LEGION

PERMANENT FILE

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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10-35

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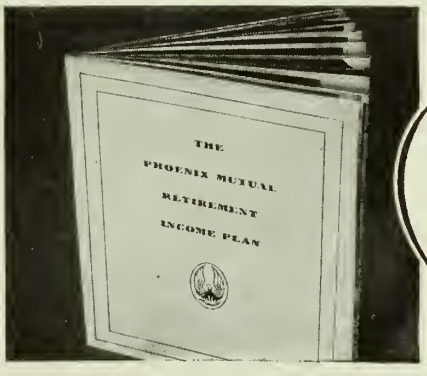

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For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve 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 the Constitution of The American Legion.

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GET THOSE 1936 MEMBERS EARLY

THE battle orders for 1936 have now been written and the whole American Legion moves into line, ready to go forward to the new objectives. Your post can help mightily by enroling 100 percent of its 1935 strength for 1936 before the new year starts. Plenty of posts have done just that. There are many ways to do it. One way is to hold, as early as possible, a meeting to discuss all the important actions of the St. Louis convention. Ask those who attended to report, or read the high spots in the official summary of proceedings. Then, name your committees and get under way, before Thanksgiving Day and the end-of-the-year holidays slow things up. If you've got a Napoleon available, make him membership chairman.

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THE CRISIS IN AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

BY WILL DURANT, *Guest Editor*

FOUR basic problems confront the American people today—problems so vital that their simultaneous attack upon us constitutes a major crisis in our history. The most fundamental of these problems is biological—the threatened deterioration of our stock through the low birth-rate of the able and the replenishment of our population through the high birth-rate of mediocrity. This breeding from the bottom and dying at the top frustrates recovery by flooding our cities with new millions of arms and legs at the very time when invention has made mere muscle superabundant in industry and has put a premium upon brains. It frustrates democracy by sterilizing the families that generate statesmen, and creating in our cities manipulable masses who get born, breed and die before they can possibly find out what it is all about. Worst of all, it frustrates education by sterilizing the educated; the development of the American mind is repeatedly held back because the high-rate of ignorance outruns the propagation of intelligence. Natural selection once eliminated the incompetent ruthlessly; generosity and charity now preserve them; fertility now multiplies them. No constitution could be good enough to enable such a stock to preserve their civilization.

The second problem is economic. Our American system of industry, since its high living standards preclude the capture of foreign markets, cannot continue unless the purchasing power of our people rises as fast as their power to produce. But the natural inequality of men inevitably concentrates wealth, prevents the full spread of purchasing power, and periodically stalls the industrial machine. Our economic system, like our political system, seems to demand a higher degree of equality among men than nature has provided.

The third problem is moral. A civilization requires some form of social order; order depends partly upon law, chiefly upon morals; morals are in large measure transmitted through religion and the family. But industrialism has weakened the Puritan-agricultural moral code, and has weakened the institutions that transmit morality. A decaying moral code usually brings marital disorder, political corruption, epicurean cowardice, and increasing crime.

The fourth problem is political. The sources of statesmanship—in the fertility of the able—are drying up even as problems multiply and the security of isolation disappears. Men are selected for office because of their political skill, and are then called upon to deal with issues requiring economic knowledge and a wide background of education and intelligence. Political machines grow out of the mob, and stand between honest ability and public office; we spend more money on education than nearly all the rest of the world combined, and then we make education a disqualification for public office. Our headless democracy advances confidently to the inevitable test, in diplomacy and war, with the trained aristocracies of Europe and Japan.

WE NEED not be discouraged by these problems; America has scaled such obstacles before. Our stock is still vital; our democracy has preserved our liberties and yet is functioning as successfully as any dictatorship; and our economic system, even in its confusion, feeds and clothes and shelters our people immeasurably better than any other system known to us in the present or the past. Willingness to look a problem in the face is already half its solution. No single mind can cope at once with all these issues; the complexity of our civilization has made the presidency an outwearing and outworn institution. Each of us must ponder these difficulties, and offer our constructive suggestions as modestly as we can to the national mind.

Perhaps we should begin to meet the biological problem by segregating defectives against reproduction, and by using every avenue of education, and every device of taxation, to encourage fertility among the able and discourage it among the incompetent; perhaps the high cost of maternity in the middle classes can be offset by the provision of free facilities for motherhood to all women who have secured a medical certificate of fitness for parentage. Perhaps the economic problem can be solved only when the able minority learns to discipline itself sufficiently to permit such a distribution of wealth as will keep the power to purchase on a level with the power to produce. Perhaps we can meet some part of the moral problem by using the old institution of the dowry to restore marriage to a natural age, and to encourage parentage in the married; the revival of the family is the core of moral renewal. Perhaps we can take a step towards political regeneration by equalizing educational opportunity, organizing Schools of Government in our universities, establishing a United States Civil Academy at Washington, and gradually closing all but the highest offices to those who have not been specifically and technically trained for public administration. Education alone should nominate; and democracy should be redefined not as the equal eligibility of all to office, but as the equal opportunity of all to make themselves fit for office.

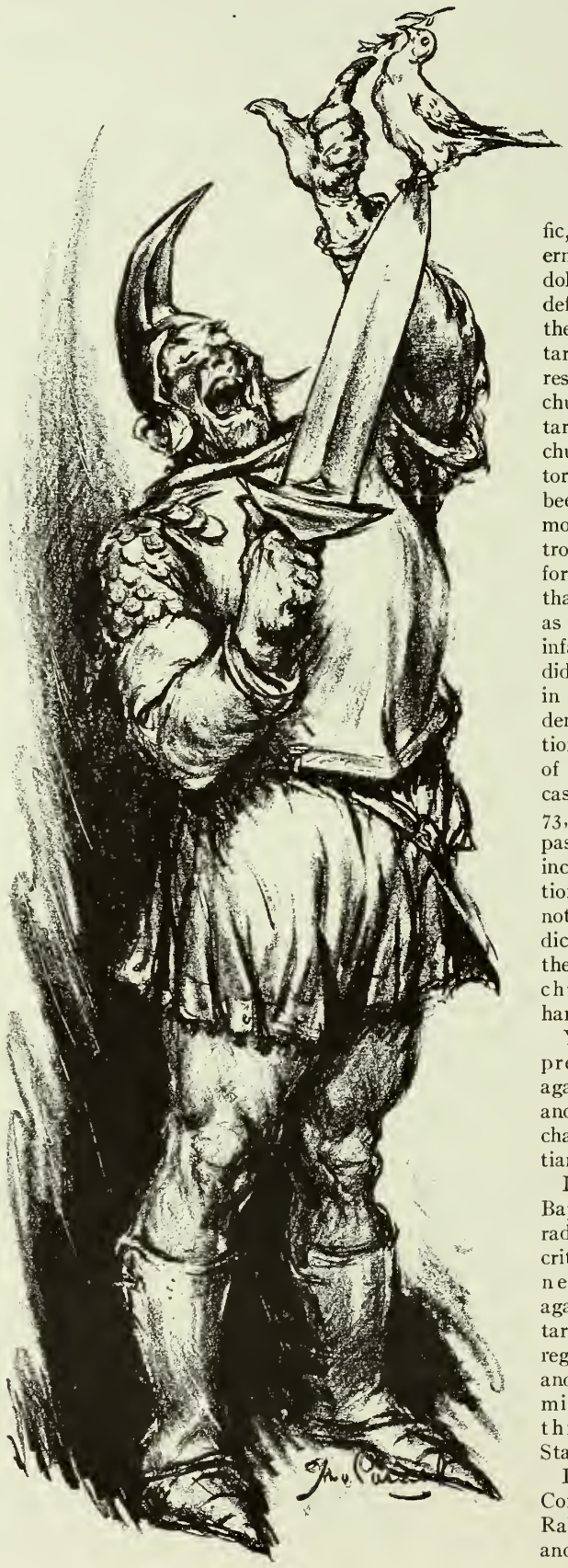
These are tentative and preliminary suggestions, open to doubt and dispute. What, after mature and realistic thought, would the reader himself propose as measures designed to meet this crisis in our national life?

FROM time to time, the Editoral Page of The American Legion Monthly will be turned over to a special guest editor—some prominent figure in American life, Legionnaire or non-Legionnaire, whose views on problems of present-day concern are worth recording and worth reading. Guest editors, of course, will have the privilege of saying what they choose to say and of saying it in the manner they think fit. In this issue the Monthly takes pleasure in presenting Will Durant, author of "The Story of Philosophy" and "The Story of Civilization"

The SABOTAGE

WAR Has Never Been Prevented by Prayer or by Disarmament, But It Has Often Been Prevented by Being Ready for It

Cartoons by John Cassel



IN THE good old vaudeville days the big fat comedian George W. Monroe, who always played a big, fat truckhorse of an Irishwoman, used to describe how embarrassed (s)he was at some of the preacher's questions when (s)he was getting married; and always added, with a shriek once heard never forgotten:

"My gawsh, how I hate to have a preacher holler at me!"

A great many people who believe that we should be prepared for war on land or sea or in air are afraid to come out and say so because they hate to have the preachers holler at them. There are few things more terrifying than the denunciations of the pacifists, who have on their side all the horrors and futilities of war and the recent exposures of the machinations of the munitions makers.

It is so easy to plead for the beauties of peace—though we have gone through and are going through a pretty hellish peace of some six years' duration already.

But ugly as wars are they are neither shorter nor sweeter for lack of preparedness, and they are frightfully costly in lives, in sufferings and in waste of every sort for the nation whose victory is delayed and endangered by lack of preparation, not to mention the dreadful cost to the nation that is defeated and ravaged and robbed of its liberty, often of its very identity.

The pacifists for the last few years have not only intimidated the politicians but have almost completely taken over the preachers. In nearly every sect resolutions were railroaded through, pledging disapproval of war in any circumstances. In many cases great numbers of clergymen pledged themselves never to take any part in any war either as chaplains or otherwise. The stampede to renounce national defense utterly, no matter what the crisis or who the enemy might be, spread through the theological schools and into many of the universities. The teachers were almost unanimously against every form of military training.

It got so that it was almost safer to go to war than to defend preparedness against war.

But recently there has come a little break in the solid line-up of the righteous, and the preachers have begun to holler at each other.

At the New York annual conference of the Methodists last May, there was actual opposition to a resolution denouncing the Navy for its maneuvers in the Pacific, denouncing the Government for its billion-dollar appropriation for defense, and denouncing the appointment of military chaplains. When a resolution called on one church to disband a military troop that drills on church premises the pastor protested that he had been there only seven months, but that the troop had drilled there for thirty years. He said that he was in France not as a chaplain but as an infantry officer, and he did not feel that soldiers in uniform should be denied spiritual consolation. The denunciation of war as a sin in all cases was defeated 86 to 73, then reconsidered and passed in milder terms, including a recommendation that chaplains should not be under the jurisdiction of the Army or the Navy but of the church—which would hardly be feasible.

Yet many of the preachers still raged against all war as outrage and the activities of chaplains as un-Christian.

In June, the Northern Baptists, at their Colorado Springs convention, criticized the navy maneuvers, protested against compulsory military drills in schools and regretted "the marked and accelerated zeal for militarism spreading through the United States."

In June the Central Conference of American Rabbis met in Chicago and refused to approve a

of the PACIFIST

by

RUPERT HUGHES

resolution urging all Jews to refuse to bear arms. They defeated it by a vote of 54 to 12.

The rabbis were wise and honest enough to say that no one nation was to blame for the World War, but that it was the result "of the European and the world system."

They said, very cannily, that "even the nation which strikes first is not necessarily belligerent . . . Invasion is no certain criterion of exclusive guilt, for it is true that the man who strikes first sometimes strikes in fear."

When it came to a vote that there is never a justified war, and "war is an unmitigated evil and that we should abstain from all participation in it," the resolution was defeated by a vote of more than four to one.

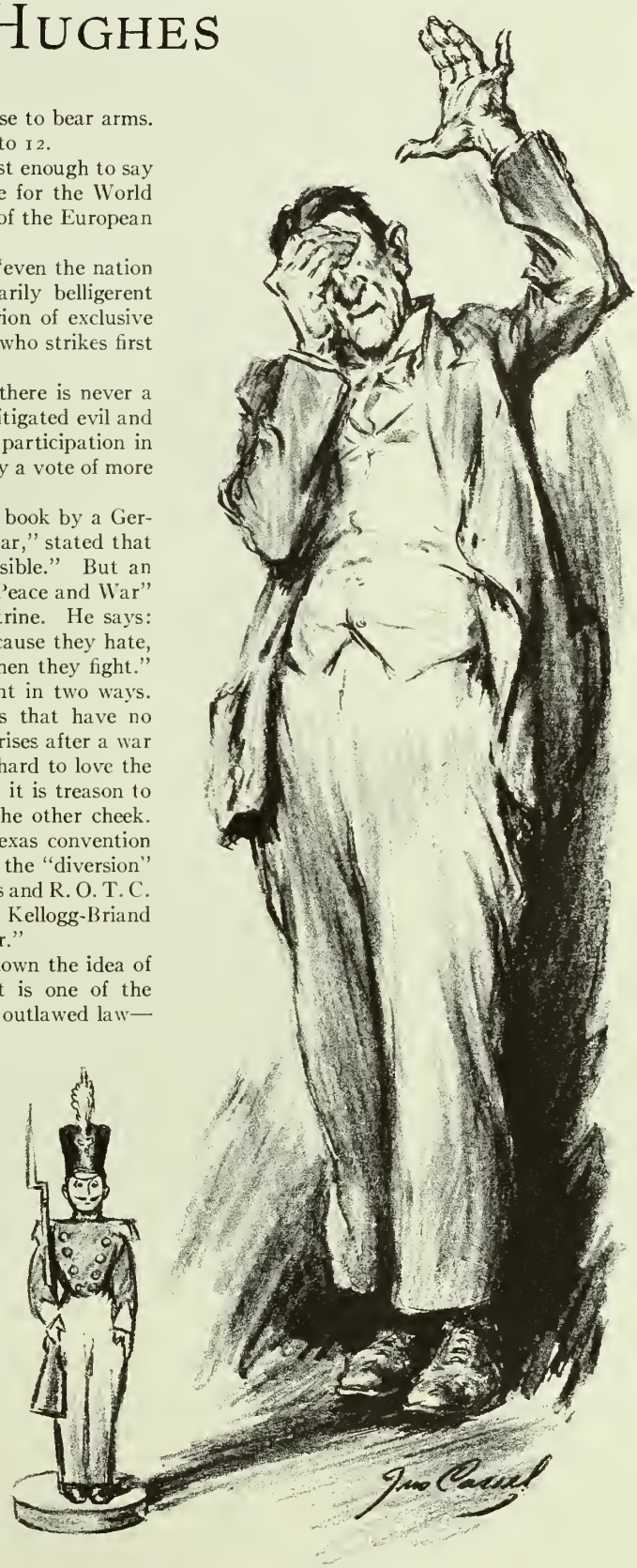
Among the Catholics, a recent book by a German priest, "The Church and War," stated that "a just war is practically impossible." But an English priest in "The Ethics of Peace and War" rebukes this as a dangerous doctrine. He says: "Nations do not always fight because they hate, but they always learn to hate when they fight."

This last is true, and important in two ways. Wars often rise between nations that have no real enmity, but the hatred that rises after a war has begun is inevitable; for it is hard to love the man who is shooting at you, and it is treason to your own country to turn him the other cheek.

The Danish Lutherans in a Texas convention condemned traffic in armaments, the "diversion" of funds to military establishments and R. O. T. C. colleges; and they approved "the Kellogg-Briand multilateral treaty outlawing war."

Of all the quaint ideas ever known the idea of checking war by "outlawing" it is one of the quaintest. In ancient times war outlawed law—*inter arma silent leges* (during war laws are silent). Now they would reverse the process. But outlawing outlaws has never checked murder, piracy, burglary or gangster outrages. The guns of the G-men and the police enforce the laws.

While conventions of the various sects have been debating the wording of resolutions, individual clergymen and groups of pastors continue to heap abuse on armament and instruction. One visiting clergyman preached in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York that "the dogma that the state is an end in itself" is "the old Satanic dogma." He called patriotism "statism." Sermons of this sort are innumerable.



And, of course, once you deny the virtue of patriotism, the rest is easy.

Societies of every sort are forming to make life miserable for the people who believe in preparedness. One of them, calling itself "Peace Patriots," has filed with the Supreme Court a "declaration of principles" which, it claims, gives its members exemption from military service because of this advance notice. Its principles call for "universal total disarmament, abandonment of military training and other preparation for war, repeal of the espionage act and conscription, and proscription of the manufacture and sale of munitions." This is certainly following the policy of "thorough."

Another organization, calling itself "The Committee on Militarism in Education," comes out in a tirade against the latest military appropriations and the provision for new R. O. T. C. units. A religious weekly prints a letter from the Committee under this scarehead: "Sixty Thousand More Schoolboys for the War Machine."

The letter is as follows:

"Your readers will be interested to know that the War Department appropriation bill for 1936 as recently passed by Congress and signed by President Roosevelt carries the unprecedented peace-time total of $401,998,179 and includes, among several other increases, a million-dollar increase for the specific purpose of setting up new R. O. T. C. units (probably 113) in a large number of additional schools and colleges.

"The precise location of the new units contemplated in the War Department's expansion program was not made known in Congressional debate on the appropriation bill. But in all probability the great majority (*Continued on page 38*)

HOME, FEET,

By HUGH WILEY

THE Wildcat Collides With a Project, a Deer, Several Bears and Other Acute Evidences of the Presence of Old Man Trouble

WHEN Mis' Lulu started her boarding house, "Big meals and small profits" was her slogan. The slogan had worked well enough until the Wildcat signed on as a boarder. Within a month after the Wildcat began work on Mis' Lulu's rations, seven of Mis' Lulu's cash customers, out-reached and defeated at the groaning board, had retreated to greener pastures, leaving the Wildcat alone in the field.

Now, eating his way into a new record, "Mix up one more batch of dem corn fritters," the Wildcat commanded in a voice cluttered up with a mouthful of ham. He swallowed the ham and stripped the fried leg of a spring chicken with one technically perfect slash of his teeth.

"Ain't gwine to be no mo' corn fritters," Mis' Lulu announced.

"Ain't cuttin' down on me, is you, honey?"

"Don't honey me! Git up f'm dat table befo' I cuts down on you wid dis bread knife."

"You claimed you put out all de rations us boarders could eat."

"Boarders!" Mis' Lulu snarled. You ain't no boarder. You is a steam shovel! Git up f'm dat table an' hunt yo'self a job."

Something in Mis' Lulu's tone indicated that she meant business. Temporizing, "I gits up f'm de table," the Wildcat agreed. "Gits up f'm de table but I ain't gwine to hunt me no job. I don't bother work when work don't bother me."

"You git yo'self a job mighty sudden else I whittles a ton of fish bait offen yo' carcass!"

"Lissen, honey, figger out whut happens to you if I takes my eatin' trade some place else. Who gwine to butcher de hogs come cold weather? Who gwine to split de wood to keep dis place warmed up? Who gwine to hoe de weeds outen dem vegetables in de back yard? Who gwine to do all de work around de place in case I leaves you lonesome?"

"All de hog butcherin', all de chicken raisin' an' all de garden work an' all de wood splittin' you ever done for me don't add up ten dollars. Bring some money to me else I gwine to promulgate some mighty bad health in yo' direction."

The Wildcat let his eyes drift sideways toward the bread knife in Mis' Lulu's hand. Observing this, Mis' Lulu flourished the knife. "No indeedy," she said after an instant of mind reading, "don't let dis knife bother you none. Whut I means is de police folks. After I gits through tellin' dem folks my tale of woe you gwine to leave dis place in a powder puff garnished wid lead poisonin'. You works mighty speedy wid yo' rations but you kain't outrun no bullet."

The Wildcat smiled thinly at Mis' Lulu. "Go ahead an' have yo' fun, honey," he said. Then yawning, "Have all de fun you craves wid dem police folks. When you sees dem men tell 'em about dat ten-gallon copper still in yo' cellar. . . . Right now I aims to sleep me forty miles of sleep. Lissen, honey, wake me up when supper gits ready."

ANSWERING Mis' Lulu's prayer for help, a prayer spoken in the darkness that precedes the dawn, Lady Luck dealt her a winning hand in the person of a Guv'ment man.

Replying to the Guv'ment man's questions, "Ain't got but one boarder left," Mis' Lulu said. "Sho mighty glad if you erradicates him out of my place."

"What's his name?"

"Goes by de name of Wildcat. Never heard de name whut de preacher dripped on him."

"Where is he?"

"Sleepin' in de back room. Seems like sleep has settled chronic on him."

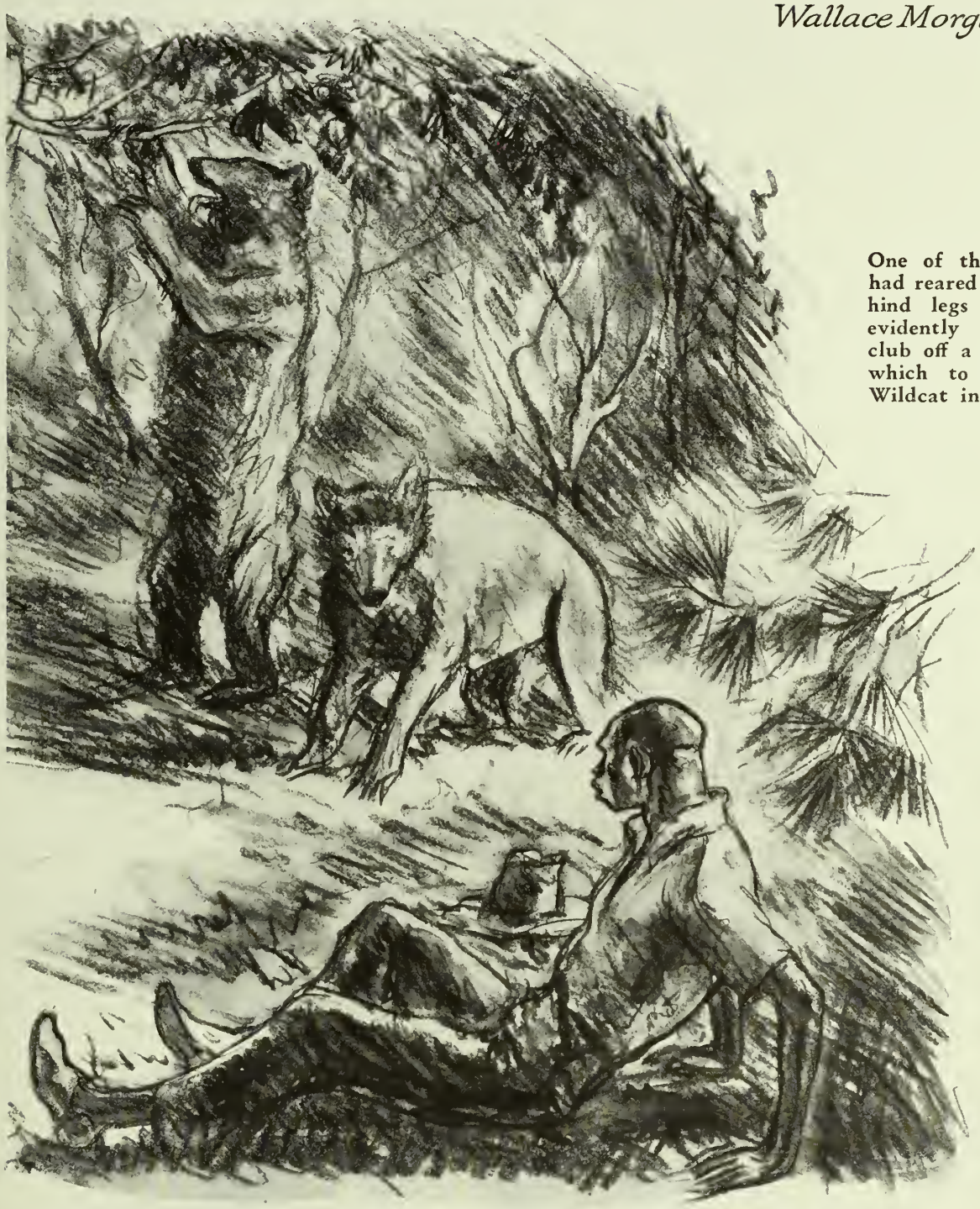
"Bring him out here." The Federal hick-skidder hauled out a canvas-bound note book and a lead pencil. "I'm taking a census for the Bureau of Unification of Rural Projects." The BURP man scowled at Mis' Lulu.

"Yass suh, cap'n, I fetches him."

On her way to the Wildcat's sanctuary Mis' Lulu accumulated a broom. Three or four wallops with the soft end of the broom and the Wildcat grunted himself back to the painful realities of life. "Wake up here, boy! Guv'ment man is got you."

HOME

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan



One of the animals had reared up on his hind legs and was evidently ripping a club off a tree with which to beat the Wildcat into a pulp

The Wildcat's blinking eyes widened in terror. He sat up in bed and reached for his shoes. "Lemme out de back door," he whispered hoarsely.

Mis' Lulu scowled down at her victim. "Nemmine dat back door else I knocks you cold wid dis broom handle. Dis man ain't aimin' to do you no grief."

"Guv'ment man, ain't he? Whut he want?"

"Claim he wuz takin' de Senseless. Dat means you."

"Whut kind of Senseless is he takin'?"

"How do I know? Come a-runnin', boy."

Facing the BURP man, "Yass suh, cap'n," the Wildcat said in melancholy resignation to his fate.

"What's your name?" The BURP man swung his trusty lead pencil into action.

"Folks calls me Wilecat. My baptized name is Vitus Marsden."

"How do you spell it?"

"Dogged if I know. Dem alphabet letters is always had me down."

"Where were you born?"

"Memphis. Memphis is my home town."

"What are you doing here in California?"

"Eatin' an' sleepin' mostly."

"Not from now on you ain't." The ponderous Mis' Lulu interjected a quick contradiction. To the BURP man, "Cap'n, please suh, take dis two-legged trash out an' give him a job."

"We'll see about that," the Guv'ment man threatened. To the Wildcat, "What kind of work have you been accustomed to?"

"Never got accustomed to no work so fur."

After a brief inspection of a twelve page mimeographed labor requisition, "Have you ever had any experience with the repair and adjustment of chronometers or beehives?"

"Cap'n, naw suh."

"Have you ever dyed ostrich plumes?"

"Naw suh."

"Do you know anything about the propagation of sturgeon roe?"

"Never even met de man."

The BURP man frowned. "Can you drive a tractor?"

The Wildcat's mask of melancholy lifted. "Yass suh, cap'n! Sho kin. I driv me a tractor all over de battle of Bordeaux whilst us boys wuz earnin' de bonus."

A quick notation in the canvas covered note book and then nodding affably at the Wildcat, "You're all set," the BURP man announced. "Project 1107 in Mountain County. It's a General Utilities Labor Project covered by General Deficit Funds appropriated out of the Subsidiary Ownership Bank." The BURP man filled out four blank lines in a pink slip and handed the document to the Wildcat. "This is your transportation and subsistence en route. Report to Mr. Mike O'Brien. He's Chairman of the County Committee. You'll find him at the Sandview Post Office."

The Wildcat batted his eyes at the BURP man. "Cap'n suh, you mean de Guv'ment is got me workin' again?"

The BURP man nodded. "Driving a tractor. You get on the job right away. Don't let the follow-up man get you."

In Sandview, six moves short of meeting the big shot, the Wildcat found himself in the clutches of another white man who seemed to be filled to the brim with big words. "The labor bus leaves for Project 1107 at noon," the white man finally explained. "Are you a good hand with a tractor?"

"Cap'n suh, I kin ride a tractor up, down an' sideways. When dey gits rough I gentles 'em down. When dey gits to buckin' Ise a iron cowboy. Does a tractor figger out he got bull blood in him he winds up wid me gentle as a lamb."

The white man nodded. "You got a full year's work waiting for you."

The Wildcat shuddered.

"A year's work in front of you with good wages and plenty of money appropriated. A General Utilities Labor Project covered by a General Deficit Fund appropriation out of the Subsidiary Ownership Bank."

The Wildcat's brow corrugated in an effort to remember the text of the GULP that was covered by the GDF appropriation out of the SOB. "Cap'n suh, yass indeed!" he agreed, striving to be pleasant.

"Catch that noon bus. Give this employment order to the foreman on the Project."

The Wildcat blinked down at the document. "How soon after I gives him dis paper does I eat?" he asked.

"That's your trouble," the white man answered. "You'll have plenty of good rations."

After a twenty-mile bus ride and a preliminary survey of the cook house the Wildcat struggled to survive until the supper gong rang. Here at a long table laden with more gratifying groceries than he had seen in a year he established a new all-time high on Project 1107.

"Whuff!" he grunted, finishing his fifth slab of steak. "Suttinly grand to git a chance at some rations widout dat female tiger of a Mis' Lulu wavin' de bread knife right in front of my throat. Now I sleeps me some sleep."

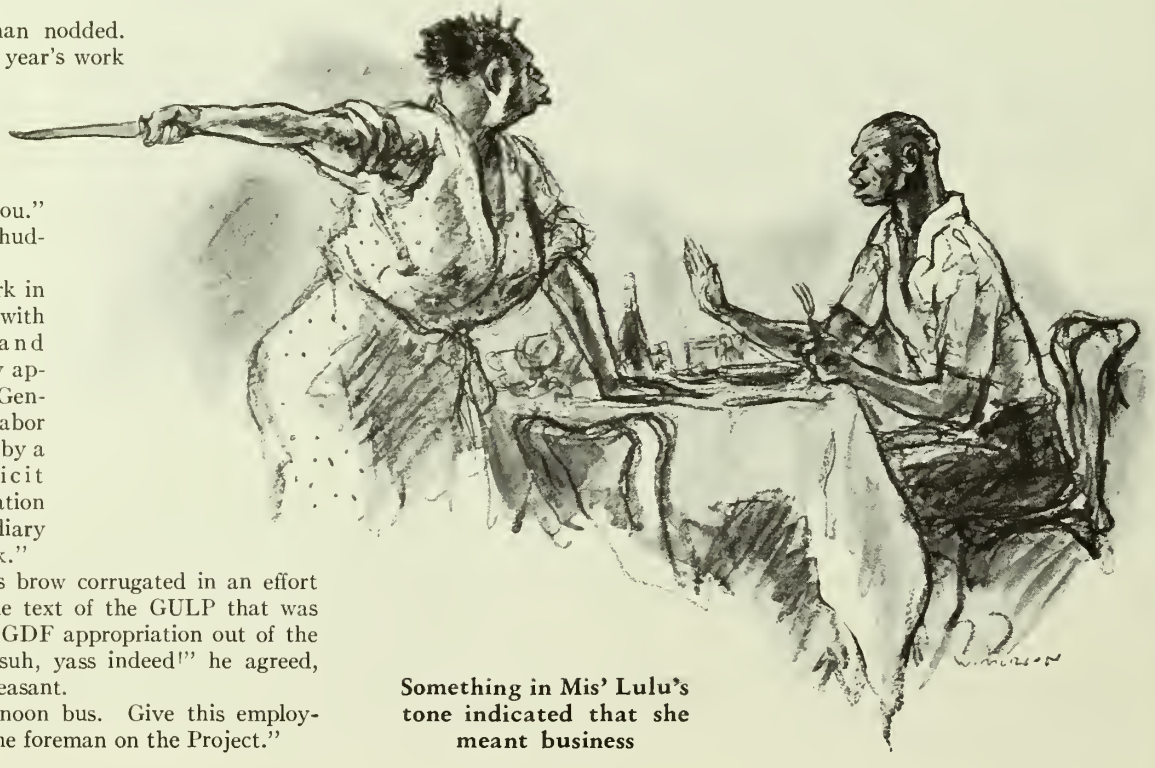
Twelve hours of sleep and another banquet, a brief skirmish with the tractor foreman and the Wildcat found himself perched in a form-fitting steel throne that bounced above the roaring mechanism of his iron bull. Chained to the draw-bar of the tractor, a framework of steel angles stretched twenty feet aft in a pattern that spread thirty feet from starboard to port. "Follow those disc machines with this smoothing drag," the grating foreman ordered. "You run to the big irrigation ditch, two miles. Those cottonwoods up north is your limit but you don't have to bother about that. Follow those other tractors. That's all. Hit the ball."

"Cap'n suh, I's a-hittin'." The Wildcat gave her the gun and drew a new card in his personal gamble with the New Deal.

Drowsy under the hot sun, half the way along on his first two-mile trip toward the big irrigation ditch that bordered Project 1107 on the west, the Wildcat surrendered to the hypnotic roar of the heavy engine beneath him. The jolting of the tractor, absorbed by the spring support of the steel seat, brought a sense of drowsiness. A thousand feet from the big irrigation ditch, comforted by the thought that at last Lady Luck had booned him with copious rations, the Wildcat permitted his untroubled brain and its tufted wool cranium to sag forward. Fifty feet from the bank of the deep irrigation ditch a series of hearty snores gargled low under the din of the tractor's exhaust.

The tractors hauling the disc plows and the harrows were lost to view behind a gently rising slope on their return trip.

Ten feet from the steep bank of the irrigation ditch, well into a gratifying dream consisting principally of edibles, "Hand me dat bottle of van blink," the Wildcat muttered. "Open me up another keg of beer. Aims to baptize my insides mighty copious wid some more of dat coonyak . . . Lawdy, after dat ham dis yere



Something in Mis' Lulu's tone indicated that she meant business

"Derby winner, I knowed you had Omaha blood in you!"

ice water sho tastes mighty noble." Then, souring the sweet flavor of the retreating dream beverages with the brackish flavors of reality, the Wildcat gulped in a pint of ditch water. He batted his startled eyes and gurgled himself awake with his nose level with the rippling surface of the water in the irrigation ditch.

"End of de world is come! For de Lawd's sake, Noah, where at is yo' Ark?" Then, calming under the assurance of safety brought by his widening vision, the Wildcat straightened out his spine until his chin was above water. He reached down and felt the reasuring steel tractor seat under the midsection of his chilled anatomy. "Lawd gosh, look whut dat tractor done to me! . . . Wuz dat iron horse a mule I sho burn his hind legs wid some mighty hot leather."

There was no salvation in this. The point of the situation, sharpened by a sense of guilt, stabbed suddenly at the Wildcat from Old Man Trouble's threatening hand. "Lawd gosh, whut will dat Guv'ment man do to me!" To this question, out of her bounty, Lady Luck forthwith whispered an answer. The Wildcat cast a quick glance at the horizon. "Nobody seed me do nuthin' nohow. Dis tractor ain't no part of my troubles. Ain't my tractor in de fust place."

Launching himself gently into the flowing waters of the big irrigation ditch the Wildcat swam silently as a turtle to a point on the opposite bank where a drooping growth of overhanging willows offered sanctuary. Here, "Whut difference do one tractor make to de rich old Guv'ment? Tractor trouble is de Democrats' lookout. Ise a black Republican in de fust place an' in de second place does my feet hold out I aims to be forty miles from noplace by sundown."

Dripping his course in the general direction of a highway a mile away from the submerged tractor, leaving Project 1107 to get along the best it could with the GDF appropriation out of the SOB, the Wildcat hummed a verse of a comforting song:

"When Old Man Trouble trails me
Across dis burnin' sand
He finds my footsteps leadin'
To some other Promised Land."

At noon, hungry, and thirsty under the burning sun, entering the town of Bluecrest which is located on the earthly side of the Promised Land, the Wildcat's thoughts concentrated on the subject of food and drink. "Dog-gone it, why is it dat a boy's brain always drops into his stummick two or three hours after he has et? . . . Hunts me up a saloon an' sees kin I nutrify myself befo' de bartendin' man dogs me loose from de free lunch."

One block into the four block town Lady Luck's orphan headed to his left into a crowded beer parlor. A throng of thirsty customers milling around the bar inspired a well-founded hope that a handful of free lunch might not be missed in the melee.

Three seconds after the Wildcat passed through the open portals of the Shady Rest Beer Parlor a bull-voiced bartender announced a round of drinks on the house.

Here, timed to a second, was the open hand of Lady Luck. "How come dat boy so reckless wid his likker? Lawdy, dey must be two hundred folks in dis place." The Wildcat smiled at an affable stranger. "Howdy, boss! Sho looks like a grand ruckus."

The stranger grunted. "The ruckus is over. Didn't you hear about the fight?"

The Wildcat shook his head. "Wait a minnit till I clomps down on dis free beer. Whut fight? . . . Sho enuff dey is been a fight." A quick survey of the assemblage following the three gulps devoted to his first schooner of beer revealed plentiful evidence of combat. Twenty black eyes and another group of victims with bandaged heads mingled with a noisy throng of their fellows. "How come de ruckus?"

The affable stranger at the Wildcat's side reached out for another schooner of free beer. "Big scrap up the mountain in the Park."

"You mean de Guv'ment Park?"

The stranger nodded. "This morning up near the Zero Vista Hotel in Mountain Park."

"Labor strike?"

"Naw indeed. Them mugs never struck. They got throwed out."

"How come dey got throwed out? . . . Whuff! Dat free beer sho tastes noble."

"I don't know how it started. One of them Echo Development crews got bawled up with some of them Park Beautification boys and the next thing we knew here in Bluecrest the wounded begun to come in by the truckload."

The Wildcat nodded his head in sympathy with the wounded.

"Near as I can get it them Park Beautification boys was planting trees and bushes all over the place and them Echo Development boys was tearin' 'em up."

"Whut 'em Echo boys do?"

"Government is ripping out the (*Continued on page 48*)

The MAN on HORSEBACK

By Wythe Williams

ARMIES of nations—almost all nations—have an endowment of tradition that endures and sustains even unto today. Long before the World War with its new list of heroes, army leaders of the world left behind them an inspiration for the living. Often even in defeat they were glorious.

The North has Grant. The South has the equally courageous although defeated Lee. England has her Marlborough and her Wellington. Sweden has her Gustavus Adolphus, and Germany her Moltke. But the army of no nation has a more glamorous history than the army of France.

The zenith of French military glory was reached when all Europe sued for mercy at Napoleon's feet. Among world warriors of all time, the little Corsican towered alone. He was the "man on horseback" who brooked no opposition to an imperial will, and who for a brief period placed France upon the pinnacle of power.

The power of the army continued even when the leader was unhorsed and overthrown. Until the end of the Second Empire, when the lesser Napoleon surrendered at Sedan, the army and the government were almost as one. But with the Third Republic the situation changed. The day of real parliamentary government was at hand. The politician was in power. The Chamber of Deputies, now in occupancy of the Palais Bourbon, decided that it would have more to say concerning the march of events than the Ministry of War. Accordingly these new and good republicans decided that the generals of the army were for the sole purpose of directing fighting, if and when fighting was required. A general must not be permitted to become really popular. The man on horseback was dead. He had become a legend. Even the legend must die.

The ruling politicians understood of course that the French populace dearly loves a show. They were forced to exhibit detachments of the army for parade, on occasions when reigning sovereigns visited Paris, when the good bourgeois President of the Republic brought out the ancient gold plate and served a state banquet at the Elysée. The Republican Guard then was formed—cuirrassiers with shining helmets, mounted upon fine horses. These were trotted out and made a brave enough show for visiting royalty without bothering about the generals. But the politicians were happier when royalty remained at home. Always the crowd was enthusiastic—too enthusiastic. The man on horseback legend still was whispered.

Rioting in the streets of Paris during the crisis of the franc in 1934, when blood was shed and the revolutionary spirit flamed

Perhaps the French Social Register in part caused this uneasiness in the official political mind. It is a fact that since 1870 the governing class has been the middle or upper bourgeoisie, represented by the center group in the Chamber of Deputies. The royalists on the right have been merely a remnant, as, until recent years when their numbers have grown much larger, were the socialists and communists.

While the government became bourgeois, the social register did not. It remained and remains the same old social register as during that glittering Empire, the fall of which reduced France for years almost to the grade of a secondary power.

He will be seventy next year, this retired general who was Foch's good right arm in 1918, and of whom the Allied generalissimo said, "Weygand—he is myself"

In the volume for the present year, the first family mentioned is the Maison Imperiale, followed by the name of the Bonapartist pretender to the overturned throne, who lives in exile in Belgium. The second family in the list is the Maison de France, the Bourbon-Orleanists, the exiled head of which, the Duc de Guise, also lives in Belgium. Following these names are those of the hereditary princes of France. Very far down in the existing social order come the names of the Deputies of the people.

Even though well outside the political arena, the army, with its historic background, its glorious memories, plodded on its definite course, despite ill-fitting uniforms from which all radiance had been shorn. The cadets of St. Cyr became the "officers of career." When the World War came along, and although the names of the French leaders scarcely were known, Papa Joffre as commander-in-chief soon gave the Germans a definite shock, and the world a definite thrill, when at the Marne he called his retreating army to halt, to turn, and there, if necessary, to die. Gallieni with his taxicab army proved also a general of merit. Foch thrilled the nation when he sent his message to Joffre that although his right wing had been defeated, his left wing forced back, yet he was attacking with the center. Sarrail at Verdun stood like a steel bastion. Gouraud, Manoury, Franchet d'Espérey all proved that the tradition of the army, the inspiration of the departed man on horseback, still remained.

But all these men had patiently toiled up from the lower grades, each without the slightest thought that the man on horseback role might one day be his own. Mangin, stormiest, lordliest, boldest, bravest, perhaps the finest officer of them all, was at heart the simple republican, without dream of personal glory.

In the minds of the politicians the sole exception was Foch, but as he was foisted upon them by circumstances nothing could be done about him. And after all Foch was Commander-in-Chief of all the Allies, which of course was pleasing to French vanity. Anyhow, he turned out to be a simple, kindly soul. At times he was accused of inclining a little too far to the Right, and in spirit was a trifle too much of the orthodox churchman, yet never did he give the slightest suspicion of being anything but the honest republican patriot, ready to take orders as well as give them. So he was buried with pomp at the Invalides, near the great Napoleon. Even the legend, the disturbing dream of the man on horseback, was no more.

WITH Europe aboil over the ambitious plans of conquest by its well-publicized dictators, France is taking stock of its position under a possible return engagement of 1914. In the Belgian-born Weygand, who is nearing three score and ten, almost the minimum age for French leaders in critical days, she thinks she has her best insurance policy

The Germans then were subdued, and they were to remain subdued. The heavy hand of the republic had proved itself as forceful as the iron heel of empire had. France was unafraid.

In these very recent years conditions have changed. No longer is Germany subdued. This present year, 1935, may in future history be compared with 1914, as that period "just preceding the war." France today appears convinced that soon she may be called again to fight, against the same arch-enemy. The republic remains, but admittedly it has the shudders, and the politicians again are asking, as in 1914, who will lead our armies in the coming war?

Only a short time ago France increased her period of military service. The idea was intensely unpopular politically, but for once the government was in the hands of the army. Instead of bringing up the term to two full years, as the General Staff demanded, Parliament, in order to insure a brief season of political truce, advanced the limit to only eighteen months, leaving the next step a matter for future debates in the Palais Bourbon.

The sole argument for the increase was that now for the first time, the war babies have reached military age. The war baby classes naturally are smaller than those of the years when the men of France were not being killed in battle.

The same rule holds for the officers. These are the slim years for graduates at St. Cyr, Saumur and the Ecole Polytechnique. And the officers of 1914 rapidly are fading (*Continued on page 46*)

The LITTLE

AND Now Reappears a Familiar Figure—an A. E. F. Artillery Sergeant, Teetering on the Edge of Privacy, Whose Military Career Is Once More Complicated by the Introduction of One Horse, Issue, O. D

Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops

I HAD been talking to this lady about my experiences in the war for some time, and I thought she might be getting bored, because there was a party going on, and she might want to go and dance.

"No," said the lady, "I would much rather listen to your stories about how you were a horseman during the war. If everyone had the same experience as you did, I can see why we don't want any more cavalry. My husband must have known more about such things than you did, and that's why he changed from the cavalry to the machine guns."

"I'd rather look after a horse than a machine gun any day," said I. "After all, I never had to carry a horse on my shoulder."

"Well," said she, "I can see why a horse might be inconvenient in battle, but when you weren't fighting, wasn't it nice to have one to ride around?"

"I was coming to that!" said I.

"Well, do take this nice fresh glass of tongue oil and begin."

"Well, you remember that the battle of Saint Mihiel kind of took us by surprise. We hadn't planned on any foot race with the Boche, so as soon as he got so far out of sight we couldn't even see his dust, we began to think of other things. The first thing was relief, that is, we'd go back to rest billets and take things easy for a while. Then my outfit had been fighting since July, and hadn't any of us had a day's leave. There was also the slight matter of pay, I not having seen the color of any of mine since the previous November. The French are a friendly race, in addition to being a funny one. A guy never had to wonder if he dared speak to a girl, because the girl always spoke first, but when it appeared in the course of the conversation that the guy was some eight months late at the paymaster's the girl would soon remember a previous engagement. So you see if I could get paid and get leave, I could experiment along those lines and see if the cordiality was sincere."

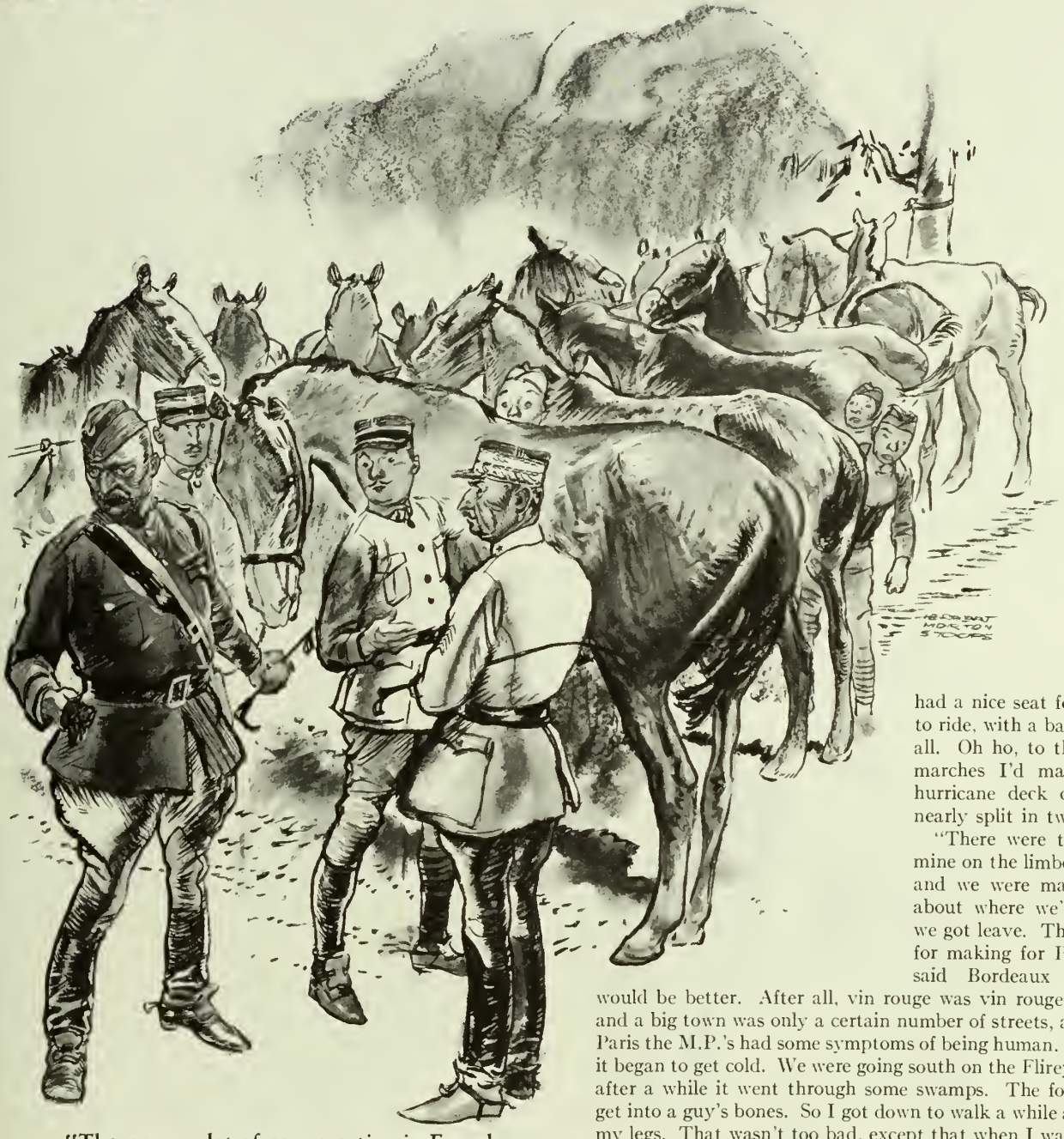
"You were going to tell me about a horse, I thought," interrupted the lady.

"Oh, yes. Well, my outfit was pulled out of the lines and sent to a place called Essey. The word went around that we were going back to rest billets that night, and we were going to have a hot meal first. That was good news, except that before the battle we had had orders to leave our mess kits, knife, fork, spoon, tin cup and all with our packs, and due to breakdown of the wagon carrying said packs, said packs were lost in inaction, and were way off God knows where in what used to be No Man's Land. You can't eat hot slum with your fingers, nor yet drink coffee out of the marmite can. My outfit was pretty wild anyway, because I wouldn't lend my horse to the regimental supply officer, and so he wouldn't give the battery any chow for the noon meal, and this meal at suppertime was to be their first real one in several days. But since we were going back to rest billets and not to no war, we were all in good humor, and went buscaring tin cans to make receptacles for food out of.

"Now, as for me, I had one firm determination that when I got to these rest billets, I was going to rest. I was not going to be any

ROAN

By Leonard H. Nason



"There was a lot of conversation in French, then somebody said, in the midst of an icy silence, 'General Du Clef de la Parc says that that is his horse!' "

chambermaid to the noblest conquest of man, *id est* and to wit, a four-footed receptacle for water and oats, with a covering requiring brushing twice a day and three times on Saturday, account weekly inspection. Nah, nah, not for me. I counted up closely on the picket line and found we had barely enough goats to pull the guns, and certainly none for riding animals. Trez beans, as we used to say in French. So after a hearty meal of slum out of a tomato can, and coffee afterward out of the same, come dark, we moved out for rest billets. Being as how I was a sergeant, I elected myself to ride on a limber. That's the little cart that draws the gun, lady, and the French ones, that we had, had a nice seat for the boys to ride, with a back rest and all. Oh ho, to think of the marches I'd made on the hurricane deck of a horse, nearly split in two!

"There were two pals of mine on the limber with me, and we were making plans about where we'd go when we got leave. They were all for making for Paris, but I said Bordeaux or Lyons would be better. After all, vin rouge was vin rouge anywhere, and a big town was only a certain number of streets, and outside Paris the M.P.'s had some symptoms of being human. Well, now, it began to get cold. We were going south on the Flirey road, and after a while it went through some swamps. The fog began to get into a guy's bones. So I got down to walk a while and stretch my legs. That wasn't too bad, except that when I wanted to get back on the limber, who should I find stretched out there but one of our shaveys? He was a nice little officer named Guthrie, but he was going to sleep, and he certainly wasn't going to let three dumb clucks of sergeants stand in the way. I found my two buddies trailing along behind a fourgon, and we took a vote on it, and decided there was nothing to do but walk. It seems that Openshirt, the battery commander, had come around and kicked everybody off those carriages but the kitchen police, the cooks, and the commissioned officers. Well, who cared, because we were going to rest, and Flirey was a long way out already and it wouldn't be far to where we were going.

"Well, lady, along about two o'clock in the morning we began to get weary, having been very light on sleep the past ten days, getting ready for the so-called battle, and then taking part in it, and now to run around these swamps all night was becoming tiresome. I thought my legs would come unstuck at the knee."

"And I suppose you regretted not having a horse at that time? You could have slept on your horse, couldn't you?"

"Yes, you could have, that's the point, but just when you hated to wake up the worst, you'd get into camp, and have to ride said horse a couple of miles to water, tie him on the line afterward, unsaddle him, groom him, take care of saddle and bridle, by which time it would be morning, and the dismounted men, who had been asleep all night, would be up clamoring for breakfast. Oh, yeh, I been through all that, lady! So no horse for me, but I did wish whoever was leading that column would make up their minds where they wanted to stop.

"The first place I recognized was a town called Cornieville. The name was painted in white on the side of the first house, so truck drivers going up with chow and munitions could see it. Cornieville was on the Boucq-Toul road, and my regiment had been billeted in those woods while we were waiting to begin the Saint Mihiel affair. Only Cornieville was even farther south than where we'd been before. They must be going to make a stop pretty soon.

"By golly, it was terrible! Most of the men were asleep on their feet—sounds impossible, but it can be done—and I observed that the horses were also. Wasn't I glad I wasn't holding up one of those crow-baits by the bridle! I tried to get my mind off my legs and feet by figuring where we could camp around Cornieville. Maybe they were going to march us back to our training area, where we'd come after the Marne. It was back to the west of Gondrecourt, but it was a heck of a long way. I had run around that area hopping trains and trucks and walking, trying to find the outfit, and I knew that from Void to Vaucouleurs was longer than a man would care to walk if he had Cleopatra by his side, and that Vaucouleurs was a day's march north of Gondrecourt, and that we weren't yet anywhere near Void, which was across the Meuse. Anyway, when we got to where we were going, I was going to flop right in my tracks, with never a thought of grooming any horse, not even taking off my tin hat.

"The Meuse at last. The big river. If we crossed it, we certainly must stop on the other side. This thing was beginning to be a nightmare. You know, lady, the pictures you've seen of the retreat from Moscow, with all the officers hunched down in their saddles? Well, they must have been asleep. I got a panic feeling that maybe ours were asleep, and we'd come miles by where we were supposed to stop, and that we'd keep going and going and going until we fell down dead of fatigue, or came to Spain, one or the other."

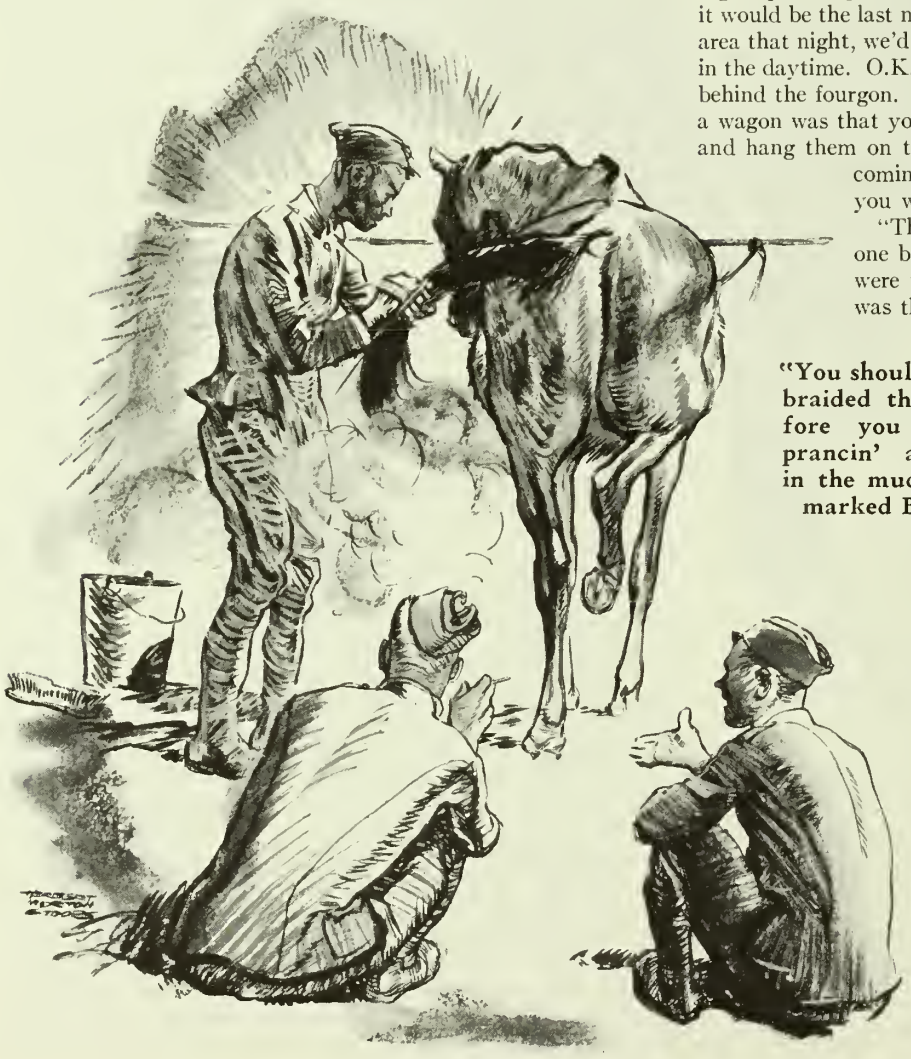
"Why didn't you go to whoever was in command and wake him up and ask him if he knew where he was going?"

"Well, lady, you just don't do that in the Army, even if you know you're lost. Somehow the officers wouldn't appreciate it. If they're lost, you've just got to take it. Well, we weren't lost, because we had a long halt, just as the stars were beginning to pale out, then we moved forward a couple of yards and had another one, then forward a few more yards, and then we discovered we were going into a field, and from there to some woods, where we camped for the night.

"I flopped, like I said I would, right under the first wagon I could find. Just as I passed out, I could hear the top kick yelling, 'Drivers! Drivers! Stand to horses! We'll take the horses down to the river to water! Any man tries to beat it, I'll stuff his aparejo for him!' Huh! I should have a horse to water!

"The next night when we started out to march it was bright moonlight. We always marched at night when we were within air-flight distance of the enemy, so that the Germans couldn't see us on the road. If they recognized the Third Division marching away from the front it might encourage them to start a new offensive. We'd been asleep all day, and had a good meal, and life seemed worth living once more, except for the fact that another night spent in pounding the roads didn't look very inviting. But it would be the last night of marching; if we didn't reach our rest area that night, we'd be far enough away so that we could march in the daytime. O.K. So me and my gang we took up the march behind the fourgon. You see the advantage in marching behind a wagon was that you could take off your gas mask and tin hat and hang them on the wagon, and grab 'em off before anyone coming down the column to inspect could catch you without them.

"This night's march was just the same as the one before, except that it wasn't so long. There were two other things remarkable, though. One was that there was an awful lot of troops on the march. When we went over a hill we could see the cigarettes of five or six other columns. Twenty-seven thousand cigarette butts make quite a sight moving along a horizon a mile away! Some of these columns were moving across us, some east, some west, some parallel. Now mind you, lady, I'd noticed the night before that we had turned north, and we were still going north, slightly west. There were no rest billets that way! In that direction lay the Champagne sector, Rheims, Somme-Suippe, Massiges, nice places to increase your bodily content of cupro-nickel in the shape of a German boat-tail bullet. We'd crossed the Meuse and I knew enough about geography to know that to the west was another river called the Aire, and that it wasn't more than a two-day march between those two rivers northward before one came to a patch of woods, nice to picnic in, called the Argonne. Along about midnight, during a halt, I spoke to my two buddies. One was called Scrap Pile and the other Baldy.



"You should have braided that before you went prancin' around in the mud," remarked Baldy

"There were no troops on that north-bound road. My little horse skipped along like a feather"

" 'Baldy', said I, 'I don't like the looks o' things. We're going into another fight.'

" 'Fight hell! Who'd we fight with? The krauts are runnin' yet.'

" 'Maybe outta Saint Mihiel, but there's other places yet where they might not run. Metz, for instance. You know, if we turn to the east here, the way some o' them other columns are going, we come out on the hills we could see from Xivray, the Meuse heights they call them, and beyond them to the east is Metz, and Bavaria and all of Germany. How about an invasion?'

" 'Sounds reasonable,' agreed Scrap Pile. 'We're gittin' paid a dollar an' some odd a day to fight—they lose money on us hangin' round rest billets.'

" 'While you was on your back in hospital holdin' hands with the nurses and gittin' three meals a day served yuh on a platter,' said Baldy, 'we been fightin'. We come off the Marne, we go to Saint Meheel. Saint Meheel mopped up, we go after Metz, only why the heck they run us two nights back in the country before they turn us loose I don't know, unless they want us to get a runnin' start. If we got another night's march before we turn east again, that makes four more nights before we got to start buryin' amminition again. Mebbe in the meantime we can find some frogs we can steal some coneyac off of.'

" 'You guys are gettin' numb,' said I. 'Or gluttons for blood. You want to wrastle with them Huns again the way we did on the Marne? I don't crave it!'

" 'Yuh know,' said Baldy, 'if we got a lot more night hikin' to do, goin' to rest billets or back to try our licks on Metz, either one, we got to find some way to get that shavey Guthrie off that limber. I hate this doggoned rock crushin'. Three sargints like us ought to be able to sleep at night, huh?'

" 'A limber's a fat place for an officer to be on a march anyway,' said I.

" 'Why don't we get him a horse?' asked Baldy. 'There's plenty of 'em runnin' around loose.'

"The whistle blew just then, and we had to be off on the march. I hadn't noticed before that the place seemed to be full of loose horses. I hadn't been paying much attention to horses anyway, not wanting even to look at them. Now where had these horses come from that were galloping around in the moonlight? Well, we found out afterward that there were some John outfits—green troops, lady—ahead of us that didn't know how to do anything, let alone take care of horses. When a horse laid down, they pulled the harness off him and rolled him in the ditch. When he had had a rest and a nap, he got up and went galloping around. Some of our lads had discovered this already, and were out seeing what could be done in the way of securing themselves something to ride. We had plenty of spare saddles, once a horse was found to put a saddle on. And if we could catch one and offer it to this shavey that was draping himself all over the limber, then we could have a place to ride these long night marches.

"Yeh, but on the other hand, I'd made up my mind that there was to be no horse in my life, and I'd better stick to my decision. So I did nothing about it, and let Baldy and Scrap Pile go tearing off across the fields, running away all their energy, trying to catch some mettlesome steed that had been abandoned for dead the night before. They had as much chance as they would of catching up with a whistle in a gale of wind.

"The march wasn't so long, and the night warmer, so that when the halt and start and halt again business began, I was really pleasantly surprised. Sure enough, we were going into some woods, and that meant sleep for me. Jake! Just then I heard Old Man Openshirt, the battery commander.

" 'First sergeant,' says he, 'find Sergeant Nason! Have him get the stretcher bearers and dig those things we have to have to bury garbage and so forth. He hasn't any horse to look after.'

"Now Openshirt says this in a gentle tone that could be heard for a mile, even above all the clatter of the guns coming up the hill, and the rolling kitchen banging over the rough ground and rattling the marmites like a whole boiler-shop. Naturally every stretcher bearer makes himself invisible in the woods. The first sergeant gets me, however, and gives me the order. I have to find picks, shovels, locate a place for these pits to be dug, clearing away the brush first. All this in pitch (*Continued on page 57*)

CEASE FIRING?

THERE'S NO SIGN OF AN ARMISTICE TURE FOLLOWING HARD ON PEOPLE WHO KNOW WHAT IT'S

DID you ever notice that when the movies decide to make war (on the screen, of course) there's little that an army or navy man, or even a Marine for that matter, can criticize in dress or speech or equipment or military tactics?

That's because the movies happen to know a great deal about war. Many of the actors you see on the screen and most of the cameramen, property "boys," writers and directors of war pictures know the smell and the sound and the feel of war from first-hand experience. They have good memories, and when they play at war, they are merely going through the old, old routine.

At the moment this is written there is hardly a major lot in Hollywood that is not in the throes of battle, and the wars that are being fought before the cameras spread over ten centuries of history and across the map of the world. At one studio today Chinese bandit fighters are charging across the plains of Manchuria; at another, Annapolis middies are strutting their sea-going stride; in still another the crusaders of Richard the Lion-Hearted are doing battle with the forces of Saladin on the walls of Acra.

On the Pacific, thirty miles away, privateersmen and square-rigged ancient fighting ships of the British navy stand out against the horizon, while closer at hand American destroyers parade for the newest navy film. On one lot the Three Musketeers are riding; on another General U. S. Grant is mapping a campaign; Indians are whooping; Scotch Highlanders are showing their knees, and Cossacks are galloping—all in different locations, of course, but at the same time. And in the past two months the Forty-first Bengal Lancers have roared through Kyber Pass (on the edge of Hollywood, by the way), while less than a mile south of them the movie version of the United States Army Air Service was zooming and thundering above a very fair reproduction of Kelly Field.

The movies, for all their sins and for all their errors of judgment, which sometimes are even worse, realize that war needs no padding and no retouching to make it drama, and they use this realization to the hilt. That is why, every year or so, when some producer who never got nearer the real thing than wearing a flag on his coat lapel decides that the people don't want to see any more war pictures, some competitor who is a little bit smarter fails to heed his advice to quit and makes another smash hit picture built on the subject of war.

Let's take a trip around the studios and observe a battle or

When one sword, G.I., was standard equipment—a scene from "The Crusades." Above, an active moment from "Keep 'Em Rolling" in which Walter Huston wears O.D.

NEVER! By Karl Detzer

AT HOLLYWOOD, WITH WAR PIC- THE HEELS OF WAR PICTURE, AND ABOUT IN EVERY FOOT OF FILM

two. Of course it is hard to get in. The movie generals don't like visitors, and the policeman at the gate of the studio where we wish to visit first looks over our credentials as if we might be spies from the enemy camp. He admits us, however, and at last we are standing in the streets of romance, within the walls of a movie lot. And we get our first glimpse of the No Man's Land of make-believe war.

A party of Japanese sailors and two or three Japanese naval officers of high rank are hurrying to the dressing rooms from one of the stages. And now that the afternoon battle before the cameras is over the sailors need no longer salute, for naturally they all are merely actors. So the first astonishing thing we observe is two seamen with their arms around an admiral's neck begging cigarettes. The old seadog hasn't the heart to refuse.

We have hardly stopped batting our eyes at this breach of discipline when a fearless crusading knight appears, dashing along the street on his charger. He wears a suit of chain armor; a live falcon perches on his shoulder, casting dirty looks hither and yon, and the jewels in his sword sparkle in the sunlight.

But what of the charger? It happens not to be a great and splendid horse such as he rides before the camera, but, now that the day's work is over, the knight is mounted on a bicycle. Closer examination shows that the knight also wears nose glasses, that he is smoking a cigarette, and that he is carrying a copy of this afternoon's racing extra under his arm.

We halt him and ask: "Say, buddy, where's DeMille shooting this afternoon?"

He points with the cigarette and answers in a voice that has more than a little Brooklyn in it: "He's woiking between the New York street and Windsor Castle, just the other side of the streets of Jerusalem. Ya ort to take a look. He's slaughterin' infidels."

We round a corner and pass another knight, this one with the cross of Malta on his studded shield. With him are two bald-pated monks in brown sack cloth and a major general, United States Field Artillery. They are down on their knees shooting craps. A pair of girls in ballet skirts look on. One of the girls, addressing a monk, advises: "Give 'em hell, Charlie," and the monk replies, "Now watch this one, honey," and he throws. Monks aren't supposed to talk the way he does when the dice stop rolling.

But we must not halt, for sounds of battle come to us from beyond the peaceful brownstone fronts of the New York street, and over its roofs, not fifty feet beyond them, we see the ancient towers (*Continued on page 44*)

Picked men, likewise picked horses, in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"

$500 *a* MONTH

"To my surprise I found I was singing with President Wilson"

TELL us a story!

You've got one—everybody has. One touch of human nature makes the whole world kin. So the Monthly is offering $500 a month in prizes for the best short stories of actual happenings.

Tell us a story! You may win as much as a hundred dollars for 250 words or less, if the story is compellingly interesting. There is no other requirement except that it actually did happen.

When the Monthly held its first Big Moment contest in 1930—a contest in which more than 11,000 stories were submitted—there was a definite time limit—the experience had to have happened after April 6, 1917, the day America got into the war. The staff of the magazine, which read all the entries, still believes that the 162 stories which shared the awards in that first contest constitute some of the most vivid writing offered to this generation.

This time there is no time limit except that which your memory imposes. If it can go back to cradle days and bring out something worth while, it's worth a try. Or to last week.

There's drama, tragedy, humor in peacetime too, and maybe that interesting story you've been wanting to tell is of pre-war or post-war days. The Monthly expects to get a lot of stories dealing with both of those periods. Remember, it makes no difference whether it happened to you or whether you just saw it happen—whether you were a principal actor or just a spectator.

An officer in the Military Intelligence Division dropped into a Washington church and found on looking up that the polite stranger who offered him the hymn book was President Woodrow Wilson. The story won him a prize when he told it for the first Big Moment contest of the Monthly. A seaman who had seen a chief gunner's mate throw himself four times on a depth bomb which had got loose in a raging sea won another.

Go to it! The fact that you won a prize in 1930 doesn't bar you from trying again with another story this time.

for BIG MOMENT STORIES

Illustrations by J. W. Schlaikjer

For the best Big Moment stories, *none more than two hundred and fifty words long*, it will pay $500 monthly—a first prize of $100 for what, in the opinion of the editors, is the best story submitted, $50 each for the next two, $25 each for the next four, and $10 each for the next twenty. The contest is open to everyone except employes of The American Legion Monthly. Contributions submitted will be judged not by their literary finish or lack of it, but by the quality and interest of their contents. No contribution will be returned, nor can the editors of the Monthly (whose decision in every case will be final) enter into correspondence about them. Contributions need not be typewritten, though typing is preferred. Address Big Moment Contest, The American Legion Monthly, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Submit as many stories as you like as often as you like, but do not enclose more than one story in a single envelope. Write on one side of the sheet only, and put name and address in upper right-hand corner of each sheet. Be sure your story *does not contain more than 250 words.*

The first prize-winning Big Moment stories will be printed in the November issue.

"Three times the depth bomb got away from the chief gunner's mate, but at last he held it fast"

Old or New, IT'S

NEXT Armistice Day I'll be 44 years old and I'll be in there swinging. Although I've been playing big-league baseball for a generation, I don't feel like an old-timer. Still, a lot of people treat me like one. They keep asking me, for instance, if baseball players are as good today as they were back in 1912. It's a foolish question, but it's asked so often that I'm going to be foolish enough to answer it. The answer is that I don't know. Baseball isn't the same game.

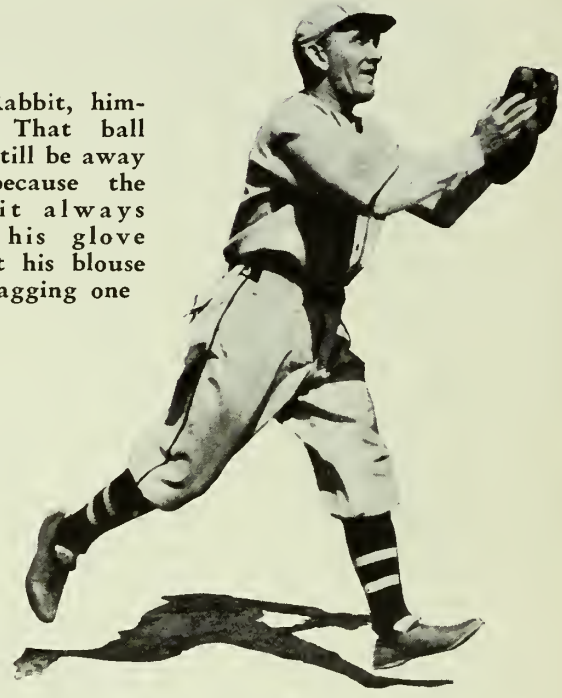
Twenty-three years ago, when I first joined the Braves, a team played for one run. In 1914, we beat the Athletics in four straight games and won the championship of the world. In that series both teams scored just 28 runs. Three years ago the Yankees won four straight from the Cubs and took the same title. In that series both teams scored just 56 runs, or twice as many as the Braves and Athletics got in 1914. The Cubs, who lost, scored 19 runs. The Braves won in 1914 with 16 runs.

During my 23 years in baseball, the batting averages of all players have increased by about thirty points, the number of home runs per year has increased by 600 percent, the number of runs scored has increased by about 50 percent. In the big leagues we used to steal about 2800 bases a year and make 2500 sacrifice hits. Now the total is about 1500 stolen bases and about 900 sacrifice hits per year.

In those days, two or three runs put a game on ice. Those were the days when earned-run averages were low. Ferdy Schupp's average for the Giants in 1916 was nine-tenths of one earned run per game. Dutch Leonard made a record of 1.01 with the Red Sox in 1914. Walter Johnson's 1913 record with the Senators was 1.09. Grover Cleveland Alexander set a mark of 1.22 with the Phillies in 1915. It was 1921, when the ball began to get lively, before the best big-league pitching average exceeded two earned runs per game.

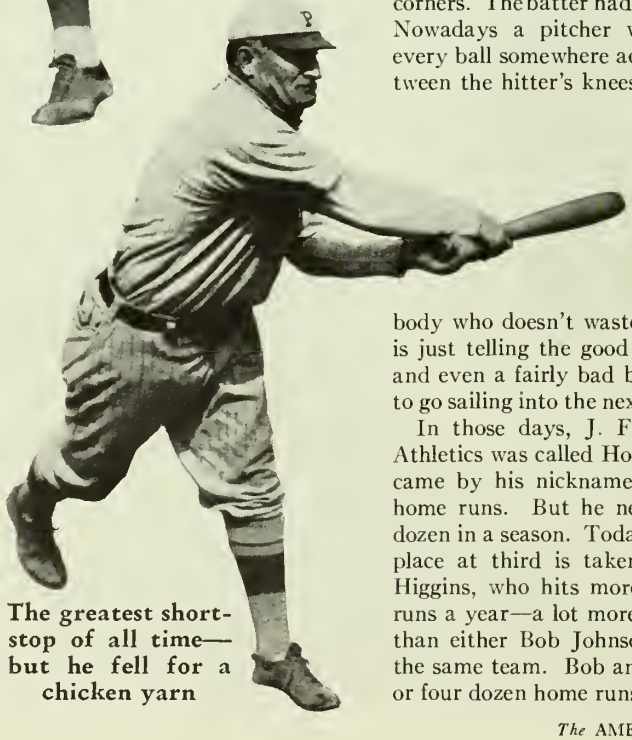
Last year Carl Hubbell led the big leagues with an earned-run average of 2.30. Dizzy Dean, who is acknowledged by practically everybody as a good pitcher and who is acknowledged as perfect by Dizzy, got by last year with an average of 2.65. He was runner-up to Hubbell in the National League. These days anybody who allows less than three earned runs per game is good in any league. But I suspect that Dizzy, back in 1914, would have allowed less than two earned runs on the average.

But he wouldn't have pitched the same way. Neither would Christy Mathewson, if he were pitching for the Giants today, pitch as he did twenty-odd years ago. Christy had everything, including brains, and he would be the first to acknowledge that the style that made him great in 1912 would very likely make him a cripple in 1935. Sooner or later somebody like Wally Berger would tear his leg off.



The Rabbit, himself. That ball must still be away up, because the Rabbit always cups his glove against his blouse in snagging one

A pitching immortal, but Joe Tinker always found him easy



The greatest shortstop of all time—but he fell for a chicken yarn

Christy used to let the batter hit it. He was pretty sure the batter wouldn't hit it far, and he was right. So he tried to get them over. He didn't groove them; he just played the corners. The batter had to swing or strike out. Nowadays a pitcher who deliberately gets every ball somewhere across the plate and between the hitter's knees and shoulders would be inviting disaster. Pitchers have to waste a lot of them. The average number of bases on balls has increased accordingly—by about 35 percent, I should say. Anybody who doesn't waste a ball now and then is just telling the good hitters to lay into it, and even a fairly bad ball nowadays is liable to go sailing into the next county.

In those days, J. Franklin Baker of the Athletics was called Home Run Baker and he came by his nickname honestly, by belting home runs. But he never got more than a dozen in a season. Today, Home Run Baker's place at third is taken by a fellow named Higgins, who hits more than a dozen home runs a year—a lot more—and who hits fewer than either Bob Johnson or Jimmy Foxx of the same team. Bob and Jimmy knock three or four dozen home runs a year. But if Home

BASEBALL

By Rabbit Maranville
(Walter James Vincent Maranville)

Run Baker were on the modern Athletics, who's to say he wouldn't be knocking three or four or even five dozen home runs a year? Not I.

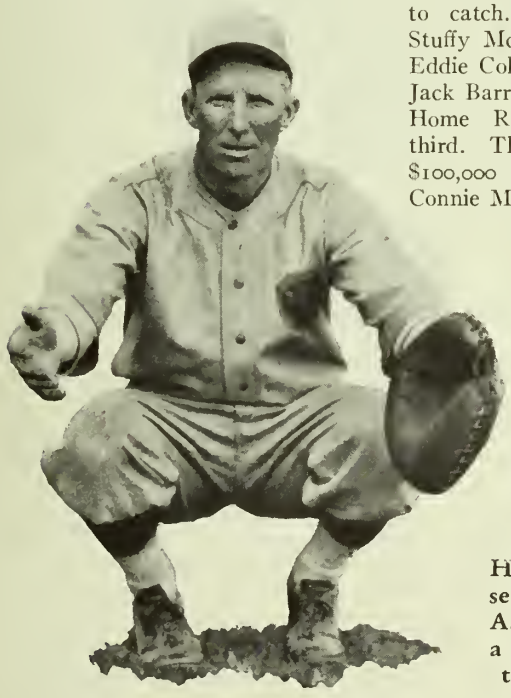
In those days, baseball was played for a run at a time. Now it's played for an inning of slaughter.

Me, I like the old game. Maybe it's sentiment, but it seems to me that there's less skill now, even if they do have more wallop. It isn't mechanical skill that's lacking, however; it's psychological skill. The tricks which used to win games don't pay any more. In the old days, if you weren't up to all the tricks, you might miss a run, and a run often meant a game. Nowadays a fellow might spend his spare time thinking up a trick that's good for one run only to have somebody like Jimmy Foxx, who'd been spending his spare time in batting practice, come along with a home run good for four runs.

Baseball on the run-at-a-time principle compares with the modern inning-of-slaughter method much as a jeweler's job compares with a sculptor's. Or maybe the comparison is between a druggist, who mixes a prescription from minute and exact quantities, and a bartender, who draws a glass of beer out of a spigot. Each job requires skill, but the skills are different.

The best example of how baseball was played in the old days is offered, I think, by the Braves of 1914. In last place on the Fourth of July, we were World's Champions in October. That team made runs out of ideas, built victories on dash and spirit and quick instinct. We beat a McGraw team for the National League pennant; we beat a Connie Mack team for the World's Championship. We beat a McGraw team that had Mathewson; we beat a Mack team that had Bender and Plank.

There are few who will say even now that the Braves of 1914 were as good as the Athletics of that year. The Athletics had two of the greatest pitchers in baseball history in Plank and Bender. They had Wally Schang to catch. They had Stuffy McInnes at first, Eddie Collins at second, Jack Barry at short and Home Run Baker at third. They called it a $100,000 infield, and if Connie Mack had an infield like that today he'd be asking a million and he might get a taker, at that.



He was a color sergeant in the A. E. F., and a teammate of the Rabbit's

Against such an outfit the Braves had three fine pitchers in Rudolph, James and Tyler, a fine catcher in Hank Gowdy, a scrappy infield and an outfield that could field beautifully but which had to be swapped around according to whether the opposing pitching was right-handed or left.

How he hated to be called "Jawn" or "Muggsy"! Right, from Plank and Bender to Foxx he's been waving scorecards to signal players

But George Stallings, manager of the Braves, had a crowd that was a cross between a loving family and a tough gang. If anybody picked on one of us, he had to answer to twenty-six of us. We took talk from nobody and we handed it out whenever it occurred to us. We talked up to each other, we talked down the other fellows. We practiced squeeze plays and the hit-and-run. We practiced sliding and blocking. We spied out the enemy and we had a form of counter-espionage against him as well. We played for a run at a time and every run was precious. Every member of that team was a decent chap, kind to his mother and all that, but there wasn't one of us who wasn't forever trying to steal another team's signals. No college professor, looking through a microscope, ever engaged in more research than the Braves undertook when they found they were going to play the Athletics.

We scouted them just as a general scouts the enemy. We had spies watching Connie Mack and his scorecard during all the later American League games. We had other spies watching Wally Schang as he signaled to the pitchers. Our counterspies were on the job, too. They discovered a mysterious room in a building behind center field of Shibe Park. There was a window in the room with a roller curtain. That curtain flopped up and down throughout a ball game. It stayed down after a game ended. Before we went into the series we made a ground rule for Shibe Park—or rather for the house across the street from Shibe Park. That curtain had to stay down! (*Continued on page 54*)

REGULAR

By Frank A. Mathews, Jr.

THE proper hour having arrived, the Adjutant of Blank Post, upon instruction from the Commander to ascertain that all present are entitled to be there for the meeting, looks around the Post meeting-room with more rapidity than care, and assures the Commander that the Post can safely proceed to the opening of its regular meeting without danger to the future of The American Legion from the presence of non-member chiselers, enemies and spies. Of course the Adjutant does not, in giving this assurance, waste so many words as that. Had he done so he would not have been a good Adjutant. All he actually says is "O.K." The Commander, somehow realizing, from his knowledge and experience, that whatever danger there may be lies in the well-intentioned attitude of some of the *members* declares Blank Post regularly convened. If he had not realized this he would not have been a good Commander.

THE COMMANDER: The Adjutant will read the minutes of the preceding meeting.

COMRADE JONES: Move the Adjutant *don't* read the minutes. Just a waste of time. Let's get down to business.

COMRADE SMITH: Sennamotion.

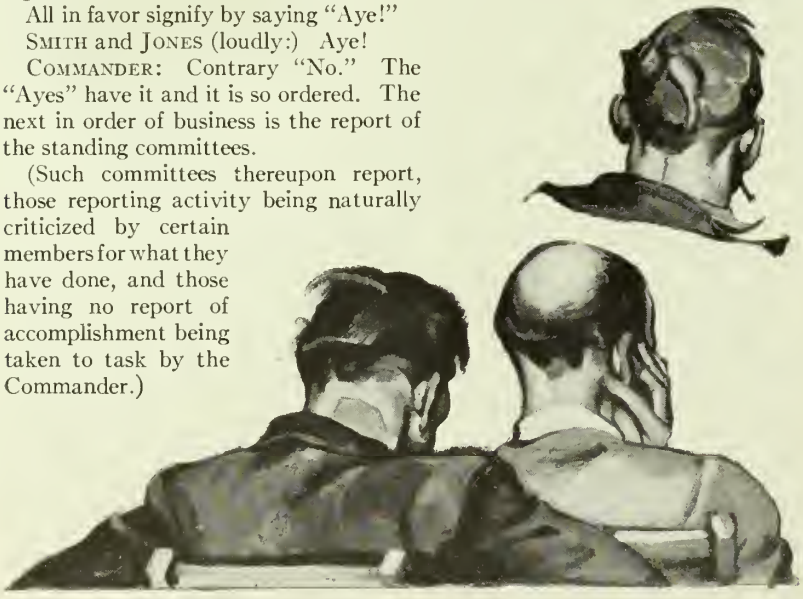
COMMANDER: It has been moved and seconded that we dispense with the reading of the minutes of the preceding meeting.

All in favor signify by saying "Aye!"

SMITH and JONES (loudly:) Aye!

COMMANDER: Contrary "No." The "Ayes" have it and it is so ordered. The next in order of business is the report of the standing committees.

(Such committees thereupon report, those reporting activity being naturally criticized by certain members for what they have done, and those having no report of accomplishment being taken to task by the Commander.)



COMMANDER: We will now have the report of the representative which the Mayor requested this Post to name for appointment to the Municipal Emergency Industrial Adjustment Commission.

SMITH: What're we doing? Getting into politics?

COMMANDER: No, no. The Mayor desired to have at least one member of the Commission who was a veteran, and he asked me to have this Post suggest a man whom he would appoint to a place on the commission.

SMITH: Well, it all sounds like a lot of hooey to me—this Adjustrial Industment or whatever it is. We're always monkeyin' with a lot of stuff 'at don't concern us when there's plenty of suffering veterans which we ought to help if we would do so which we don't which ain't right. I been talkin' to 'em, I been to their homes, I seen the conditions, and it's terrible. These guys don't want no—whatever it was you said. What they want is *jobs*, Mr. Commander—work. Why, I know of—

COMMANDER: Don't you understand that that's exactly what this Commission is formed to do—try to find jobs for them?

SMITH: Well, why the hell didn't you say so, then? Nobody said nothin' about *jobs*.

COMMANDER (wearily:) This matter has been all gone into, and a member of this Post has been appointed by the Mayor to that Commission, and he will particularly look after veterans' interests in our community.

SMITH: Izzat so? All gone into? Well, that's the trouble with this Post. There's a lot of things goes on us members don't know nothin' about, and it's time it come to a stop. There's too much of this here Star Chamber stuff—

COMRADE HEMINGWAY: Mr. Commander, I think the gentleman is out of order. The matter was thoroughly dis-

MEETING

Illustration by Frank Street

cussed at the last meeting of this Post, as you said, and a man was selected by the membership.

SMITH: Well, I couldn't get to the last meeting. I was—

HEMINGWAY: Then what did you expect us to do? Hold up all the business of the Post until you felt like coming to

a meeting?

JONES: I couldn't git to the last meetin' neither, and I don't like this here sarcasm stuff from the comrade. I—

THE ADJUTANT: It's all down here in the minutes.

JONES: So what? Comrade Smith said a mouthful about things which us members don't know what's goin' on around here. Why ain't we got a right to know? I pay my dues same as the officers of this here Post. Why don't the Adjutant *read* them minutes? What's the idea of keepin' 'em a secret?

COMMANDER: Jones, you made the motion yourself to dispense with the reading of the minutes, Smith seconded it and you both voted for it.

(Laughter.)

JONES (sitting down:) Izzat so?

COMMANDER: The Post Service Officer will now give us his report.

(Post Service Officer makes a good report of accomplishment since the last meeting.)

SMITH: I was talking to a veteran named Brown who lives down here on Sixth Street. He ain't had a steady job for a year and him and his family was on relief, and these here relief chiselers say they won't give him no more. He was telling me all about the rough treatment he got and how this Post ain't done nothing for him nor his family. That's what's the matter with this Post, it—

POST SERVICE OFFICER: I know all about that Brown case. We've gotten him four jobs in the last eight months and he hasn't made good on any of them. The work was too hard or the pay was too small or the boss had red hair which he didn't like, or something. You'll find it in my reports. And he wouldn't do an honest day's work on any of them. He didn't tell that part of the story, did he?

SMITH: He didn't say nothing about that, but he did say you'd been around there, but didn't have no time for helping the ex-service man on account of taking care of so many widows.

(Laughter.)

P.S.O. (ruffled): It's birds like that guy Brown that hurt the chances of good, honest veterans. He's just a bum; he won't work.

SMITH: But he's a veteran, ain't he?

P.S.O.: Yes; and just because he was in a cantonment for two months before

the Armistice he thinks somebody owes him a living the rest of his life.

HEMINGWAY: It isn't only ex-service men who seem to have that idea today.

SMITH: Well, I don't know nothing about all that, but when I see a buddy in trouble—

P.S.O.: Whadya mean "buddy?" When he was working he wouldn't join the Legion. That bird's *never* been a member. He wouldn't help the rest of the veterans when he could, he won't help himself when he can, and all he does is wave his discharge around in the air and cry because somebody don't stick a nipple in his mouth. If that guy was ever a real soldier, I'm Napoleon. It's birds like you, Smith, weepin' your eyes out for a chiseler what—say, if he's got our own members believin' his story, what do you think outsiders are goin' to do?

SMITH: Whadaya mean "birds like me?" Say, listen, I was in the front line trenches when—

COMMANDER (rapping with gavel): Gentlemen, let's not get into personalities. We must get along with the business. The Adjutant will read a communication.

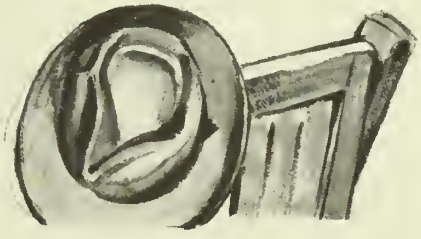
(The Adjutant then reads a letter from Department Headquarters regarding the splendid work of certain Posts in another part of the State in organizing emergency squadrons of members which had ably assisted in fighting forest fires threatening great damage to life and property. The letter suggests that other Posts in the department emulate this fine example.)

COMRADE ADAMS: I move the communication be received and filed.

COMRADE JENKINS: Er—Mr. Commander, I—ah—it seems to me—that is, I think Department Headquarters has asked us—er, suggested that we form—we organize—get together our members—that is, I mean when a communication comes from—ah Department Headquarters—this letter—we shouldn't ignore—just file it, if you know what I mean.

ADAMS: We haven't any forest fires in this section of the State.

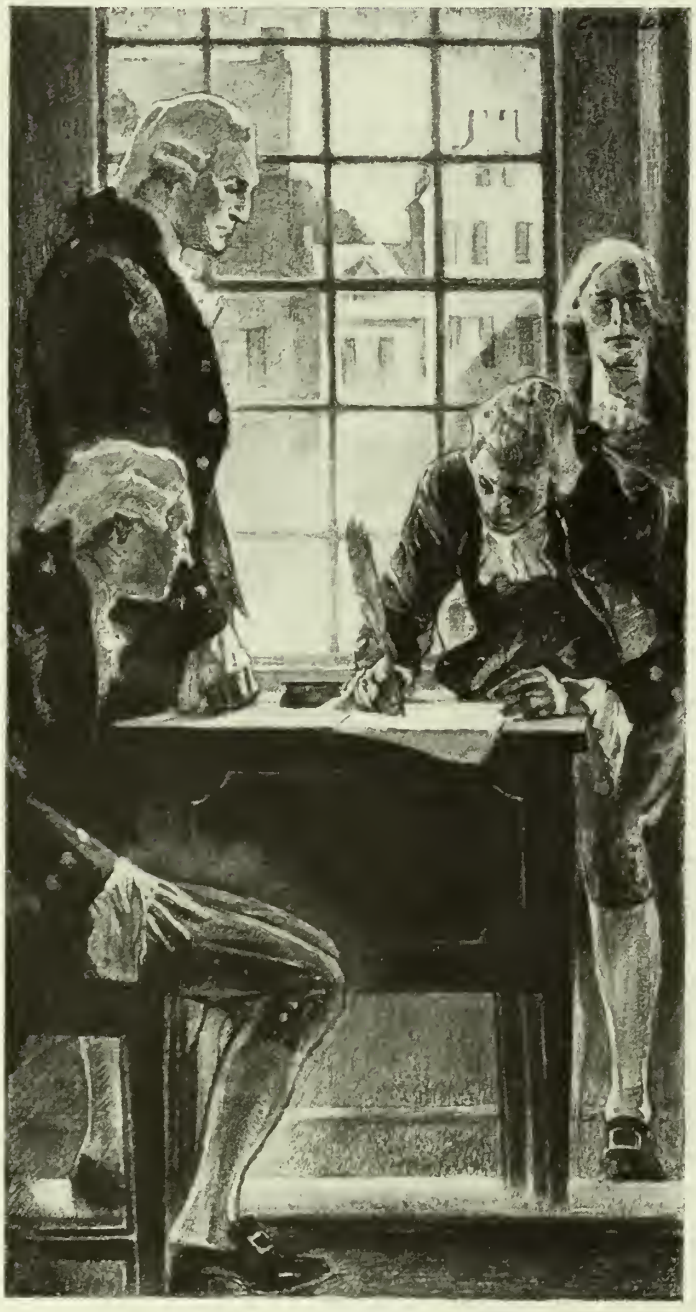
JENKINS: Ah—no, but we *might* have. You (*Continued on page 42*)



The SHIFTING

A Letter from An

By Phil



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DEAR JIM:

After an absence of twenty-six years I attended commencement at Alma Mater, sat in the "brewery" and watched Prexy present sheepskins to 400 black-gowned young men and young women. If my memory serves me right, you were the artist who painted the word "brewery" in large black letters across the front of the chapel when we were freshmen, thirty years ago. I held the ladder. Ivy has covered the building, and no trace of the word is to be seen.

The change in the chapel is not the only one time has wrought. I haven't yet got out of my mind the shock of some of those changes. As I listened to the commencement address by a nationally known educator, I saw in retrospect the institution we learned to love. Bill, Dad, Pop, Foxy and a few of the other old-timers still meet their classes, but for the most part a group of young professors, doubtless led in their thinking by the principals in the chaotic disturbances that have troubled the world in the last quarter of a century, are the leaders on the campus. It would seem that Saint Peter is allowing our old friends, the "last leaves" upon the tree, to remain, perhaps that they may be an influence on the young people who matriculate at that college.

Let me tell you in reverse about my experiences for four days on the campus. The commencement speaker boldly discussed what he termed "a desirable change in our form of government." His first sentence was: "I have no encouraging message for you young people." Then he launched into his subject: "Democracy in itself is not worth while. If we all insist on our rights, none will have any."

The world, he went on, is topsy-turvy; the capitalistic system is a complete failure where we are half free and half slave; correction cannot be made so long as industry is privately owned and profits are the motivating force behind production. We are at the beginning of a new day, a new economic and social order has been ushered in, and we are rapidly approaching a collectivistic (parlor-pink word for *socialistic*) government. "Programs and purposes must be group programs and purposes. The individual, to get anywhere, himself, must subordinate himself; must sink or swim with others; must forsake rugged individualism, a product of barbarism. He must consent to function as a part of a greater whole and to have his role defined for him by the exigencies of his group."

The past is wiped out; the ideals engendered by our forefathers were probably adequate for their day, but they do not fit the new social order in this machine age, the speaker went on. The future must so adjust its machinery that there will be no labor except of experiment and repair. Workers' control will be the determining voice in establishing policies of production. A national industrial integration board will be set up to co-ordinate the several industries' plans and policies respecting production, prices, division of markets, working conditions, and the like. Each industry will have an integration association. Representatives of the Government will sit on each of these boards.

The eloquent speaker ($500 honorarium paid by taxpayers) concluded his address by stating that a revolution is upon us; that the young people graduating from colleges are in the vanguard, must assume leadership in the army, must furnish the intelligence for the ground work for a "planned society."

That commencement address, so different from any we ever heard, would have shocked me had I not nosed around the campus for four days. Six months ago our old friend, Skeets Thompson, noted chemical engineer, told me that his company refused to employ any graduate of Alma Mater. He said they found it difficult to drive the anti-Americanism, anti-government notions out of the heads of the chaps who attend that school. For this reason, I wanted to learn first hand whether our professors, on the public payroll, were dishing out, cafeteria style, heaping plates of subversive doctrines in the form of communism, sovietism, fascism, nazi-ism, and socialism.

The first evening I was in town, I went to the new frat house. You remember the old frame building we had? Well, the State has built a modern dormitory—looks

Drawings by

BACKGROUND

Old Classmate Conley

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like a palace—with bedroom, private bath and individual room for each student. Practically the entire first floor is a reception hall for dances. Modern education embraces many things we knew nothing about when we pored over our books.

I ate dinner with the boys. Some were politely considerate and seemed to respect my gray hairs. But most of them had an air of superiority, the like of which would have received a sharp reprimand from the president of the frat in our days. I tried to overlook the pert remarks and smart aleck behavior, and even attempted to smile when a chap directed a near-insulting statement at me.

After dinner I cornered three members who seemed to be more intelligent than the others. For three hours we sat on the porch overlooking the town, watched the lights come out, smoked, talked. As they discussed the advantages of socialism and explained their conception of the imperative need for a complete breakdown of our form of government, I winced for fear that our nation would be undermined by one of its own agencies, the public schools. Through my mind went a tapping, thumping, thundering reverberation of protest—a sort of violent disagreement that makes the pulse beat fast.

Within thirty minutes after dinner, at least ninety percent of the young men had left the house. One of the boys said that most of them were going to a meeting of the L. I. D. (League for Industrial Democracy). It seems that the State pays an instructor for full-time work in the college. But he devotes most of his time to regular meetings of students where they discuss advanced ideas of government as presented by Russia —the advantages of a state-controlled society; the ideal system of free love, unrestricted marriage and divorce laws, and absolute freedom in family relationship; the ultimate government regulation, control and final ownership of all business and industrial enterprises; and freedom from the shackles of religious superstition and bigotry.

When I raised the pertinent question about putting these ideas into practical operation, one boy quoted from his textbook: "Other governments own and operate their railways, telegraph and telephone systems and postal service. All we have is the postal department. But eventually we will have the markets, financial institutions, insurance concerns, printed matter, brokerage agencies, and minor business and industrial organizations."

I commented: "Printed matter. Do you mean that the Government would own, control, supervise or regulate the publication of newspapers, magazines, books, pamphlets and other printed matter?"

"Yes. It may be they would be licensed. Advanced thinkers realize that public opinion could not be developed for complete economic planning as long as capitalism and special interests have unlimited, unrestricted control of the printing facilities of the nation. At the present time the radio facilities of the United States are under the control of a government bureau and dependent upon it for the privilege of using the air."

You and I graduated from college before the World War. We learned nothing that would prevent our being thrilled by patriotic fervor, and stirred to the very depths by a sincere love of country. When the time came we volunteered to wear our nation's uniform and follow the flag to death, if need be, to preserve our Government. And here, in that same branch of government which is charged with the responsibility of training citizens, young "liberal" professors are planting poison in the minds of the youth who attend their classes and by indirection and innuendo are advocating state socialism by subterfuge.

Grattan Condon

The conversation I had with these boys gave me food for thought. As I walked leisurely down the hill to my hotel, I reflected on the signs of the times. I am a conservative by nature. I am slow to follow new ideas or to change my opinion about anything that vitally affects my Government. However, I think we should advance in an orderly manner. The Constitution has been changed and can be changed to suit the needs of the people. But it must not be changed without the consent of the governed.

The next morning I called on our old (*Continued on page 52*)

Under the RIO GRANDE

By Fairfax Downey

IN 1916 Sergeant Downey's gun section set out from Connecticut for Mexico and got as far as Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania. This summer ex-Lieutenant Downey, minus his gun section, managed to complete the trip begun nineteen years ago. He found, in addition to the land of romance and mañana which he expected, a cluster of out-of-bounds Legionnaires who have no little share in the maintenance of cordial relations with the southern republic

WITH martial ardor a sergeant of Connecticut Field Artillery entrained his gun section, along with lesser troops, in 1916. On to Mexico! The train sped southward and stopped ingloriously, no closer to the Border than Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania. There the redleg outfit spent the summer in a training encampment, and Mexico stayed out of range.

A year passed. Another call to arms. The sergeant traded his chevrons for a gold bar and crossed the Atlantic. Seventeen years later came the chance to cross the Rio Grande in a peaceful, civilian fashion. The ex-artilleryman limbered up and the railroad trucks, if not the caissons, went rolling along.

Detrainment at San Antonio. The Alamo first, inevitably. No old soldier can miss the scene of that epic fight. An air of the heroic still lingers in the dim interior, filled with arms and trophies. Cannon have certainly come a long way since those days, reflects the former gunner.

He emerges to hail a taxi and direct, "Fort Sam Houston."

"Used to be in the Army?" asks the driver. "Same here. Air Service. I'll show you two of the best air fields in the country."

"Thanks," the fare answers. "I'll bet they're grand fields. I don't doubt there are also some snappy infantry and some dashing cavalry on the post. But what I want to see is the field artillery, notably, especially and exclusively the 12th F. A., Second Division, the greatest"—

"Okay," says George the taxi man with resignation. "I know how it is."

Fort Sam Houston—what a post!—vast and trim and military. If the Army slipped after the A. E. F. days, it's back again and then some. Shades of the canvas and the rickety barracks we used to know! This is something like it.

A sign: "HQ., 12th F. A." The visitor enters, sights a fine-looking, young first lieutenant at a desk and introduces himself:

"My name's Downey. I was adjutant of the 12th in France in 1918."

"My name is McEldowney. I'm adjutant of the 12th now," the officer responds.

Time marches on. Sigh for lost youth.

"Eight or ten of you old-timers dropped in last month," the lieutenant continues. He bears up under it well and is courtesy itself.

Any of the old guard left in the outfit? the back number wants to know. Some of the old sergeants perhaps?

Yes, a few. First Sergeant Nally, as splendid a Top as ever wet-nursed a green shavetail, is transferred. Sergeants Fleming and Panzer, known of yore as first-rate chiefs of section, are still with the regiment but on furlough or off the post. But Mike Rudden, once stable sergeant of B Battery and now sporting elongated chevrons of master or staff sergeantcy, is summoned and shows his map of Ireland face. He displays what looks like pleased recognition and announces that this old officer of his learned about horses from him. Which is no overstatement. So to fighting the war over for half an hour and the visitor departs to let the 12th carry on.

On to Mexico again. The Border is crossed at Laredo in the dead of night and the climb to Mexico City begun. Nowadays there is welcome on the Mexican mat for the friendly invasion of tourists coming by train, by boat—and by motor on the fine new 2,000-kilometer highway from San Antone to Mexico City.

A fascinating country, a

Miss Natalie Scott of Taxco, who won a Croix de Guerre. At right, one of her neighbors, J. H. Sutherland, 26th Division lieutenant, with his daughter

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT NESMITH

The flavor of the past lingers in the rough cobblestones and architecture that suggests the days of stout Cortez

neighbor strikingly different. After the first flurry of sight-seeing, a Legionnaire is apt to look up the Legion in Mexico. Today there remain only three active posts under the Department Commandership of William A. O'Connell, with Walter S. Sollenberger as Department Adjutant; posts in Mexico City, Tampico, and Guadelajara. Membership is much diminished, proportionately with the reduction of the American and other foreign colonies. Where ten years ago there were 10,000 Americans in Mexico City, now there remain but 2,500. The 20,000 in Tampico in 1921 have dwindled to 1,000 in that region and the same is true of lesser centers.

"Too bad," remarks the visiting fireman to local Legionnaires setting up the drinks. "This country has charms and a good job here would have its points. The depression thinned you out, I suppose."

"Sure," comes the answer. "That plus the Mexican government's nationalistic program. The clamps have been put down on foreign companies—oil, mining, and the rest. Ninety percent of our staffs here have to be Mexican. When jobs first grew scarce, it was tough on some of the boys—both those who were stranded and those who had drifted in looking for work."

"Mexico for the Mexicans, eh?"

"Right, and can you blame 'em? Of course when any ex-service men were down on their luck, the Legion (*Continued on page 50*)

The LEGION LOOKS *at* YOUTH

DEMOCRACY—or what? Eleven thousand American Legion posts find in 1935 new and urgent reasons for helping the nation's schools observe American Education Week

IN THIS next month of November, The American Legion will do a lot of thinking about government and the sort of boys and girls who are now coming up through our schools to take their places as tomorrow's citizens. The Legion and the National Education Association will jointly observe the week of November 11th-17th as American Education Week, and the general theme for the observance is "The School and Democracy."

Not so long ago this theme would have seemed merely a stereotype, without much timely significance. In the years before 1929 we had come to take both our democracy and our schools pretty much for granted. Both had stood every test of time. Neither was under serious attack from any quarter.

Now, in an entirely different world from what we have ever known before, we find both democracy and the schools swept by the cross fire of conflicting propaganda. Citizens are bewildered by barrage and counter-barrage. What shall we believe? Whom shall we believe?

This we know, that the United States remains firm in its faith in popular government while dictatorship becomes increasingly the fashion among the nations of Europe. We hold to our conception that a government in which every citizen has an equal voice will best preserve the rights of all and the rights of the individual. The quality of such a government must depend upon our ability to maintain the high standards of individual citizenship, and to this end we place our hope in the nation's schools.

"The School and Democracy," therefore, is no threadbare theme in 1935. It is a theme which opens up all sorts of speculations. What is democracy and what is happening to it? What has the depression really done to boys and girls of our grade schools and the high schools? Do these boys and girls differ in their outlook on life from the boys and girls now in colleges and universities or struggling to find jobs in a world which seems to have run out of jobs?

We remember the flaming youth of after-the-war days. How we despaired of its outlook on life and its actions! All the while we despaired, little brothers and sisters of flaming boys and girls were growing up in a staid and conservative pattern. We don't even remember now what became of the flaming generation. Presumably it grew up, moaning at the antics of its staid successors. In turn, the solemn little post-flaming-youth boys and

Prexy and Mussolini! The Communists' bid for student support at the College of the City of New York a year ago. A Legion post helped students get their bearings in a troubled world

girls must now have arrived at sufficient maturity to do a little clucking on their own account over the boys and girls of depression years—the so-called lost generation.

We have learned to have confidence in these recent generations which at first sight seemed strange to us, and what we have observed has given us confidence in our schools. That confidence has been renewed each year by The American Legion as it learned in each new observance of American Education Week just what the schools have been doing to meet the tests of new conditions in a changed world.

In a friendly spirit the Legion prepares to learn what the schools today are doing and to help acquaint all citizens with the facts. Homer L. Chaillaux, Director of the Legion's National Americanism Commission, has sent to all the Legion's 11,000 posts an outline showing the topics assigned for each of the seven days, and posts are arranging for public discussions of each of the topics. Read the topics over, so you'll be able to talk about them when your post at its next meeting arranges for its own part in the observance. Here they are:

Monday, November 11th, The School and the Citizen; Tuesday, The School and the State; Wednesday, The School and the Nation; Thursday, The School and Social Change; Friday, The School and Country Life; Saturday, The School and Recreation; Sunday, Education and the Good Life.

Legionnaire Herbert H. Lehman, Governor of New York, has expressed the thought that "the program of education in our democracy must . . . be readjusted from time to time if our children are to be adequately trained for the responsibilities of manhood and womanhood." What do you think? What part shall the schools play in social change? What adaptations in the present organization and curriculum of the schools are needed? You probably have ideas on this subject. You may get others by writing for a booklet, "Social Change and Education," which you may obtain from the National Education Association, 1201 16th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Last year the Legion helped bring out 6,000,000 citizens in 4,000 communities for American Education Week. This year it is hoped 10,000,000 Americans will be induced to visit the schools or take part in exercises. The program for American Education Week challenges every citizen. Is he willing to make a personal effort to safeguard the nation's schools?

A first step to dictatorship would be the imposition of servitude upon our educational system. Against open enemies and false friends that system must be guarded. Preserve the schools and you preserve democracy.

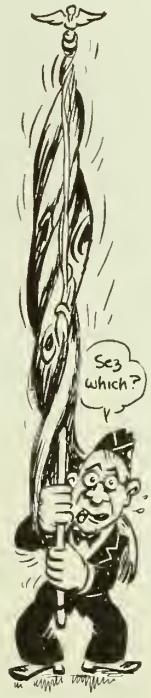
Against the Campus Communist

WHEN The College of the City of New York Post of The American Legion was jarred from its complacency in November, 1934, by a riot at the college caused by the activity of a Communist element, the post didn't do a lot of things it might have done. It didn't accept the smoke of a single riot as evidence that the institution was ablaze with Communism. It didn't issue any general denunciation of the student body as a lot of anarchists from whom the devils of radicalism must be chased by red-blooded methods. It didn't subscribe to the idea advanced by some newspapers that college professors and instructors were one and all poisoning the minds of youth. Instead, the post set out to find out just what was wrong, who was causing the trouble which already had developed and what could be done in common-sense fashion to offset harmful influences.

Above all, the post was determined that it wouldn't on mere suspicion fasten the label of radicalism on boys and girls whose only crime was immaturity. It kept in mind the principle that giving a dog a bad name is the surest way of getting him to live up to that name. It remembered, what every father knows, that the normal state of youth is rebellion against dictation, and that stern assertion of authority tends to drive thoughts and actions into the very channels from which it is sought to divert them.

Electing Dr. Irving N. Rattner as Commander for 1935, the post first of all began its inquiry to find out what all the shooting was about. The riot hadn't been a very dangerous affair. It was, in fact, a bit ridiculous.

France is their birthland but when they think of home they think of the United States. Paris Post's squadron of the Sons of The American Legion lines up in the courtyard of Pershing Hall



Fifteen American Legion portable short-wave receiving and sending radio sets are tied up with a central radio station to give Los Angeles certainty of communications in any possible disaster. These men of Allied Post devised the system

It developed out of a protest of students against the reception by the college authorities of a group of students from Italy who were making a tour of the United States. Communist elements in the college found in the reception plans a pretext for a demonstration. Lots of students who were not greatly excited about Fascism viewed the demonstration on the campus as a good show, a chance for horseplay.

Post Commander Rattner, a physician, named Norman L. Marks, a New York City lawyer, as chairman of the post's Americanism Committee, at the same time starting efforts which raised the post from fifteen to 150 members. Alumni quickly enrolled to help in the Legion effort.

"Our first problem was to find out how many Communists there were at the college," writes Chairman Marks. "We used several tests and finally determined that of the 8,000 students about three percent were Communists. We concluded that one-third of them were born agitators, an element that is always found in any group or in any activity, another third were unstable personalities, easily led into any sort of emotional crusade, and the other third, perhaps, were the highly intellectual boys. To our pleasant surprise, we found no active Communists in the faculty.

"We then began a wide program of activities, based on our feeling that the alumni should be older brothers to the students. In addition to our Americanism activities, we assisted the student aid and scholarship funds and helped the athletic teams. We began a drive to find jobs for students who were being graduated.

"Our survey showed that men interested in sports were level-headed, so we built up a great deal of interest in inter-class athletics. We knew that students in the R. O. T. C. were trustworthy, and we got behind the college unit and increased its numbers tremendously. Similarly, we worked with the college musical units. We helped the R. O. T. C. band of over seventy-five pieces and made it the post's official band.

"Dr. Rattner brought to the Lewisohn Stadium, the school's beautiful amphitheater in which symphonic concerts are given regularly, the first drum corps contest ever held in New York City. This was a wonderful affair, with drum corps of a dozen Legion posts taking part. The junior drum corps were especially impressive. We had 10,000 persons present.

"We assisted in the reorganization of general student activities. The Student Council very gladly gave Americanism a place in its program. One reason Communistic ideas had made headway in other years was the lack of intelligent expression of the true American spirit in student activities. We were instrumental in establishing new groups or clubs, each with an American Legion advisor. We have some of the most prominent citizens of New York heading these groups. The Legion Alumni advisor knows what the students are thinking about, shares their problems with them.

"In many other ways we have tried to set up new currents of thought and maintain an atmosphere in which extreme radicalism cannot grow. For example, we are planning to install a bronze placque containing the names of all the graduates of the school who served in the World War. In spite of the fact that they number thousands, no real memorial placque has been erected in the years since the war. We also gave new importance to the annual review of the R. O. T. C. unit. General Dennis E. Nolan, commander of the Second Army Corps Area, reviewed the unit.

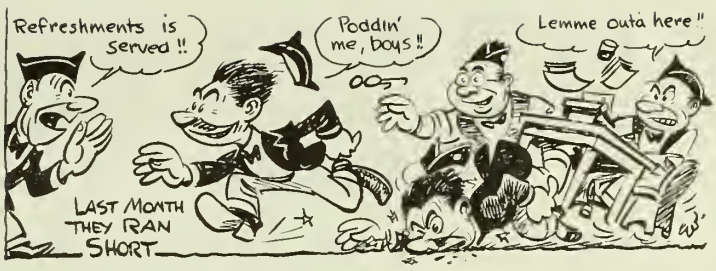
"The work goes on and we are gratified by the effects we have already observed. Since last November when Dr. Rattner and the post began active work there has been no Communist outbreak of any sort. We know that Communism has not been completely wiped out at the college but we do think we have broken up the Communistic front and have helped students understand the principles upon which this country has grown great and upon which it can rise still higher."

Radio For Any Emergency

WHEN four members of Allied Post in Los Angeles passed the hat and collected from members $100 to establish a short-wave radio station for use in any possible city or state catastrophe they laid the foundations for an American Legion radio communications system which now includes, besides the original sending station, a corps of forty-five expert radio amateurs who can instantly be called into service to man thirty sending and receiving sets in fifteen areas of the city.

Legionnaire Mel Wharton reports that this system is an

indispensable factor in the plans for American Legion disaster mobilization in Los Angeles under which the Legion can put 3,000 men from various posts on a designated spot two hours after call. It is one reason why Chester J. Turner, California Department National Executive Committeeman, is able to promise that 15,000 Legionnaires, equipped and ready for duty, could report at any spot in the county four hours after call, and 35,000 members could be mobilized in the State inside of six hours.



Experience has taught California Legionnaires that telegraph and telephone lines tend to fail in most disasters from flood or fire or earthquake. With radio sending and receiving stations in fifteen strategic centers of Los Angeles the directors of Legion emergency efforts will always be in touch with field forces.

Allied Post's radio pioneers are Dr. W. C. Vance, dentist, Adjutant of the post and chairman of the communications division of the Los Angeles major disaster organization; Dr. Russell Wood Starr, physician and Past Post Commander; M. T. Davidson, radio repairman, and J. L. Wright, motion picture sound technician. They are shown in the photograph on the preceding page.

Hungry Children

WHEN the Parent-Teacher Association of a school in its county appealed to Kerby Stewart Post of Bradenton, Florida, for help needed in caring for undernourished and underweight school children, the post conducted an inquiry in all the schools which revealed that 1,200 boys and girls were not receiving in their homes sufficient and proper food for their health and growth. Worst sufferers were in homes with fathers unable to find work after family resources had been exhausted. The county health nurse compiled a list of 162 children who were three pounds or more underweight, some as much as thirty pounds below standard for age and height. It was a larger problem than the post could handle alone, according to Post Adjutant D. G. Kelbert, so the post conducted a tag day, got $448 in cash and pledges sufficient to make a total of $700. With this, the post was able to provide hot meals at lunch hours for the underweight children, milk for many others. Writes Mr. Kelbert: "Most of the once-underweight children have again learned to play."

After the Medal Presentation

WHEN Hinsdale (Illinois)Post in each February bestows upon the honor graduate of its city's high school The American Legion's School Award Medal, it doesn't make the presentation perfunctorily and it doesn't proceed to forget all about the boy or girl who receives it. On the contrary, reports Ray S. Erlandson, chairman of the post's Americanism Committee, it does everything possible to make the presentation impressive and memorable, and it enlists the recipient in a program of friendly interest which lasts for many years.

"The highest honor that can come to the Senior elected to the High School Honor Society," writes Mr. Erlandson, "is the Legion's medal. Each year, during a patriotic Americanism Assembly Hour, the plan and purpose of the Legion award is explained and the list of all earlier winners of the award is read. Many of those whose names are read have become college leaders greatly admired by the students of the high school.

"We stress proper atmosphere during the announcement of the award in February and always have a speaker of great ability. We appoint a Legion sponsor for the winner of the medal, to keep in touch with him for four years. (*Continued on page 62*)

The clubhouse of June Van Meter Post in Clinton, Iowa, is an outstanding example of the effective transformation of an old family mansion into an American Legion home

A LESSON IN RANK

An Early Chapter Out of the Saluting Demon's Book

By Wallgren

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers

A MOTORIST picked up two hitch-hikers on their way to a C. M. T. C. camp. One of the lads was in an uncertain mind about going on, and his buddy was giving him arguments as to why a month in the C. M. T. C. would be good for both of them. His final and apparently convincing speech was:

"You see, if a war should come along, they might need two more colonels, and we'd have a better chance to get the job than somebody who never had any training."

THE young lady was discussing the man she was going to marry.

"Certainly you are not going to marry him just because he dances divinely," said her friend.

"Goodness, no. Harold is very clever at bridge, too."

THE young man had just finished his audition for the radio amateur contest.

"You've heard my voice," he said. "Please tell me frankly what you think it best adapted to."

"Whispering," replied the maestro.

THE lovesick swain was discussing his love affair with a sympathetic friend.

"You say she partially returned your affections?" asked his friend.

"Yes; she sent back all my letters, but kept the jewelry."

EARL THOMPSON tells about the boys over at Fairmont (West Virginia) Post, who were discussing the impending marriage of a buddy.

"That's an accomplished girl Ben is going to marry," observed one of the men. "She can swim, ride, dance, drive a car and pilot a plane; a real all-around girl."

"They should get along fine," replied another. "You know Ben is a good cook."

THE primary school teacher had just propounded this question:

"If I subtract 18 from 32, what's the difference?"

Whereupon the proverbial little Johnny replied:

"That's what I say. Who cares?"

FORMER Department Commander Frank Pinola, of Pennsylvania, tells about a local baseball team that was getting a terrible walloping.

A visitor asked:

"Do you ever score any runs?"

"I don't know," replied the home-town fan. "I've only been watching them play for three seasons."

THE good women were visiting, and one, in an effort to be complimentary, said:

"John met your husband at the Forty-and-Eight meeting last night, and he says the boys consider him quite a raconteur."

"Just lies!" was the indignant reply. "I don't believe he drinks any more than the rest of 'em."

JIM SHIERSON claims that this current yarn originated in his home town of Adrian, Michigan.

A drunk was swaying back and forth on the street when a policeman came up and asked him what he was doing and where he was going.

"Right here," he replied, pointing to a house. "I rang the bell and they don' ansher."

"When did you ring the bell?"

"About an hour ago."

"Well, why don't you ring it again?"

"Nosshir! T' hell with 'em—let 'em wait."

THEY were sitting in the moonlight. No words broke the stillness. The young lady was yawning. Suddenly she said: "Suppose you had money, what would you do?"

"If I had money," he said with a rush of enthusiasm, "I would travel."

He felt her tiny hand in his. He closed his eyes and sighed with contentment. When he looked up again she was gone.

In his hand lay a dime.

NATIONAL Adjutant Frank Samuel tells about a man who sneezed at the moment he was acknowledging an introduction.

"I have hay fever," he apologized.

"I can sympathize," replied the other man, taking a small bottle from his pocket. "Try some of this."

"Is it really good?"

"Wonderful. I have had hay fever for twenty-seven years and never use anything else."

THE boy from the city was visiting his grandmother in the country. The hired man was showing him around the place. In the back lot a cow was grazing, and the boy's curiosity became greatly excited.

"Oh, what's that?" he asked.

"Only a cow."

"And what are those things on her head?"

"Horns," answered the hired man.

As they started away the cow mooed loud and long. The little city boy was astounded, and looking back with feverish interest demanded: "Which horn did she blow?"

THE young man was making the usual plea to a father for the hand of his daughter in marriage.

"You impudent young snapper!" shouted the irate parent. "Do you think you could give my girl what she's been used to?"

"Sure," replied the modern youth. "I've got a pretty rotten temper myself."

EX-YEOMAN Kate K. Briggs, Vice-Commander of the Department of the District of Columbia, writes about the Legionnaire who was getting the short end of an argument with his own member of the Auxiliary. Finally he told her there were no women in heaven, and he could prove it by the Bible. When she demanded the proof, he pointed to Rev. 8:1, "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

"PEOPLE turn pale when they faint, don't they?" asked the young lawyer who was examining and baiting a witness.

"No, not always."

"Did you ever hear of a case of fainting where the person did not turn pale?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see such a case?"

"Yes. About a month ago."

"Who was it?"

"Our colored maid."

A THROATY amateur tenor ended a prolonged vocal effort on a radio program which did not give the gong to sour singers, with "An' for Bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me doon an' dee."

An exasperated master of ceremonies jumped to the offer and scanning the studio audience asked:

"Is Miss Annie Laurie present?"

Ever hear of a MOON FLOATER?

Even though known as duty dodgers, men of the 15th squad of Company G, 133d Infantry, show their stuff at some soldierly duties in Camp Cody, New Mexico, early in 1918

AMERICANS, generally, are noted—or notorious—for their invention and use of slang. Terse, pithy phrases are used in place of the lengthy sentences which would be required to cover the same thought elegantly. When several million young men were thrown together during the period of the War, it goes without saying that the American vocabulary of slang increased by leaps and bounds.

Many of the expressions and descriptive phrases were invented as the need for them arose—others were borrowed from earlier wars and adopted or adapted, still others were taken over from the British or Canadian or Australian troops near whom Americans served, and even from the French.

We thought our knowledge of wartime slang was almost complete, but seventeen years after the war ended, here we are confronted with a new designation for one of the most common or garden varieties of soldiers. We all know what gold-brickers or duty-dodgers were—those guys who escaped formations, hikes, maneuvers, guard duty, kitchen police and the other less attractive requirements of service. And no doubt we called 'em those names because we envied 'em and didn't get a chance to go and do likewise.

How many of the class have heard that same species of soldiers (or sailors or Marines) called "moon floaters"? That's one service expression that somehow escaped our ears. Perhaps some erudite veteran can explain where, when and how it was invented and just how wide usage it enjoyed. The soldats pictured above bore that designation in their outfit, and we'll let Legionnaire Harry W. Weis of Anacortes, Washington, who sent the picture, tell about the group and the name it was called:

"The enclosed snapshot of my gang was taken by me in Camp Cody, New Mexico, during the early spring of 1918. We termed ourselves the 'Moon Floaters Squad' as we were special service men, rifle range detail and such, and did not have to drill. There were more men in the old 15th squad of Company G, 133d Infantry, but for some reason they didn't get into the picture.

"Being special detail men or on detached service, we were away from camp most of the time or at least had to do no drill or stand formations at all. Naturally our buddies were a little jealous of our leisure and that's how we got the titles of 'Moon Floaters' or 'Duty Dodgers.' In the picture, from the left, are Corporal Mike Kerr, in baseball uniform, Corporal John Bence, with the campaign hat on, Willard Seaman, playing on the Irish piano, and Claude Chubb, faking a cleaning job on his rifle.

"I was a rifle-range man, Seaman being with me. Kerr was a range firing-line instructor and also a baseball lover. While on the range for about four months, we lived in our range cabins,

had our grub and water hauled to us and only went into camp or to our companies on week-ends, if we wished. I got assigned to the range after recovering from an attack of pneumonia in Base Hospital No. 2. It resulted in rheumatism in my ankles and feet and I am still trying to convince the Government of my disability. Maybe some of the old gang can help.

"While assigned to the rifle range work, we went on many trips to a range of small mountains—I think they called them the Black Mountains. On one of our trips, Corporal Harry Olds of our company and Private Sykes of another company bagged a bobcat."

INSATIABLE sightseers. That probably is what Europeans think Americans are, from the thousands that cross the seas each year to hunt out the known and little-known corners of foreign lands. And that same thing was true of the men and women of the A. E. F. Particularly after the Armistice, American soldiers and sailors were seen in every part of Europe that was not closed to them, and with or without leave they saw Paris and the Riviera and the cathedral towns, some of the Allied countries, and the Rhineland, and toured the battle-fields which they hadn't fought over or possibly hadn't seen at all.

Snapshot mementoes of such tourists are scattered in albums throughout the land and one of them finds its way into our columns. It came from Charles A. Boyle, Legionnaire, 1809 Rittner Street, Philadelphia, and shows Boyle and two of his buddies perched upon the pedestal of the statue of Joan of Arc at Reims. Former Sergeant Boyle makes this report:

"Several months after the Armistice, two of my buddies in the 217th Military Police Company and I got our first leave in France before going to Leave Areas and recuperation centers of the A. E. F. in the south of France. We visited the city of Reims, which was in the hands of the Germans for a couple of weeks very early in the war and which suffered heavy bombardment all through the war. The snapshot I enclose shows from left to right, Private 1st Class John Christensen of Brigham, Utah, myself, and Wagoner James Tostevin, American Lake, Washington.

"We are perched upon the stone pedestal of a statue of Joan of Arc which I understood had been demolished. This was in front of the famous Cathedral of Reims that seemed to be the target of enemy guns, and was badly damaged. Debris of the bombardments of the city was still strewn about the streets when we visited there.

"Our company, the 217th Military Police, was organized from casuals at Blois by Captain Claude B. Garland and its officers and men represented almost every branch of service in the A. E. F. At Blois was located Base Hospital No. 43, the French-American Hospital and the large Casual Camp.

"Our company was assigned to duty in many towns in Southern France, including Lourdes, Bayonne, Biarritz, Cauterets, Dax, Eaux Bonnes, Hendaye, La Négresse, Mont-de-Marsan, Pau, Tarbes and Puyoo. Not so very long ago you published a picture of a French-American wedding party in Cauterets and asked who some of the soldiers in the group were. I recognized Second Lieutenant C. R. Robbins of Alabama, and have since learned that others in the group are Sergeant Charles Frescotti, formerly 126th Infantry, of Milford, Massachusetts; Privates First Class Edward G. Brown (327th Field Artillery) of Staunton, Illinois, Vern E. Cooper (158th infantry) of San Jose, California, and James F. Allen of Washington, Indiana, all of whom were with the 217th Military Police Company at the time.

"No doubt veterans of our company will also be interested to learn that the U. S. S. *South Bend* on which they returned home with several thousand other soldiers in May, 1919, is now tied up at the well-known Hog Island here in Philadelphia."

While on leave, three M. P.'s filled the vacancy caused by the removal of the statue of Joan of Arc in front of the Cathedral of Reims. The statue had been stored during bombardment of the city

SOME research in our library discloses these brief facts about Reims: Von Bulow's left wing, the Prussian Guard, entered Reims on September 3, 1914, in the drive on Paris—forty-four years to the day after the Germans had entered the city in 1870. Their stay was short, as on September 13th the French army from the Marne drove the enemy out, but not before the town had been well looted. While the town remained in French hands during the rest of the war, thousands of German shells were poured into it and its cathedral for four years.

The statue of Joan of Arc before the Cathedral was not destroyed, but in May, 1918, was removed from the pedestal for safe-keeping, and was returned in 1921. While statues of Joan are as prevalent throughout France as those of George Washington are in our own country, this statue has particular significance because it was in the Cathedral of Reims that Charles VII was crowned king on July 16, 1429. This was after Joan, commanding the French troops, raised the siege of Orleans. She stood

Men of Section Sanitaire Unis 611, with their Ford ambulances and French camion, are visited by French children in the ruins of the village of La Grange-aux-Bois, France, in September, 1918

beside the king at his consecration. Thousands of A. E. F.-ers visited Joan's birthplace in Domrémy, a little village near Neufchâteau in one of the A. E. F.'s training areas.

REMEMBER the story in the March issue of the Monthly about the evacuation of some of the wounded men of the so-called "Lost Battalion" by American engineers? It was illustrated with a snapshot picture showing wounded men on stretchers atop the small cars of a narrow-gauge railway. In the story it was stated that "some" of the wounded were thus evacuated. While the report as submitted by John A. Fitzgerald, head of the Entertainment and Cinema Division of the Knights of Columbus in the A. E. F., was confirmed as to the activities of the engineers, we had one letter protesting that another outfit did this work.

It came from Past Commander Philip O. Foley of Paris (Illinois) Post of the Legion, who sent us also the picture of ambulances of his outfit in La Grange-aux-Bois, France, which we show. Because of the length of Comrade Foley's letter, we use only extracts from it. Let's go!

"You will probably get plenty of letters from ex-members of 'Bloody 611' regarding your story, 'Bringing 'Em Out Alive.' If anyone else who actually was right at the exact spot where the Lost Battalion emerged from the 'Pocket' can successfully contradict my statements, let him come forward.

"One of the forgotten outfits, Section Sanitaire Unis No. 611—Section No. 611, U. S. A. Ambulance Service, to you—evacuated practically all the wounded of the Lost Battalion on the morning of October 8, 1918. We had been attached to the 77th Division since in June and had seen service with them in two other sectors before we went into the Argonne with them where we, with our twenty 'Henrys' evacuated all of their wounded.

"On October 8th, I was on duty at our triage at the Dépôt des Machines, about two kilometers south of the 'Pocket,' when I received orders to proceed with the ten ambulances of which I was in charge, to the road just above the 'Pocket' to supervise the loading of the wounded of the Lost Battalion, to be taken to the Field Hospital at La Chalade. Sergeant Emory Barkow of No. 611 came up with four or five more ambulances and although we began evacuating at about 7 A. M. it was well after noon before we finished.

"As I remember it there were about 125 men taken to the hospital and, believe it or not, the remaining 150 or so went right on up into support for at least the rest of that day. Sergeant Barkow and I had several opportunities while the ambulances were all en route to talk to some of the men who were waiting to be taken and learned from them the agonies of those days and nights while they were cut off from their Division.

"Here are some interesting sidelights: One of the medical officers who gave these men first aid that morning was a full-blooded American Indian. Most of the wounded were from New York's East Side. On October 6th, Army airplanes dropped chocolate, wrapped in Paris editions of the New York Herald, on us at our triage at the Dépôt des Machines under the impression that we were the 'Lost Battalion.'

"In deference to Mr. Fitzgerald I must say that wounded had been transported to the Dépôt des Machines over the miniature railroad up to the morning of the 8th, but with the advance of troops our triage was moved that day to Charlevaux Mill, just west of the 'Pocket.' There are plenty of ex-conducteurs who drove our ambulances that day who will bear me out in this recital, so rally 'round boys and don't let this inaccurate account of the only thing that might bring old No. 611 a bit of glory go unchallenged.

"We were recruited for service with the French Army, wore French gas masks, received our mail through the French military post office and our orders from the French Automobile Service, yet we were in the U. S. Army and served most of the time with the A. E. F.

"I could tell you of the morning of the 10th when

Captain Ross and I drove our ambulance up with the first line troops, but that's another story."

WITH the 1935 National Convention reunions now history, we get back to the regular schedule of reunions held throughout the country, throughout the year. No doubt before long, the outfits who will join with the Legion in its 1936 convention city will be making announcements in these columns.

Details of the following reunions and activities may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names and addresses are given:

3D DIV.—Send name and address to George Dobbs, 9 Colby st., Belmont, Mass., for free copy of *The Watch on the Rhine.*

4TH DIV. ASSOC. OF N. Y.—Annual Armistice dinner, New York City, Nov. 9. Write Clarence Ludlum, secy., N. Y. Chapter, care of John David, 1271 Broadway, New York City, for details of prize story contest.

SOCIETY OF 5TH DIV. has a number of divisional histories available. J. B. Miller, 273 Hobart st., Perth Amboy, N. J.

5TH DIV.—Infantrymen and machine gunners are requested to furnish account of their outfit's activities during St. Mihiel offensive for historical research. Also names and addresses of officers and non-coms in engagement. C. A. Lindquist, historian, N. Y. Chap., 145 Milton st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

30TH AND 81ST DIVS.—Send name, address and outfit to Warren A. Fair, editor, Charlotte, N. C., for free copy of *The Message Center.*

35TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Emporia, Kans., Sept. 27-29. Frank Barr, pres., care of Kansas Gas & Electric Co., Wichita, Kans.

91ST DIV.—17th Annual Northwest Zero Hour Reunion, Olympic Hotel, Seattle, Wash., Sept. 27-28. All State associations participating. Banquet, sightseeing trips, football game, visit to Ft. Lewis, etc., Jules Edw. Markow, secy., 604 Arctic bldg., Seattle.

30TH INF.—The Original 30th Inf. Assoc. recently organized. Veterans of regiment, organized in Manila in 1901, report to Geo W. Mathews, secy.-treas., 114½ East Broadway, Cushing, Okla.

107TH INF.—Annual reunion and dinner, 107th Inf. Post, Hotel Astor, New York City. Sat., Sept. 28. Gen. Wade H. Hayes, guest of honor. Hugh A. Carson, chmn., Room 700, 466 Lexington av., New York City.

129TH INF. VETS. ASSOC.—16th annual reunion, Aurora, Ill., Sat., Sept. 28. Donald McNair, secy., Aurora.

313TH INF.—Annual reunion, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 5. J. H. Tucker, chmn., 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore.

316TH INF. ASSOC.—16th annual reunion, Broadwood Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat., Sept. 28. Ray Cullen, P. O. Box 5316, Philadelphia.

160TH INF., Co. L—Vets. of old 7th Calif. N. G., later 40th Div., report to E. H. (Dick) Hawkins, 1017 W. 5th st., Santa Ana, Calif. Reunion each Feb.

306TH M. G. BN., Co. D—Annual reunion and dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, Sat., Oct. 26. W. R. Gilvarry, chmn, care of Clubhouse.

313TH M. G. BN.—Vets. are requested to send photos, diaries, record of men buried in their towns and their own names and addresses to L. E. Welk, 210 Commerce bldg., Erie, Pa., for battalion history.

52D PIONEER INF. (formerly 12TH REGT., N. Y. N. G.)—Celebration of 17th anniversary of Armistice at get-together, New York City, Nov. 10. N. J. Brooks, 2 West 45th st., New York City.

148TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Albany Hotel, Denver, Colo., Nov. 9. T. T. Houghton, secy., Room 140, State House, Denver.

313TH F. S. BN.—Reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 5. Dr. Chas. L. Jones, Gilmore City, Iowa.

308TH M. P. CORPS—Annual reunion and election, Hotel Warner, Warren, Ohio, Oct. 12. Patsy Cook, 11710 Buckingham av., Cleveland, Ohio.

37TH ENGRS.—Pittsburgh Chapter annual banquet, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 9. C. W. Reynolds, secy., 3047 Texas av., South Hills P. O., Pittsburgh.

107TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wisc., Nov. 9. Joe Hrdlick, secy., 2209 N. 41st st., Milwaukee.

109TH ENGRS.—Biennial reunion, Hotel Savery, Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 5-6. Millard D. Carlisle, County Court House, Des Moines.

Co., 726, SIG. DIV., U. S. NAVY, HAMPTON ROADS, VA.—Proposed reunion. Report to Comdr. Barney Shapiro, Cohasset, Mass.

14TH CAV., TROOP D—Proposed organization and reunion. Allen Mosby, Box 395, Goldsboro, N. C.

267TH AERO SQDRN. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Indianapolis, Ind., May 31, 1936. Lloyd Hessey, secy.-treas., 3557 Kenwood av., Indianapolis.

24TH BALLOON CO.—Proposed reunion. Harry C. Nipp, 522 W. McDonald st., Hartford City, Ind.

U. S. S. *San Diego*—Letter reunion of all Marines aboard when ship was sunk. (*Continued on page 63*)

The Sabotage of the Pacifist

(*Continued from page 5*)

of them will be set up in public high schools; probably two-thirds of them will operate on a compulsory rather than an elective basis; when established they will place under direct tutelage of War Department instructors from thirty to sixty thousand young students in addition to the 149,000 already enrolled in school and college military units financed and administered by the War Department.

"THE only way of blocking this proposed expansion is for local groups to organize and fight it in each high school and college, in every city and town, which it threatens to involve."

THE religious weekly publishing this letter carried in the same issue an editorial calling in question the advisability of celebrating Memorial Day at all.

"Whether more good than harm results from the observance of Memorial Day, it would require some balancing of accounts to determine. The encouragement of patriotism and the reverent remembering of the patriots of the past, in peace or in war, is all to the good. But on the other hand, a great gathering of army and navy officers in New York, under the sponsorship of several military organizations, made a Memorial Day luncheon the occasion for a general denunciation of 'the serious bombardment' of the war system by the advocates of peace. . . . .

"The depth of pathos and of cruel folly was reached when, in another celebration, a boy of nine marched by the side of a Civil War veteran of ninety. 'This is Bobby' explained the hero of '61. 'I'm breaking him in for the next war.' And Bobby, his overseas cap cocked jauntily on the side of his head, waved his flag and the light of hope for a place in the next war was in his eye. If anyone who knows what war is can read that without feeling his blood run cold—or grow suddenly hot with indignation over the tragic fraud that is being perpetrated upon all the Bobbies by this glorification of war—he is a lost soul."

I am a lost soul and a long lost soul, I know, and that must explain why my blood did not run cold at the thought of a little boy waving his country's flag, taking pride in his great-grandfather's patriotism and proclaiming his future readiness to fight for his country. I am so lost that I do not believe it would have helped the cause of peace one iota to keep Bobby out of the parade, lock him indoors, and take his flag and his overseas cap away from him.

On this same Memorial Day I made a little speech myself and dared to praise the dead soldiers, and the disabled veterans who are only partially alive. I gloried in their beautiful courage and devotion. Immediately I was denounced by certain letter-writers as a bloodthirsty advocate of war. Almost more embarrassing was the defense of one letter-writer. He credited me with the plain common sense of accepting war as inevitable as things are; but he went on to assert that wars result entirely from our "economic conditions" and the necessity that capitalism is under to launch great wars in defense of its own interests. All we have to do is to get rid of capitalism and wars will cease.

The lack of conflict in Russia where capitalism has been ended is a fine proof of the peace-value of economic change. It is a change in human nature that is required, and changing human nature is a mere matter of our lifting ourselves by our own bootstraps. I wish somebody would outlaw that word "economic" for a while. It's getting in my hair.

The Bolsheviki in their early days asserted that as soon as Russia got rid of private property, all burglary and theft would cease, since the burglars would simply be robbing themselves. But they seem to be still shooting criminals, and the criminal's friends and relations, over there.

The pacifistic horror at seeing a little boy wearing an overseas cap and waving his country's flag goes along with their fulminations against the use of toy soldiers in the nursery and the granting of little uniforms, drums and horns to the children.

And now the "National Council for the Prevention of War" has created a special department to inspect all moving pictures, including newsreels and shorts, to see how far their intentions are peaceful. "When a film is held dangerously militaristic, warning will be sent out." This new service, it is claimed, will care for the "transcendent issue" of preventing any glorification of war or warriors.

THE school teachers of the National Education Association at their convention in Denver in July almost unanimously opposed military training in the public schools. That fire-breathing pacifist, Senator Nye of North Dakota, addressed the teachers and, as usual, blamed not only the munitions makers but the bankers and commercial interests for "moving countries into war for the personal gain of individuals."

He begged that pupils in schools be always shown that "wars are never really fought for such high sounding purposes as 'ending war' or 'making the world safe for democracy.' " He suggested that the next war would be fought "to make the world safe for Dupontocracy."

During the World War part of my job as military censor was to keep fanatics from smothering the soldiers with books, pamphlets and sermons intended to convince the enlisted man that he was not fighting for his country, but for J. Pierpont Morgan.

Such propaganda is treasonable in time of war, but it is even more harmful in peace-time, since in peace-time we should then be making ready for any future war.

Nobody, of course, is going to make himself ready to face death and inflict it simply to enrich J. Pierpont Morgan or any other banker. Hence Senator Nye and his fellow-pacifists demand an utter nullity of preparation.

The very claim is slanderous, yet it has enormous influence. Our soldiers have won every war but one thus far, in spite of unreadiness; but the pacifists have won every peace and made every war victory precarious and prolonged. They dragged us down to almost complete collapse in 1812.

They never cease their work.

AFTER the World War, as after all our wars, we vowed that we would never be caught short again. The National Defense Act of 1920 was passed with the assertion that the absolute minimum of safety was a Regular Army of 280,000, a National Guard of approximately 430,000 and an enlisted reserve of indefinite size. Our population was then barely 105,000,000.

In 1935, with a population of over 125,000,000—in other words, with the addition of a population nearly equal to the total populations of Canada, Australia, Ireland and Scotland—we have cut our Regular Army down to less than half the "absolute minimum," our National Guard to about three-eighths, and the enlisted reserve from "indefinite" to practically non-existent. Belgium, with a population one-fifteenth of ours, has an army far greater than ours, or 563,848. Switzerland has 630,094 troops. Little Czechoslovakia has nearly four times as many soldiers as we. Roumania has more than four times as many. Poland has two million and more, and Spain a force of 2,312,872. Even disarmed, defeated and chaotic Germany has an army of 2,500,000, while the victorious United States, with twice the population, has less than a fifth of the soldiers. Italy and France have over six million apiece and Russia can mobilize sixteen million.

And the pacifists rage because we are increasingly "militaristic" and because we are wrecking our finances with our ruinous expenditures in war preparations!

Yet, in spite of spending nearly $2000 a year on the upkeep of every one of our soldiers, where Japan spends less than

half that, our military budget for all forms of national defense is only 6.95 percent of our total budget. Japan's is 42.4 percent of hers and Italy's 28.2 percent. We devote seven percent of our budget to insurance of our national existence, and they call it ruinous.

The pacifists harp everlastingly on the idea that being ready for war brings war. But the opposite is more apt to be true.

This year is the hundredth anniversary of Mark Twain's birth, and his life furnishes a fine example of the fallacy that unreadiness encourages peace. Mark Twain entered the War Between the States on the Confederate side, but soon went out to Arizona, which was untouched by the war-frenzy. But nearly everybody carried a gun, knew how to use it, and was ready to. Mark was almost the only man in the region who did not even own a weapon. In spite of this he got into trouble with another editor, named Laird. Laird called Mark such names that a duel was inevitable, according to the code of the Comstock lode.

Mark made a will, and his second, Steve Gillis, took him out to practice shooting. But he could not even keep his eyes open when he pulled the trigger. He could not hit anything at all. In the next ravine he and his despondent second could hear Laird practicing. It looked to be all up with the hopeless Mark.

In despair, Gillis took his gun from him and said: "This is the way to shoot. Watch me!"

Seeing a small mud-hen on a sage-brush thirty yards away, Gillis fired and nipped the head off the bird with amazing neatness. He handed the pistol back to Mark and went to pick up the feathered innocent bystander just as Laird and his second come over for the duel.

"Who did that?" said Laird's second, staring at the headless fowl. Gillis gave Mark all the credit and Laird's second gasped. "Laird, you don't want to fight that fellow. It would be suicide."

According to Gillis's own story, Laird replied:

"Fight? Hell, no! I'm not going to be murdered by that damned desperado."

The duel was called off, and once more peace was achieved—by one man's possession of a good gun and a bad reputation.

This true story might serve as a very parable for pacifists.

The pacifists claim that if people can be kept from possessing weapons and knowing how to use them, war will die of starvation. But if Mark Twain had really been a dead shot he would have scared off his opponent just as easily as he did by the mere pretence that he was one.

If he had been left to himself he would have been killed on the field of honor. Then the world would have never had one line from the glorious genius who gave us such masterpieces as "Huckleberry Finn," often called the greatest American novel, "Tom (*Continued on page 40*)

The Sabotage of the Pacifist

(*Continued from page 39*)

Sawyer," "Joan of Arc" and numerous others. At the time of his duel he had never written one of his immortal works. He had not even selected the pen name "Mark Twain." He would never have been heard of.

Nations, being made up of people, are people. How many glorious peoples have been destroyed for lack of military knowledge and morale!

Little Greece was the home of unsurpassed art in every form, and of profound philosophy and science ages ahead of the contemporary nations. The ancient Greeks knew that the world was round and had estimated its actual circumference pretty closely. But they lost their independence and all their achievements were buried with them for centuries on centuries. They let effeminacy and pacifism soften them, and they perished.

THE island of Crete was once an amazing center of civilization's every phase. Recent excavations have shown that the Minoans of Cnossus relied on their wealth and listened to their pacifists. They built no fortifications and their vast power fell in one night. Carthage rivalled Rome, but its citizens were so greedy for gold that they relied on hired soldiers. Carthage fell as soon as its patriots ceased to be soldiers.

Rome conquered the world and reigned not only in militarism but also in the arts and sciences for centuries. Rome perished when military ardor died. All the orators and pulpiteers are forever shouting at us the false old platitude that Rome fell because of her sins and vices. But Rome had been Christianized for over one hundred years before she fell. It is sickeningly false to say that she fell because she was wicked. She fell because she lost military energy and ambition.

During the World War Belgium fell because her fortresses and her guns and her armies were not big enough to withstand the invader. Perhaps she could have held even the Kaiser back if the Kaiser had not made an alliance with the Austrians and thus gained the use of Austrian cannon. These giant howitzers cracked the Belgian and French fortifications as if they were pasteboard, and drove both armies out into the open.

But the Kaiser did not try to march through Switzerland. He was very polite to that little republic and for just one reason: Their mountains were fortresses that even the skodas could not crack, and the Swiss were all drilled in military activities that took full advantage of their peculiar terrain.

Preparedness on the part of the United States would have enabled us to enter the war as soon as we declared it. We should have gone in at a time when the tremendous Russian armies were intact. The mere appearance of our troops in France would have sent a wave of irresistible power across the German lines and the Kaiser would have had to surrender.

But we were so ill-prepared that it was a whole year before our troops began to reach France, and then in contemptible numbers. We had to cross largely in foreign ships, to the appalling disturbance of the commerce of our desperate allies. We had to do all our fighting with foreign material. In the meanwhile Russia had disintegrated, and frightful butcheries ensued. Our delay literally and undeniably cost millions of lives. The pacifists had kept us unready. To pacifism must be credited a slaughter of hideous magnitude. How can pacifists pretend that their cause is not drenched in blood?

It is not pleasant to denounce people whose tender hearts revolt against the evils of war, but they begin the denouncing. They claim a monopoly of humanity and of intelligence. It seems to them sufficient to say that wars are futile and cruel; but wars are diseases of human nature and are not to be cured by hard words, or soft ones.

Recent excavations have brought forth what is called the Peking Man. He is believed to have lived one million years ago. He knew how to make fire and he knew how to make stone weapons. For a million years man has made war. Existence is a war. A writer has lately declared that "Men Like War." Some do when they are in it, and wars have their fascinations. But crimes and tragedies are also fascinating. All horrors are fascinating, especially in the retrospect—for those who survive them.

Wars being diseases, insanities, what you will, can only be curbed like other diseases with preventives, palliatives. To cure them by unpreparedness is faith-cure at its worst.

Benedict Arnold must have believed himself justified in his treason. He gave a religious reason for it. Pacifists, with the purest hearts, do the same work. They would open all our fortresses to our enemies, in fact, while Benedict Arnold tried to deliver only one.

AS DELILAH tried to prepare Samson for the Philistines by pretending that she loved him, so the pacifists cut Uncle Sam's chin whiskers as they protest their love.

While we are suffering under the onslaughts of our embattled clergy and while they are hurling hard names at their own chaplains, we might as well add to the cures for war the latest Chinese remedy. Chinese remedies have usually all the fine flavor of antiquity. They rarely work but they are beautifully antique.

Confucius, you know, is credited with having devised the Golden Rule five centuries B. C. Whether he did or not, the Golden Rule is either 1935 years old or 2435. Some claim that it is much older than Confucius.

In any case the Chinese, who have suffered more and longer from worse wars than any other nation, have now found a preventive for the next one. Perhaps you have received one of their circulars as I did. It comes "with the compliments of World Prayer Peace Conference for the Exposition of Confucian Cosmopolitanism." If there is any virtue in a name, this ought to smother the fires of war.

For a frontispiece the booklet carries the portrait of the Chinese sage and saint Tuan Szetsun. It begins by saying that in the most ancient days the Chinese people were taught that "wars are always evils to mankind." This teaching was manifestly vain.

Now, however, there has arisen one Tuan Cheng-Yuan, known to his disciples as "Szetsun" or the Great Teacher. He was born in 1863, and, having mastered Buddhism, retired into the mountains and meditated. As is usual with those who go away far enough and meditate in loneliness long enough, visions began to come.

TUAN acquired in solitude the ability to see the past and future "as clear as the wrinkles in the palm of his hand." He began to travel and lecture, and he published his first book at forty. He became a prophet "and his prophecies have always come true." Next he learned and acquired the power of prayer.

In 1934 there was a terrible drought—which is here called "draught," though I wish I could write Chinese as well as these Chinese write English. The victims, "the leading citizens of Hangchow, jointly wired Tuan Szetsun, besearching him to pray for rain. Immediately upon receipt of the telegram from him heavy rain fell."

This naturally impressed the residents and they begged him to come over and relieve them from further calamities.

But his gifts as a prophet checked his powers as a master of prayer. And it must be embarrassing to be both; for if the prophet in you sees a calamity coming there is no use of wasting your powers of prayer. There it is, it is bound to come.

Tuan saw a war coming in China and withheld his prayers. The war came. The next world war is not quite definitely certain yet, and Tuan's disciples maintain that he can bring about world peace if he is petitioned strongly enough. So

a great many Chinese scholars, generals, high officials, and others have contributed funds for a worldwide campaign to get up a universal petition requesting Tuan to request heaven to grant peace.

It puzzles a stupid Occidental like me to understand why Tuan, with his power, should have to wait till he gets petitions.

It seems to my thick intellect, if any, that Tuan would need no urging but would send up his prayer without delay.

But then I have always been stupid about understanding the ways of saints. If you do, send in your name at once to the "Hon. Secretary, World Peace Prayer Conference, Preparatory Committee, 862 Boone Road, Shanghai, China."

Bret Harte said that the ways of the heathen Chinese are peculiar, but the ways of the saintly Chinese are even more mystifying. Yet they seem to my dumb nature no more mysterious, no more futile than the frantic efforts of our American and European saints to prevent war by the methods they adopt.

I am sincerely convinced that the only way to prevent wars are: To encourage mutual understanding, to try to be fair to our business rivals, to teach in the schools the truth about our own crooks and cowards as well as our heroes and philanthropists, and also to teach about the heroes and philanthropists of other nations as well as their crooks and cowards.

The prevention of wars is usually a matter of diplomacy and, while it is common to describe the diplomats as liars and cheats, most of the wars that have been avoided have been shunted aside by diplomats. A few others have been prevented by the possession by one or the other side of superior armament or generalship or the reputation for them.

I know of no war that has been prevented by prayer or by disarmament. Now that the disarmament conferences have failed so pitifully, and even the famous naval ratio pact, which we heard so highly chanted, has been scrapped, I see no way to ward off the next war but to postpone it as long as we can and be as ready for it as we can when it pops.

As a student of history, I am revolted by the cruel and suicidal successes of the pacifists, who, after every war, have done their utmost to thwart every lesson we learned at bloody cost. To me, the pacifists are men who make it difficult for the true patriot or even the true internationalist to use intelligence in the matter of relations between various peoples. The pacifists commit sabotage incessantly and wreck our best endeavors to insure ourselves against a perilous, and someday fatal, unpreparedness. The mere fact that a man uses beautiful language and boasts of his high ideals does not prove that he is either virtuous or wise. The saboteurs must be unmasked and resisted, or they will deliver us to the dust where lie "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

Regular Meeting

(*Continued from page 23*)

see—I think that the idea of this letter is—ah—means being prepared. If we—er—as I have said lots of times—if we had—ah—been prepared in 1918—er, I mean 1917, there wouldn't be so much—so many of our buddies—that is, maybe things would have been different—ah—or something, and so—

HEMINGWAY: Did you ever fight a forest fire?

JENKINS: Ah—no, no, but that isn't—of course, I am not a fireman myself, but there are quite a few of them among the membership of this—ah—this Post. I mean it's just another way in which we—er—some of us—I mean the Legion can be of service to the community, and—ah—something ought to be done about this—ah—letter. So I would like to suggest—that is—ah—make a suggestion—I won't—don't want to go so far—ah—I'm not making a formal *motion*, you understand, but just a—er—it's just an idea I think we ought to consider—ah—should think over the proposition carefully, and then perhaps we could—ah—maybe sometime later perhaps—we could do something about—ah—that is, I mean—

JONES: Sennamotion.

JENKINS: No, no. I'm not making—ah—a motion, as I tried to explain. I—ah—that is—

JONES: What's the matter? Afraid to make a motion? That's the trouble with a lot of you birds in this Post. Nobody wants to—everybody is scared—

SMITH: *I'll* make the motion. I ain't scared.

COMMANDER: What motion do you make?

SMITH: To do what Comrade Jenkins says.

COMMANDER: What is it, Jenkins?

JENKINS: I—ah—I said I didn't *make* any motion. I thought I—ah—made that clear—just—ah—merely a—

SMITH: Well, I said *I'd* make the motion, didn't I?

COMMANDER: What motion?

SMITH: For cripes' sake, I'm making the motion *for* Comrade Jenkins. Ain't that simple enough? That's the trouble around here. Everything's got to be all complicated so as nobody can understand it before we vote on it, and then after we vote nobody knows what it's all about. Let's cut that stuff out for once and get down to plain, simple language what we can all understand.

COMMANDER: But what we've got to know is what *is* the motion you are making for Comrade Jenkins.

SMITH: Why, the motion he doesn't want to make himself.

COMRADE BUZBY: Mr. Commander, I know a little bit about fighting forest fires, and it's a tough assignment. I don't think we should do anything too fast, or we're going to be sorry. We ought to go careful. So I would like to offer an amendment to the motion, to—

COMMANDER: Amendment to *what* motion?

BUZBY: Why, the motion that's just been made by Comrade Smith for Comrade Jenkins, of course.

COMMANDER: And I'm trying my best to find out—

JONES: Sennamendment.

COMMANDER (desperately:) Now, listen; may I say that the original motion—

VICE COMMANDER: I beg your pardon, Mr. Commander, but the question is not *on* the original motion. The amendment has been seconded. So the question is now whether the amendment shall be adopted. I've been looking over "Roberts Rules of Order" and it says in there—

COMMANDER: But it isn't a question of parliamentary procedure, Mr. Vice Commander. *I* don't know what the amendment *is*, or even what the original motion is, if there ever was one.

JONES (aside to SMITH:) Can you tie that? He don't seem to understand nothing. Can you imagine why we ever elected a commander as dumb as that bird?

SMITH (aside to JONES:) That's the trouble with this Post—look at the officers we put in. No wonder we—(Aloud) Say, Mr. Commander, I'm sick of listening to all this talk about parlormentry stuff. Let's get something *done*. Every meeting there's a lot of the members of this Post fiddlin' around while London Bridge is fallin' down, or whatever it is. Let's cut out this technical stuff and hooey, like I said, and get down to brass tacks and *do* something. That's one of the troubles with this Post, we—

(Thereupon ensues a half an hour of confusion which the Adjutant kindly refers to as "discussion" upon the minutes.)

HEMINGWAY: Mr. Commander: (Making himself heard with some difficulty.) Since there are no forest fires in this section of the State and since this Post has now more activities than it knows what to do with, and since there seem to be among the comrades those who feel that *something* ought to be done, but nobody seems to know what, I therefore offer the following compromise resolution:

RESOLVED: That the Blank Post of The American Legion go on record as being unalterably opposed to forest fires, and vehemently condemns the same. And be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution, duly certified by the Adjutant, be sent to every forest fire in this State.

(Cheers, laughter and anger among the members.)

JONES: Mr. Commander, it's about time we cut out this foolin' and take some of these things serious. That's what's causin' so much criticism of the Legion. We don't do nothin' but monkey. And right along that line I want to ask a question about somethin' I been waitin' for all night and I know every guy here is interested in. How about the bonus?

(Cries of "Atta boy!" "Sit down!" "That's what we want to know!" "You're out of order!" etc., etc.)

COMMANDER: We have in our own Post a member of the Department Legislative Committee. I had planned to call upon him a little later for some report on that subject, as I know he has been keeping in touch with the situation in Washington, through the National Legislative Committee.

JONES: What's the idea in this "little later" business? Some of the boys is leavin' early to see the wind-up of the boxin' matches. Why can't we have it now? What's the idea of always takin' up the most important things when there's only a few of the members around? That's the trouble with this here Post, it—

COMMANDER: All right, all right. If there is no objection, we will suspend the regular order of business and ask Comrade Dickson, a member of the Department Legislative Committee, to tell us what the situation is on the Adjusted Compensation legislation.

COMRADE DICKSON: Mr. Commander and Fellow Legionaires: As many of you know, the Senate failed to pass the bill over the President's veto, and hence for the moment the adjusted compensation lies dormant, but—

SMITH: Doormat is right. Everybody's wiping their feet on it. (Laughter.) What are them guys at National trying to do? Sell us out again?

(Shouts of "Hear! Hear!" and several objections.)

DICKSON: I'm trying to tell you what has happened—

JONES: The hell with what's happened. When do we get the bonus? That's what the members want to know.

DICKSON (ignoring the last remarks): Unfortunately a number of Legion Posts and individual members of this organization throughout the country wrote their Congressmen and Senators in favor of a bill which did not have the support of the Legion—I believe some members of this Post were among them—

SMITH: Well, what difference does it make which one gets passed, so long as we get the bonus? We're too darn stuck on our own bill. That's the trouble with this American Legion. It's no wonder we're losin' members and—

COMMANDER: Do you want the com-

rade to explain what the situation is, or don't you? He certainly cannot do it with everybody else arguing with him. What *do* you want?

JONES and SMITH (together): We want the bonus!

(Cheers and boos.)

DICKSON: Well, you can't get it by just *wanting* it. That's not how to get it.

SMITH: We don't give a damn *how* we get it so long as we get it. That's the trouble with them fellows at National—they won't take it unless it's wrapped in pink sell-o-fane and delivered to 'em in a blue basket tied with red ribbons.

DICKSON: But you don't understand the political situation—

JONES: Maybe I don't, but I understand we ain't got no bonus yet.

(Laughter.)

A MEMBER: You said it, buddy.

DICKSON (icily): That seems to be about all you *do* understand.

JONES: Well, maybe I ain't no lawyer like you and didn't go to college, but I got a wife and some kids and I need that bonus. I can use it. So can a lot of other fellows that ain't lawyers, too.

DICKSON: So can a lot of lawyers.

SMITH: Well, why don't you do something about it, then?

DICKSON: I've been trying to give you an explanation—

SMITH: Yeh, that's all you birds *have* been givin' us for a long time. You been givin' us explanations and Congress has been givin' us the run-around.

HEMINGWAY: Mr. Commander, I'm tired of these interruptions, which are unfair to the member of the Legislative Committee. He is endeavoring to give us some information on the subject, and information is the thing that seems to be most needed by the members who are making the interruptions.

JONES: I don't need no information. I got too much now. I got information we ain't goin' to get our bonus this year.

(Laughter.)

HEMINGWAY (heatedly): Why, you don't know what it's all about! It's fellows like you that—

JONES: Who don't know what what's all about?

HEMINGWAY: And you won't listen to anybody who does. That's the trouble with a lot of members of this organization, they—

CHAIRMAN OF ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE (sticking his head in door from kitchen): Hey, you bozoes, I got some hot stuff to eat out here tonight, and you better come and get it before it gets cold.

SMITH: Move we turn the meetin' over to the Entertainment Committee.

JONES: Sennamotion.

(Carried.)

JONES (to SMITH as they go out for the food) I tell you, the trouble with this here American Legion is—

SMITH (to JONES) Now, listen, buddy. *I'll* tell you what the *real* trouble with the Legion is. You see—

THE END.

Cease Firing? Never!

(*Continued from page 17*)

of Windsor Castle. We hurry through a segment of Paris with a little round monument in the middle of the street, topped by a sign advertising "Dubonnet." And there ahead of us stand the grim walls of Acra.

A thousand British men-at-arms are storming the walls. A thousand, yes, sir. Another thousand fearful-looking Saracens defend them. Arrows and spears, darts and javelins flash through the sunlight. Keep your distance, buddy! An immense battering ram is knocking at the gate, and a catapult as tall as a three-story building is heaving red hot stones across the walls.

MEN lie over the edge of the parapet, their wounds dripping with stain from the "blood-pot." The air is full of the screams of the injured and the lamentations of the dying. A fine dust rises under the thousand feet. Smoke, fire, oaths, the smell of sweat, the rumble of heavy wheels, voices shrill with agony, faces drawn with actual fatigue make the scene at once fascinating and terrifying. This is war. It is horrible, fearful.

Then a voice booms out of a loud-speaker.

"Cut!" it shouts, and the cameras stop grinding. And we see the owner of the voice, a handsome, bald man in a rather violent green shirt, neatly tailored breeches of a slightly darker green, and a pair of riding boots that would turn all the second lieutenants in all the armies sick with envy.

"You've got to do it again," the voice booms. "And do it right this time. This isn't an afternoon tea, men! It's war! Understand? Now—try it again, and you Christians, give 'em hell!"

The owner of the voice sits down in his special seat at the end of the master camera boom, and he is swung aloft, to spur the fighters to more dramatic action. Look closely at him.

For this is Cecil B. DeMille, considered by many movie-wise folks the greatest director of spectacles in the world. But it isn't DeMille the director who is urging the Christians on with those whoops and bellows and threats. It is Soldier DeMille, late captain in the California National Guard.

He halts the picture once more with a blast that would curdle a rookie's blood, and bends down to talk to a tall, scholarly man who stands below the boom. The tall man answers briefly, and DeMille nods. He isn't content to trust his own judgment in this picture, so he has an expert standing there. The expert is Harold Lamb, an authority on these fighting men of the Crusades. So, with Lamb to give historical accuracy and DeMille to howl like a displeased major-general, what we've seen this afternoon is war.

As we continue on to another street, we pass Southern belles in crinolines and Mississippi River gamblers in tall violet hats and we fall over the tongue of an old-fashioned horse-drawn fire engine and dodge an idle tri-motor plane—all in a hundred feet. There's a stage door ahead of us with the inevitable sign: "Do not open this door when red light is on or bell is ringing." But the light is off, now, and the bell silent, which means that the cameras are not moving. The door is thick, like an ice box—soundproof for these days of talking pictures.

Inside the stage a hundred huge lights are blazing in a room the size of an airplane hangar. But you don't bother much about lights. For here is a chorus such as you've never seen on any stage—a hundred beauties, the pick of the world of dancers, going through an intricate dance routine.

You say, "Let's get out of here." Or maybe you don't say that, after all. Perhaps you forget that you came here to see war and that a double line of chorines is a far cry from a front-line trench. But wait a minute. Have you ever met a Hollywood dance director?

Comrade, may I present Mr. LeRoy Prince. I beg your pardon—Lieutenant LeRoy Prince, A. E. F.

You are rather surprised by the slightly hard-boiled aspect of this trainer of beauty. He talks like a first sergeant. Well, why not? That's what he used to be, and besides, he got his first smell of battle in the French Foreign Legion. Before we went into the war.

BUT that's just one phase in Lieutenant Prince's rather well-rounded life. For in a frame over his desk you may see his identification card from the LaFayette Esquadrille, and beside it his card from the 94th Aero Squadron, A. E. F. Notice the scars on his cheeks? That's right—sabre marks. For this Hollywood dance director's favorite indoor sport, now that the wars are past, is duelling with swords, whenever he can find anyone with the same bloody taste. Of course every now and then the police, being a lot of old meanies, arrest him for it, but that doesn't worry this dancing master from Hollywood.

We go on to other sets. And to other lots. Everywhere you see Legion buttons on directors, producers, writers and camera men, and on some actors, too.

Norman McLeod is directing a new air film. He stands in shirt sleeves, speaking quietly but with authority. And he has a right to speak with authority. For McLeod has known the snap of machine-gun bullets in a dogfight over the lines. He's McLeod, late Air Service, A. E. F.

On the next stage we meet Herbert Marshall, playing the part of a British army colonel retired for honorable wounds. Marshall should have little trouble with that part, for he earned his own wounds in the British forces—wounds from which he never will entirely recover. And now meet Lynn Overman, who has played hardboiled sergeants and chief petty officers in a dozen army and navy films. The reason that he does sailor parts so well is that he enlisted in the Navy in 1917, made several convoy trips to Europe, and was discharged as ensign.

Sir Guy Standing, that distinguished actor who serves as colonel of the Bengal Lancers on the screen, did his first fighting as an officer in His Majesty's Navy, in 1914 to 1918, and it was as a naval man that he won knighthood. He was in New York on the stage that August day in 1914 when England called her men to the colors. Standing knew ships—he had sailed before the mast in days of canvas. So it was natural that the navy claimed him and put gold braid on his sleeves.

HIS first command, by the way, was a sub-chaser, and he discovered to his horror as he put to sea that the ship had no ammunition which would fit its guns. So, armed with a walking stick and a .32 caliber pistol, he sailed away to meet the enemy. Later, when he did manage to get the ammunition, he used it so effectively that Lieutenant Standing became Commander Standing, and still later Sir Guy.

But he isn't the only fighting man in that particular cast, not by a couple of platoons. A dozen Legion posts were represented among the soldiers, and several of the native chieftains who have prominent parts knew Lawrence in Arabia. And there are still other soldiers in the picture whom you don't see on the screen. The smiling fellow who directed the "Lancer" used to be Private Henry Hathaway at Fort Winfield Scott.

Wesley Ruggles, who "handles the megaphone" on the next picture we observe in the making, rose from private to first lieutenant in the Signal Corps in 1918, and Tommy Atkins, who is whipping a screen play into shape just across the wall, in the next studio, went through the big show with the Marines, private to second lieutenant, and is now a captain in the reserve.

When Walter Huston, in any one of half a dozen screen plays, does the soldier part so well that you say, "I believe I met that guy over there," it's proable that you did, for he's merely carrying on from where he left off when he got his discharge from the Army.

Last year one of the studios was filming a tale of African desert wars, "Lost Patrol" by title, when an argument arose between director and producer on some technical detail. The actor who was taking the leading part stood sweating in the sun, not of the Sahara but of the Mojave, listening to them. Finally he lifted his voice.

"This is the way we ought to do it," he said, and went through the routine quickly and with a touch of authority. The director agreed that it sounded right but asked him if he was sure.

"I was there when it actually happened," the actor said. "This story is taken from the records of my platoon."

After that there was no more argument. The fighting man was Victor McLaglen, who knows what war's about. He should. Not only has he fought in Africa, but in Europe and Asia, too. One of seven fighting sons of a peace-loving English clergyman, Victor McLaglen has made the soldier characters he assumes on the screen talk and think and look like soldiers.

There's more to making battle realistic, however, than merely having experienced soldiers play the parts. Often you have noticed in battle-field scenes the way the shells come over, burying themselves and tearing holes in the ground. There's no way of faking these scenes. The high explosive is there, and it roars and thunders and throws dirt.

And why aren't the actors hurt? Well, sometimes they are. But usually they come through the most terrifying scenes safely because of long hard drill in old squads east and west. The battle is rehearsed time after time. Assistant directors, serving as squad and platoon leaders, send over their waves of troops with stop-watch accuracy. Every man knows just where he must be and when. That's what they get five dollars a day for—which is a lot better, come to think of it, than thirty dollars a month.

The mines which play the parts of bursting shells are timed as accurately as the marching men, and the whole thing must work smoothly so as to get the waves of movie troops over the danger zones at exactly the proper split second before the detonation.

Of course, some of the scenes which thrill you in picture plays really don't happen at all. In a recent film a fleet of ancient men of war sail up to an enemy city and storm the walls. And it happens that although you actually *see* the attack on the screen, not a ship was used in the production.

A tank a hundred feet long, fifty feet wide and six inches deep was constructed on a movie lot. Ships two feet long were set afloat in it, guided by wires under the water. And these ships sailed toward a fortress three feet high at the other end of the tank.

But, you say, you saw men on the walls of the town. (*Continued on page 46*)

Cease Firing? Never!

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Correct! You certainly saw the army fighting there. But what you couldn't be expected to know was that the defending soldiers, each carefully made in the studio shops, were of metal, each two inches tall. Arms and legs moved; they walked and waved their spears, while just out of range of the camera a score of experts, each operating a dozen taut wires, was making the army perform.

Of course these brief shots were interspersed, as you saw them on the screen, with close-ups made on a life-sized wall and on the decks of ships constructed on the studio stages.

"Process shots" helped with the illusion. For the small segment of a ship's deck, where real men were moving about, had a glass background, upon which a motion picture projector was throwing ocean scenes. Thus you were being double-fooled; not only were the battle wagons that you observed mere toys, but the ocean itself was merely the moving picture of an ocean.

What of the sky fighters? Well, there's a funny thing about aviators. No matter how hard the stunt, they go into spasms of rage whenever the directors mention the use of miniatures. In a recent picture of the fighting forces of the air Captain Earl Robinson, Air Service, California National Guard, and an old war-time flier, was called in as technical advisor. The director sat down to discuss the various shots with him.

"I want you to go over the script, captain," he said, "and figure out how to make these miniatures."

Captain Robinson snorted.

"Miniatures?" he objected. "What for? Why go to all the expense of making miniatures? You've got some real ships on this lot."

"I wouldn't think of using real ships. It's too dangerous," the director said. "I don't want to kill you."

"I'll fly those crates anywhere you want 'em flown," Robinson promised. And he did. So that in this particular picture, as in most movies, the flying shots all are actual and the stunts really were performed by old army aviators. Only once were miniatures used. That was in a ground shot in which one plane, coasting along the field, smashed into another.

Robinson wanted to do that, too. But the studio business office would not permit it. Planes cost money, no matter how reckless aviators happen to be.

Whatever anyone may say of the business which the movies like to call an art, in these days the backgrounds, the costumes and the stage properties are real. In a recent picture which had the fighting men of ancient Egypt for a background, one Hollywood director sent out for all the books *ever* written on the subject. He finally heard that in Paris there existed a thirty volume set, fully illustrated, of tactical works on Egypt, prepared under the command of Napoleon Bonaparte. He ordered them at once.

But not only do the picture producers rely on the Army for accuracy, but the Army relies on the picture studios, too, and every once in a while an officer of the Photographic Section of the Signal Corps is assigned to Hollywood to study under the camera experts there.

In every movie studio library you will find well-thumbed copies of Army Regulations, Field Service Regulations, and the Articles of War. Certain floors in the costume buildings look like Quartermaster warehouses stacked with olive drab. One studio alone, in its arsenal, carries fifty thousand guns, ranging from ancient flintlocks to the newest automatic rifle, from a .22 caliber **revolver** to howitzers and field pieces.

And on every movie lot where they are shooting army pictures you'll find an ex-top-kick or two who can bawl at a line of extras to "suck it up" or "tuck it in." But the movie extra has one advantage besides the five dollars a day. Any time he doesn't like it he can quit.

The Man on Horseback

(*Continued from page 11*)

from the scene. Joffre, Foch, Nivelle, Lyautey, Mangin—all dead. Pétain, nearing eighty, is in too precarious health to command armies. Likewise Franchet d'Espérey, the other surviving Marshal of France. The brave Gouraud also is getting old, his body wracked by wounds sustained at the very beginning of the World War, but which then he overcame with his indomitable will, and continued leading his army to the end.

Maurice Gustave Gamelin, the present Generalissimo, and Alphonse Joseph Georges, his chief of staff, undoubtedly are able officers, survivors of that hard schooling that followed the disaster of 1870, and both have good records from the last war. But they are almost unknown, and the question arises naturally, will they be capable of leading the nation into a new conflict? The public now knows General Georges chiefly because he was wounded in attempting to shield the late King Alexander and Foreign Minister Barthou when the pair were assassinated at Marseilles.

Has France another general, perhaps already retired, who might be called back to take the field command? Germany resurrected Hindenburg, elevated him to the supreme power, as Commander-in-Chief and later as Marshal-President. Yet back in 1914 he was almost forgotten. Suddenly the Russians were over-running East Prussia, and someone remembered a cranky old officer on the retired list, who during his entire active career had proclaimed what he would do in just that event, by luring his prey into the swamps of the Masurian lakes. Hindenburg was summoned, to conceive and to win the Battle of Tannenburg, where the flower of the Russian army was annihilated. It was the most smashing victory on any front during the entire war.

France has an officer, also in retirement, who is not so old today as was Hindenburg in 1914. At the outbreak of the world war this officer was an almost unknown lieutenant colonel of a cavalry regiment—a regiment that overnight dismounted from its horses and became a mere foot unit in the forces commanded by Foch. His name is Maxime Weygand.

On the first of last January, Maxime Weygand held the highest titles of grade that ever are bestowed by the Third Republic upon a soldier. He was inspector general, or generalissimo of the army, and vice president of the supreme war council, the president of which always is the Minister of War. He then reached the age limit, sixty-eight, and a grateful government considered whether he should be retired as a Marshal of France, which is a title of rank, and not a military grade. Pétain, the War Minister, it was believed would approve the suggestion, but for reasons unmentioned, it was overlooked; so instead of being elevated, Weygand was retired merely as a general of division. Previously he had been elected to membership in the Academy of the forty immortals in succession to Foch, which evidently was considered sufficient glory. However, it should be noted that with his retirement, the title of inspector general was allowed to lapse. Gamelin, his successor as first soldier of the active army, is known only as the chief of staff.

Weygand is a thin, short, bowlegged little man who looks about fifty of his sixty-eight years. His health is sound, and war experts of all nations have pro-

claimed him as probably the greatest military strategist living today. Why was he shunted into obscurity at a moment when France feels the need of her ablest sons—this little man who served as chief of staff to Foch, who was called the brain of Foch, and of whom the Allied generalissimo said "Weygand—he is myself"?

Weygand is Belgian born, and took up French citizenship when admitted to the cadet school at St. Cyr, where, it is known, his reports were reviewed regularly by Leopold II, King of the Belgians. This circumstance in the Weygand past may naturally have influenced the republican government into feeling that with power in his hands he might become dangerous. Under Louis the Fourteenth, the royalty-loving French people believed the king could do no wrong. In recent years, especially since the airing of the financial scandals, the French masses have frequently voiced the opinion that the parliamentary regime can do no right.

As a staff officer Weygand during the World War served on the Yser, in Artois, at the battle of the Somme. Later he planned the allied assistance to Italy and in 1918, together with Foch, prepared the final offensive that brought about the Armistice. His amazing memory, his mastery of detail, his strength of character and initiative made him the essential complement of Foch, crystalizing the Commander-in-Chief's general directions into definite, detailed order. In this he excelled any other French officer.

It was in 1920, however, that Weygand gave his finest performance as a field commander—when the Red army was bearing down upon Warsaw, and Marshal Pilsudski frantically telegraphed to Foch for aid. Foch sent Weygand, who with a few officers rushed through Germany by special train, took charge of the Poles, turned them around and within a week chased the enemy across the frontier. The feat is regarded by experts as finer than anything of the kind during the World War.

Soon after his appointment to the supreme command of the French armies, Weygand showed signs of having his own way with the government to a greater extent than any previous peacetime leader. It was he who on the eve of the World Disarmament Conference at Geneva served notice that the French army did not intend to give up a single man or a single gun, that France could not accept further reduction of her means of defense. "This is only the part of wisdom," he said. "Minerva must not abandon either her spear or her shield."

Again it was Weygand who kept after the government in constructing the bristling wall of steel that now extends from the frontier of Belgium down to the Alps. France has now dug, blasted and tunneled into the vitals of her soil the strongest fortifications on earth. "Go and see Verdun" was (*Continued on page 48*)

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the brief suggestion of Weygand when a politician opined that high power artillery can pulverize the strongest fort.

Again it was Weygand who only a little more than a year ago went suddenly to London. The official communiqué stated that he had gone merely to visit old friends and witness the races at Ascot. He was indeed photographed at Ascot, appearing very self conscious and out of place in a gray top hat. The communiqué did not mention that his companions on the trip were a brigadier general and two colonels of the general staff, and that among the old friends visited were King George, the War Minister, and the military leaders of Great Britain, particularly those of the Royal Air Force. Only a few weeks following Weygand's return to Paris the then acting Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin (Macdonald was absent in Canada) informed the House of Commons that the new British air frontier was the Rhine. Weygand had formed the bastion for the new entente cordiale.

In February, 1934, following the Stavisky scandal, blood again stained the streets of Paris, as it did in 1789, in 1830, in 1848 and during the Commune of 1871. The people of Paris, the little people of the shops and stores and homes, again marched with makeshift weapons.

"Watch Weygand," became the common phrase, for only Weygand and the army then stood between the government and revolution. Following the fall of the Deladier and Chautemps ministries, the deputies crept away from the Palais Bourbon, ran for side streets and alleys, frightened of their shadows, while President LeBrun sat in the Elysée and wept. Came the report that Weygand was preparing a coup d'etat and intended to seize power. The legend of the man on horseback appeared on the point of reality. But Weygand said nothing, did nothing, but remained at his post, watchful and waiting. Doumergue was sent for, and Parliament returned to its home. The crisis was over.

Today Weygand, living on his farm in Brittany, is revered by the nationalists and by the army. The royalists under the leadership of Leon Daudet proclaim audibly that the man on horseback must return, and that Weygand is their choice. They refer to him as "that glorious soldier, the hope of a menaced fatherland." The socialists naturally single him out for abuse. Weygand still says nothing. At present he is engaged in literature. Already he has issued a brilliant monograph on Marshal Turenne, and it has been announced that three books are in the writing, the first on the life of Foch, the second covering the history of the Third Republic, and the third on the evolution of armies throughout the ages. His political ambitions, if he has any, remain a mystery.

Since the critical days of the World War it has been a sort of political maxim that always the "coming man" in France must be over seventy. Whenever the nation has been in grave danger, instead of the brilliant young leader emerging from obscurity, an old and supposedly worn-out has-been peremptorily has been summoned from retirement to save the situation. In 1914, Clemenceau was thought to be down and out, finished, and yet he became the "Father of Victory." After the war when the financial situation was acute, Poincaré, on the verge of oblivion, came back to save the franc. Likewise in the winter of 1934, when civil rebellion seemed probable, Papa Doumergue was hailed from his turnip patch to save the Republic.

Weygand is a little man, and except for absence of embonpoint, just about the stature of Napoleon. A year from next January he will celebrate his seventieth birthday, and then, if France yet again needs saving, he would appear to be of just the proper age.

Home, Feet, Home

(Continued from page 9)

underbrush and all the little patches of dirt and bushes along the cliffs in the park so as the tourists' echoes won't get muffled. They got about two hundred men working on that job. There was twice that number planting bushes around the cliffs. Seems like they got mixed up on the boundary lines or something."

"Looks dat way." Then, inspired by the thought of three meals a day, "Chances is de head man on dat Echo outfit needs to hire on some more hands."

"Sure he does. He ain't got ten men left in his camp."

"Where at is de camp?"

"You looking for a job?"

"Sho is. I gwine to hire on wid dat Echo man befo' de sun sets. Where at is he?"

"Take the highway up to the Zero Vista Hotel. The Echo crew is camped two miles west of the hotel—over near Bald Knob, right under Echo Cliff."

Before nightfall the Wildcat was once more lined up ready for an attack on one of Uncle Sam's mess houses. After supper, bedded down in the bunk house, "Dis Echo grub is got dat old tractor job beat seven ways f'm de red jack. Looks like I got me a summer vacation pullin' up some spindlin' little old bushes wid room an' board throwed in free. Lady Luck, how-de-do!"

Old Man Trouble was dead and buried a mile deep under the surface of the sweet fields of Eden.

On the next day after three hours hard work on the precipitous slope of Echo Cliff, perspiring under the hot sun, doubt developed in the Wildcat's mind as to the adulterations with which Old Man Trouble might presently pollute his happy fate. "Been better off back at Mis' Lulu's boardin' house. Boy git in de shade now an' den workin' for dat woman. Ain't no shade on de face of dis old rocky mountain."

In the early afternoon an overwhelming desire for a little rest and a little sleep impelled the Wildcat to seek relief from his labors. Fringing Echo Cliff to the west was a wooded mountainside. Toward this shaded sanctuary, keeping a wary eye on the foreman of the Echo crew, the Wildcat made his way across the face of Echo Cliff.

Mysterious noises in the dark woods delayed the Wildcat's sleep for all of five minutes and then, surrendering to his torpor in spite of the quickening effect of a muffled tumult in the underbrush, Lady Luck's protege went to sleep under the branches of a dwarf pine. No clocks, no ticking watches infested the Wildcat's dreamland, but it seemed to him that he had merely closed his eyes when Old Man Trouble woke him up.

"Lawdy," he yawned, "dis is de noisiest woods I ever see. Whut dat you say?"

The Wildcat's eyes widened to a definite vision of four bears. One of the bears had rared up on his hind legs and was evidently ripping a club off a tree with which to beat the Wildcat into a pulp before he engulfed him with a pair of gaping jaws that dripped with the sanguinary juices of a berry harvest.

"Feet, git a-runnin!" The Wildcat stomped hard at terra firma with his left leg. Midway of his fourth leap, directly in front of him he saw another bear. "Git behind me, bear! Hind legs, hit de grit! Gimme a left face an' make it mighty military . . . Lawd gosh, Ise

landed in de middle of a bear's nest!"

Another bear, sure of his prey, waited twenty feet straight ahead.

Rattling rocks clinked under the Wildcat's abruptly halting feet. A little cloud of dust marked this point in his advance, then like a whirling dervish he did an about-face and started for the fourth cardinal point of escape. He shut his eyes and made three blind leaps. Then, tangled up with a low limb of a pine tree he halted abruptly to survey a hopeless future that included one more bear and a four-point buck deer.

Perhaps the deer expected the usual ration of candy and peanuts with which tourists and trippers at the Zero Vista were habitually equipped. Lacking candy and peanuts the least that a tourist ever gave a deer in that region was a few kind words and an encouraging pat on the shoulder. Here, evidently, was a different species of the human race—here was a rough rider, a bulldogger.

The Wildcat made a flying leap and landed on the deer's back. "Lawd gosh, Lady Luck, gimme hold of de handle bars on dis deer's head whilst I steers him away f'm dis den of bears! Deer, hit yo' stride! Hot dam, derby winner, I knowed you had Omaha blood in you! . . . Ouch!—lissen, you jumpin' fool, next time you comes to a rock dat high go round it! . . . Steady boy, dat's it, carry de mail! . . . Ouch! Whut you mean tryin' to cut me in two wid yo' back bone? Lissen, you leapin' fool, you better git up here wid me an' see how it feels! . . . Dog-gone you, how you 'spect I gwine to steer you—shakin' yo' handle bars like dat!"

Other friends might fail him in the pinches but there was one variety of animal that never failed a deer in distress. The four-point buck, galloping wildly under his exclamatory black cargo headed over the shortest route in the general direction of the nearest supply of park rangers. Up the mountain, along a narrow ledge against the face of a rocky precipice to the Zero Vista trail and then a mile of easy country to the front porch of the hotel—this was the route of the frantic deer.

In the stretch, trying in vain to free himself of his rider, the panic-stricken buck indulged in a sideline of furious gymnastics. "Tame down, you gallopin' dynamite! Git calm! Steady wid yo' carcass befo' you shakes me into twins. Lissen to me, you four-legged earthquake, git gentle else next time I rides a bear! Whoa down some!"

The only language that the deer craved to hear was the gentle affectionate tones of three wide-hatted khaki-clad park rangers who sat at ease on the front porch of the Zero Vista Hotel. Here, facing this tribunal, the four-point buck picked a landing field, set his front feet down after one final jump and deposited the Wildcat on the clattering lid of a galvanized iron (*Continued on page 50*)

Home, Feet, Home

(*Continued from page 49*)

trash can. The lid crashed in collapse, and the Wildcat doubled up in his metal prison.

Bellowing at Lady Luck's orphan, "What are you doing to that deer?" one of the rangers demanded, speaking in the voice of a man-eating deputy sheriff.

"Us ain't done nuthin' wid him," the Wildcat groaned. "He done all the doin'!"

Another ranger, quick to grasp his opportunity, blazed a question through the throng of hotel guests that gathered around the Wildcat. "Don't you know that you can get a year in jail for molesting these park animals?"

"Lawd gosh, cap'n, dat sounds mighty noble to me. A year in some good quiet jail seems just like heaven when I looks back as fur as dem bears."

"What bears?"

Under direct examination the wilted Wildcat told his story.

Presently, with serious face, "It looks to me like you will be mighty lucky to escape with a jail sentence," one of the rangers announced. "According to the criminal code of the State of California you are guilty of perpetrating the worst case of PaulRevereiosity ever recorded in the Mazeppian annals of Sheridaniferous crime. What have you got to say in your own defense?"

His lower jaw sagging down something less than a foot, his vocal organs frozen in the absolute zero of despair, the Wildcat silently wagged his head east and west a couple of time in token of abject surrender to Old Man Trouble's local army. "Cap'n suh," he faltered, "best thing to do is to throw me back into dat trash can. Guv'ment gimme one mo' job an' some bugler have to blow Taps for my theme song."

"You been working for the Guv'ment?"

"Sho is been in spite of everything I could do. Fust thing a old tractor dog-gone near drowned me. On de next job a nest of bears dog-gone near et me up. Finished up dat job like you see—ridin' a old four-legged razor blade as fur as dat trash can."

The park rangers indulged in a brief subdued conversation. One of them turned to the Wildcat. "You better make yourself mighty scarce around here before some other Guv'ment man cracks down on you. You can get away if you walk fast enough—but you've got to remember one thing—"

"Cap'n yass suh, sho will."

"—you've only got an hour's start. Unless you're five miles away from this place inside the next hour the Guv'ment is sure to get you."

The Wildcat shuddered. Then to the impromptu tribunal, "White folks, goodbye. Ise on my way. No Guv'ment ain't gwine to ketch me never no mo' wid no job. . . . Not so long as Lady Luck hold my hand f'm here to Mis' Lulu's boardin' house. Feet, git goin'! Hind legs, double time. Home, feet, home!"

Under the Rio Grande

(*Continued from page 27*)

here stood by. We helped quite a few across the Border with money we raised in our Fourth of July celebrations. Some families we shipped as far as California and Detroit. Have another drink?"

"No, thanks." (This is post-repeal restraint and a respect for the altitude which is part of wisdom for a newcomer imbibing.) "I guess the survivors of you are sticking close to the job."

"You bet and not going back to the States for any long vacations, either. A foreigner who leaves his job here for more than six months can't return to it. One big American firm closed up its camps during the depression and sent its personnel to Venezuela. Their return tickets turned out to be n. g. Not long ago a swap was proposed. If forty American mining engineers were let in, a hefty Mexican payroll would be on the cards. The Government said nothing doing."

"So that's the way of it. How about the flow of American capital into these parts?"

"A drought except for what you tourists are bringing in."

"I think I'll invest some of it in a motor trip hereabouts."

"That'll pay you dividends," finished the hosts, excusing themselves to get back to the office, their allowance of two hours for lunch having expired.

So the tires go rolling along to the Convent of Tapotzotlan, its church decked with an unimaginable profusion of gold leaf but void now of the incense of worship and transformed from a shrine into a national monument. To Guadalupe, where devout Indians kneel before the image of the Virgin, miraculously imprinted on a serape. To the grandeur of the Aztec pyramids set against their backdrop of majestic mountains. And up from Mexico City's 7,500 feet to 10,000 and down to 5,500 on the road to Cuernavaca.

It looks rather like wartime, this road. Only a few years ago bandits used to raid along it, so now there are sentry posts

every mile or so. The Mexican army appears able-bodied and efficient. It may not always be "walking post in a military manner" (tunics are unbuttoned, rifles are slung and in the cool of the summit blankets are draped around shoulders) but clearly it is "keeping always on the alert." At one point is set up a scarecrow dressed as a soldier which might give some raider a turn on a dark night. Off duty, a sentry leads the life of Riley. When relieved, he simply steps off post at the roadside and adjourns to his hut for a family dinner. Wife, children, and poultry have come along with him and set up housekeeping on the spot.

Through Cuernavaca, a delightful town which draws numerous tourists. Past Calle Dwight W. Morrow, so named because the house of the late American Ambassador, beloved by the Mexicans, is situated on that street and often visited by his widow. On toward Taxco along a curvesome road shelving off into ravines which look plenty deep. Mexican chauffeurs are speed demons. This passenger comes to realize that when, as, and if he arrives safely in Taxco, a couple of drinks can be used.

The car climbs up into the town, built in tiers around a hill. The mellow charm of age is on it, for it was founded early in the 18th Century by an enterprising Frenchman, José de la Borda, who amassed a fortune from silver mines here. In the rough cobblestones of the streets, lighter-colored stones outline the date of paving or form an emblematic design in front of the shop of some tradesman—the figure of a cow in front of the butcher's and a mortar and pestle before the doorstep of the apothecary.

Port is made at the pleasant Hotel Taxqueño. The drinks in need are had, followed by a delicious meal.

A word of appreciation to the proprietor is in order. He is evidently an American, so one's Spanish need not break under the strain. Mine host was probably once a soldier. He stands like one and he could still get into his wartime uniform if the guess that he wore one is right.

The detail is correct. His end of the introduction is: "J. H. Sutherland, former second lieutenant, 103d Infantry, 26th Division." He's a Legionnaire, too. Beers on the house.

Sutherland's wife is with him, doing an excellent job as mess sergeant, and his youngest daughter, with another daughter and son at school in the States.

"Are there any more veterans here?" the visitor inquires.

"One from the First Division."

The 26th and the Second agree that it wasn't a bad outfit.

Sutherland suggests: "You ought to go and see her."

"Her?"

"Yes. Miss Natalie Scott. War nurse with the French and the A. E. F. She won the Croix (*Continued on page 52*)

Under the Rio Grande

(*Continued from page 51*)

de Guerre." So we set out to find her.

The smiling, capable Miss Scott of New Orleans is found sales managing in a silver and tin shop; Taxco long has been famous for its fine craftsmanship in those metals. Some more of the war is fought over.

"When first I was transferred to the American Army," the lady declares, "I was attached to the First Division as an interpreter in the Montdidier sector. They made me honorary commander of Battery F, Sixth Field Artillery."

Salute from one B. C. to another. The visiting one says he must be getting on and turns toward his car. He allows that a horse might be safer for some of those curves of the road. That, it seems, was the transport Miss Scott used when she came down here last October. She rode from Brownsville, Texas, in six weeks, setting a pace too fast for two men companions who had begun the ride with her. Well, war nurses had to develop stamina.

Thus through Mexico you run across veterans ably holding down commercial jobs or professional ones in mining and refining operations, field and staff, and in aviation. They are an asset to the country. As members of Legion posts, they celebrate Memorial Day, the Fourth of July, and Armistice Day with that fervor an American knows who sees the Stars and Stripes waving in a foreign land. On Memorial Day, Legionnaires and their families, together with diplomatic and consular officials, decorate the graves of the several hundred American troops who fell in the storming of Mexico City in the War of 1847. These dead are buried in the American Cemetery, its ground given by the Mexican government. Every September 13th the Mexicans in turn decorate their monuments of the same conflict, including the shaft near Chapultepec Castle, gallantly defended against us by young cadets of the military school whose color-bearer leaped from the walls down a cliff rather than submit the flag to capture.

For the Fourth of July celebration in Mexico City under the auspices of the Legion, the Mexican government furnishes the services of the Police Band, one of the finest in the world. This band is in demand to play at expositions in the United States. In the patriotic observance of Independence Day, the children of the American colonies are given a prominent part. For most of the Legionnaires in Mexico are old-timers now in that land, and in not a few cases their children have been born and raised there. The youngsters may be and often are sent off to school in the States in their teens, but before, in their formative years, the love of their own country and the knowledge of what it means to them, however far away it may be, has been planted in their hearts. If the Legion in Mexico accomplished no other end than that, it would not have served in vain.

The Shifting Background

(*Continued from page 25*)

friend and counselor, Dr. Aaron, at the library. While we were talking a chap about thirty years of age came in, Professor Blank, head of the political science department. When he learned that I was an old grad, he said: "I presume you find things somewhat changed."

I told him that I had visited the frat house and that I was rather surprised to learn from the students some of the subject matter that was being taught in his department. Instead of evading the subject he boldly informed me that he was proud of the radical teaching that was being done in the political science courses.

He picked up a book he had laid down: "This is our text. Let me read a few sentences: 'Russia has silenced forever the notion that economic affairs are governed by adamant natural laws. She has demonstrated that men have it in their power to set up the system they want and to make it obedient to their wishes. The idea of laissez faire in Russia seems to be dead . . . In Soviet Russia practically all industry is owned by the state or subject to its control. Under such unified control a complete system of economic planning is established to co-ordinate the activities of the various factories and industries. A similar system regulates both trade and banking.'

"You see," he continued, "what we need in this country is a complete control over business and industry—that is a prelude to public ownership. Then we could introduce a system of social planning and economic security that would be of real value."

I asked: "Do you not believe in the philosophy of laissez faire or the theory that business enterprises should be let alone?"

"Certainly not. Why should the economic theories of Adam Smith, which were advanced in 1776, be followed in this progressive age? Supply and demand, competitive agencies, monetary standards—all of these ideas are outmoded in our new experimental laboratories of governmental procedure."

"Do you think this philosophy regarding laissez faire should apply to our colleges and educational institutions as well

as to our governmental bureaus, commissions and boards?"

"No. We must have academic freedom. We are the scientists who are conducting these important experiments, trying to bring order out of chaos, the vanguard of a new civilization, the trail blazers. When we make mistakes we must be left free so that we can correct them. Of course, government must be unhampered because our plans must be worked out through an authoritative source. Then we need the power of the Government to enforce the observance of the 'planned society' we evolve."

"Is it possible these experiments may conflict with our Constitution?"

"Assuredly. Permit me to read again: 'An illustration of such feeling is the unreasoning, hysterical attachment of certain Americans to the Constitution. An experimental attitude would conceive of the Constitution as an instrument prepared to meet the needs of the American people and would want the document revised as change made revision desirable. A refusal to consider revising the Constitution as conditions and ideas change might result in a rising pressure of popular indignation that would explode with terrific force and with disastrous social consequences to all the people of the United States.'

"Here is another interesting quotation from the same author: 'Any people which must be governed according to the written codes of an instrument which defines the spheres of individual and group, State and Federal, action, must expect to suffer from the constant maladjustments of progress. A life which changes and a Constitution for governance which does not must always raise questions which are difficult of solution. The changing of our Constitution is not easy; it is easier to get new interpretations for it, which alter the possibilities of action, from the courts which are entrusted with the scrutiny of legislative acts . . .' But our courts have not, until recently (I refer to the Appalachian coal case), provided confidence in their determination to accept the civilizing processes of industry. Jurists seem to guard the letter as more serious than the spirit and usually prefer the old competition to the new control."

When I asked the professor if he thought a violent revolution was in the offing, he said that would happen if the conservatives continue to hold back the wheels of progress. He referred to this nation as a profit-mad country where human rights are submerged under property rights.

In order to have some fun, I asked him how much the students were required to pay for the textbook he held in his hand. He replied it cold for three dollars. I told him that I was in the publishing business and that the book in quantities of five thousand should not cost more than sixty cents; that is, if profit to printers, salesmen and others were eliminated. I hinted that I did not think the author should decry profit-taking and at the same time accept a good royalty.

The next day I met a young woman law student in Foxy Grandpa's office. We walked across the campus together. I said: "Miss Doe, tell me about Professor Blank and his ilk who are teaching that our government is all wrong, that we are on the verge of a class revolution, that the way to destroy the Constitution is by subterfuge, that business and industry must be brought under strict government supervision, control, and that profit motive and competition are all wrong."

A twinkle came in her eye. She asked: "Do you remember Kipling's 'L'Envoi'?"

" 'And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame:

" 'And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame.'

"One of the theorists wrote: 'A nation of well-paid workers, consuming most of the goods it produces, will be as near Utopia as we humans are ever likely to get.' He probably got that idea from the community Mark Twain described where people were always prosperous because they took in each other's washing. When I went home last Christmas I had a lot of notions about this and that, but my practical Dad knocked them into a cocked hat."

That afternoon I met the Russian member of the faculty. He defended communism in broken English. I asked him whether there is more freedom in Russia among all of the people than there is in this country—such as freedom of assembly, freedom to worship God, freedom of speech, academic freedom. He admitted that one of the weaknesses of his government is the suppression of freedom of discussion and inquiry, and the persecution of those who disagree with the Communist party. I called his attention to the fact that the Communist party, composed of a comparatively small group of people, has complete control over the one hundred and sixty million citizens.

I left Alma Mater convinced that it is a serious matter that students in colleges all over the land are studying books and listening to instructors who advocate the overthrow of our government by tearing down the framework through subterfuge and through destroying faith and confidence in our democratic institutions. We do not have a perfect government. But America is still the greatest nation in the world. If it were like Russia, these college professors would move out. My notion is they are obsessed with the idea that they must be dramatic, must challenge their students by presenting radical principles, and must be iconoclasts in order to attract attention to themselves.

It will be a pleasure to see you again any time you're down this way and to talk over the "good old days" that were really good.

Your old friend,
FRED

Old or New, It's Baseball

(*Continued from page 21*)

Once or twice during a game it flopped up, but each time we stopped the game and waited for it to come down again, and then we changed signals.

Signal-stealing was one of Connie Mack's best tricks, too. He played for a run at a time, in those days, just as he now develops sluggers and plays for runs in bunches. Connie sat on the bench and waved a score card. No orchestra ever responded to Stokowski's baton as the Athletics responded to that card. But where Connie used to tell a Home Run Baker to bunt, I'll bet he now tells even his light hitters to sock it.

But the Braves were pretty good signal stealers, and it takes a thief to catch a thief. So Hank Gowdy invented a signal system that was practically undecipherable—even to somebody behind centerfield with a pair of high-power binoculars.

In those days, as now, a catcher would signal by squatting down with his mitt across his lap between his legs, with one or two fingers showing beneath the mitt, but with the fingers hidden from the right or left by his knees. If he showed the pitcher one finger, let's say, he was calling for a straight, fast one. If he showed two fingers, he was calling for a curve. Maybe his whole hand would show to call for a pitch-out. Hank invented a whole new code of signals, based on the simple one-or-two-fingers system.

Hank would show three different signals, one after the other. Any one of the three might be the pitcher's cue. If the opposing coaches acted as if they'd guessed which thrust of the fingers gave the signal, Hank would hold out his arms to change the signals. That would shift the cue to another thrust of the hand.

Hank was a color sergeant in the A. E. F. and later a great baseball coach.

But if one team *could* steal a catcher's signals, that was great. If a batter could be sure he was going to get a straight ball, he could dig in his toes, tee off and take a solid clout at it. The old ball didn't travel so far; to make a hit, you had to slap it on the nose. It was rarely that a ground ball got through the infield, either. Knowledge of what the next ball would be was immensely valuable to any hitter.

Take a batter like Leslie Mann of the old Braves. Les was a fine outfielder and a remarkable all-'round athlete and a good guy, and he could bat great guns against left-handed pitching. But against a right-hander, he wasn't so hot. In fact, he was cold—so cold it almost automatically froze him out of the game if the other team switched a left-hander for a right-hander. Les suffered in exaggerated form from a trouble which most batters have; he wasn't so good against a pitcher who threw from the side of the plate at which he batted as he was against a pitcher who threw from across the plate. Les batted against right-handers with one foot practically in the dugout. He'd pull away from anything close. Let a right-hander feed him out-curves and he was ruined. But maybe the coach at first or third would catch a signal and give Les the high sign. Immediately all pitchers looked alike to him.

You see, if you know the ball is a straight one, all you have to do is judge if it's going over. If a fast one starts straight for you and you aren't sure it's going to curve, it takes a lot of courage to stand there and not duck until you've found out for certain where it's going. Knowing the signal, you're safe both ways. At least you won't be hit, and at least a curve won't do anything but sail away from you. If it's straight, you just lay into it. And don't forget it was Les Mann's hit that won the second game of that 1914 series—a 1-0 duel between Bill James and Eddie Plank which Eddie really didn't deserve to lose.

Partly, too, the Braves talked themselves into that championship. Or rather, we talked the Athletics out of it. For instance, the Athletics had a star outfielder. I won't tell who he was; I'd be a skunk to mention his name even after all these years, and I'm not so willing (let alone anxious) to start fights as I used to be. At any rate, the Athletics had a star outfielder, and the Braves discovered that he had been married two or three times and occasionally had grown slack about meeting his alimony. One or two of his wives had got petulant about this failing, and even if he was a star in the outfield, he was no stranger to the hoosegow.

We were a rowdy outfit, and no respecters of persons, and star outfielder or no, we began asking him embarrassing questions about his personal affairs. That chap, who had been a great factor in the winning of the American League pennant, was a complete washout in the championship series. He made several bad errors and his batting average looked like a hat size.

Even Eddie Collins was suspected of losing his goat in that series. Being a kid and very, very brash, I went out of my way to badge him. So did everybody. And Eddie, whose sum-total of foolish plays could be stuffed in a thimble, made a careless throw in the very first game of the series—a throw that enabled Schmidt, our first-baseman, to steal home.

IF the Braves won a World's Championship of 1914 from the Athletics by virtue of trickery and talk, we were in good practice at both arts when the series started. Early in the season, the Braves had acquired Johnny Evers from the Cubs, where he had been one of the most famous second basemen of the game.

After he arrived with the Braves, we became one of the great teams of the game. His effect on me alone was enough to make a real shortstop out of me. That season, with Johnny at my left, I broke the record for starting double plays and I broke the record of shortstops for making put-outs. Evers participated in almost all of the plays which went to make these records.

Next to cashing in on your own strength, Johnny believed in capitalizing on the weakness of the other fellow. So he used to operate a sort of clipping bureau. He subscribed to newspapers all around the National League circuit. Did a catcher in Cincinnati get into a brawl with his father-in-law, Johnny would learn about it. Next time we played Cincinnati Johnny knew all the intimate details of the catcher's family life and he told them to the catcher, and the umpire behind the plate, and the world in general.

Johnny would follow the plays of his old Chicago teammates for weeks ahead of any series. Presently the Cubs would come to town and Johnny would get a hit. He'd stand off first and begin riding Hal Chase, his old pal, something like this:

"You must be slipping, Hal. I hear you fumbled two grounders and made a wild throw against the Pirates one day last week. What's the matter? Is it your legs?"

Johnny Evers kept a scrapbook, but instead of filling it up, as many players have done, with the good things sportwriters had said about Evers, he filled it up with the bad things sportwriters had said about other players. Every player in the National League had a place in that scrapbook. What player does that today? I doubt even if the manager of the Albany team of the International League does it, and that manager is Johnny Evers. Johnny knows the game has changed. He's getting the boys out for batting practice; that's where time is valuable.

Another great goat-getter of the old game was the late John McGraw. Every player for the New York Giants loved him; he took all the discredit for their defeats, he gave them all the credit when they won. But every other player in the league hated him. He was a mean opponent, and I don't mean "mean" in any sissified definition of the word, either. There wasn't a trick in baseball he would not try to win a game. And he could shave you with his tongue.

One of his favorite tricks was to spend his time torturing one particular player on the opposing team. He would pick the player who happened to be going best that day. If a third baseman was ducking into the dug-out after fouls, cutting off bunts in front of the pitcher, chasing into left field to ruin potential Texas leaguers and batting the ball all over the lot, McGraw would park himself on the third base coaching line and go to work. The things he would tell that third baseman would make a wrestler blush. If the third baseman finally boiled over and took a crack at his tormentor—that was just what McGraw was after. Both of them would be put out of the game, and while that lost the Giants their third base coach, it lost the other team the bright star of the day.

But I had a sharp tongue myself, those days. It was the best defense against a man like McGraw, who shared the weakness common to most dishers-out; he couldn't take it. Underneath an apparent armor-plate of callous disregard, McGraw really was sensitive. There were two nicknames which hurt his feelings. You could call him anything else and it was like dropping medicine into the ocean, but you couldn't call him either "Jawn" or "Muggsy" without shocking him right down to the marrow.

I was only a kid in my teens when I broke into the National League, and I was inordinately fresh, even for a kid. I had no more sense of reverence than a cat. So I never hestitated to call McGraw "Muggsy" or "Jawn" or anything else that came to my tongue. Presently, the Giants stopped riding me, and McGraw would go out of his way to avoid speaking to me at all. Hank Gowdy tells me that McGraw, after a year or so of trying to get my goat, instructed his team not to ride me at all. "Lay off that brat Maranville," he told them. "He's poison." They laid off.

I suspect that Manager George Stallings encouraged me to be poisonous, in those days. What with Johnny Evers to teach me and back me up, I was batting .300, fielding an acre or two of land and flying into a temper every nine seconds. My reputation made other teams nervous. Nobody likes to infuriate a bantamweight, especially if the bantam is just as apt to take a crack at him as not. In such circumstances a big fellow can't win, either by licking the little fellow or getting licked or by running away. And most big-league baseball players are big fellows. My scrappiness was an asset to the rest of the Braves. I'm not apologizing for it; it was a part of me and a part of the game, in those days.

My reputation as a take-'em-on-at-any-weight was a strength, I think, no less than Joey Connolly's ability to hit Christy Mathewson. (Yes, every pitcher knows one or two hitters who can always nail him. Joey Connolly of the Braves and Joe Tinker of the Cubs could always hit against Matty.) But mostly, I think, the best brains of the Braves were given to finding chinks in the other fellow's armor.

No card index system could have furnished a more encyclopedic knowledge of opposing players than the Braves kept in their heads. We checked up on the deliveries of pitchers—and that got us lots of runs, too.

A curve ball, you see, is thrown by giving the ball a twist. A good pitcher—Three-Finger Brown (*Continued on page 56*)

Old or New, It's Baseball

(*Continued from page 55*)

of the Cubs perhaps was the best example —would then as now get a curve by the full rotation of his arm. But the average pitcher had to get a curve by snapping his wrist at the end of his delivery.

The Braves knew every wrist-snapper, and a Brave at bat always knew what was coming when the pitcher snapped his wrist. Rosy Ryan of the Giants was duck soup for us. He was a wrist-snapper. And there were plenty others. When a wrist snapped, we'd look for a curve; when it didn't, we'd tee off for a drive. But when a pitcher like Matty or Brown, threw a ball, all you could do was watch it. And a pitcher like Matty had so much speed it was pretty tough hitting that straight one unless you started swinging early.

We also were forever looking to players who responded to unusual conditions in unexpected ways. Just as some horses run well in the mud, there are pitchers who work best on cold days and batters who like sunshine as well as batters who like a slightly overcast sky. A player like Heinie Zimmerman was fun for the Braves. Heinie, despite a world of natural talent, had one of the worst traits imaginable, and if many teams had got wise to it, he'd have been useless. If Heinie got properly excited, he would respond to almost any suggestion that could be made to pierce his skull. One day when I was on base, the man behind me grounded out. I yelled to Heinie to throw the ball to me, and darned if he didn't! The ball sailed over into right field and I went around to third and the runner was safe.

Heinie had to be good to overcome a handicap like that, and he really was good. He wasn't nearly so bad as was indicated by his notorious chasing of Eddie Collins over home plate during a World Series game. The pitcher or first baseman might have been there to tell Heinie to throw the ball, but neither of them was, and Heinie chased one of the fastest runners that ever played baseball right into a run and the deciding run of a game. The point about Heinie is, however, that if Eddie had yelled "Chase me!" the thing might have happened regardless of whether Heinie had somebody to throw the ball at or not.

Of course some players never were kidded. During the World Series of 1914, the Braves never said an unkind thing to either Stuffy McInnes or Jack Barry of the Athletics. Both of these players came from New England and were popular around Boston, where both of them subsequently played with the Red Sox. But they were quiet chaps, friendly and sportsmanlike. They never rode other players, so other players never rode them. Even old-time baseball players, keyed up to the nervous tension required by the game, would respond to kind treatment.

Of course, too, there are players who are utterly imperturbable, who have no weaknesses, who are as nearly perfect as a man can be in sport. Such a one was Honus Wagner, the great shortstop of the Pirates. I take great pride in the fact that after the Pirates had lost Honus, they sent for me to take his place. And I shall never forget how delighted I was, when I still was playing against Honus, to catch him offguard.

He played shortstop as an artist paints a picture. He paid infinite attention to detail. He overlooked nothing, permitted nothing to interfere with his job. But it strictly was work for Honus—hard work. Everybody knew that Honus, who had been in professional baseball since before I was born and in the big leagues almost as long as I had been living, loved fishing, would rather go fishing than play baseball. Yet nobody could get Honus's mind off a game for a second by talking of fish, although everybody tried.

But one day I found out that Honus owned a chicken farm out near Pittsburgh. At the time Eddie Fitzgerald was playing second base for the Braves, and Eddie and I hatched a plot from which we hoped to fix it so Honus would lay an egg.

The next time we played in Pittsburgh, we waited until Honus got a two-bagger —a hard clout that would be a home run with the new ball. Honus took a lead off second and I made a crack about fishing. Immediately, Honus was on guard. He looked toward second, expecting to see Eddie sneaking over to catch a surprise throw from the pitcher. That was the usual trick. But Eddie was off the bag, over in his usual position, and smiling at him. Honus was reassured.

So Eddie, having caught Honus's eye, yelled at him, "Hey, Hans, I hear you got a chicken farm."

Wagner's great ears stuck up like a German shepherd's.

"I got a chicken farm too," said Eddie, who probably would have told you that a Rhode Island Red was a labor agitator, and then, a moment later, "Say, whaddaya do for the roup?"

"I'll tell you," said Honus, but just then the umpire told *him*. Told him he was out. I had sneaked over from shortstop to second base, the pitcher stepped out of his box, snapped the ball to me and we had caught Old Honus standing up. It was a triumph.

I'd go to as much trouble today, but maybe it wouldn't be worth the trouble. It's easier to bat runs in than to keep the other fellow from batting them in—easier and more profitable. No sense playing for one run. No sense worrying yourself half sick about one man on base. Play for home runs when you're batting, play for double plays when you're in the field. Baseball is wholesale, now, and the crowds like it that way. No, if Johnny Evers were an active player today, he wouldn't be filling up his scrapbook in the morning; he'd be getting in some batting practice.

The crowds like it that way, and I don't blame them. When fellows like Jimmy Foxx and Mel Ott and Wally Berger clean the bases every few days, there's something spectacular about the game that it didn't have in the old days. If there's been a loss in finesse, perhaps not everybody knows the game well

enough to realize it and to appreciate what has gone.

And don't think for a minute that I'm panning the players today. They're just as smart now as the old-timers were. But they're smart in a different way. The outfielders stand farther back, but they still have to be able to throw the ball back to the infield, and it takes a lot of skill to catch a high fly that's gone maybe a hundred yards up and more than that out and is coming like a golf ball, even perhaps to a hook or a slice. And it takes nerve for an infielder to stand in front of a hard-hit grounder. It even takes nerve for a pitcher not to run away when the rabbit ball is hit his way. Only this season Hank Greenberg of Detroit drove one so hard that it hit Lefty Ostermueller of the Red Sox on the cheek and made a gash more than an inch long. Lefty didn't even have time to put up his glove.

Of course more earned runs are scored. But don't think for a moment that because Dizzy Dean gives about twice as many runs in a season as Matty used to give that Dizzy is only half as good. He pitches differently, that's all.

It's a different game. But it's a grand game, whether it's a grand old game or a grand new one.

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dark. It was moonlight outside, but the light didn't penetrate under the trees. I caught one stretcher bearer under a pile of feed bags, but that was all."

"What is a stretcher bearer?" asked the lady. "And what do they do when you aren't in battle?"

"Well, a stretcher bearer is a guy that is pretty strong in the arms and a little weak in the head. Off the lines they do any odd job, like this digging thing, provided you can catch one. At the front they lug out the lucky ones. Provided also, of course, you can catch one. Well, this one I caught, he and I dug what we had to dig. When we got through everyone else in the battery had been asleep for hours.

"Also it had begun to rain. Lady, when it rained in France, Davy sent it down, what I mean! I got the tools put away, but we had to break them out again and dig a supplementary trench, so that my pits wouldn't be flooded out before anyone got a chance to use them. By then it was getting light, and I was thinking perhaps there were worse jobs in the Army than taking care of a horse, when I heard one nicker. Some goat off the picket line, or one of these A. W. O. Loose horses from the John divisions."

"Why do you keep calling them John divisions?" asked the lady. "What does that mean?"

"Well, in the old, old days, Revolution, 1812, maybe older, a soldier wore a leather stock to protect his neck from getting chopped off. Until he got used to it it chewed him up some. A recruit would be all skun, and the old soldiers used to call them John Raw's. It's been shortened to John, now. Well, never mind. This was a loose horse I'd heard; he'd smelled the oats at our picket line—the picket guard was getting ready to feed—and he came moseying through the woods looking for some breakfast.

" 'Garn!' yells the picket guard. 'Git outta here! Peg a rock at that son, will yuh, Carmichael? We got too many to feed now. Hiyuh! Whoop!'

"The strange horse gave a snort and came trotting over to me. Lady, he was as nice an officer's charger as I ever sat my eye on. A nice dark roan, about fifteen hands, clear eye, fine head, all the books say that it requires. Say, that horse was all broke out with what it takes to make a thoroughbred. He had a leather halter on and the dangling part of a broken shank.

" 'There,' thinks I, 'is just the mount to make Lieutenant Guthrie leave that limber! One shavey, one horse, and three sergeants gets to ride!'

"It was simple to catch the halter shank, take the horse over and tie him on the line, and tell the picket guard that was Guthrie's new horse and they better not let him get loose, or God pity them. Then I went over and woke up Baldy and Scrap Pile. They were sleeping under a ration wagon, with a piece of tarpaulin that should have been over the chow, protecting them from the rain.

" 'Shove over,' says I, 'and give me some o' that tarp.'

" 'Godahell!' they says. (I'm sorry, lady, but that's what they said.) 'Go to,' they says, 'we been tryin' to catch a horse for Guthrie so's we could sleep on the limber an' you been off goldbrickin' by yourself.'

" 'Shove over,' I says calmly, 'I got a horse. I been diggin' pits for disposal of waste. That's the kind of a buddy I am. I'll give Guthrie the horse, and we'll all ride the limber. But when we get into camp, if I get another one o' these pit details, you two guys dig 'em, or no horse for no shavey.'

" 'Good enough,' says they. 'If we sleep all night on the limber, t'morrer we'll dig the Panama Canal.'

"Yeh, well, that afternoon, after an all-day sleep, a shave, and a couple of cups of java, we went over and groomed this horse up nicely, and the three of us appoint ourselves a presentation committee to give the shavey Guthrie a horse. We went over to the trick tent that he lived in (*Continued on page 58*)

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with the other officers of the battery—Openshirt and them—and asked for permission to speak.

" 'I found this horse curvin' around the trees, sir,' said I, 'and I thought the lieutenant might like to ride him, because he seems to me to be an officer's horse. Some John will probably find him on his payroll next month anyway. Here he is, if the lieutenant would care to have him.'

"Guthrie had been playing poker. He still held a hand of cards in his mitt and he scratched his head with it.

" 'I don't want a horse,' says he. 'I'd look fat on a horse when we get into action, wouldn't I, stringing telephone wire with one hand and applying the right bearing rein with the other. No! I got a couch made up on a limber anyway. I can sleep on it in peace.'

"Hearing the conversation, out boils Captain Openshirt like a ground hog to look at his shadow.

" 'That's a nice horse,' says Openshirt, observing the roan. 'I'd like that horse myself. You keep him, sergeant. You can ride him yourself to pay you for looking after him!' Then he dives into the tent again.

"Well, lady, I wish I could laugh with you, but I can't. It had continued to rain all day, but at dark, right after supper, we get all harnessed up, the wagons drawn out in column, everything set to go, and a bird with a red arm band comes tearin' over to say the march has been canceled. No movement tonight. Back to your holes. My nice pits had all been filled in, and I was sitting there on my new horse thinking how nice it was going to be to have to dig them out all over again, *after* I'd fed, watered, and groomed this foundling of mine, when Openshirt appeared, wading through the mud, the water running off the end of his nose.

" 'Sergeant Nason,' said he, 'you've got a horse. Take a detail and a wagon and go find a town called Pierrefitte. Report there to the division supply officer to draw stockings and underwear for the battery. Hop to it.'

"Half an hour later away we go, with a fourgon and four men, across the gathering darkness into the streaming night, and me to find a town named Pierrefitte, somewhere in France. After it got so dark I wouldn't be able to see my horse's ears, it would be that much easier to find. This because I got a horse. Do you wonder I won't go near one, the hard luck that they brought me?"

"But didn't the captain tell you where the town was?"

"He did not. I asked him if he could give me a general idea of where it was.

" 'No,' replied Openshirt, like that. 'I got my orders, and you've got yours. Whaddyuh wearin' stripes for? How the heck should I know where Pierrefitte is? I don't even know where I am now!'

"Ah, well, I found Pierrefitte. I found out why the regiment didn't march either, on a rainy night when it would have been so swell to get an outfit lost. It wasn't because higher authority wanted to give us a night in, instead of runnin' us in circles in the mud all night for the honor of democracy; it was because there wasn't any room to get any more regiments on the roads.

"Lady, if you want an idea of what the road looked like, you go down to 42d and Broadway on New Year's Eve, and imagine a place with just as big a crowd, but the lights all out, and it raining soup and stones to splash it. It would be like this night south of Verdun. Ask some of your crowd where Pierrefitte is. They'll know just as much about it as the guys I asked *that* night. When they'd answer at all, they'd say something obscene.

"Well, I found Pierrefitte. My fourgon driver goes to sleep, and the horses get shoved off the road with a column. I was so hoarse from cursing and yelling that I couldn't get them stopped in time, so away we went down this unknown road, sandwiched in between a motorized delousing unit and a flock of French infantry. At the end of that road, can you imagine, was a little town, with 'Pierrefitte—5 Kms' painted on the first house. Saint Mihiel was one way, Bar-le-Duc the other, and Pierrefitte north. There were no troops on that northbound road either. We could move at a trot, and did, even the fourgon. My little horse skipped along like a feather. We were there in time, found the division supply dump in a barn, drew stockings and underwear, signed the receipt, and started back. All at a trot.

"When we got back on the big road where all the troops were we had about an hour's wait getting through them, because we were going the wrong way of the road, and every officer that came along would give me Hark From The Tomb for going against traffic, but when I asked him what he suggested I do about it he'd go off behind a curtain of rain and I'd hear no more from him. How did we find the battery, you ask, lady? Well, I'll tell you. You give a horse his head and he'll take you back to where he had his oats the last time, be the night as black as a supply sergeant's heart. That's one of the things a horse will do. It's all right if you're headed that way.

"So we got back and I turned over the load of stockings and underwear, and got a receipt from the supply sergeant for them, tied my little horse on the line, and went away to the tarpaulin under the ration wagon with a clear conscience. That had been fun, after all, to have a little ride, and trot around, and splash

mud all over the doughboys. There is something about a horse, after all. So I went to sleep.

"Now on those marches we didn't have any Reveille. The mess sergeant would get up the cooks, and they'd have a boiler full of coffee ready, and a big pan full of bacon on the stove, and anyone that was ready went over and had breakfast. The stable sergeant would march his gang over, and wood and water details would go over, all with their sergeants, then the section chiefs would get their drivers up, groom and feed, then they'd have breakfast. Baldy and Scrap Pile and I, just being sergeants, and not having any men to be responsible for, we laid up, as they say, until we jolly well felt like getting up. Then we'd draw straws to see who'd go get the breakfast for the other two. Imagine my surprise, lady, when someone shakes me by the shoulder. It was the stable sergeant, old Ben Barbecue.

" 'You better get up,' says Ben to me. 'The Old Man wants to see you.'

" 'What about?'

" 'That roan horse is yours, ain't it? You ain't groomed him this morning.'

" 'Well, I'll groom him when I get ready.'

" 'Nah. The Old Man says to get you up, and have you groom that horse, and then you report to the Old Man when the horse is ready, because the Old Man is going to ride him over to the Division P. C.'

" 'To hell with him!' says I. 'Sergeants don't have to groom in the artillery.'

" 'You heard the order,' called back Old Ben, bowlegging away. 'The Old Man said you could groom him as a sergeant, or groom him as a private, but groom him. An' right now!'

"Lady, I wish you could have seen that horse when I got to the picket line! All the other horses had been groomed but mine, and he stuck out like a sore thumb. He was mud from his withers down—thick, thick mud. That kind of mud they have in France is like clay, and when it hardens, it's like stone. He looked like a statue of a horse, and a bum one at that. You see when he trotted in that mud, he splashed and kicked it up all over him. The reason all the drivers had to groom the minute they got into camp was because if they didn't, the mud would harden, and they'd have a kind of a plaster cast of a horse the next day. Golly, I hit that coating of dried mud a lick with a curry-comb and broke half the teeth, to say nothing of nearly dislocating my wrist.

"Well, I got a bucket of water out of a brook and set to with a sponge, and a stick, and the curry-comb, and made out to get this horse clean. I was given considerable help by Scrap Pile and Baldy. They encouraged me by pointing out places I'd missed. Most of the time they'd sit on their heels and talk about what a swell time we could have had in Paris, if we had gone there, provided we'd been paid beforehand, and what the chances were now on it. They were slim, said Baldy. When an outfit issued out stockings and underwear on the march, that meant they weren't going anywhere where said property could be issued otherwise. Like rest billets, for instance. Clean underwear issues, said Scrap Pile, always meant a battle, account if you had on clean underwear and a piece of shell pushed some of the underwear into you, you wouldn't get infected like if it was dirty.

" 'You'll have a hell of a time cleanin' that tail,' remarked Baldy. 'You should have braided it before you went prancin' around in the mud. A old cavalryman like you!'

"The horse was clean by noon, and I was darn near dead. Openshirt's striker came over to saddle him up, and Openshirt followed behind, with his best boots and a riding crop and all, because he was going to have dinner with the general. Baldy and Scrap Pile got out of there, because a guy never knew when Openshirt might go into his dance. If you weren't in sight, you wouldn't get into trouble because you were the only guy he could get hold of to sharpen his claws on. I thought I might just as well go, too. So I went sneaking along between the rows of horses with my head down. Just in time, because the place began to rain officers. I could peek through the horses' legs and all I could see was boots.

"Gee, it was the corps commander, a guy with a face like a buzzard, and accompanied by his note takers and trouble hunters. There were some red boots with blue pants in them. French officers. I felt sorry for Openshirt. He'd find himself right in the path of the tornado, and no cyclone cellar. This buzzard-faced guy was the Big Works, and he'd invited the French Big Works to lunch, and they'd probably been going along the road, and the spirit had moved them to run into the woods and inspect our regiment. I didn't dare move, because if I ran out from between the horses they'd grab me and ask me what I was doing there, and anyway I expected they'd be gone and the coast would be clear in another minute. But they stopped, dead.

"There was a lot of conversation in French, then somebody said, in the midst of an icy silence, 'General Du Clef de la Parc says that that is his horse.'

" 'His horse!' says the buzzard. 'How's this, captain? French general's horse on your picket line? Look at his hoof brand! Look at his hoof brand!'

"Well, he didn't have any hoof brand.

" 'Gaaarh!' croaks the buzzard. 'What's the story on this horse?'

" 'One of my sergeants found him in the woods, general,' says Openshirt, 'and we tied him on the line here to see if some one would claim him.'

"There was some mild snickering among the note-takers.

" 'He's just been cleaned up!' said Openshirt. 'You can see, general. See those hunks of mud, and all that muddy water around, (*Continued on page 60*)

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and hair with mud on it? This horse has been loose for days.'

"Yup, agreed the frogs, that was true. The horse had been missing two nights. There was no thought that he had been stolen, just that that was the general's horse, and they'd like him back. There had been a report, though, that he had been seen in Pierrefitte the night before. Some French officer had turned on a flashlight and there was the horse—very valuable horse, twenty thousand francs, very well-known horse—but then it had come on to rain, and the man with the horse had ridden him away, and that had been the end of it.

" 'This regiment march last night?' asks the buzzard.

" 'Oh, no, sir. Just look at the other animals on the line.'

"True, they hadn't been on the march. One of the note-takers affirmed that the 76th Field Artillery had stayed in its woods the night before, and therefore the horse could not have been ridden by any member of this command, and had just been found there, and so forth and so forth. Anyway, they unhitched my nice roan from the picket line and took him away, and if anyone noticed Openshirt's striker standing there with the saddle, they didn't say anything about it. When they were well out of the woods, and out of hearing, Openshirt turns to his striker.

" 'Did you see where that son of a gun Nason went?' he asks between his teeth. 'He was here a minute ago, the pile of stable litter! He stole that horse, God bless him! Suppose I'd been mounted up when that French general claimed his horse! Any horse! Leave me alone now, while I think up some pleasant duty for Nason to do!'

"I didn't come out. I hid behind the horses, and helped my feelings by giving Openshirt's striker a tremendous kick in the tara, and he thought it was a horse had done it, and picked up a rake and flailed heck out of some poor goat. Then I went over to my ration wagon to console with Baldy and Scrap Pile. I told them about the horse, but they didn't seem interested.

" 'About these towns you was speakin' of to spend a leave,' said Baldy, 'I been thinkin' you're right. Now what difference does it make if the town has ten cafés or only one? I can only drink in one at a time. Who cares how big it is? A street is a street, ain't it? I agree like you said. The bigger the town, the more shavetails outta the Quartermaster Corps there is to salute.'

" 'What we been sayin',' said Scrap Pile, 'is that we got no soldiers to look after, bein' liaison sergeants. Now what good do we do marchin' all night? Who's to know if we hop a truck an' find some town, an' there we relax, an' come back to our duties later on, rested an' refreshed?'

" 'Who's to know?' said I. 'Well, who knows? But if you get caught, it's desertion in the face of the enemy. That's good for twenty years, if they don't get hardboiled and start shootin' you up against a wall.'

" 'Nuts,' said Baldy. 'They can't shoot the whole A. E. F. I'm with Scrap Pile, if we can get hold o' some francs. Because to find a town in France where they heard o' jawbone is beyond my abilities.' "

Now here the lady interrupted, because I must explain the word "jawbone" to her.

"Jawbone, lady, means credit, from the days when the old Indian traders kept account of what they loaned by scratching accounts on the wide lower part of a buffalo jawbone. Naturally the French never heard of the custom. But to return to my two buddies under the wagon.

" 'Button your mouths,' said I to them, 'and use your ears for a while. Don't think this matter of the horse is over. I caught that horse in the first place, because it was this skull Baldy's idea if we got Guthrie a horse he'd get off that limber and we could ride on it. Now you two went over with me to Guthrie's tent all pleased to be in on it, didn't yuh? So I couldn't claim later that I caught the horse alone an' wouldn't allow you on the limber, huh? What would I do with a horse? You know I hate the sight of one.

" 'You was curvin' round on one all last night,' said Baldy, 'while me an' Scrap Pile lay here shiverin'.'

" 'Bah!' says I. 'The point is that this horse business isn't goin' to stop here. A French general doesn't find his horse on an American picket line in front of an American corps commander without words passin' sooner or later about it. Openshirt was there with his striker and a saddle, too. Now when the hot shower turns on, you mugs remember you're in this thing, too.'

" 'We didn't do nuthin'!' protests Baldy.

" 'You went over with me and the horse when we offered him to Guthrie. That's enough!'

" 'Awright,' says Scrap Pile, 'we done it. Now let's talk about Paris.'

"It was a lot of fun to talk about Paris. It was raining like the forty days before the flood, and all you could see out of the woods were more woods. We marched that night to a place called Issoncourt, on the Bar-le-Duc-Verdun road, the road the French call the Sacred Way, now, because during the attack on Verdun it was the only road they could get supplies into the city on. We spent a hell of a night at

Issoncourt, because the ground was pretty well soaked now, and we couldn't get any place that was dry to sleep on.

"The next night we went still farther north to Osches. There was no doubt now that we were goin' into an attack. North of us was the Argonne, only one more day's march, and it was going to be a big drive, because all the soldiers in the world were on the roads at night, all going north. Big guns, the biggest we'd ever seen, balloon trucks, motorized ordnance repair shops, all kinds of strange and wonderful machines. The main thing, the main reason we knew there was a big fight on, was that at Souilly we passed an enormous field hospital just being set up. Some guys that went to Fleury said there was another one over there just as big. So there went the dream of rest billets. What the heck, we didn't care too much. My regiment had been on the Marne, and at Saint Mihiel, and now we were going to try our luck in the Argonne. Winter was coming on—after the Argonne it would be some other place. If you got killed you never knew it; if you got wounded you got out of it for a few weeks anyway.

"Yeh, well, we had a tough time on this march to Osches. Part of the column got split, and the part I was with missed the road, so that we didn't get to Osches until long after daylight. Oh, was there hell to pay! There were note-takers from every staff in the the A. E. F. wanting to know what we were doing on the road after daylight; there was a detachment of gendarmes after a peasant's cart that had got its shafts caught in some horses' traces by mistake and been drawn into our camp, and there were two red-breached French officers that wanted to see Openshirt about a horse. He came for me at the gallop.

" 'Sergeant,' says Openshirt, 'there never was any roan horse on our picket line, was there? These two officers are from the French corps headquarters. Their general found a horse on some picket line, but he can't remember which one.'

" 'Not on ours, sir. The captain better be sure Lieutenant Guthrie doesn't remember having seen one.'

"Openshirt goes for Guthrie at the gallop, too, the French officers after him. I turned cold inside, because here was the French general now, running down who'd stolen his horse! Lady, that was when I vowed if I got out of that mess without a general court, I'd never get on a horse again! I beat it for the ration wagon to warn Baldy and Scrap Pile. I hadn't been marching with them that night—I forget why—some idea of Openshirt's—and I had a long hunt to find the wagon. You get a thousand men asleep in the underbrush, and you'd be surprised how difficult it is to find anyone of them you want. You can find all the others. Well, anyway, the first thing I saw, after a long hunt, was the two French officers, Openshirt, Guthrie, and my two buddies.

" 'Sure,' says Scrap Pile to the guys in the red pants, 'we seen that roan horse. We was the ones that caught him.'

" 'They were the ones brought him to me!' says Guthrie, all choked up like. Openshirt hadn't got to him in time! Guthrie had spilled it! Then Baldy saw me.

" 'Hey, sargint!' he yells. 'About that horse—'

" 'I don't know anything about a horse,' says I coldly. 'I never saw any horse. I'm a dismounted man—look at my shoes if you don't believe it. I've told these officers already I never saw this horse, and don't know anything about it. And don't want to.' Then I gave Baldy the wink.

" 'Oh,' says he sadly, 'I thought you did. We just said we knew all about it.' He looked at Scrap Pile all sick like, and Scrap Pile looked at him.

" 'Now,' says the French officer, 'would you two men like to come with us?'

" 'Good-bye, Baldy,' says I. 'It won't do you any good to write me if you need bail. You know how broke I am.'

"They were back in half an hour. I was asleep, but they woke me up gettin' out their blankets and making up their packs.

" 'What did they do to you?' I inquired, raising up on one elbow. 'Get your blankets, and follow me to the mill.'

" 'Naw,' said Scrap Pile. 'They told us that horse was valuable, he was bein' transported by truck, the truck tipped over, an' he run away.'

" 'There was a reward out of five hundred francs for whoever returned him,' said Baldy. 'They took us over to give it to us.'

" 'Oh,' says I, 'go on! Go on!'

" 'They give it to us, an' our old colonel, he was there, he give us a forty-eight hour pass to go to Bar-le-Duc to spend it. The battle ain't gonna start for maybe a week yet.'

" 'How about me? Where do I come in on this? Did you get me a pass, too? I found the horse, didn't I?'

" 'Well,' says Baldy, 'we done our best, but yuh see you said in front o' them two officers you didn't know nuthin' about it, so we couldn't hardly say you did, now could we?'

" 'No,' said Scrap Pile. 'We wouldn't want to make you out no liar. So now we'll be off for Bar-le-Duc. Yuh know any good addresses there, sargint?'

"Then away they went, and that was the last I saw of them."

"Oh," said the lady, "wasn't that terrible! Now tell me some more about your equestrian experiences!"

"There's no more," said I. "We went from there to Blercourt, then to Montzeville and so into the Argonne and the big scrap. Every time he saw me Openshirt would laugh. So along about the third day I went out and got a bullet through the brisket just for spite. And where should I land but right back at that hospital at Souilly that I'd seen being set up! And that was the end of the war for me."

THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION
July 31, 1935

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit		75,931.06
Notes and accounts receivable		24,312.12
Inventory of emblem merchandise		35,100.74
Invested funds		595,143.31
Permanent investments:		
Legion Publishing Corporation	$652,357.94	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	184,214.71	836,572.65
Improved real estate, office building, Washington, D. C.		131,387.64
Furniture and fixtures, less depreciation		32,510.52
Deferred charges		13,946.19
		$1,744,904.23

Liabilities

Current liabilities		39,968.44
Funds restricted as to use		17,571.94
Permanent trust:		
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund		184,214.71
Reserve for investment valuation		60,459.02
		$ 302,214.11
Net worth:		
Restricted capital	$725,142.31	
Unrestricted capital:		
Capital surplus	$175,648.89	
Investment valuation surplus	541,898.92	
	$717,547.81	$1,442,690.12
		$1,744,904.23

FRANK E. SAMUEL, *National Adjutant*

The Legion Looks at Youth

(*Continued from page 31*)

The sponsor introduces the winner to the post in the Fall, corresponds with him during the year, reports to the Americanism chairman on the winner's activities, visits the winner's parents and advises on vocational problems.

"The post holds an initiation meeting in the fall at which the winner is introduced to the Legion members. He reads a paper on some phase of Americanism. A leading citizen who is a member of the post gives a welcoming talk. A Reunion and Recognition Banquet is held during the Christmas or Easter holidays, and we try to make this an outstanding event annually in the lives of the Legion Medal Alumni. All previous winners and their parents are given places of honor. The banquet is an outstanding patriotic Americanism rally for the entire community. A speaker delivers a constructive 'charge' to the youths who are honored. The entire post attends in uniform and the drum and bugle corps takes part."

Veterans See Amerique

THE doughboy who tried to see all of France in a few days' leave from his A. E. F. outfit may have provided inspiration for the 315 members of French war veterans' societies who compressed a view of Canada and the United States into five days. The French veterans arrived at Quebec on the French liner *Lafayette* on August 18th, journeyed to New York by train and most of them sailed for home on the same ship on August 23d. The American Legion helped make their stay in New York pleasant. National Adjutant Frank E. Samuel and Major General Robert Lee Bullard were principal speakers at a banquet and many other Legionnaires acted as guides for the visitors on their trips about New York. A number of the pilgrims who did not sail for home on August 23d visited Washington, Chicago and other Mid-West cities. Included in the delegation were many still suffering from serious war wounds, and many who received highest French medals for bravery.

Legion Days at San Diego

HERE is a reminder for all California Legionnaires and news for other Legionnaires of the Far West: October 5th and 6th are American Legion days at San Diego's California Pacific International Exposition. Special trains will be run from many States.

Indianapolis Essay Contest

SOMEBODY objected, when the idea of Hayward-Barcus Post's Constitution essay contest was first suggested, that Indianapolis school children were fed up with writing essays in contests. But, reports Legionnaire William A. Evans, more than 500 high school boys and girls submitted essays, the newspapers published dozens of articles on the contest and the trophies offered and everybody in the Indiana city of 380,000 acquired a new understanding of the nation's fundamental law.

The contest was an appropriate observance of the 147th anniversary of the signing of the Constitution. Mr. Evans believes the success of the contest, begun during the observance of American Education Week, contributed to the action of the state legislature last March in passing a law requiring the teaching of a course of study of the Constitution to all high school pupils of the State.

Pupils were permitted to write on one of the three subjects, "The Origin of the Constitution," "The Constitutional Convention" and "How the Constitution Grows." Mary Mae Endsley, Arsenal Technical High School student, winner of the contest, read her essay over the radio.

What Any Post Can Do

SOMETIME in his kindergarten career Johnny learns that in baseball three strikes are out. It is so because those who made the game of baseball made it so. No matter how much Johnny would like to swing at the ball four, five or six times until he hits it, he has learned to stick to the rules. And let anyone try to call him out on two strikes! He knows his rights and he'll stand by them.

Johnny later learns that boys can't shoot birds with a rifle in back yards. There are laws as well as rules. From then on, it is one law after another in his developing life, until finally he reaches a grade in school when he hears about a law of all laws—the law which fixes upon a citizen many responsibilities and at the same time guarantees to him many rights and liberties. He comes to know that the Constitution of the United States has everyday importance to each one of 120,000,000 people.

If Johnny lives in Sheboygan County, Wisconsin, and hadn't done much thinking about the Constitution, he learned a lot about it in a short time last spring when a framed reproduction of that historic document appeared on the wall of his schoolroom. At the same time a framed copy of the Constitution appeared on the walls of 148 schools, public, private and parochial, in Sheboygan County; all of them gifts from the county's eleven Legion posts. And in each school a Legionnaire appeared to make a formal presentation and to tell the boys and girls all about the Constitution—where and when and why it was written. The speaker told also how the founding fathers real-

ized they couldn't build a perfect Constitution for all time, so they gave generations to follow them the right to amend it, a right which has been exercised more than a score of times.

The Roll Call

RUPERT HUGHES, who wrote "The Sabotage of the Pacifist," is a member of Los Angeles (California) Post . . . Wythe Williams belongs to Paris (France) Post . . . Leonard H. Nason is a member of Crosscup-Pishon Post of Boston, Massachusetts . . . Karl Detzer is a Legionnaire of Bowen-Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan . . . Rabbit (Walter J. V.) Maranville belongs to Irondequoit Post of Rochester, New York . . . Frank A. Mathews, Jr., is a Past Commander of the New Jersey Department . . . Herbert M. Stoops is a member of Jefferson Feigl First Division Post of New York City . . . Fairfax Downey belongs to Second Division Post of New York City . . . Phil Conley is a member of John Brawley Post of Charleston, West Virginia . . . J. W. Schlaikjer belongs to Winner (South Dakota) Post.

PHILIP VON BLON

Ever Hear of a Moon Floater?

(*Continued from page 37*)

L. A. Wallinger, 40 St. Paul st., Rochester, N. Y.

U. S. S. *Solace*—Annual reunion of shipmates, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat., Nov. 2. Dr. R. A. Kern, University Hospital, Philadelphia.

MED. SUPP. DEPOT, COSNE and TOURS, FRANCE—Proposed reunion. Report to Harold L. Jackson ("Jack"), Brewster, N. Y.

BASE HOSP. No. 116—17th annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 9. Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 415 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 8—Annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Oct. 26. Herman C. Idler, secy., Gaul and E. Susquehanna av., Philadelphia, Pa.

U. S. A. ARMY AMB. SERV. ASSOC.—Annual Armistice Day pilgrimage at Allentown, Pa., Sun., Nov. 10. Men who trained at Allentown, write to R. P. Patterson, 526½ Race St., Catasauqua, Pa.

42 (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS.—*The Rainbow Reveille* is your paper; write for free copy, stating your outfit. Harold B. Rodier, editor, 717 Sixth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 1608 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. The committee wants information from veterans who know of the following cases:

26TH INF., Co. B—Men, especially driver of truck, who recall A. H. BEROMAN being thrown out of sidecar of motorcycle in collision with truck, while on special duty as provost sergeant at camp guardhouse, Oct. 9, 1919.

113TH INF., Co. I—Men who recall William Frank COLLINS (now deceased) suffering with cough that caused patrol leader to send him back from a scouting expedition at front.

VET. CORPS AUX. REMOUNT DEPOT 329, CAMP TRAVIS, TEX.—Men who recall Pvt. Joe DOKUPIL (now deceased) suffering injury to right foot, which prevented him from drilling during 1918. To assist widow and children.

FIELD HOSP. No. 17, 5TH SAN. TRN., 5TH DIV.—Sgts. POND and NEWMAN, Pvts. PERMENTER, KENDALL, HARRIS and YATES and other men at Camp Logan, Tex., 1918, to assist Joe FRYE.

A. R. D., 313TH Q. M. C., CAMP SHELBY, MISS. Sgt. 1/c Bill MOUNT, Sgt. Reginald G. BEAUCHAMP and others who knew Dan S. MCDONALD between Aug., 1918, and Sept., 1919.

150TH M. G. BN., Co. D, 42D DIV.—Comrades who recall Frank E. MCDONALD suffering back trouble in Bodendorph, Germany, before being sent to hosp. at Coblenz. Also doctors or nurses who treated him in Base Hosp. No. 14, Jan. 28 to Mar. 31, 1919.

147TH F. A., 32D DIV.—Men who knew Cpl. Willie MCMAHON (now deceased) to assist parents with claim.

140TH INF., Co. M, 35TH DIV.—Fellow patient in hosp. in Felleringen, Alsace, who recalls W. A. NEUMANN suffering with flu and diphtheria, Sept. 1-23, 1918, and that Neumann was returned to bed because of bad throat after notified of discharge from hosp.

143D INF., Co. A, 34TH DIV.—Comrades who knew, also medical officer who treated Luster James SIMPSON for flu while in A. E. F.

4TH REGT., Co. C, NEWPORT, R. I.—Dr. R. BLOSSER, asst. surgeon; Dr. JOHNSON; also doctor and pharmacist mate in charge of barracks at Newport, Dec., 1917, to Dec., 1918, to assist Earl William SMITH.

125TH INF., Co. C, 32D DIV.—Comrades who recall bombing by German plane as company moved to front and that Hugh Willie SNIDER suffered with deafness and throat trouble in Occupied Area.

BASE HOSP. and FRANKLIN CANTONMENT HOSP., CAMP MEADE, MD.—Med. officers, nurses and comrades who recall serious illness with influenza and pneumonia of Pvt. Waldo E. WICKS, Co. C, 3d Tn. Bn., Sig. Corps, Sept. and Oct. 1918.

126TH INF., Co. G, 32D DIV.—Comrades who can recall that Edward CARLSON, (light complexion, reddish hair), reported off as stretcher-bearer to 1st platoon sgt., that he had hurt back and unable to carry, during Meuse-Argonne, early Oct., 1918. Served as runner with Italian named SAM, later sent to Base Hosp. No. 5 or No. 35 near Nevers with eye disability.

U. S. S. *Fortune*—Shipmates who recall Bert MITCHELL suffering sprain and hospitalized at Tutuila, Samoa, in 1916. Injured while coaling ship.

142D INF., HQ. Co., 36TH DIV.—Paul TURNER (known as "Fat") and others who recall sick disability of William H. HOLDEN in France, winter of 1918. Turner saw Holden suffer hemorrhage.

CAMP MONTOIR, ST. NAZAIRE—Sgt. HANSON, GUNDERSON, ambulance driver, and another driver from Mississippi, with infirmary which served Camps Granville M. Dodge and Gron, and recall Capt. Karl SCHMIDT being thrown from a horse during winter of 1918-19, injuring spine.

IOWA VETERANS—James E. BUNTING, John R. CASEY, John J. COYLE, John CULBERT, Clarence L. HARRISON, Chester S. JENSEN, Thomas M. KIDD, Charles E. LAMPMAN, Frank A. SELF, Rendon V. SMITH, Fred SOUTHWORTH, George F. WILSON, George E. GRUNERT and Jens E. RASMUSSEN report to J. J. MILLER, exec. secy., Iowa Bonus Board, State House, Des Moines, Iowa, regarding bonus warrants and original discharge certificates being held for them.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

News of Veteran Interest

ON AUGUST 13th President Roosevelt signed a bill which restored to Spanish-American War veterans $45,000,000 in pensions which had been taken from them in 1933 by the passage of the Economy Act. It is expected that more than 200,000 veterans and 50,000 dependents will benefit by the new law.

A White House statement issued on the day President Roosevelt signed the new law said:

"Congress on many occasions has recognized that because of the complete absence of any system or policy initiated during or immediately following the Civil War, the Indian wars and the Spanish-American War, and because of lack of adequate medical care from the point of view of modern standards, the veterans of these earlier wars could be compensated and taken care of only through some form of pension system.

"In the case of the World War, however, the Congress at the very beginning of the war adopted an entirely new system of care and benefit. This new system applied to all who fought in the World War, extended to them additional compensation if they had dependents, as well as insurance, hospitalization, vocational rehabilitation and the adjusted service certificate. . . . The approval of this bill establishes no ground or precedent for pensions for the World War group. Theirs is an entirely different case."

Bonus Time Limit Extended

CONGRESS enacted near the close of the last session the Harrison Bill extending the time in which World War veterans may apply for adjusted compensation certificates to January 2, 1937. It is estimated 250,000 eligible veterans have not received the certificates, and are entitled to an amount aggregating $245,000,000. The Harrison Bill was introduced at the request of The American Legion following the President's veto of the bill for immediate payment of all certificates.

Camps for Veterans

WITHOUT attracting much attention in a country which has grown used to governmental works projects on a big scale, 4,000 World War veterans have been shipped from Washington to new-type camps for veterans maintained in Florida and South Carolina. On August 1st it was estimated that the number of men in eleven of the camps was 2,500, but it was said the camps' population varied considerably from one month to another.

The World War veterans camps are maintained by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration and are described as between a camp of the C. C. C. and a work relief project. The men are paid at the same rates as the men in the C. C. C. They are employed on work projects developed in the local communities as public improvements, such as golf courses, water works and parks. The Veterans Administration certifies that men accepted are actually veterans.

The camps were established as the solution of the problem of transient veterans which became acute a year ago when as many as 500 veterans were registered in Washington's transient bureau. Many were men who had come to Washington expecting to join a new bonus army.

The camps may be abandoned in late fall or early winter, and other provisions made for those in them.

The Disabled and Relief

EXAMPLES of unfortunate discrimination against disabled World War veterans in F. E. R. A. employment continued to pile up as The American Legion seeks changes in regulations. The rule has been that a veteran must be on relief before he can obtain F. E. R. A. employment, paying from $55 to $94 a month. But disabled men drawing even small sums as disability compensation are ordinarily barred from relief rolls. The suggestion has been made in Congress that the regulations be so amended that disabled veterans may be granted enough days' work each month to make up the difference between the amount of their meager compensation and the amount they would receive if they were on relief and were transferred from the relief rolls to work relief.

Hands Are Shaken Overseas

FOLLOWING the pilgrimage of a British Legion delegation to Berlin and the reception of a group of German veterans in England, speculation has revived overseas on the possibility of joint action by the veterans' societies of both Allied and Entente nations to further the cause of peace. Discussions of this proposed action in other years usually ended without results due to the objections of certain societies included in Fidac which opposed any recognition of former enemies.

The Prince of Wales is credited with initiating the expression of the new sentiment in England. As a leading member of the British Legion he voiced the hope that a delegation of German veterans would visit England and bestowed his approval when Major Fetherston-Godley, National Chairman of the British Legion, led a large delegation of his fellow-veterans to Berlin where wreaths were laid, speeches made and Adolph Hitler himself greeted the visitors. The German visit to England was marked by similar expressions of mutual friendship.

Service!

Not yesterday's service . . . nor only today's . . . but TOMORROW'S, too

★ That is the foundation of The American Legion. Certainly that boy . . . or girl, too . . . is glad you belong. More than glad—*Proud* is the word. Proud you faced death to serve . . . Proud you are still serving, in peace as in war. Prouder still they will be when they look tomorrow upon the America you are building today!

This is the message the 1936 American Legion Poster Brings You and All Citizens. Lithographed in colors, it tells the story of The American Legion forcefully, completely, quickly.

★ See this poster on display at your department convention. It will be ready for thirty thousand outdoor panels the first of November, through the co-operation of the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, Inc., if your Post does its part and orders the required number early. Take this order blank to your next Post meeting and get action on it. The National Organization of The American Legion has officially adopted the above design and has authorized the Morgan Lithograph Company, Cleveland, Ohio, to make, sell and distribute all Legion posters, display cards and windshield stickers bearing such design.

——————ORDER BLANK—REMITTANCE, PAYABLE TO THE MORGAN LITHOGRAPH CO., MUST ACCOMPANY THIS ORDER——————

MORGAN LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO. 1935

Please enter our order for ..... posters @ $1.00 each delivered. Check or money order for $..... enclosed.

..... window cards @ 6c each delivered. (Minimum order 20 cards.)

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THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO

"CAMELS DON'T GET YOUR WIND"

FAMOUS ATHLETES AGREE

SLUGGER. Lou Gehrig says: "For steady smoking I pick Camels. They never get my wind or my nerves. Those costly tobaccos sure show up in Camel's mildness and flavor."

TRACK STAR. James Bausch reports: "Camels are so mild they don't get my wind or cut down my endurance. And Camel is a better-tasting cigarette; always rich and mellow."

DIVER. Harold ("Dutch") Smith says: "After a meet, a Camel restores my energy. And what's equally important to me — Camels never affect my endurance or interfere with my wind."

JANE FAUNTZ, Olympic Swimming and Diving Star. "Since I started smoking, I have always smoked Camels," says Miss Fauntz. "They do not get my wind or jangle my nerves." Other champions agree as to the mildness of Camels... their fragrance and flavor... their good taste. Athletes say Camels don't fray their nerves or get their wind.

TENNIS ACE. Bill Tilden: "I must keep in 'condition.' I smoke Camels, the mild cigarette. They don't get my wind or upset my nerves. And I never tire of their smooth, rich taste."

STAR WOMAN GOLFER. "There's a certain delicacy in the flavor of Camels that appeals to women," says Helen Hicks. "And Camels do not affect my nerves or my wind, either."

GOLF CHAMPION. Gene Sarazen says: "Playing as much as I do, I *have* to keep in 'condition.' I smoke Camels. They are so mild they never get my wind — never upset my nerves."

SO MILD . . . YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT!

HOMEMAKER — Mrs. J. B. Feeley

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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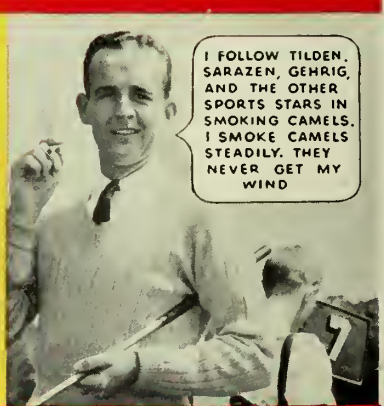

REPORTER — Dick Hungerford