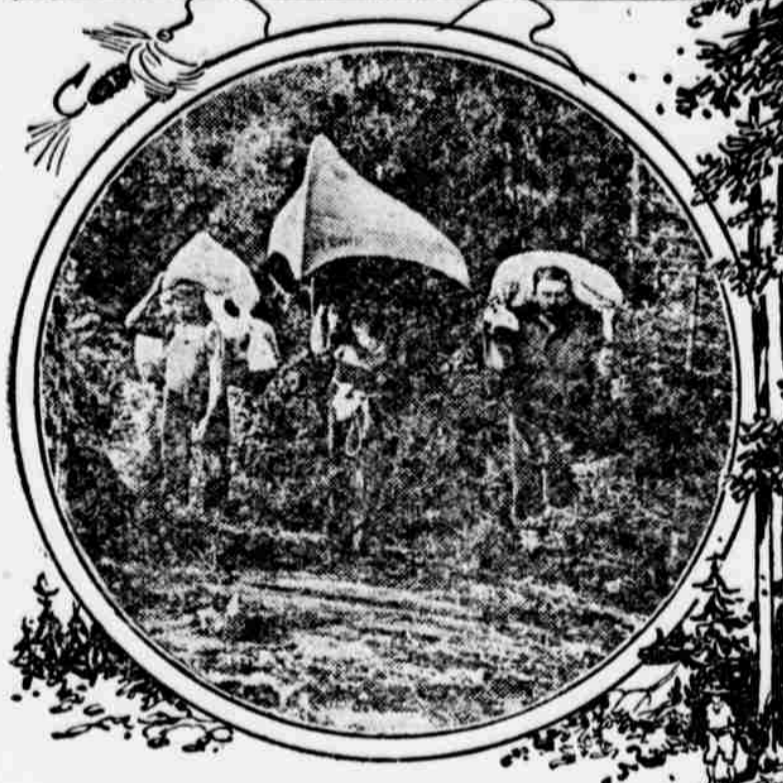


Call of the Wild



By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN.

ALL of the Wild! This is the time of year when it sounds over all the land, creating in every normal breast a pang unmistakable and poignant. It is the awakening of an instinct as old as the race—the desire for the open road. It is old Mother Nature herself calling, and she says:

"Play time, everybody! All work and no play is folly; you know the penalty I exact. Life in these modern times is too strenuous. Stop, get your breath, relax, rest! Come and play awhile!"

We Americans are the busiest people under the sun. There was a time when we played hardily at all. Now we have finally learned the necessity of relaxation and recreation. The trouble is that we have learned to play not wisely but too well. Our avocations, especially in the large cities, are as strenuous as our vocations—sometimes even more strenuous.

"There should be nothing so much a man's business as his amusements," wrote Stevenson, and he wrote a great truth, which has not yet come home to us. So it is that we Americans, many of us, are coming to have double need of a summer vacation—to rest up from both our work and our pleasures.

The Call of the Wild means, in a sense, pretty much the same thing to all of us. But necessarily we can interpret it only according to our knowledge and experience. Fortunate indeed are they to whom the call means but one thing—whether gyping by automobile, or the flying spray of the salt sea, or the rushing stream whose deep dark pools hide the great trout, or the tent and campfire beside the placid lake, or the mountain trail to the peaks where lies the everlasting snow. These fortunate, hear, understand and obey.

Those of us who are less fortunate also hear and rejoice. But the call has no clear message. We do not know what to do with our play time. We do not know where or at what to play, and the interesting spectacle of a great people at play is saddened by the sight of thousands of unfortunates wasting their precious vacation days—getting little enjoyment and less rest.

Come, let us plan vacation days while yet the season's new! The secret of the trip that pays is knowing what to do.

That's the motto of the wise. They are not among these unfortunates. They have planned their vacation carefully and put common sense into their plans. They have taken stock of their physical and mental needs. They have profited by the experience of past vacations and their successes and failures. They understand that a vacation for pleasure and a vacation for recuperation are not necessarily the same thing, but they will try to combine pleasure and recuperation.

Change is a great factor in both pleasure and rest. When play time comes around most of us instinctively long for something that our daily life does not offer. Often this longing is a safe guide, provided common sense is used. Obviously a camping trip in the wilds is not suited to those who must have soft beds, delicate viands and deft service—even if they are lovers of nature, longing for a novel experience. It is equally obvious that these nature lovers would be out of place in a fashionable summer resort where people congregate to see and be seen. The common sense of it is that they should go where scenic beauty can be enjoyed and the conventional comforts of life are not lacking.

When vacation time means to the weary worker an opportunity to recuperate from toil, rest is what he needs. The best rest is absolute inaction. "I loafe and invite my soul," wrote Walt Whitman. But loafing is a fine art; most of us are too used to be up and doing to enjoy sitting and twiddling our thumbs. A change of scene and occupation, with the blessed consciousness that we do not have to do anything, is the best rest. The hodgepodge who came into money had the psychology of it down fine when he set his alarm clock as usual, threw his shoe at it when it went off and turned over for a nap.

The wise man will take his vacation temperately. To return to rest up from his play—that is a poor proposition. To come back to work with renewed strength and energy—that's the thing. The wrong kind of vacation may be worse than none. The right kind of vacation may be a veritable godsend. The wise man will so order his play as to come back refreshed and restored and eager for new worlds to conquer.

And wherever the Call of the Wild takes us,

let us be "good sports"—which is to say, let us be sportsmen and live up to a sportsman's ideals! And what is a sportsman? It is easy to say this: The sportsman is the gentleman of the out-of-doors. But that does not comprehensively define the sportsman because it is still more difficult to define the gentleman.

Anyway, whatever else he may be, the sportsman is the man who plays fair—with nature, with wild animal life, with his companions, with himself. He never wantonly defaces the fair face of nature. He never pollutes stream or lake. He never cuts down a tree that he does not need. He buries or burns his camp rubbish. He cleans up his camping place. And he is very sure that he sets no forest fire.

The sportsman plays fair with wild animal life. He will not hunt out of season. He will not kill a female deer or elk. He will not shoot a bird except when flying. In angling he uses light tackle to give the fish a fair chance. He will use the fly rather than the worm for trout. He will put back the small trout—and handle it with a wet hand. He will use the single hook rather than the gang hooks. He never takes from forest, field, lake and stream more than he can use. And always he obeys the local game laws.

The sportsman is a delight in camp and on the trail. He takes pride in keeping up his end, in doing his full share efficiently, willingly and cheerfully. In emergencies he is a volunteer. He helps the tenderfoot. Poor luck cannot ruffle his temper or spoil his outing. He gets fun out of trouble and can take a joke on himself. He is a good loser; he grins and bears it when defeat is his. He is a good winner—which is harder—and wears his laurels modestly.

And the sportsman plays fair with himself, which is perhaps the hardest thing of all. He is not too proud to learn from his betters. If he catches fish "with a silver spoon," he owns up to it. He does not blame his own mistakes on others or on his tackle. He does not exhibit his musky trophy and tell of his skill while all the while his inner self is saying: "You know perfectly well the guide rigged your rod and tackle, paddled you to the place, showed you the exact spot to cast, told you how to handle the fish, netted it and landed it." In short, possibly the crowning ideal of true sportsmanship is independent achievement in sport or woodcraft.

Speaking of muskellunge, please recall those immortal lines in Sir Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler":

"We may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did,' and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

Possibly Dr. Boteler was right about strawberries. And probably Sir Izaak was right about the innocence of angling. In spite of "fish yarns" which do most amazingly smack of rank perjury. But when the model and pattern of all good anglers doth speak of angling as "calm" and "quiet," here is one disciple who rises up to say that Sir Izaak is no "Compleat Angler"—and if this be treason, make the most of it!

For he rises to inquire: How can anyone use the words "calm" and "quiet" in connection with a thirty-pound musky? And how can any angler be "compleat" who has not been fast to this "tiger of the inland seas"?

Calm! Quiet! Oh, would that Sir Izaak were back on earth. This is what would happen to him. He'd be taken to a certain lake and given a hand-made split-bamboo casting rod, with multiplying reel, braided silk line and spoon hook with pork rind. Along toward evening he'd be rowed past a certain rushy point where the pickerel weed and lilies grow, and there is deep water on either side. And with good luck Sir Izaak would thereupon find himself fast to a

glistening, leaping, darting, plunging, rushing piece of sheer deviltry that would make him forget all his philosophy and all his morals, and act like a real human being.

Yessireebob! When a man gets fast to a big musky it is no time for him to think of home and mother, wife, sweetheart, the League of Nations and the H. C. of L. As that ardent angler, T. H. Kendall, puts it—

I have felt exhilaration in the auto's lightning rush. Evading limitations and the law. I have felt my pulses quicken when I filled a bob-tail flush. Having raised the ante just before the draw. I have let the perspiration run down my smiling face as I cashed a winning ticket on a doubtful trotting race.

With muscles tense and ready I firmly grasp my pole. I forget the rocking boat in which I stand. I forget my wife's relations, the salvation of my soul, My debts, my duties and my native land. Cold chills of apprehension go up and down my spine. And I wonder at my folly in selecting such a line. 'Tis the limit of the pleasures I have traveled miles to feel!

On this cloudy, breezy afternoon in June, When my heart is set to pounding by the protest of my reel As the Mighty Musky rushes with my spoon.

And then the congratulations would pour in on Sir Izaak. For if, with the aid of an oarsman, a club, a revolver, a gaff and a landing net, he got the musky into the boat, congratulations would obviously be in order. And if the musky got away, congratulations would be equally in order, since the panting, perspiring and exhausted angler got away from the musky with his life.

The poorest way to see the country is from the window of a railroad car. The next poorest is from an automobile going thirty miles an hour. A man on horseback has a fair chance to see things, provided he will get off the beaten highway. Really to see the country, however, a man must walk.

For it is only the pedestrian who can leave the beaten track at will to climb to the vantage spot on the slope, to wander off down the woodland trail to the tinkling stream, to cast himself down at full length on the pine needles of the cool grove. It is only the man on foot who has the time to find these hidden charms and the leisure to appreciate them.

And then there's the actual feel of the country under foot—the spring of the turf; the rustle of fallen leaves; the cooling touch of lush grass about the spring; the ring of hobnail on solid rock; the crunch of sand on the beach. That's the way to see the country—get into actual physical touch with it.

If you go camping, here is some advice in the form of don'ts:

Don't neglect to choose your companions carefully; the smaller the party the more care is necessary. If a man has a mean, lazy or yellow streak in him, it will come out in camp.

Don't eat a hearty meal when you are exhausted; you might as well take poison. Cool off and rest a while; then a hearty meal will renew your strength.

Don't go into cold water when overheated or just after a heavy meal. Don't go into deep water alone. Don't stay in after your teeth begin to chatter. Don't go in at all if it is a tax rather than a tonic.

Don't give up and conclude that the fish will not bite. If there are fish they must feed. Don't try to do your cooking over a campfire; use a cooking fire. A campfire is for jollity and warmth, a cooking fire is principally live coals for cooking only.

The American Legion

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

LEGION OFFICER KNOWS NAVY

Edward Spafford, Chairman of Committee on Naval Affairs, Has Climbed the Ladder.

Edward Elwell Spafford, newly appointed chairman of the American Legion's committee on naval affairs, knows the United States navy on land and on sea as few other men do.

Born in Springfield, Vt., Mr. Spafford was educated in the public schools. He received an appointment to the United States Naval academy in 1901. Assigned to the ship Washington, he became gunnery officer; at that time he was the youngest officer in the navy to hold this position.

While the Washington was lying off Cape Hatteras a sailor was washed overboard in a heavy sea. Risking his life in the waves, Mr. Spafford plunged overboard and succeeded in rescuing the seaman. His bravery was recognized in a letter of commendation from the secretary of the navy. He rose to the rank of lieutenant commander.

In 1914 Mr. Spafford resigned from the navy to study law at Columbia university.

With the start of the war Mr. Spafford offered his services to his country and he was made a lieutenant commander in the navy reserve corps. He served for a time as a member of the board of inspection and survey, which was in charge of the selection of ships to be purchased by the government. He directed the fitting out of the first 25 110-foot submarine chasers built for distance service and established a submarine chaser base at New London, Conn.

When the American navy became active in the Straits of Otranto, Mr. Spafford was sent to establish a submarine chaser base at Corfu, Greece, and later became chief of staff of that station. He was in charge of all operations and was on the first American submarine chaser which destroyed an enemy ship after locating it by the process of sound contact.

When the Austrians surrendered two battleships and two destroyers to the United States, Lieutenant Commander Spafford took them over. Later, he investigated the situation along the Dalmatian coast and made a special report on Flume to the American peace delegation at Paris. He received the Distinguished Service Medal. Mr. Spafford is a member of Manhattan naval post of the American Legion in New York city.

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SAYS NO MAN HER SUPERIOR

Bright-Eyed Sergeant and Vice Commander of Post Bluffed Mr. Silver-Eagles.

Who else but a bright-eyed, smiling American girl could have gotten away with it?

Sergeant Minnie Arthur of the United States marine corps was on duty in a recruiting office in Indianapolis, Ind., during the war. The major in charge was nervous; a colonel from Washington was coming to inspect; everyone brushed up on rules of military conduct. In walked the austere colonel. Sergeant Arthur remained working at her desk. Silver-eagles walked over to her desk and frowned.

"Um—ever get up when an officer comes in the room, sergeant?" he growled.

"Yes, sir, sometimes," Miss Three Stripes replied.

"Um—and I suppose you salute your superiors, too, eh?"

Sergeant Arthur smiled sweetly—and then her eyes snapped.

"Sir, I've never seen a man yet who was my superior!"

And the colonel passed it off without a reprimand.

Miss Arthur, now vice-commander of Robert E. Kennington post of the American Legion in Indianapolis, enlisted for four years and served 18 months. She is still in the reserve, drawing \$1 a month with which she buys hair nets. She is authority on Liberator golf and plays a good hand at "blackjack."



On the Square.

"We had quite a game up to the boarding house last night."

"Poker?"

"No. The landlady was going to lick one of the boys for not paying his board. I tried to check her, she jumped me, crowned him and told us both to move."

"Did you do it?"

"Chess."—American Legion Weekly.

IS BUSY LEGION ORGANIZER

Vice Commander of Body in New York Perfects One of the Most Powerful Units.

Believing that the county organization is a vital part of the American Legion, William F. Deegan, first vice commander of the Legion in New York, has perfected in Bronx county one of the most powerful Legion units in the country.

Among the accomplishments of the Bronx county organization is the placing of bronze plaques on 950 trees as a memorial to the World war dead; employment provided for hundreds of ex-service men by the employment committee, and relief to sick and wounded veterans in New York city hospitals from the Legion's welfare committee.

Mr. Deegan, when asked to give some of his working principles, said: "I insist upon every post being represented at a county meeting held once a month. I visit every post at least once or twice a month and for the benefit of Legionnaires have arranged for a legal committee to take up the principal troubles of the boys, without cost. I find that Legion men have absolute confidence in their officers, provided they know that they do not seek political office at their expense. To that end I make every effort to keep the organization free from men holding appointive offices.

"Personal contact with your post is absolutely necessary—telling them what is going on, listening to complaints and abolishing wherever possible parliamentary procedure, because delegates oftentimes will come to meetings and fear to speak on a subject which is vital to the interests of the organization, because they do not know whether they are in order."

During the war Mr. Deegan was attached to the staff of Gen. George W. Goethals and was assigned to inspect the army bases along the Atlantic coast and inland army depots. He was discharged a major in 1919.



LEGION MAN ON LONG HIKE

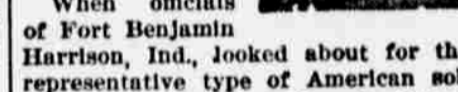
Sergeant Sylvester of Indiana Is Scheduled to Walk 737 Miles to Boost Training Camps.

Former doughboys will reflect long upon the sad case of Sergt. Harley C. Sylvester, who likes the walking branch of the service so well that he voluntarily agreed to hike an average of 18 1/2 miles a day for 40 days to tell the peaceful citizenry why they should learn to fight.

When officials of Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., looked about for the representative type of American soldier to advertise the citizens' military training camps to be held during the summer, they found Sergeant Sylvester, overseas veteran and member of the American Legion at the military post, still in the service.

Sergeant Sylvester is scheduled to cover 737 miles during the 40 days. He is visiting towns and cities in Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky. He carries light marching equipment and is the guest of his buddies in the Legion posts along the dusty route.

The American Legion will assist in obtaining recruits for the citizens' military training camps, according to a resolution adopted by the military policy committee of the ex-service men's organization.



TRANSFERS PAY TO LEGION

Permanently Disabled Yank, Propped Up in Bed, Signs Over Bonus Check to Post.

A striking example of the gratitude of the nation's disabled veterans for those who have aided them in their hours of suffering has come to the attention of Lee C. Prentice post of the American Legion in Fairmount, Minn.

Cletus Lappin, a young soldier severely wounded on the battlefields of France and now in hospital, rated totally and permanently disabled, received a check in payment for the state bonus while taking treatment in a sanitarium at Fairmount.

Asking to be propped up in bed, Lappin indorsed the slip, good for several hundred dollars, to the Prentice post of the Legion. "When I needed help," said the boy who had given the best of his life to his country, "the Legion boys stood by me. Now I'm going to do my little bit to help them get those clubrooms they are after."

Where Ignorance Is Bliss.

"If you read more you would know more."

"Yes, and miss all the sensational cases by getting rejected for jury duty."—American Legion Weekly.

