many radio stations are ready and willing to co-operate with The American Legion, and that Legionnaires in general are ardent radio fans is proved by a report received from James J. Deighan, Department Adjutant of Pennsylvania. On January 12th, Comrade Deighan received a long distance telephone call from Past Department Commander J. Mitchell Chase of Clearfield, Pennsylvania, who stated that a member of John Lewis Shade Post of Clearfield was in a Philadelphia hospital in such condition that an operation was necessary and a transfusion of blood immediately required. In addition to giving this information to the newspapers, the co-operation of the local broadcasting stations was asked. Immediate assistance was promised and throughout the evening announcements were made over the air from each station. The hospital authorities were deluged with responses from ex-service men who rushed to aid a comrade and one of the applicants was picked for the transfusion. The sick comrade has since almost fully recovered. Among the men who offered their blood was Legionnaire Harry E. Ehrhart, director of Station WLIT, Lit Brothers, Philadelphia. The other radio broadcasting stations which co-operated and promised continued assistance to the Legion were WCAU, Pennsylvania Hotel, and WIP, Gimbel Brothers, both of Philadelphia.

ADVANCE announcements regarding the official Legion program of the Department of Pennsylvania disclose the fact that the Keystoners intend to make sure that everyone in or near or distant from the State will hear what the Legion has to offer. The program, or rather programs, will be broadcast from stations in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Altoona, Erie, Harrisburg, Scranton, and possibly Parkesburg, all of them being under Legion operation between 8 and 10 p. m., Eastern Time, March 5th. Additional information regarding the Pennsylvania programs, including the call letters and wave lengths of the stations to be used, will appear in this department of the Weekly. Pennsylvania's program will be the eighth in the series of official Legion programs broadcast by department organizations. The Radio Editor would like to hear from Legionnaires who succeed in picking up these especially arranged entertainments.

THE radio receiving equipment placed in the Station Hospital, Fort Sam Houston, Texas, by the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly, has been in operation for more than two months and a number of letters from patients expressing their pleasure in this new entertainment have been received. Major J. W. Sherwood, Executive Officer of the hospital, reports that in addition to reception of programs from various broadcasting stations, arrangements have been made whereby entertainment is being transmitted to the patients direct from the stage of the Majestic Theatre, which houses Keith vaudeville. This has been

made possible through the co-operation of Mr. Gersdorf, manager of the theatre, who was formerly connected with the Red Cross recreation activities at the hospital, and the local telephone company. The microphone, which was furnished with the equipment bought by the Fund, was also used to advantage on Christmas morning when carols sung by a group of nurses, aides and dietitians in the recreation room, were transmitted direct to the bedsides of all of the patients. Since the installation, two programs have been given in the recreation room by Alamo Post of the Legion, which co-operated in the installation of the receiving equipment, and also by other fraternal and patriotic organizations.

From H. E. Michaels, Executive Secretary of Robert E. Bentley Post of Cincinnati, Ohio, comes the information that his post is continuing its weekly broadcast programs which were started last July. The post goes on the air every Monday night from Station WKRC (326 meters), Kodel Radio Corporation, from 9 to 10 p. m. Musical entertainment and Legion news are broadcast and in addition a new radio feature has proved highly successful. An historical question is broadcast once each month and all children of school age are requested to submit compositions on the subject. The first question broadcast, "What was the origin of the cent?" brought a good response and the second question, "What effect did Burgoyne's defeat have upon the Revolutionary War?" brought in an avalanche of replies. These were received from all over the country, Florida, Vermont, California and Washington being represented.

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.

Department of Arizona will broadcast official Legion program Electrical Equipment Company Station KFAD (272.6 meters), Phoenix, February 19, from 7 to 8 p. m., Mountain Time.

The Old Gray Mare Band of the Department of Texas will broadcast a concert from the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* Station WBAP (476 meters), February 21, at 5 p. m., Central Time. Department Commander Dunning will speak.

Department of Wisconsin will broadcast its official Legion program from Kesselman O'Driscoll-Hotel Antlers Station WKAF (261 meters), Milwaukee, February 22d, starting at 8 p. m., Central Time.

Fort Cralo Post, Rensselaer, New York, will broadcast patriotic pageant, "The Spirit of '76", from Station WHAZ (380 meters), Troy, February 22d, at 9 p. m., Eastern Time.

Providence Post, Scranton, and Victory Post, Dunmore, Pennsylvania, will broadcast joint program from Scranton *Times* Station WQAN (250 meters), evening of February 22d.

Department of Iowa—Annual department and post officers' conference will be broadcast from Station WHO (526 meters), Des Moines, February 23d, 7:30 to 9.00 p. m., Central Time. Addresses by National Commander McQuigg, Past National Commander MacNider, National Adjutant James F. Barton and Governor John Hammill.

Following Legion programs will be broadcast at 2 p. m., on dates shown from Station WMAQ (447.5 meters), Chicago, Illinois, and dedicated to hospitals listed: Berdon Post for Cook County Tubercular Sanitarium, Oak Forest, Ill., Feb. 19th: Advertising Men's Post for Elgin, Ill., State Hospital, Feb. 23d; People's Gas Post for Watertown Hospital, East Moline, Ill., Feb. 24th; Fifth District Legion organization for Dwight, Ill., Hospital, Feb. 25th; Naval Post for Soldiers' Home Hospital, Danville, Ill., Feb. 26th.

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Go into business for yourself—A "Ward" Dining Car offers the opportunity of a lifetime to establish yourself in the highly profitable Food Business of the better class.

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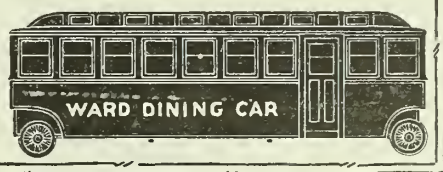

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If you have been wandering from job to job, or if you are stuck in a low-pay, uncertain job, now is the time to get the FACTS about Government positions.—Adv.

Stop COUGHING!

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Use a real remedy—not a candy—*Brown's Bronchial Troches*. Quickly relieves *Coughs, Hoarseness, Throat Irritations,* and *Loss of Voice*. Singers and Public Speakers have used them for over 75 years.

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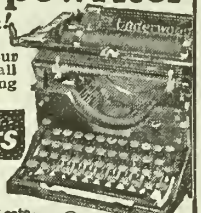

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How *the* Hatchet Story Grew

(Continued from page 6)

been added to it. No such desecration is ventured here as inserting quotation marks or otherwise changing Weems's original version.

The following anecdote is a case in point. It is too valuable to be lost, and too true to be doubted; for it was communicated to me by the same excellent lady to whom I am indebted for the last.

"When George," said she, "was about six years old, he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet! of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond; and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly, that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the way, was a great favourite, came into the house; and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time, that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. "George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree yonder in the garden?" This was a *tough question;* and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself: and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out, "I can't tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet."—Run to my arms, you dearest boy, cried his father in transports, run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is more worth than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold.

May not Weems have intended Augustine Washington, rather than George, to be the paragon of this story—for did he not keep his word despite provocation, while George, knowing his "Pa" of old, felt perfectly safe?

Nineteen More Weeks

(Continued from page 7)

themselves, in the aggregate, the staggering total of five billion dollars in actual cash. (That five billion dollars just mentioned is no rhetorical figure. The Government still has thirty billion dollars worth of insurance for sale, at a saving of about one-sixth. One-sixth of thirty billion is five billion dollars.) The Veterans Bureau is adopting every means that is within the law to acquaint the veterans with their rights. While it cannot advertise it can get others to advertise. An advertisement of government insurance, for instance, was inserted in the Baltimore *Evening Sun* by the Maryland Trust Company of that city. Banks are conservative institutions. They are very careful of what they recommend. The fact that a bank such as the Maryland Trust Company should, at its own expense, advertise this Government Insurance speaks for itself.

It is to the interest of the banks to have people prosperous. Life insurance means prosperity. Here is thirty billions of dollars worth of potential wealth which only veterans can acquire—if they will take the trouble upon themselves to do it. The Maryland Trust Company wants to see that its veteran clients get their share, because it is good business for the clients and good business for the bank.

The Standard Oil Company is generally conceded to be fairly astute in a business way. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey has sent out a memorandum to its employes urging them to buy the Government Insurance before it is too late. "The United States Government," it says, "offers the

DEADLINE

July 2, 1926, is the final date for reinstating your Government life insurance and taking out a new policy at absolute cost price.

ACT TODAY!

You do not want to miss an opportunity you will regret the rest of your life and your dependents will regret longer than that.

If you want to know what your rights are under the law fill out this blank and mail it to the Insurance Division, U. S. Veterans Bureau, Washington, D. C.

I would like to have information on form of policy checked below:

Ordinary Life	20-Year Endowment	20-Pay Life
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Name _____ Age _____

Address _____
(Street and No. or Rural Route)

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(Town and State)

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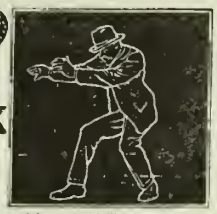

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( )	Secretary	( )	Skilled Labor
( )	Gen. Clerk	( )	Immigrant Inspector
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Mr. Ozment, Dept. 110, St. Louis, Mo.

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Chicago, Ill.—F. E. Hughes, Suite 159-A, 2512 Monroe St., of this city, has perfected a new air-tight valve cap that enables auto owners to pump up their tires once and never touch them again until punctured or worn out. Leading tire manufacturers, after thorough tests, have approved Mr. Hughes' invention and banished the old theory that air escapes through rubber. One inflation lasts the life of a tire, and tire mileage is doubled. These caps retail for $1.25 for set of five. The inventor wants agents and will send proof and samples Free. Write him today.—Adv.

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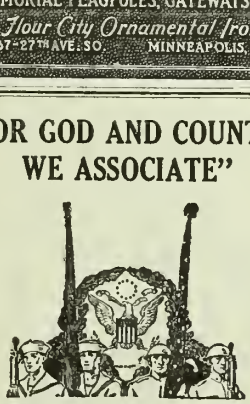

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The American Legion Weekly
Indianapolis, Indiana

best, cheapest, safest and most liberal policies anywhere obtainable in the world."

The list of corporations which are assisting the Government in trying to wake veterans up to the opportunity which is before them could be extended. They are doing this because they want to serve the veterans and increase the average of national wealth and thus increase prosperity. Here is a chance for Legion posts to do something for their members and for all veterans. It is the Legion's work if anything is. The Legion post commander or adjutant who signs his following up one hundred percent for Government Insurance will be a great public benefactor. No man will ever regret the step. If you send to the Veterans Bureau the blank published in connection with this article you will receive literature describing the policies and rates, which were briefly summarized in the Weekly for February 12th.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

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

108TH F. S. BN.—Annual reunion and banquet at Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, Ill., 6:30 p. m., Feb. 20. Address John H. Plattner, 111 W. Monroe St., Chicago.

CO. A, 314TH M. G. BN.—Former members interested in reunion at Roanoke, Va., June 20-21, address Ervin L. Chapman, Harrisburg, Va.

YEOMAN SCHOOL, U. S. N. T. S., NEWPORT, R. I.—Men who were stationed at this school in 1917-'18, interested in proposed reunion at National Convention of Legion in Philadelphia, Oct. 11-15, address Leo H. Titus, 3150 Park Ave., Philadelphia, or Jesse Stump, 2837 N. 20th St., Philadelphia.

G. H. 10—Former members who served at West Roxbury and Parker Hill branches, Boston, Mass., interested in proposed reunion at Philadelphia during Legion National Convention, Oct. 11-15, address Thomas Edmunds, 715 Blaine St., New Castle, Pa.

FT. ST. MENGE CANDIDATE SCHOOL—Engineer candidates at the second school, April-June, 1918, interested in proposed reunion during Legion National Convention in Philadelphia, Oct. 11-15, address George W. Kuhlman, 810 N. 26th St., Philadelphia.

2D ANTI-AIRCRAFT M. G. BN.—Former members interested in forming permanent association address Norman M. Brown, 47 S. Eighth St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

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.

LEROY W. CRAMER, *Melvin McClure Post, Holmesville, O.* D. Dec. 1, aged 31. Served with Hq. Co., 108th M. G. Bn., 28th Div.

FRANK J. CUNEO, *J. Morris Goring Post, Wappingers Falls, N. Y.* Accidentally killed, Dec. 15, aged 30. Served with 308th Inf., 77th Div.

ELVIN H. DOWNS, *Lancaster (Pa.) Post.* Killed in auto accident, Dec. 14, aged 25. Served with Hq. Co., 108th M. G. Bn., 28th Div.

SAMUEL B. GRAY, *Huntingdon (Pa.) Post.* D. Sept. 1, aged 38. Served with 505th Eng.

EARL H. GRIEGER, *Goodland (Kans.) Post.* Accidentally killed, Dec. 7, aged 28. Served with 14th F. A., Camp Jackson, S. C.

WALTER C. HICKS, *George M. Nelms Post, Centralia, Ill.* D. Sept. 3, aged 32. Served in Army.

THOMAS E. HIGGINS, *Ben Roth Post, Chenoa, Ill.* D. from burns, Oct. 16, aged 30. Served with M. G. Co., 331st Inf.

LAWRENCE H. HIRSH, *Lafayette Post, Uniontown, Pa.* D. Dec. 31. Served with Med. Corps.

21 Jewel ~ Extra thin
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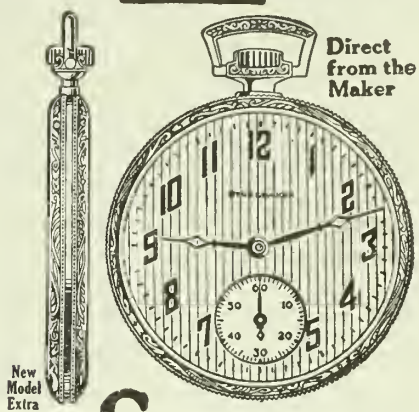

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Bursts *and* Duds

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

Disqualified

"Now, that young Mr. Goode who calls upon you so often," began the flapper's father. "Hm-m, pretty steady, isn't he?"

"I should say he is!" snapped the girl disgustedly. "Why, if he were any steadier, he'd be completely motionless!"

The Wise One

The score was 27 to 0 in favor of the visiting eleven at the end of the first period, yet the fair young fan who had announced she had placed a stake on the home team did not seem disheartened.

"You shouldn't have bet on our team," counseled her girl friend. "Everybody knew they would lose."

"I knew it myself, dearie," agreed the other. "I was betting kisses."

Noun or Verb?

[*Heading in Wyalusing (Pa.) Rocket*]

Thieves at Meshoppen Take Young Lady's Clothes and Watch While She Bathes.

In Restraint of Trade

Jones had made a straight-from-the-shoulder after-dinner talk which had consisted mainly of sound advice to young men to live within their incomes. The applause which followed, however, had been meager.

"Why didn't my speech go over last night?" he asked a friend the next day.

"Heavens, man!" exclaimed the latter. "Half your audience were automobile dealers!"

These Days

"I wish to obtain a divorce!" announced the fair but angry client, as she flounced into the court room.

"Certainly, madam," obliged the court clerk. "Take it with you, or shall we mail it?"

Strictly Speaking

"What's this I hear about Alec? Has he taken a new wife?"

"Well—er—not exactly. She was a young widow, I believe."

The Man for the Job

"So the snake charmer married the contortionist?" asked the lion tamer.

"Yes," returned the what-is-it. "She wanted a man she could wrap around her finger."

The Uses of Publicity

"I hope you'll marry me," said he.
"I love you, dearest Bess."
She ran to see the tax returns,
Came back, and murmured: "Yes."
—*J. A. S.*

Complete Innocence

"No," insisted Neighbor Brown to Neighbor Smith, "I tell you I never did borrow your lawn mower. And if I did, I brought it back to you, and anyway it was too dull to cut grass."

Improvement

"Do you think missionaries help the heathen any?"

"Yes; they teach them to have only one wife."

Rudolph Roughdry's Line

"If these p'lice bands keep gettin' more pop'lar, the firemen will ketch it soon. Expect advertisements in the papers readin': 'Wanted: Two good nozzle men, to play hose at fire and mandolin and ukulele in the engine house orchestra'."

Necessity the Mother, Etc.

"Dear," pleaded Mrs. Bilton, wife of the fashionable medical practitioner, "I *must* have an evening gown."

"Easiest thing in the world, my dear," replied her obliging husband. "I'll change old Gotrox's dyspepsia to appendicitis today."

Hymn of Hate

It's *wonderful* this,
And *wonderful* that;
A *wonderful* kiss,
And a *wonderful* hat;
A *wonderful* joker,
A *wonderful* whirl.
I wish I could choke her,
This "wonderful" girl!
—*Rose M. Burdick.*

Urgent!

"Do I really need brushing off?" asked the passenger in the Pullman.

"*Does* you?" exclaimed the porter with great emphasis. "Boss, Ah's broke."

Bad for Business

Madge: "Is that little brother of yours a tease?"

Marjorie: "That kid is the limit. He put a No Parking sign on the place where I hung up my mistletoe."

The Beneficiaries

"Is there really any such thing as the wages of sin?"

"Oh, sure! The money paid to the defense attorneys."

Losing No Chance

"I understand," said the clerical appearing visitor at the county fair to the constable at the gate, "that there is a great deal of gambling going on out here."

The constable spat. "I'll bet ye five dollars," he announced, "that there ain't."

What Yo' Mean—"Big Black Cloud"?

[*From Philadelphia Evening Ledger*]

Uncle Ben Broyan, Negro, . . . worked hard for what he got, but the other day something he hadn't bargained for. However, a postcard brought a silver lining to a big black cloud.

In Installments

The great hunter was exhibiting his trophies.

"That lion's head," he said, pointing to a mounted head on the wall, "we brought from Africa."

The smallest visitor present spoke up.

"But how," he asked, "did you happen to let the rest of him get away?"

Near Enough

"Hey, Miss Whatsyourname!" shouted the boss. "What's the phone number of Brown & Company?"

"Oh," replied the new stenog, dabbing her nose, "approximately 3000 Something."

It's Possible

"Haven't I seen your face before some place?" asked the masher.

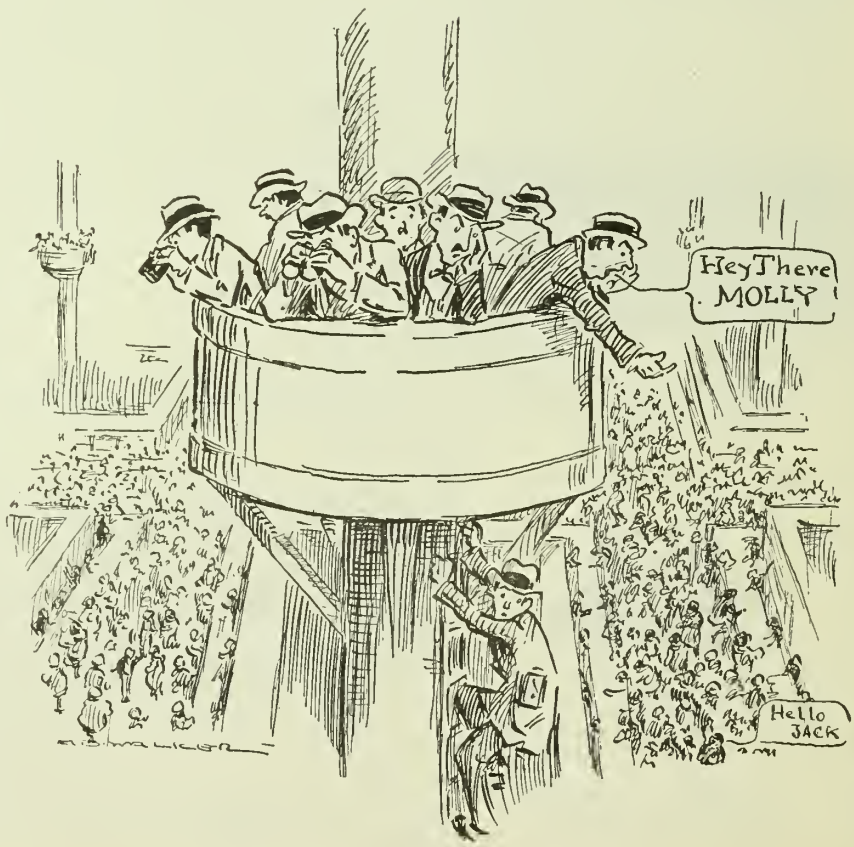
"I shouldn't be surprised," replied the girl frigidly. "I seldom go any place without it."

Co-operation

"Daddy," spoke up the veteran's young hopeful with a certain diffidence, "you don't like to shave, do you?"

"No, my boy, I'll say I don't."

"That's good. I spoiled your razor for you, Daddy."



Crow's-nest for lost husbands in a department store

WORLD WAR MEMORIAL

Cast in U. S. Government Standard Bronze Theo. A. R. Kitson, Sc.

Heroic Size, Height, 8 ft. 5 in.

A forceful example of sculpture, especially well composed and remarkable for its vigorous sincere modeling and monumental dignity.

Designed to commemorate the valor and patriotism of the men who served in the World War, 1917-1919.

Write to the Gorham Bronze Division, Providence, R. I., for details of the practical proposition open to any post arranging to place this memorial in their community.

GORHAM

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—have a Camel!

Into the making of this one cigarette goes all of the ability of the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men. Nothing is too good for Camels. The choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The most skilful blenders. The most scientific package. No other cigarette made is like Camels. No better cigarette can be made. Camels are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

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