



11-1921

Jim Jam Jems: November 1921

Sam H. Clark

[How does access to this work benefit you? Let us know!](#)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://commons.und.edu/nd-politics-publications>

Recommended Citation

Sam H. Clark. "Jim Jam Jems: November 1921" (1921). *North Dakota Politics - Publications*. 124.
<https://commons.und.edu/nd-politics-publications/124>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Elwyn B. Robinson Department of Special Collections at UND Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in North Dakota Politics - Publications by an authorized administrator of UND Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact und.common@library.und.edu.

Jim Jam Jems

BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

NOVEMBER
1921



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH



**SAM H. CLARK, Editor and Publisher
Bismarck, North Dakota**

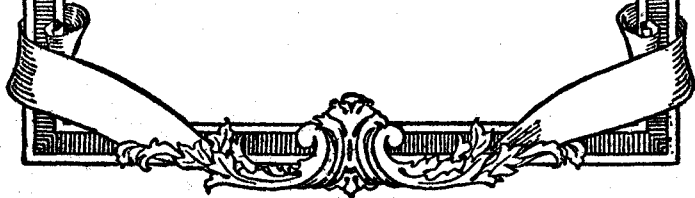
Copyright, 1921, by Sam H. Clark

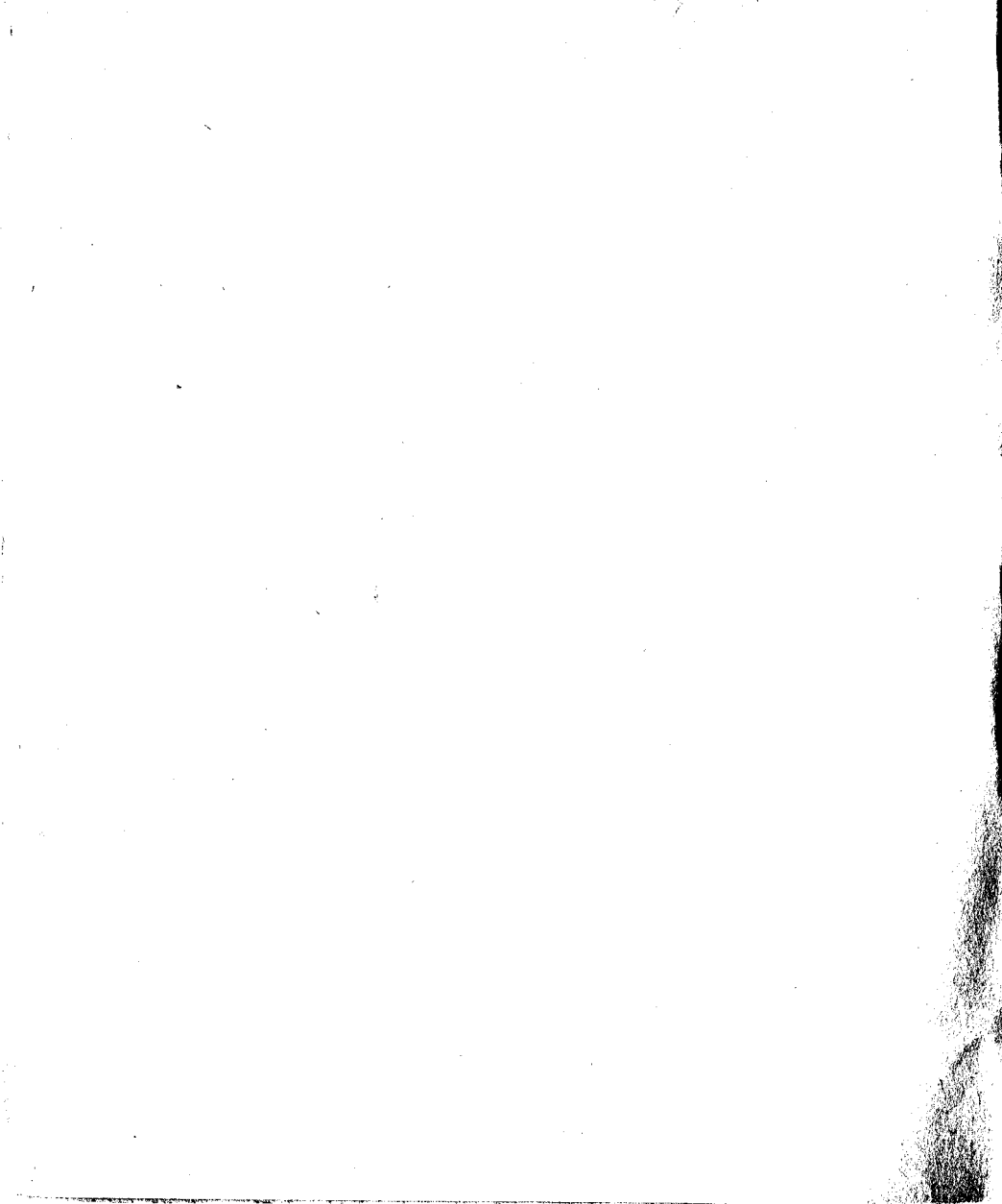


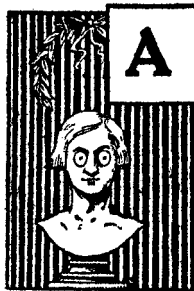
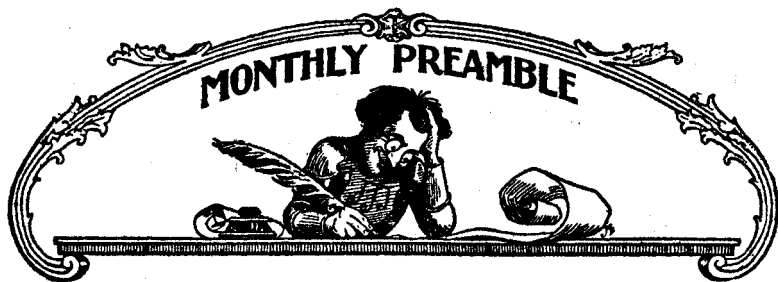
TABLE OF CONTENTS

NOVEMBER

Monthly Preamble.....	5
Henry Ford's Mental Voltage.....	12
Boccaccio Falstaff Arbuckle.....	23
"Over the Hill to the Poorhouse".....	32
On the Auction Block.....	36
The American Legion.....	42
Two Insane Infernos.....	47







AS we set about to write this preamble we have a picture in our mind's eye of a scene that was enacted in the corridor of a New York hotel one afternoon early in December, 1915. We were an eye-witness to that scene and it comes back to us now as vividly as though it were again being enacted. Picture if you can a tall, lank, grey-haired, mild-mannered old gentleman—the centre and target of a group of some twenty-odd news-hungry, clamoring, shouting, fiery, impetuous, almost frantic newspaper reporters—all of them hand-picked expert news-getters and all of them firing questions as though shot from the muzzle of a rapid-fire gun in an attempt to blast from this one man, some kind, any kind of a story in fact, that would permit of large headlines on the front page of the various so-called "great"

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

daily newspapers which they represented. And as we stood there watching that bunch of news-hounds volleying and barking at the lone figure in the centre of the group, like a bunch of hungry coyotes surrounding their prey, we could not but marvel at the coolness of the man they were all but devouring. 'Mebbe you have already guessed it, but if you haven't we want to tell you that the central figure in this mad group was Henry Ford. And the scene which we have attempted to describe to you occurred in the corridor of the Biltmore hotel just outside the Ford headquarters on the day prior to his sailing for Europe on the famous Peace Ship—Oscar II.

Just a few days ago we sat in a very unpretentious office at the Ford headquarters in the little suburb—Dearborn, Michigan—just outside Detroit, and opposite us sat Henry Ford—the most talked-of man in America today. We had journeyed to Dearborn and had met Mr. Ford by appointment, for we wanted to know about his railroad. We had decided to give the public the truth about the latest venture of Henry Ford, and we knew that the only way to do this was to go where the facts were obtainable. And as we sat there shooting questions at "Uncle Henry", we could not but think of the contrast between this sincere, quiet, honest interview and that other interview we had witnessed between Henry Ford and a gang of New York reporters. Where were they now—those high-power news gatherers? Chasing the Kleagle of the Ku Klux or snatching sensational sidelights on the Fatty Arbuckle case or doing a

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

special interview with Fifi Stillman—anything that will carry the big head-lines and furnish feverish sensationalism for the front page of newspaperdom. While the Henry Ford railroad story is as big a story as anyone could conceive right now, the Morganzed and subsidized daily press of the country can't see it. It isn't truth that the big newspapers want. It's sensation. But if the dum fools only knew it, the truth about Henry Ford's operation of a railroad is the most sensational thing that has happened in a long, long time. And further, the subsidized daily press wouldn't dare publish the truth about Ford's railroad operations. What few facts have leaked out have thrown a mighty scare into railroads' lords of ease and they see their soft berths slipping if Ford's common sense operation of a public utility were put into general practice. So don't expect the newspapers to give you the facts. You'll have to get them from us.

Motoring from Detroit to Dearborn, the main road passes the Ford estate and Henry Ford's present home and beautiful grounds. The old Ford homestead is located nearby—the place where Henry played as a boy. And right in this very neighborhood where the bare-footed Henry spent his boyhood, Henry, the man, can sit on the veranda of his beautiful home and look out upon the immense smokestacks and hear the hum of industry of the greatest manufacturing plant in the world and even hear the whistle of his own railroad train. It is all his, not an inheritance, but the creature of his own genius. Ford has been termed

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

“a dreamer” by some of his critics. We wonder if any other man, who dreamed as a boy and built castles in the air as a boy will, could have in his wildest moments dreamed anything so big and true as that which Henry Ford has realized right there in the shadow of the old homestead?

This and a dozen other thoughts rushed through our mind as we quizzed this strange man. Strange? No, that is not fair to Henry Ford. There is nothing strange about him. He is the commonest kind of a fellow to talk to. And yet you can't be with Henry Ford but a very few minutes without feeling that you are in touch with a great big personage. Criticise Henry Ford as we will; disagree with him as we will—the fact remains that he is about the biggest individual success that America has ever produced and that “success” didn't just happen by a damnsight.

“What's the matter with the railroads of the country?” was about the first question we shot at Henry. And he came back thus: “Stockholders for one thing. They've got to have dividends. And to get them they've got to get by all the petty and grand office-holders of an immense organization with a bunch of Jew bankers and fat boys at the head sitting down there in Wall street. They've got to get their slice first and then the stockholders must get a dividend. That's what's the matter with the railroads.”

“When you get control of that Muscle Shoals proposition you could electrify your railroad if you wanted to, couldn't you, Mr. Ford?” That's another one we shot at him,

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

rather innocent like. But it didn't seem to bother Uncle Henry. He just leaned back in his chair, ran his long fingers through his hair and buckled his hands behind his head as he looked at us with a twinkle in his eyes. He knew we just wanted to get him started on that government proposition so he said "all right, I'll tell you about it." "You know nobody seemed to think very much about that government power plant down there until we became interested in it," he said. "They were on the verge of abandoning it and charging it off and letting it go until someone down at Washington got his head to working and thought perhaps it might be of use to some private interest or other and they sent out a feeler in the shape of an inquiry. We got one of their inquiries and it was brought to my attention and I just thought I'd look it over. I did just that and then made the government a proposition for it. Then all of a sudden it seemed to get very valuable and a lot of interest was aroused because we made a bid for it. So after all, instead of charging it off, the government will probably realize something out of it, whether we get it or someone else gets it."

"How about Newberry?" was the next one we shot at him. That was going pretty strong, of course, when we asked for a railroad interview, but Uncle Henry seemed to be inclined to talk and we couldn't help but think of what that bunch of New York newshounds would shoot at him if they had the opportunity we had, so we took the chance. "Well, of course, I'm not discussing the Newberry

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

matter as long as the Senate has the matter under consideration. You noticed the reports of the committee. Both the majority and minority report arrived at about the same conclusion—that Newberry spent too much money in the campaign and that was what I was getting at. I don't want a seat in the Senate and never did want it. Couldn't afford to take it if they'd hand it to me. But I just didn't want to see the fellow get it that way, that's all." "Well, you kind of smeared the fellow up, anyway," we ventured. "Yes," said Henry, "he's smeared. And if there's glory in the result he's welcome to it."

We even talked a little about the Jews with Uncle Henry, but as we don't exactly agree in all particulars on this subject, and the fact that you can get Mr. Ford's idea of the Jew from his newspaper and our idea of the Jew from our publication makes it unnecessary to comment further here on this subject. Except we might say that if anyone thinks Uncle Henry is weakening on his stand against the Jew, or that he isn't sincere in his discussion of the subject through the press, don't be mistaken, for he isn't!

But to get back to the railroad story, for that's what we went after. We are giving it to you in as condensed form as it is possible to make it. We are giving you facts and figures that will stand up. It is the most remarkable showing of what common business sense and methods and system will do that we have ever encountered. We are going to devote the next ten pages of this issue to Henry Ford's railroad and we want you to read it. And know you that

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

nothing but the truth is written there, for we went personally and carefully gathered these facts and we believe it is the biggest story that Jim Jam Jems has published in many a day.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.



Henry Ford's Mental Voltage



YOUR "Uncle Hennery" Ford has been shooting some of his mental voltage into a railroad. He bought—at the request of moaning stockholders—the control of what was but an ancient "streak of rust and right of way," the Detroit, Toledo & Iron-ton Railroad. Part of its trackage was laid as early as 1849. It has been—until "Uncle Hennery's" mental voltage-jazzed into it—a mazuma sink hole. It has had about twenty-seven varieties of bankruptcies, reorganizations and varied fancy stock and bond issues. It runs 454 miles practically due south from Detroit, Michigan, to Ironton, Ohio. It intersects practically every great trans-continental railroad. It has been a fiscal joke, a monetary morgue, a labor playground and a favorite preserve for official railroad deficits. There's the skeleton—and skeleton is right, too—of this railroad scenario.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

On March 4 last Henry Ford and his organization took charge of this deficit producer. Coteries of Railroad Pharisees, wedded to archaic methods of duplicatory wastages and to orgies of extravagances in railroading, chuckled and chortled and prepared to deliver volleys of derision at your "Uncle Hennerly." He was—according to these regular railroad wastrels—going to register a monumental failure and they were going to stencil that brand on him. But 'twas just the reverse! 'Twas so much the reverse that "Uncle Hennerly's" chortling would-be traducers had fits and fell into 'em. The Morganzed New York Evening Post and the Wall Street Journal, lickspittle adulators of railroad pillage, have got bunions on the brain trying to "explain away" Henry Ford's success as a railroader. We knew from the mental somersaults and verbal contortions of these railroad propagandists and their ilk—all nauseated at having to swallow their own words—that the truth about this affair would make mighty interesting reading. We therefore, as mentioned in our Preamble, made a date with "Uncle Hennerly" and paid a pilgrimage to Detroit. We got the facts anent the Ford railroad and here is where you get 'em and the only place where you can get 'em.

Right here are Henry Ford's ideas in brief anent railroading—as proven by his experience. And after we hand you his ideas just as they flashed from his mental storage, we are going to hand you the *facts taken from the books of his railroad.*

A great painter was once asked what he mixed with his

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

pigments in order to obtain such marvelous results. He replied in one word—"Brains"! And that's the power—Henry Ford's mental voltage—that has transformed the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railroad from a financial quicksand into a monthly crop of profit.

Henry Ford contends that all business is really one and that the same qualities and traits and characteristics and tireless industry and good judgment and attention to the human equation, which will make one business succeed, will make another business succeed. He says in effect that brains, integrity, industry and the highest class of team work will succeed in railroad transportation as they had succeeded in his motor transportation. We say—what he was too modest to say—that the master of motor transportation can, if he wishes, become the master of railroad transportation. Henry Ford has provided millions of units and billions of miles of the most successful motor transportation which has ever rolled on this planet! Can't he manage one railroad unit and some four hundred and fifty miles of railroad transportation? There isn't an item of the transportation problem that Henry Ford's mental voltage hasn't cleared up—not once but literally thousands of times in motordom. Couldn't he do it on 454 miles of highway with rails if he could do it on millions of miles of traffic without rails? We say he could and has.

Here is very briefly Henry Ford's railroad scenario as it unrolls itself on the screen of fact. There is too much duplicatory dead wood in railroads, too much favoritism

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

and too many favorites. For instance, Mr. Ford's General Manager of the Ford railroad says that he doesn't need a section boss, a roadmaster, a superintendent of maintenance of way and a vice president in charge of operations to tell him about his road bed. He doesn't want four reports, all duplicatory, to tell him about what he can see for himself. He doesn't inspect his road from a private car with a chef, with a personal valet, with a cargo of rich food, with a hootch reservoir and with a gang of admirers aboard. Any railroad looks good from that viewpoint. When he inspects his road he does it from the hurricane deck of a little railroad speedster driven by a Ford motor, where the road bed unrolls beneath his eyes. We have photographs of this Ford roadbed when he took it over. It looks like a mess of broken tooth picks for ties with weeds decorating the spaces. Now clean hewn ties show with crushed stone bed as good as the Union Pacific, Pennsylvania or Lackawanna. The two private cars of the Ford railroad are in their sheds—never run out under his management.

When Mr. Ford's organization took hold of this streak of rust, there were just 171 office employees scattered on three points of the line. Now there are just 64 of 'em, all in one office at Dearborn and doing about three times the work that was once done. We saw them at work and we want to say they were working—alertly and cheerfully and not soldiering! Incidentally, the general offices of this railroad are in an old abandoned brick school building at Dearborn, perfectly comfortable but there is a noticeable

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

absence of marble and mahogany and "side." Incidentally part of this building is rented out as a telephone exchange. Efficiency and economy hit you between the eyes as you enter.

General employes were cut from 2,727 to 1,329. The minimum wage on the Ford railroad is \$6 a day for an 8 hour day. Overtime is paid for pro rata and each overtime slip is carefully checked to ascertain the necessity for it and the efficiency of it. There are no labor troubles on the Ford railroad. When a man is employed he is paid not only for his physical efforts but for his mental alertness too. He is not regarded as a brainless machine, but as a working partner.

An engineer on the Ford railroad gets \$375 per month and works just 208 hours per month, no more, no less. He doesn't loaf awaiting a "call" for his run. He gets his "run" steadily and his money for it.

No trains run on Sunday except to save perishable freight. Yard engines are in service to provide against fire or other emergencies. When it was ascertained by other railroads that Ford proposed to do no Sunday work on his railroad, they proceeded to "dump" on his railroad an enormous number of freight cars so as to be able to charge a "per diem" for the use of these cars over Sunday! At just exactly 12:01 on each Monday A. M. "Uncle Hennery's" engineers grab these idle per diem freight cars and get them into service.

On road bed work they put on crews of fifteen men each,

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

checking the work of each crew against others all the time. If one crew falls behind the management wants to know why it fell behind in work done. Everybody is checked and checked all the time. And the better paid their job and the higher their position the more they are checked, till they are "checked out" as inefficient or "checked in" because they are efficient. It's a "show me" proposition with a "why" attachment from section man to General Manager. A loafer has no more chance in the Ford railroad organization than a snowball in Hades. It's "go to it and get paid" or "loaf and get the gate!" As a sample, while we were talking with the General Manager he answered his 'phone. Here's the conversation: "You tell me engine 147 went to Brown's Crossing. I can get that from the movement sheet. I want to know 'why' it went to Brown's Crossing. If you want to keep your job you find out and tell me 'why.'" In a moment again rang the 'phone. "Oh, that's the reason, well next time tell me 'why' first."

"Uncle Hennery" says that railroads have been doing things by proxy; they are "proxied" to death from voting stockholder's proxies to doing everything else by proxy. He says there are too many "kike" bankers running railroads and selling fancy stock and bond issues and executing high dive "financiering" stunts. He says he's selling transportation—not misbranded "securities"—and isn't holding out any mendicant hand to Uncle Sam either for doing it!

"Uncle Hennery" also says that railroad equipment is

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

too heavy, two or three times too heavy in bulk and in cost. He says he is going to lighten equipment, decrease its cost and carry more traffic than any railroad has ever carried at lesser cost.

He says that these huge locomotive repair bills—handed out to Baldwin's and other financial pets of railroad directors—are bunk. He tried his hand at repairing old engine No. 153, twenty years old. On the day that we were there at seven o'clock in the morning Henry Ford himself was handling the throttle of old No. 153 and 'twas rolling on the rails okeh! Do you know any other railroad president of Henry Ford's wealth doing that job? He doesn't say "go," he says "come" and a lusty army of employe "comers" do come!

"Uncle Hennery" says that his railroad pays and proposes to pay salaries so fair and so ample that employes won't be tempted to graft and can't afford to graft.

Here come the fruit of Henry Ford's ideas of railroading in concrete figures of comparison, the "before" and "after" test, the only test that counts. Here you get his mental voltage on railroading transformed in the transformer of actual experience.

The Ford organization, trained in motor transportation, took charge of railroad transportation on the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton R. R. in March last.

We culled from the books records of actual results. In August, 1920 the operating revenue was \$399,142 and in July, 1921 was \$744,498—a difference of \$345,356. In

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

August, 1920 operating expenses were \$820,723 and in July, 1921 were \$444,794—a difference of \$375,929. In other words Henry Ford's ideas in railroading produced in less than one year an increase of \$345,356 in one month in revenue and a decrease of \$375,929 in operating expenses—a total difference of \$721,285 in one month or at the rate of \$8,655,420 per annum! In August, 1920 it cost just exactly \$205.62 for this railroad to get \$100 of revenue and in July, 1921—under the Ford organization—it cost only \$59.74 to get \$100 of revenue! If anybody is "crazy" on railroad economics it isn't your "Uncle Hennery," is it?

We now cull a few items from a multitude of which these differences arose. In August, 1920 it cost \$7,318.53 for superintendence and in July, 1921 it cost \$3,860.71. In August, 1920 it cost for bridges, trestles and culverts \$26,827.14 and in July, 1921 it cost \$11,334.86 and so on through a maze of items. It cost in August, 1920 \$312,327.99 for maintenance of way and structures and in July, 1921 it cost \$118,288.55, a difference of \$194,039.44 in favor of Ford organization methods.

In transportation cost expense tobogganed down from \$38,000 to \$24,000 a month for station employees; from \$22,000 to \$15,000 a month for yard conductors and brakemen; from \$16,000 to \$5,000 a month for fuel for yard locomotives; from \$64,000 to \$29,000 a month for fuel for train locomotives and from \$13,088 to \$1,797 a month for train supplies. Massing a multitude of such items you get a transportation cost of \$327,965.78 in August, 1920 and a

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

cost of but \$222,206.26 for the same thing in July, 1921, or a difference of \$105,759.52 in favor of "Uncle Hennerly's" "crazy" notions of economy!

Right here we want to step aside a moment to pour a volley of truth into a mess of bunk penned by Henry Ford's subsidized detractors of his railroad success. The charge is that Mr. Ford's railroad success comes entirely from the Ford factory shipments. No more rancid lie was ever penned. Bear in mind that the Ford railroad runs only 454 miles due north and south and that the bulk of the Ford factory shipments run east or west. If "Uncle Hennerly" wanted to he couldn't possibly deflect his east and west shipments north and south, could he? In the next place the records show that of all the freight originating in the Ford factory only 33 percent of it runs on his own railroad, while 66 per cent of it runs on other railroads. By reason of the fact that the Ford railroad intersects almost every great east and west railroad "Uncle Hennerly" could, if he wanted to, start over 90 per cent of his own shipments on his own railroad, but he doesn't! In other words, he could be a hog but he isn't. Now we want to nail another lie of his subsidized detractors. The charge is that when he originates a shipment on his own railroad he "hogs" the freight. We looked it up. We looked up a list of his through coast shipments, originated on his railroad, and found that his railroad got just three and three-quarters percent of the freight leaving ninety-six and a quarter per cent for other lines! If anybody's fore feet

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

were in the trough they weren't "Uncle Hennery's," were they?

Get now a bird's eye view of this entire proposition. It is one of the greatest interest to every man, woman and child in this U. S. A. because every man, woman and child in this U. S. A. is staggering under the most stupendous railroad exactions ever strapped on the backs of free people. From January 1, 1918 to this writing, in added railway rates and in taxes handed to railroads, the people of this land have handed out over four billions of dollars extra to railroad mendicants who moaned that they couldn't run their business to a profit. That's what really happened.

We say it's largely a "graft." We say that railroad deficits are largely caused by duplicatory work, by traditions of extravagance, by a mess of high-salaried officials cluttering up pay rolls and by the rankest kind of favoritism handed out to battalions of lazy favorites. We say that were every railroad in this land run as Henry Ford runs the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton deficits could be almost entirely eliminated. Henry Ford distinctly disclaims being a "wizard" or a "miracle man" or anything else except a plain man of business, who has applied his brains to railroad transportation just as he applied them to motor transportation. As he stretched out his gray length, leaned back in his chair, clasped his hands behind his head and discoursed to us on the fundamentals of economy, perseverance, man power; intelligent co-operation and brains as applied to railroad transportation he "sold" the idea to

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

us. Henry Ford generates the mental voltage. He has shot it into a "streak of rust" and made it a winner, where it was a loser. He has changed one of the hoariest old deficit producers in this land into a profit maker. In the doing of it he pays the highest minimum wage paid by any railroad in the world. In a few months of Ford efficiency he has shot full of holes mountains of railroad bunk, bull and balderdash! He has pushed the lever of economy, efficiency, satisfied labor, enthusiastic man-power and brains under the mountain of railroad traditional wastage and heaved it clear off his right-of-way!

Henry Ford said nothing about these things until he was maligned, badgered and misrepresented so grossly by coteries of railroad prostitutes and parasites that he shot out, through us, a few bolts of truth and illumined the situation by his actual performance in practical railroading.

"Uncle Hennery" and his actual railroad achievements build up a stumbling block, and a big one, in the pathway of a horde of millionaire railroad mendicants holding out their paws of predacity to a public treasury looted almost to emptiness.

McAdoodledoo and his horde and his successors of railroad pillagers crowed and press-agented and lobbied their golden way to your treasury. "Uncle Hennery" shows that it's mostly bunk, tradition, extravagance, inefficiency and favoritism. We nominate Henry Ford for Railway Manager of this befooled and plundered U. S. A.

Boccaccio Falstaff Arbuckle



THE Dumb Drama's dumbest clown has bumped into real tragedy. We refer to "Fatty" Arbuckle's Falstaffian revel staged at the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco, last Labor Day. We have been so bombed with clippings and so bombarded with requests for our views on this sexual orgy and hootch debauchment that we know our readers want our views and here they are.

The fact is, brethren, that moviedom must clean up or be cleaned out. In our October, 1921, issue, under the title of "The Dumb Drama Sandbagged" we mentioned some of the "long green" enormities of moviedom. And now from another angle of moviedom along comes Boccaccio Falstaff Arbuckle's latest orgy with Virginia Rappe's tragic death as its climax. You get movie magnates' mazuma magic as a curtain raiser one month and a tragic Falstaffian wassail

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

as a "close-up" the next month. Movieland is moving fast to the jazz of "The Rogue's March"!

You can tie to this proposition at the outset. Financially—whether it has or has not transgressed the strict letter of the law—movie magnatocracy and hogocracy must get its fore feet out of the mazuma trough. That's a decree that the Court of Public Opinion is registering at box offices—now queless. Also you can tie to this proposition. A mess of clownish roue mediocrities, adrip with simian antics, and a clutteration of vamping bawds, adrip with courtesanship wiles, can't forever harvest the public's money. The silver screen can't forever screen from the public view habitual sexualistic orgies and hootch debauchments, which would make the wassails of old Henry the Eighth and his bawd, Anne Boleyn, look like a Sunday School Convention! The fact is that from the movie magnates with their titanic takings to the altitudinously salaried stars and all down the line, moviedom has been strutting in a golden glamour and has been proudly preening the scarlet feathers of sensualism.

The recruits haven't been any too good either. We mention a typical one. Clara Smith Hamon—an acquitted but nevertheless red-handed murderess of her concubine—smugly moves into the movies. Moviedom has been the refuge and the meal ticket for both sexes for coteries of orgiastic sexualists!

The "blow up" was bound to come and "Fatty's" podex was atop the keg of dynamite when it tragically exploded.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

"Fatty" Arbuckle is no worse than oodles of other movie stars—morally or artistically. His elephantine gambols, his fat and vacuous leers and his bovine antics on the screen are like oodles of others—all antictry and no artistry. His Falstaffian orgies have been no worse than oodles of other wassails of moviedom but his clumsy fingers plucked the lot of tragedy from the Urn of Fate when Virginia Rappe made her dramatic exit from earth!

At the St. Francis Hotel last Labor Day Boccaccio Arbuckle was staging a "regular" revel of moviedom. "Among those present" was Virginia Rappe. Without entering into details, from which we refrain because of Miss Rappe's sad death, we say here and now that between the dead and living, between Roscoe Arbuckle and Virginia Rappe, we wouldn't give a thin dime for choice. If "Fatty" Arbuckle was a typical Henry the Eighth, Virginia Rappe was an ideal Anne Boleyn. In moviedom all the lust isn't in one sex. When Virginia Rappe attended "Fatty's" party she knew 'twas to be no prayer meeting, didn't she? "Fatty" never advertised his "parties" as Sunday School classes, did he? Wide-eyed went Virginia Rappe to that last revel. "Plop" went the corks, "glug, glug" rippled the booze into crystal glasses and down parched throats it flowed. Soon came the pajama and kimono stage of the debauch. Repletion sought ease and tired limbs sought freedom.

In all the messes of charges, counter-charges, interviews, statements and denials of the revelers present all agree in

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

this, viz.: that at a certain stage of the revels "Fatty" and Virginia Rappe retired alone to one of the rooms of the suite! Whether she was beguiled or practically forced or willingly went, the fact is that she did go and that there she and "Fatty" remained for some time alone. You are entitled to conjecture, we are entitled to conjecture, anyone is entitled to conjecture, as to what occurred between "Fatty" Arbuckle and Virginia Rappe in that room! For all that we know and for all that you know they may have been repeating the Westminster Catechism or the Ten Commandments, with especial emphasis on the Seventh!

Be all that as it may, Miss Rappe was found to be very ill and suffering excruciatingly and with her clothing badly shredded. Shortly thereafter she died and an autopsy revealed that she died from peritonitis induced by a ruptured bladder ruptured by some exterior force! A clutter of movie women and a mess of movie men make charges and counter-charges and burst into publicity with contradictory details but those are the salient facts which rear their heads from this Belshazzar Feast.

Right now we are going to digress for a moment to hand out a wallop at a disgusting mess of movie publicity. We refer to Henry Lehrman, from his Manhattan eyrie of press agented publicity, weeping and wailing and threatening o'er his dead fiancee, Virginia. Lehrman had a verbal fit and fell into it mouthing about justice and raving about the anger consuming him. By wire he adjures the undertaker to whisper a sickly saccharine message into Virginia's dead

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

ear, saying "she will hear it." Lehrman can't go to the Pacific coast, he's absorbed in "directing a play" so he breathes threats against the fat man—from a safe distance—and wallows in a mess of easy publicity. His pure blossom of virgin purity was defaced in this booze and lust saturnalia, but we notice his broken heart seeks only the salve of publicity—moviedom's most cherished treasure! Never heard of Henry Lehrman before, did you? No, nor you will never again. He flashed just once on publicity's screen, bragged that his virgin flower Virginia, "was not promiscuous" and took his "close up"! It makes an editor reach for his "waders" to wade through Lehrman's slush.

Also, Mrs. Minta Durfee Arbuckle leaps into publicity's glare, stages a spectacular journey across the continent, strews slushy interviews en route and hectically falls into the arms of her "dear Roscoe"—whose husbandly arms have not been twining about her for five years! More "movie publicity" fodder!

To return to "Fatty" the Falstaffian reveler and the Boccaccio Beau Brummel of marcelled saturnalias. This tragedy wasn't "Fatty's" first "party"—not by several. We mention one staged at the Congress Hotel in Chicago. There was the usual coterie of male sycophants revolving about "Fatty," there were fifteen chorus girls recruited in by "Fatty's" secretary and there were twelve quarts of gin and four quarts of Scotch whiskey. After the booze that was outside got inside things began to happen. "Among those present" was a waiter into whose face

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

“Fatty” hurled a dish of melted cheese. In the movies that would have made a “hit” but the waiter wasn’t in the movies and a pitiful ten dollar bill didn’t salve his hurt. “Fatty” was grabbed by the police, was released on \$50 cash bail and “jumped” it the next day!

There was also another orgy at which “Fatty” was “among those present.” This was staged at Mishawun Manor, a notorious roadhouse near Boston. Adolph Zukor paid \$50,000—half for himself and half for Lasky—in order that the wassail be not flashed on publicity’s screen. Hiram Abrams of New York fixed, in his deposition, \$100,000 as the total sum paid. District Attorney Nathan A. Tufts was removed from office for nonfeasance, misfeasance and malfeasance in his conduct in this matter. Petitions have been also filed against William J. Corcoran and Daniel H. Coakley, other Boston attorneys, for disbarment for their connection with the hushment of this orgy. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts said: “An orgy of drink and lust took place. The moving picture men were not without experience and shrewdness in the affairs of the world. They knew the chances taken by those participating in a debauch. They must have realized full well that publicity could not be suppressed if the district attorney was determined to investigate and get at the root of the matter.” Later on the Court calls this debauch “a stench in the nostrils of common decency,” and “Fatty” was there helping to make the “stench”! Here’s a “pair” and “Fatty” drew once more and made his “three of a kind”!

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

Envisage now this last fatal orgy in San Francisco as its high lights illumine it. The half drunken party swilling hootch and hogging down food; men in pajamas and B. V. D.s; women in kimonos and disheveled tresses; the phonograph shrilly playing; Bacchanalian embraceries in an orgy of half dressed drunkenness; the retirement of "Fatty" and Virginia Rappe alone to one of the rooms of the suite; their long absence; the screams of the Rappe girl heard by the chamber maid; the entrance of the party into that room; the half-nude girl lying on the bed; her torn clothing heaped into a waste basket and clattering the floor; her bare limbs disfigured by hypodermic needle scars; her moans and screams and groans; the members of the party casually looking at her agonies; their unconcern at her condition as just part of a drunken orgy; her removal from the room; her horrible death; all the accusations and counter accusations and plots and counter plots of the drunken revelers as to what evidence they would give; "Fatty's" unconcern and then his threats to quiet the screams of the dying woman—all these high lights, as they flash across the screen of this modern Belshazzar's Feast, light up a scene of disgusting and degrading revelry and sexual indiscriminateness, which make nude savage orgies look like a prayer meeting! And "it was just an ordinary party" swears one witness!

What really moots it whether the subter-brutish stager of this modern Belshazzar's Feast is or isn't convicted of manslaughter? What really moots it—except for this strut-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

ting Boccaccio's personal fate—whether he is acquitted or convicted? No verdict can bring back the tragically ended life of Virginia Rappe.

What is really on trial is not so much Falstaff Arbuckle as it is the morals—or the lack of them—in moviedom.

Win or lose, convicted or acquitted, a free man or glooming in a felon's cell, "Fatty" Arbuckle's films from now on are just a mess of celluloid junk as worthless as the bovine antictry they represent. At his best and highest "Fatty" was but a galumphing clown—all antictry and no artistry. Like a gaseous rocket he rose, exploded and drops a sodden mess!

What we are getting at is this. The vacuum cleaner is bound to run through moviedom. There are in it too many "kikes" commercializing it to its doom; there are in it too many bawdy courtesans flaunting their wiles and their wares in boudoir dress and undress; there are in it too many strutting rouses preening their sodden feathers and practicing their arts in and out of its "stewdios"; there is in it too much sickly, super-sentimental, mawkish, tawdry, press-agented slushery and there surrounds it a whole atmosphere of cheap glamour and gilded salaciousness! Bawds and rouses jostle each other as plentiful as hootch in prohibition circles! Many a movie "star"—of both sexes—instead of scintillating in the dome of the movie firmament should be a red light warning at the verge of the pit of Hell!

Aren't there any chaste women and decent men in the

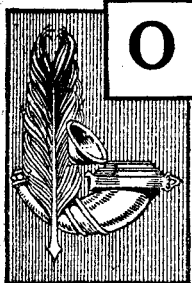
JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

movies! Sure there are. And there are going to be more when the vacuum cleaner, motivated from the box office, sucks up and throws into the eternal discard a mess of bawdy courtesans and rotten roues, who would disgrace a brothel!

The explosion of the keg of powder on which chanced to sit Boccaccio Falstaff Arbuckle—no worse and no better than battalions of his fellow roues and sister bawds—is going to actuate the cleansing process! That's all.



“Over the Hill to the Poorhouse”



OVER the hill to the poor-house he wended his weary way” and we are going to briefly tell you of it. We are going to coat and preserve with the wax of our comment ingratitude’s perfect flower. It bloomed o’er the pauper grave of Morgan Fickes of Pleasanton, Kansas, and it took four score and eight years to reach its perfect bloom.

Time was when Morgan Fickes was the J. P. Morgan of Southeastern Kansas. His was the Midas touch and widespread was his hand of bounty. He formerly owned the townsite of Pleasanton, Kansas, where now he fills a pauperized hole in its ungrateful midst. Time was when Morgan Fickes could drive over square miles of his own domain between Fort Scott and Paola, Kansas, but when he died not even six feet of it remained for the repose of his time-worn body.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

Disaster had followed disaster. Time's corroding hand—ably aided by so-called friends and by greedy relatives—had eaten away "Uncle Morg" Fickes' huge fortune. Pleasanton was dotted with the former beneficiaries of his bounty. Relatives who had profited by his munificence, though scattered, were still plentiful. But to the crying needs of Morgan Fickes' last days all were as deaf as adders.

Often have we burned sky pilots with the acid of comment and now we would pour o'er one the balm of praise. We refer to Rev. J. W. Tucker. He had known "Uncle Morg" Fickes for over forty-five years. When "Uncle Morg" was a lumber king and Rev. Tucker a penniless apostle "Uncle Morg" sold to him for a song the lumber for a shack to shelter his family and then gave him the lumber for a barn for his team. While all the fattened hogs of Pleasanton grunted in contentment while "Uncle Morg" lay suffering in desolate solitude this real man of God sought out his former benefactor and—unable to support him in his helpless invalidism—assisted him to the poor-farm, frequently called on him and eased him on the last leg of his life's journey. While Pharisees and Hypocrites, former toadies and adulators of "Uncle Morg" in his days of splendor, "passed by on the other side" this true Samaritan "bound up his wounds and took him to an inn"! We care not what sectarian banner streams out from Rev. Tucker's celestial pilot house. We're for him and we gamble that St. Peter has given him a large credit entry

on his ledger of eternity. While "Uncle Morg" lay dying at the poor farm and begging for his son Lester, strangely deaf to his dying father's need, Rev. Tucker was smoothing his path to eternity and reading him passages from his well-thumbed Bible! O'er the blisters of the ingratitude and neglect of benefited relatives and friends Rev. Tucker poured the balm of forgiveness.

Finally "Uncle Morg's" tortured spirit fled its eighty-four-year-old tenement and undertaker Taylor took charge of the remains. For six weeks he waited—and waited in vain—for some relative, for some friend, for some of the horde of the past beneficiaries of "Uncle Morg" to come forward and claim the remains and pay the last tribute. In all that section of country, where Morgan Fickes' hands once lavishly scattered largess among battalions of friends and relatives, not one of their hands oped to save him from a pauper's grave!

The undertaker himself provided the funeral—attended only by himself, Rev. Tucker and another godly man of God, the Rev. Hays and his sister. The Rev. Hays provided one pathetic solitary bunch of flowers and the sister sang "God Will Take Care of You." Doubtless He will. We like to believe and we do believe that Jehovah's arms ope wide for those scarred by the scorpion lash of earth's empoisoned ingratitude!

In a village and in a section of country fairly cluttered with former sycophantic friends and lick-spittle beneficiaries not one of them came forward, not one of them

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

attended his funeral! From the eyes of gratitude there flowed not one tear! From the pockets of plenty there came not one thin dime! When the casket containing the remains of a man who had reached the pinnacle of success and then sank to misfortune's ebb was lowered to the grave the clods that fell upon it were no colder than the hearts of those who had profited in plenty's days and in bounty's harvest. One undertaker, two men of God and the sister of one of them—after six weeks of waiting on a chill pauper's slab—were all that honored the poor remains of Morgan Fickes.

Yes, "ingratitude is the basest of crimes" and that should be chiseled o'er Morgan Fickes' pauper grave.



On The Auction Block



'LL call the roll of my slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument," once boasted Robert Toombs of Georgia in a tirade in the United States Senate. He never did. But near there and on Boston Common in the very "cradle of liberty" was recently called a roll of "wage slaves" put on the Auction Block. 'Twas spectacular, 'twas meant to be, and of it we would briefly write.

Urbaine Ledoux, a philanthropic worker, staged this auction of human flesh and blood "on the hoof," inspected and "as is" from the Parkman band stand. Our representative was there, saw the "sale" and jotted down some Bostonese comments of bystanders—to which we will later refer.

Ledoux's proposition was that he opened the "slave market" to endow with jobs the jobless and he besought employers to be on hand "to buy some honest-to-God Americans" anxious to work just for their keep! As each man

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

mounted the auction block he stripped to his waist and— a la old slave auction usages—Ledoux extolled his muscular development and physical prowess!

Joe Mitchell, a dusky toiler, who had been jobless for six months was “sold” to a benevolent looking woman for a week’s board and lodging and \$2 pocket money.

A young white lad named Davis, a factory worker, was also “sold” for his upkeep and \$2 a week pocket money.

James Ferris, twenty-four years old, with a four years’ army record including overseas’ service, next mounted the auction block and exhibited his nude torso. “Here’s a sample of what you used during the war. What will you do with it now?” cried Ledoux. They’d do nothing! Service men were at a discount in this sales mart. But Ferris had a fox terrier snuggling in his arms and if Bostonians didn’t want men mayhap they’d buy a dog. So Ledoux vociferated “You don’t want a man, maybe you’ll buy a dog!” This volley hit a Bostonian who unbelted \$5 for the dog and then returned the dog to his misty-eyed master. Three men and one dog “sold” was the first day’s net result and Ledoux led his jobless army back to his headquarters “slave mart,” the Church of the Unemployed at 31 Howard Street.

Next day the auction sale of human toil for board and lodging was resumed. Edward Dixon, an ex-service lad, in a greasy khaki shirt with frayed trousers held up by a strap, mounted the auction block. As Ledoux recounted his pitiful history, his services to this land for a pittance,

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

his privations and his vain attempt to sell his toil, the poor lad's eyes flooded with tears and he collapsed in Ledoux's arms! Ledoux caught the psychological moment and said "Never in the history of this Republic have you ever witnessed such a scene as this—this which demonstrates the sorrow of great hearts which are broken!" Then even Boston "cultah" thawed and silver showered to the sobbing lad on the auction block and he was speedily "sold" to a bespectacled angular spinster for his board and clothes! 'Twas genuine, real, human, and had "that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin."

Then bidding grew brisker. Up on the auction block strode William King, husky, freckled and smiling. "Strip, Bill, and show your muscles!" Over his head whipped Bill's ragged shirt and his naked torso enchanted Bostonese spinsters! "Are you ready?" "Yes" cried Bill. "Are you strong?" "You bet" cried Bill. "Can you dig in anywhere?" "You know it" grinned Bill. "Then you are wanted by your masters." And he was "sold" to a Cambridge man fancier for a week's board and lodging! So went the sale at prices varying from board and lodging to \$15 to \$25 a week.

Now get these "wise cracks" from the edges of the crowd grouped around this Boston "slave market" auction mart as jotted down by our representative.

From a "sassiety" limousine lizard diamond display of plump femininity: "Oh dear no! I've got a French chauffer. But wouldn't he (the husky lad on the auction block)

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

make a magnificent Indian guide?"

From a thrifty suburbanite wife to her husband: "No, John, you can't. He would eat up everything in the garden and we wouldn't have any left to sell."

From a lounge lizard lolling in a Rolls Royce: "Aw, why don't the bally bums go to work?"

From a stout lady: "Yes, I need a man but I wouldn't dare trust one of those about my house. You know I'm attractive and they look so uncouth."

From an ex-captain: "Huh, if there's another war I'm going to do a Bergdoll!"

Brethren, stop, look and listen at this episode. In it there is a large bunch of food thought. Statistical sharks tell us that there are from four to five million unemployed men in this land and among that number an enormous percentage of ex-service men. In their hearts seethes discontent and burns deep resentment at injustice's scourge.

Here's the way it looks to them, and some more fertile brain than ours must answer their questions. We can't. They ask, aren't the natural resources of this land as great as they were two years ago? Certainly they are. Has this land been drained of its money? On the contrary its gold stock has enormously increased. Aren't there more millionaires in the U. S. A. than there were before war opened its bloody jaws? There are—by about eighteen thousand. Weren't we winners in the overseas holocaust? Certainly we were. Weren't men conscripted and forced to serve for a pittance with death daily leering at them? Certainly

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

they were. Was money conscripted? It was not, it was begged and besought and idolized.

These millions of men asking these questions see and feel and know the bitterest pangs of woeful want and with the same eyes—vainly seeking work—they see wanton waste flaunting itself. A half nude man eager for a job—stripped to the waist to show his working ability—sees a diamond bedecked “sassiety” parasite sneer at him! Another half nude man on the wage auction block—who served his land overseas and who has daily known poverty’s bitterest sting—hears a parasitical lounge lizard, lolling in a Rolls Royce, sneer out, “Aw, why don’t the big bum go to work?” And he bitterly thinks that perchance some of his illy-paid toil has helped to pay for that Rolls Royce and for the splendor in which dwells its parasitical occupant.

Brethren, it simply won’t do. We know it and you know it. You can’t grow a crop of millionaires and mendicants in the same soil—not for very long! You can’t have woeful want and wanton waste going hand in hand in this land—not for very long! You can’t have this land cluttered up with war profiteers whose claws have pillaged your treasury of billions and with an army of mendicants vainly beseeching work to keep body and soul together—not for very long! You can’t conscript humanity for danger’s toils at one time and then refuse it a chance to toil at another time—not for very long! You can’t degrade flesh and blood and wring human souls with anguish and pedestalize and worship wealth at the same time—not for very long! You can’t

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

“liquidate” farmers and laborers to destitution’s verge and leave frozen wealth unthawed—not for very long! Wilsonism tried to “put over” these things and look where it went!

Now get us right please. We don’t think that because a man is a millionaire he’s necessarily a knave nor because a man is a pauper that he’s necessarily a saint. We don’t cherish the delusion that all men are equal in capacity or in industry or in courage. We know they aren’t, and so do you.

But we do think and we do say that in this land of overflowing wealth and of boundless resources every willing worker should have a job. We do think and we do say that an army of jobless men in this land vainly offering to work for their board and clothes—with coteries of millionaire parasites asneer at them—is a shame, a disgrace, a reproach and a confession of failure! What moots a crop of eighteen thousand sudden millionaires if you must offset against them an army of four million jobless? Haven’t you simply set up a ratio of two hundred to one on a pedestal of injustice? The bedazzlement of your sudden millionaire battalion is enshrouded in the gloom of your army of the jobless.

And if this land can tax—as it has taxed—itsself with over four billion dollars in raised rates and in treasury payments to maintain railroad predacity “unliquidated” can’t it devise some means to succor the jobless, “liquidated” to starvation’s verge? We say it can and ought.

The American Legion



A

AS WE go to press on these last days of October the American Legion convenes in Kansas City, Missouri, for its second Annual Convention. It is the most influential body of men in this land. It represents on its roster over four million voters who served in the holiest crusade which ever animated humanity. They—and their dead comrades—offered their heart's blood for humanity's redemption from the grisliest despotism which ever reared itself on earth. Others talked but these men dared and did. Others strutted on patriotism's set stage but these men—and their dead comrades—chiseled their deeds in crimson letters on history's deathless tablets. The American Legionnaires were the greatest Army whose feet ever resounded on Mother Earth. To the bugle of Retreat their ears were deaf. From the greatest pit of disaster which ever threatened humanity they plucked the flower of safety! When exhausted Allies, trembling on the verge of defeat, were

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

trailing civilization's banner in retreat, the American Legionnaires grasped it from failing hands and bore it to the sunkissed heights of victory! If any chorus of voices under Jehovah's canopy is entitled to be heard 'tis the voices of American Legionnaires—the bravest men who ever bared breasts to bullets in the greatest conflict ever waged on earth.

They want and we want the greatest skulker who ever shunned their ranks, that typical flower of poltroonery, Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, thumbing his nose in derision from overseas at Uncle Sam, brought home to a felon's garb and to a felon's cell. They want and we want to see this arrogant slug of skulkery pilloried to all brave men's gaze. And they want and we want to see the man primarily responsible for Bergdoll's escape, Adjutant General Harris, court martialed, as were his underlings. They want and we want to see real justice—not its flaunting counterfeit—in the American Army.

They want and we want to see the World War veterans of this land properly compensated—not branded as mendicants seeking a "bonus"—for the greatest sacrifice ever laid on freedom's bloody altar. These men who were torn in the heyday of their youth from the field of productive endeavor and from whose blood blossomed a battalion of war-made millionaires are entitled to compensation. They are creditors on this land's ledger and entitled to be treated as such—not derided as whining mendicants. Can't the same soil from which sprouted over eighteen

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

thousand sudden war-made millionaires grow compensation for their makers? We say it can. Are the real saviors of this world—in their home land—to be crucified on the cross of greedy ingratitude? We say they are not. We say with pride that the State of North Dakota was the first State to compensate its Legionaires. Other States can do—and will do—the same if the American Legion makes its voice heard! The American Legion has votes as well as voices and politicians can be made to list to them! A threatened snow storm of ballots can be heard by legislators whose ears are deaf to other sounds!

They want and we want sympathetic care and treatment for their invalid and wounded comrades. These stricken veterans—young in years but old in suffering—are entitled to be freed from messes of red tape bureaucratic entanglements denying what they purport to grant. Ought American Legionaires to hew their way through German barbed wire hell holes overseas only to be hopelessly enmeshed and entangled in red tape loops at home? They want and we want more than lip service for these stricken lads. They are entitled to the tenderest care which sympathetic hearts and loving hands can bestow. If any errors are to be made in the treatment of these sacred charges let the error be in generosity—not in parsimony. Every stricken Legionaire is a holy charge on the gratitude—not the charity—of this land. Elsewhere in these pages we mention atrocities perpetrated on stricken World War veterans at the Central State Hospital at Lakeland, Ken-

JIM JAM / JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

tucky. The American Legion demands that this land decoctie itself of such medical monstrosities as we record in that especial Pit of Hell. Did these lads hew their way through German Hell Pits to be tortured in worse at home?

They want and we want the Ku Kluxism Knavery rampant in this land blotted from it. Did these Legionaires go overseas to fight the greatest Visible Empire which ever threatened earth with its damnable domination only to return home after victory to be dominated by the Invisible Empire of Ku Kluxism? Did they dethrone and banish Kaiser Wilhelm only to enthrone here Imperial Wizard William J. Simmons? Did they wallop a Visible Empire overseas only to bow the knee before an Invisible Empire in this land? Did they tear the gyves and the fetters from their would-be German enslavers only to present them to Ku Klux enslavement? They did not.

They want and we want the ten billions of foreign loans repaid this land. They know and feel that 'twas enough to lay years of their lives and their butchered comrades' lives on Allies' altars overseas without piling on top of the sacrificial altar ten billions of treasure besides! They know and feel—far better than stay-at-home "financiers" can ever know and feel—that 'twas enough for them to pay a blood tax to Allies' salvation without paying a defaulted debt tax as a sacrificial apex! A lickspittle Anglophile apologist for this threatened international repudiation asks this damphool question: "What should we do

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

with those billions were they handed us right now?" The American Legion can tell 'em and we can tell 'em what to do with at least half that money. Turn at least one half of it—about five billions—over to the American soldier lads who more than earned it. 'Twould only be a little over a thousand dollars per soldier. And would anyone—outside of Anglophile adulators or outside of a mad house—claim that was too much for the real saviors of civilization?

They want and we want and every sane human being wants the "Arm" torn out of Armament in the Conference of Nations at Washington on Armistice Day. These Legionaires know from bitter experiences, etched in letters of fire, the unspeakable horrors, atrocities, brutalities and tortures of war. They know—far better than can any wily-minded diplomats—that war is the concentrated quintessence of embruted greed and torture! They know—far better than any coterie of war-made "Financiers" can know—the horrors of supplying the blood for profiteering orgies. And knowing these unspeakable horrors—beyond the power of human language to etch on the brains of non-combatants—they hope and pray and demand that their children and their children's children from now till doom's crack be freed from the world madness of war!

We want to say that in this land and in this world—which would be but a crimson pit of chaos without their valor and the valor of their dead comrades—the voice of

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

the American Legion is entitled to be heard. They—and their comrades dead in youth 'neath foreign soil—are in truth and fact the real saviors of civilization. Hitherto their deeds alone—the most glorious ever enacted on the world's stage—have spoken. Now give ear to their voices.



Two Insane Infernos



WE ARE going to lift the lid from a pair of Pits of Hell, euphoniously called Insane Asylums. In truth and in fact they are merely huge Chambers of Horrors. We refer to the Central State Hospital for the Insane at Lakeland, Kentucky, and to the Northern Hospital for the Insane at Sedro-Woolley, Washington. We are going to hand you the facts as to these two Pits of Hell—which ought to be etched in acid on the smug hides of the Superintendent of each of them—and then we are going to fire a volley at the conduct of all such infernal Infernos. Dante ought to have the job but he's dead and we're alive—and have the "guts"—so here goes.

First as to the Central State Hospital for the Insane at Lakeland, Kentucky, we say that its Superintendent, Dr. Walter A. Jillson, is a medical satyr. We say that he

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

is either himself a lunatic or as cruel a monster as ever tortured his fellow human beings. In addition to the usual barbarities practiced in such infernos strutter Jillson has venomously specialized in committing atrocities upon gas-shocked and nervously wrecked World War veterans, placed there for treatment by your Government.

C. M. Taylor, who served in France in Company B, 54th United States Engineers, is a member of the Jefferson Post of the American Legion, and of Louisville Post No. 440 Veterans of Foreign Wars. He accepted a position in the engineering department of the Central State Hospital for the Insane at Lakeland, Kentucky, and was under the personal orders of monster—or lunatic—Jillson. We are going to let Engineer Taylor tell a portion of the story in his own words. Here it is:

“I came in personal contact with Dr. Jillson several times and was convinced that Dr. Jillson was not the sort of man to be in charge of an insane institution. I even had cause to doubt his own mental stability, and this doubt I still have.

“My first complaint concerning Dr. Jillson was made during the digging of a large settling tank in connection with the sewerage system. Some years previous an out-fall sewer had been laid from the institution to a point some 500 yards from the institution where it flowed into a large sand pit and used as a filter, and from this sand pit having become filled with solid matter it was decided to build a large settling tank between the first sand pit

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

and the institution. Dr. Jillson ordered that this settling tank should be dug by patients and I was put in charge of the work, superintending same. Pools of the filth would form and become seething masses of magots surging and squirming right before our eyes. Dr. Jillson caused a trench to be built at the head of a slope trending toward the brook from the direction of the institution a few feet below this trench and further down the slope a second trench was made and so on to the foot of the slope. Then, under Dr. Jillson's orders, the outfall sewer was opened and the sewerage diverted into this first trench at top of slope; from this trench becoming filled, the sewerage flows over the ground and into the second trench, and continuously from trench to trench to the foot of the slope. Thus is created a quagmire of sewerage over a space of lawn thirty yards in length. This seething filth in which countless magots may be seen in the hot dry season was the breeder of countless flies, to say nothing of the terrible odor arising therefrom, right at the very doors of the institution.

"Before the sewer was diverted as above described inmates of the institution under the personal charge of attendants had excavated the settling tank to about fourteen feet, when the sewerage overflowed into the settling tank and filled it to the top. The patients were put to work bailing this filth out by hand, and when several became ill and overheated, I allowed them to sit over in the shade of a nearby tree. Soon I learned that these were ex-soldiers, who were and are paid patients of the Federal Bureau of War Risk

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

Insurance; men who had become shell-shocked, gassed and sunstruck upon the battle fields of France. I entered my protest with no avail. After the sewerage had been bailed out of the settling tank and as long as I remained on the work, which was up to July 28th, the walls were wet and filthy from the sewerage overflow and seepage. The men were required to work in this hole with no protection from the hot June and July sun, under a temperature ranging from 110 to 115 degrees, sweltering and panting in their sickened condition from the stench and odors of the filth prevailing. In addition to the other elements the place was rendered still more uncomfortable by a steam drill being operated in the hole. This hole is about 35 by 20 feet, and twenty feet deep through solid rock and ten to twelve boys were worked down in the bottom in the boiling sun at one time up to their knees in the filthy sewerage. Dr. Jillson would often come to the place personally, and without cause for complaint, storm and rage and in a loud voice demand that this work be pushed regardless of anything. Many times the soldiers and others complained of having only a piece of bread; a spoonful of rice and two prunes; sometimes nothing at all, and were still required to do this labor.

"I have reported these conditions and the fact that the injured ex-soldiers were the ones doing the work to the Vice Commander of the American Legion, also to Solomon I. Russell, Secretary, and a committee was appointed to investigate. I decided to resign because I could

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

not stand to see the inmates, whether soldiers or not, mistreated, over-worked and underfed, but was advised by Vice Commander McLaughlin to remain so that the American Legion could keep in touch with the situation at Lakeland. My complaints were made while I was with the institution and were made out of humanity and I have never had the slightest feeling of spite. What I have related is only a small part of what I can testify to when the time comes. I believe, sincerely, that Dr. Jillson is insane."

Monster—or lunatic—Jillson insisted on working these shell-shocked, sun-struck and gassed soldier lads, placed in his care for treatment, under conditions which would nauseate an Igorotte headhunter and then fed them a pitiful ration of a bit of bread, a spoonful of rice and one or two prunes and called it a meal! Why convicts on France's famous Devil Island are treated like kings compared to the starvings and brutalities meted out to these lads, wards of your government, by torturer Jillson. They weren't criminals—though they were treated worse than such. They were among the bravest men who ever bared their breasts to bullets for their country's sake in the greatest holocaust which ever scourged this planet. But monster—or lunatic—Jillson treated them worse than slaves scourged to darksome dungeons.

Mrs. Tena Padget, who has been for many years a nurse at Lakeland, says that she has "seen Dr. Jillson in fits of brain storm and has often noted his erratic, unnatural and insane orders and rules." She complained in vain about

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

atrocities and the barbarous underfeeding practiced upon the helpless soldier lads—atrocities so barbarous and underfeeding so inhuman that it shocked her motherly heart beyond endurance.

Torturer Jillson countermanded the custom of permitting attendants to take patients for exercise in a walk about the grounds, because it was an “eye sore to him to see those crazy people strolling about the grounds.” Is Lakeland Asylum run for Jillson’s personal pleasure or for the benefit of the stricken inmates?

Torturer Jillson ordered an “ice bath”—a mere torturous punishment—inflicted upon George Bray, a World War veteran, because the poor shell-shocked nervous wreck couldn’t answer Jillson’s questions! Are World War veterans to be tortured by satrap Jillson because of the illness of speechlessness?

In the dining room cheese-paring Jillson ordered all scraps of bread saved and refed to patients. If the bread had been bitten into by a rabid maniac or by a patient suffering from a venereal disease it made no difference. Scraps of bread were gathered from the tables, from the chairs and from the floor and dumped into a huge can. There they lay until they became stale and mildewed, when they were worked over into “bread puddings” and fed to helpless patients.

One assistant chef, Roy Bush, who had worked at Lakeland eleven years, refused to continue under despot Jillson because of underfeeding and because of the revolting

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

messes of food he was forced to prepare. He had been accustomed to prepare suitable food for human beings—not “chefing” for swine—and he quit and said why, too!

Dr. T. G. Connell of Lagrange, Kentucky, refused to act as assistant physician under slave driver and underfeeder Jillson because he considered the requirements of “more work and less food” for patients as “next to impossible!”

Miss Della King, telephone operator at Lakeland, “rings up” to say that Jillson “cannot control himself much less an institution, flying into a rage without any reasonable excuse” and treating visitors as if they asked alms whenever information was sought as to their friends’ condition.

A. F. Leshner employed at Lakeland for many years declares that the infirmary or “work house” as it has come to be called under czar Jillson is a disgrace and says that Jillson is “undoubtedly lacking mentally.”

Victor Moore, an American soldier, who was shell-shocked and gassed in battle in France, was for a time under autocrat Jillson. All he could get to eat was “mush, prunes, oleomargarine and stale bread in small quantities with meat once a week.” He was forced—ill and on this inadequate food supply—to work like a horse in a treadmill. On March 14th last he was brutally assaulted by an attendant—appropriately named Batts—and blackjacked into unconsciousness. On March 15th last he was brutally beaten and kicked by an attendant named William Leonard.

A son of Mrs. Ella Hoke was most cruelly bruised and

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

cut and after but three weeks' confinement met his death. The undertakers who prepared his body for burial and a physician who viewed his remains agree with Mrs. Hoke that her son had been inhumanly treated.

So flagrant, brutal, despotic, inhuman and atrocious was Jillson's treatment of the stricken helpless under his charge that C. M. Taylor, a World War veteran, instituted lunacy proceedings against medico Jillson.

But Mr. Taylor and the local American Legion and the local World War veterans collided against a tough segment of officialdom thusly. The hearing came on before Dogberry Judge Harry W. Robinson under this statute. Read it carefully.

"The Court may in its discretion require other evidence in addition to the petition and the certificates of the examining physicians and he may require the attendance at the hearing of said physicians and of other witnesses."

A brace of complaisant brother medicos, Dr. Oscar Block and Dr. Ben Frazier had "examined" Jillson and declared him sane!

Captain J. R. Clements, an able lawyer and an ex-soldier himself, had a battalion of witnesses whom he wanted to put on the stand and prove by them that Dr. Walter A. Jillson, Superintendent of the Central State Hospital for the Insane at Lakeland, Kentucky, was a confirmed Hypochondriacal Paranoiac—as crazy and irresponsible as any of the thousands under his charge! Was he permitted to offer this evidence? He was not. Judge Robinson com-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

plaisantly took the report of the two reporting fellow med-icos, shut his ears and his eyes to all other evidence, dismissed the lunacy proceedings and in effect branded Dr. Walter A. Jillson as a monster instead of a lunatic! Thus does smug officialdom shelter its own in "ole Kaintuck."

We will again refer to monster—or lunatic—Jillson and we now pull the dimmer from the Northern State Hospital for the Insane at Sedro-Woolley, Washington, with Dr. Doughty as its Superintendent.

I. H. Arnold of Seattle, declared by four physicians to be perfectly sane, was buried for some two years in that pit of hell. He was put into a straight jacket and held there for 28 days without any medical attention after his jaw had been fractured by a blow from a large brass turnkey wielded by a brutal attendant. Three times, fired to desperation by the brutalities heaped upon himself and upon other helpless inmates, he made his escape, only to be recaptured. Finally he obtained release. Patients are stripped to nudity and put to bed habitually. Patients free from disease are habitually confined with those suffering from the most loathsome communicable diseases. Over one hundred patients were compelled to use as a towel a bed sheet tied to a door knob.

Paul Staudte, former cook, refused to cook and serve rotten potatoes, moldy cereals, cull carrots and dried fruits teeming with weevils. He threw the junk to the hogs, quit his job, brought away with him samples of the putrid food and forwarded those samples to Governor Hart at Olympia.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

The box he forwarded to Governor Hart, contained the following masses of food putridities; a package of rotten potatoes black with rot and putrid with canker, a package of Farina under its own automotive vermin convoy, a package of oatmeal weevil motivated, a worm's nest of dried apples. If Governor Hart can tear himself away from his \$9,000 Packard Duplex Sedan—paid for by Washington taxpayers—mebbe he'll take a look at this mess of swine food ladled out to human beings. Staudte said "I'm a union cook and I wouldn't serve such food as they issued me to a dog!"

I. H. Arnold charges that on November 13, 1919, he saw George Grandolph of Granite Falls, Washington, thrown on the floor by brutal attendants and while helpless jumped upon, kicked, beaten and mauled by three husky brutes. Blood streamed from his nose and ears and his ribs were crushed in. His limp body was carelessly thrown on the floor in Room Ten, a sheet was thrown over it and two days later the undertaker claimed his remains! Mr. Arnold challenges, and we challenge, the Washington authorities to exhume Grandolph's body and see if the skeleton had a whole rib in it!

Hugh Howard was legally kidnaped into Dr. Doughty's hell of torture and succeeded—by smuggling out a note—in obtaining his legal release. While there on March 1, 1919, he saw two attendants assault a patient named Saltzer, who refused to be drenched with castor oil—a favorite mode of torture. Saltzer was unmercifully beaten, kicked in the

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

face and body and given a most vicious booting in the pit of the stomach, whereupon he collapsed! One of the brutes raised the limp body in his arms and hurled it most violently upon the floor! Saltzer was thrust into what is known as the "iron room." His face was so horribly bruised and broken that he could take no food through his mouth and egg noggs were forced through his nostrils by tubes. On Friday, March 7, 1919, at two in the afternoon Howard heard the poor battered victim screaming and groaning with pain. He went into his cell and tried to relieve him by shifting his position, but when he put his arms about Saltzer's body to do so found his ribs had been caved in. Saltzer died at two o'clock in the morning of March 9, 1919. We challenge the Washington authorities to exhume Saltzer's remains and ascertain how many—if any—unbroken ribs are in the skeleton! 'Twas reported he died of "gangrene of the lungs." So would you if your lungs were punctured by broken ribs!

There is also the case of Grover C. Almon, who it is charged died from the effects of a most brutal beating on the second Sunday in February, 1920. This atrocity percolated into even the hardened heart of one of the attendant medico, who was overheard to say that "this kicking and beating to death of men will have to stop, too many of 'em lately."

There is also the case of the brutal and unavenged murder of Walter Fleming, whose relatives live at Evansville, Indiana. It is charged by a former attendant and by an

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

inmate—whose names we omit because of a pending Grand Jury investigation—that this helpless ward of the State of Washington at Sedro-Woolley was most cold bloodedly and atrociously murdered by a brace of embruted attendants and a false death certificate issued!

Andrew Detrick, who was released from this hell hole on September 19, last after but fifty days' stay, relates a circumstantial account of the brutal beating of a helpless inmate and of his further beating because he was unable to rise after the first one! First beat 'em into helplessness and then kick 'em because they are helpless!

There lies before us as we write the copy of a letter written by a former attendant at the Sedro-Woolley Inferno to a member of the Lyons family at La Centre, Washington. Unprintable depths of depravity are disclosed in this letter. But we are going to print from it some extracts disclosing an absolutely new horror and graft in Insane Asylums in the State of Washington, known as "Red Lighting" patients. Here it is:

"Now I am going to tell you what I have kept a secret and intended to spring when the proper time arrived. The Board of Control and Superintendents of the Washington Institutions, also the Deportation Agent and undoubtedly the Governor know all about it. They have been practicing what is known as "Red Lighting" patients. They take them into other States and turn them loose to become charges of neighboring States. They "red lighted" about 30 from Sedro-Woolley during the time I was there. These

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

poor creatures are not able to earn a livelihood and are turned loose, some near towns or cities, some on the desert. When I got onto this I waited my chance and photographed two that were being sent away and by a little energy found where they were turned loose. * * * It is a dirty trick to play on a neighboring State at least. The two men I took pictures of were Patrick Bingham and Dan Peterson. They were taken away August 24, 1920, both badly demented. * * * Pat Bingham was dropped off near Norma, Oklahoma and Peterson near Grand Junction, Colorado. No doubt both are locked up long before this in Colorado or Oklahoma, or eaten up by wolves."

We have in our files photographs of both of these poor creatures, Bingham and Peterson, taken at the Sedro-Woolley hell hole on August 22, 1920, just two days before they were heartlessly "Red Lighted." Investigation is now being made to see how long after this "Red Lighting" they were carried as inmates—and consumers of rations—on the books of the Sedro-Woolley hell pit. Investigation is also being made to ascertain—by means of the copies of these photographs in our possession—whether or not these two poor demented creatures are confined in any Oklahoma or Colorado institution. Were we to print the name of the attendant who wrote this letter and who took these photographs, we honestly believe that his life would not be worth a week's purchase! Such are some of the seethings in this devil's cauldron of the Inferno at Sedro-Woolley. We could fill this issue with further details. You have had but

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

samples. But we leave it to you if these samples aren't enough to warrant an investigation, which investigates. Not a "whitewash party" with a coterie of skilled political manipulators plying the kalsomine brush, but a thorough spading-up of the horrors pulled off in this hell hole of a mad house!

We now return to lunatic—or monster—Jillson, "white-washed" in Dogberry Robinson's court, where Captain Clement and his witnesses and the American Legion and the World War Veterans couldn't be heard. But, thank God, we can be heard here and now. At this writing other lunacy charges are pending against monster—or lunatic—Jillson. They may get a fair hearing or they may not. But here's where we get our hearing.

Insanity is humanity's greatest affliction. When "sweet bells jangle out of tune" in what should be mental harmony, 'tis the saddest sound falls on humanity's ear. Far, far better were it to bury loved ones in Mother Earth than in a mad house.

But though bereft of humanity's greatest glory—mental balance—the insane can and do suffer from mistreatment, brutalities and starvation as if sane. For an icy-hearted medical despot—an absolute monarch within his satrapy—to perpetrate atrocities upon the helpless insane is to show the same torturous instinct as impell the horrors of vivisection upon helpless animals. The embruted monstrosity is one, whether practiced upon animal or human life.

And when it comes to practicing subter-brutish barbar-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

ities, overwork and starvation upon the pitifully shell-shocked and nervously-wrecked lads of the World War—whose condition should appeal to any physician with a spark of humanity in his breast—'tis the absolute acme of the most devilish ingenuity of the meanest malice ever spawned in human brain cells! For a physician—solemnly sworn to succor humanity—to torture the saviors of this land and of this earth, stricken in humanity's holiest crusade, is treason to this land! To crucify those invalid heroes on a cross of medical despotism and brutality savors much of that Crucifixion of Old.

Whether this medical Judas Iscariot, Dr. Walter A. Jillson of the Lakeland, Kentucky, Insane Asylum, be monster or paranoiac we know not. For the sake of belief in humanity—as distinguished from a monstrosity—we prefer to believe him insane.

As to Dr. Doughty—darned doughty in permitting atrocities and food putridities in his satrapy at Sedro-Woolley—we say that such brutalities, starvings and "Red Lightings" should be probed to the core, let the poison pus of such barbarities bubble out where it will.

In Kentucky, why should Governor Morrow—oft appealed to in vain—and the Board of Charities and Corrections and Dogberry Robinson shield this medical despot—or lunatic—Jillson?

In the State of Washington why should Governor Hart—oft appealed to in vain—and the Board of Control and all smug officialdom shield Dr. Doughty at the Sedro-Woolley

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

hall of infamy and Dr. Keller at the Steilacoom Hall of horrors, whom we have previously exposed?

Why don't the Governors and the legally constituted authorities in both of these States of Kentucky and Washington hose out these Augean stables of embattled atrocities, barbarities, putridities and worse? Is there in both of these States a political ring with brutal medicos blazing in its circle? It looks so, brethren, it looks so.

Now to the "close up" of these veritable Pits of Hell. We refer to Dr. Keller's satrapy at Fort Steilacoom, Washington, from which we have previously lifted the lid, to Dr. Jillson's at Lakeland, Kentucky, and to Dr. Doughty's at Sedro-Woolley, Washington. What should be done in the future after these despots have been dethroned—as dethroned they will be?

First. Every person charged with insanity should be required to have a jury trial. These "star chamber" kidnaperies should be abolished. "Railroading" sane people to veritable pits of hell—by certifying medicos, whose certificates are easily bought—should be buried along with other medieval atrocities.

Second. The postal rights of every inmate should be sacredly preserved. No "censoring" of mail incoming or outgoing should be permitted. Atrocities can't stand publicity.

Third. There should be a Board—not composed entirely of medicos either—who should sit at least weekly and examine and free sane patients. No more incarcerations at the whims of Superintendents.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

Fourth. There should be a corps of inspectors, who inspect, appearing at any time and without notice. These "staged" visitations of expected officials aren't even shadow boxings!

Fifth. There should be a law with teeth in it that would bite to the bone for abusing, starving or "Red Lighting" the helpless insane.

And we leave it to you if we aren't right!

Since the above was written we are advised by our Seattle representative that Governor Hart has appointed a "Committee to investigate conditions in the Insane Hospitals in the State of Washington." The "Committee" has no more legal authority than a jackrabbit and we wouldn't give thirty cents a ream for its "findings." It starts out with closed doors, with secret sessions and with all the earmarks of a "whitewash" party, with kalsomine brushes poised for action. What these inhuman atrocities can't stand is the spotlight of publicity—which Jim Jam Jems has been throwing on them. If there is nothing to conceal, why does Governor Hart's "Committee" start out with drapes of concealment? Starvations, inhumanities, barbarities, murders and "Red Lightings" welcome star-chamber secret "investigations"—usually the priming coat for a smear of "whitewash." We are going to watch the "findings" of this "Committee." Jim Jam Jems opened these Washington Pits of Hell and no "whitewash" smear nor kalsomining Committee is going to close 'em to us we promise you!



A Two-bit Truth-teller is richer
than a Million-dollar Liar!

At all news-stands twenty-five cents per copy

Single copies direct from
publishers, thirty-five cents,
forwarding charges prepaid
